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THE MAKING OF THE NATION.

The making of our own nation seems to have taken place under our very eyes, so recent and so familiar is the story. The great process was worked out in the plain and open day of the modern world, statesmen and historians standing by to superintend, criticise, make record of what was done. The stirring narrative runs quickly into the day in which we live; we can say that our grandfathers builded the government which now holds so large a place in the world; the story seems of yesterday, and yet seems entire, as if the making of the republic had hastened to complete itself within a single hundred years. We are elated to see so great a thing done upon so great a scale, and to feel ourselves in so intimate a way actors in the moving scene.

Yet we should deceive ourselves were we to suppose the work done, the nation made. We have been told by a certain group of our historians that a nation was made when the federal Constitution was adopted; that the strong sentences of the law sufficed to transform us from a league of States into a people single and inseparable. Some tell us, however, that it was not till the war of 1812 that we grew fully conscious of a single purpose and destiny, and began to form policies as if for a nation. Others see the process complete only when the civil war struck slavery away, and gave North and South a common way of life that should make common ideals and common endeavors at last possible. Then, when all have had their say, there comes a great movement like the one which we call Populism, to remind us how the country still lies apart in sections: some at one stage of development, some at another; some with one hope and purpose for America, some with another. And we ask ourselves, Is the history of our making as a nation indeed over, or do we still wait upon the forces that shall at last unite us? Are we even now, in fact, a nation?

Clearly, it is not a question of sentiment, but a question of fact. If it be true that the country, taken as a whole, is at one and the same time in several stages of development, — not a great commercial and manufacturing nation, with here and there its broad pastures and the quiet farms from which it draws its food; not a vast agricultural community, with here and there its ports of shipment and its necessary marts of exchange; nor yet a country of mines, merely, pouring their products forth into the markets of the world, to take thence whatever it may need for its comfort and convenience in living, — we still wait for its economic and spiritual union. It is many things at once. Sections big enough for kingdoms live by agriculture, and farm the wide stretches of a new land by the aid of money borrowed from other sections which seem almost like another nation, with their teeming cities, dark with the smoke of factories, quick with the movements of trade, as sensitive to the variations of exchange on London as to the variations in the crops raised by their distant fellow countrymen on

the plains within the continent. Upon other great spaces of the vast continent, communities, millions strong, live the distinctive life of the miner, have all their fortune bound up and centred in a single group of industries, feel in their utmost concentration the power of economic forces elsewhere dispersed, and chafe under the unequal yoke that unites them with communities so unlike themselves as those which lend and trade and manufacture, and those which follow the plough and reap the grain that is to feed the world.

Such contrasts are nothing new in our history, and our system of government is admirably adapted to relieve the strain and soften the antagonism they might entail. All our national history through our country has lain apart in sections, each marking a stage of settlement, a stage of wealth, a stage of development, as population has advanced, as if by successive journeyings and encampments, from east to west; and always new regions have been suffered to become new States, form their own life under their own law, plan their own economy, adjust their own domestic relations, and legalize their own methods of business. States have, indeed, often been whimsically enough formed. We have left the matter of boundaries to surveyors rather than to statesmen, and have by no means managed to construct economic units in the making of States. We have joined mining communities with agricultural, the mountain with the plain, the ranch with the farm, and have left the making of uniform rules to the sagacity and practical habit of neighbors ill at ease with one another. But on the whole, the scheme, though a bit haphazard, has worked itself out with singularly little friction and no disaster, and the strains of the great structure we have erected have been greatly eased and dissipated.

Elastic as the system is, however, it stiffens at every point of national policy. The federal government can make but one rule, and that a rule for the whole country, in each act of its legislation. Its very constitution withholds it from discrimination as between State and State, section and section; and yet its chief powers touch just those subjects of economic interest in which the several sections of the country feel themselves most unlike. Currency questions do not affect them equally or in the same way. Some need an elastic currency to serve their uses; others can fill their coffers more readily with a currency that is inelastic. Some can build up manufactures under a tariff law; others cannot, and must submit to pay more without earning more. Some have one interest in a principle of interstate commerce; others, another. It would be difficult to find even a question of foreign policy which would touch all parts of the country alike. A foreign fleet would mean much more to the merchants of Boston and New York than to the merchants of Illinois and the farmers of the Dakotas.

The conviction is becoming painfully distinct among us, moreover, that these contrasts of condition and differences of interest between the several sections of the country are now more marked and emphasized than they ever were before. The country has been transformed within a generation, not by any creations in a new kind, but by stupendous changes in degree. Every interest has increased its scale and its individual significance. The "East" is transformed by the vast accumulations of wealth made since the civil war, — transformed from a simple to a complex civilization, more like the Old World than like the New. The "West" has so magnified its characteristics by sheer growth, every economic interest which its life represents has become so gigantic in its proportions, that it seems to Eastern men, and to its own people also, more than ever a region apart. It is true that the "West" is not, as a matter of fact, a region at all, but, in Professor Turner's admirable

phrase, a stage of development, nowhere set apart and isolated, but spread abroad through all the far interior of the continent. But it is now a stage of development with a difference, as Professor Turner has shown,[1] which makes it practically a new thing in our history. The "West" was once a series of States and settlements beyond which lay free lands not yet occupied, into which the restless and all who could not thrive by mere steady industry, all who had come too late and all who had stayed too long, could pass on, and, it might be, better their fortunes. Now it lies without outlet. The free lands are gone. New communities must make their life sufficient without this easy escape, — must study economy, find their fortunes in what lies at hand, intensify effort, increase capital, build up a future out of details. It is as if they were caught in a fixed order of life and forced into a new competition, and both their self-consciousness and their keenness to observe every point of self-interest are enlarged beyond former example.

That there are currents of national life, both strong and definite, running in full tide through all the continent from sea to sea, no observant person can fail to perceive, — currents which have long been gathering force, and which cannot now be withstood. There need be no fear in any sane man's mind that we shall ever again see our national government threatened with overthrow by any power which our own growth has bred. The temporary danger is that, not being of a common mind, because not living under common conditions, the several sections of the country, which a various economic development has for the time being set apart and contrasted, may struggle for supremacy in the control of the government, and that we may learn by some sad experience that there is not even yet any common standard, either of opinion or of policy, underlying our national life. The country is of one mind in its allegiance to the government and in its attachment to the national idea; but it is not yet of one mind in respect of that fundamental question, What policies will best serve us in giving strength and development to our life? Not the least noteworthy of the incidents that preceded and foretokened the civil war was, if I may so call it, the sectionalization of the national idea. Southern merchants bestirred themselves to get conventions together for the discussion, not of the issues of polities, but of the economic interests of the country. Their thought and hope were of the nation. They spoke no word of antagonism against any section or interest. Yet it was plain in every resolution they uttered that for them the nation was one thing and centred in the South, while for the rest of the country the nation was another thing and lay in the North and Northwest. They were arguing the needs of the nation from the needs of their own section. The same thing had happened in the days of the embargo and the war of 1812. The Hartford Convention thought of New England when it spoke of the country. So must it ever be when section differs from section in the very basis and method of its life. The nation is to-day one thing in Kansas, and quite another in Massachusetts.

There is no longer any danger of a civil war. There was war between the South and the rest of the nation because their differences were removable in no other way. There was no prospect that slavery, the root of those differences, would ever disappear in the mere process of growth. It was to be apprehended, on the contrary, that the very processes of growth would inevitably lead to the extension of slavery and the perpetuation of radical social and economic contrasts and antagonisms between State and State, between region and region. An heroic remedy was the

[1] American Historical Review, vol. i. p. 71.

only remedy. Slavery being removed, the South is now joined with the "West," joined with it in a stage of development, as a region chiefly agricultural, without diversified industries, without a multifarious trade, without those subtle extended nerves which come with all-round economic development, and which make men keenly sensible of the interests that link the world together, as it were into a single community. But these are lines of difference which will be effaced by mere growth, which time will calmly ignore. They make no boundaries for armies to cross. Tide-water Virginia was thus separated once from her own population within the Alleghany valleys, — held two jealous sections within her own limits. Massachusetts once knew the sharp divergences of interest and design which separated the coast settlements upon the Bay from the restless pioneers who had taken up the free lands of her own western counties. North Carolina was once a comfortable and indifferent "East" to the uneasy "West" that was to become Tennessee. Virginia once seemed old and effete to Kentucky. The "great West" once lay upon the Ohio, but has since disappeared there, overlaid by the changes which have carried the conditions of the "East" to the Great Lakes and beyond. There has never yet been a time in our history when we were without an "East" and a "West," but the novel day when we shall be without them is now in sight. As the country grows it will inevitably grow homogeneous. Population will not henceforth spread, but compact; for there is no new land between the seas where the "West" can find another lodgment. The conditions which prevail in the ever widening "East" will sooner or later cover the continent, and we shall at last be one people. The process will not be a short one. It will doubtless run through many generations and involve many a critical question of statesmanship. But it cannot be stayed, and its working out will bring the nation to its final character and rôle in the world.

In the meantime, shall we not constantly recall our reassuring past, reminding one another again and again, as our memories fail us, of the significant incidents of the long journey we have already come, in order that we may be cheered and guided upon the road we have yet to choose and follow? It is only by thus attempting, and attempting again and again, some sufficient analysis of our past experiences that we can form any adequate image of our life as a nation, or acquire any intelligent purpose to guide us amidst the rushing movement of affairs. It is no doubt in part by reviewing our lives that we shape and determine them. The future will not, indeed, be like the past; of that we may rest assured. It cannot be like it in detail; it cannot even resemble it in the large. It is one thing to fill a fertile continent with a vigorous people and take first possession of its treasures; it is quite another to complete the work of occupation and civilization in detail. Big plans, thought out only in the rough, will suffice for the one, but not for the other. A provident leadership, a patient tolerance of temporary but unavoidable evils, a just temper of compromise and accommodation, a hopeful industry in the face of small returns, mutual understandings, and a cordial spirit of coöperation are needed for the slow intensive task, which were not demanded amidst the free advances of an unhampered people from settlement to settlement. And yet the past has made the present, and will make the future. It has made us a nation, despite a variety of life that threatened to keep us at odds amongst ourselves. It has shown us the processes by which differences have been obliterated and antagonisms softened. It has taught us how to become strong, and will teach us, if we heed its moral, how to become wise, also, and single-minded.

The colonies which formed the Union

were brought together, let us first remind ourselves, not merely because they were neighbors and kinsmen, but because they were forced to see that they had common interests which they could serve in no other way. "There is nothing which binds one country or one State to another but interest," said Washington. "Without this cement the Western inhabitants can have no predilection for us." Without that cement the colonies could have had no predilection for one another. But it is one thing to have common interests, and quite another to perceive them and act upon them. The colonies were first thrust together by the pressure of external danger. They needed one another, as well as aid from oversea, as any fool could perceive, if they were going to keep their frontiers against the Indians, and their outlets upon the Western waters from the French. The French and Indian war over, that pressure was relieved, and they might have fallen apart again, indifferent to any common aim, unconscious of any common interest, had not the government that was their common master set itself to make them wince under common wrongs. Then it was that they saw how like they were in polity and life and interest in the great field of politics, studied their common liberty, and became aware of their common ambitions. It was then that they became aware, too, that their common ambitions could be realized only by union; not single-handed, but united against a common enemy. Had they been let alone, it would have taken many a long generation of slowly increased acquaintance with one another to apprise them of their kinship in life and interests and institutions; but England drove them into immediate sympathy and combination, unwittingly founding a nation by suggestion.

The war for freedom over, the new-fledged States entered at once upon a very practical course of education which thrust its lessons upon them without regard to taste or predilection. The Articles of Confederation had been formulated and proposed to the States for their acceptance in 1777, as a legalization of the arrangements that had grown up under the informal guidance of the Continental Congress, in order that law might confirm and strengthen practice, and because an actual continental war commanded a continental organization. But the war was virtually over by the time all the reluctant States had accepted the Articles; and the new government had hardly been put into formal operation before it became evident that only the war had made such an arrangement workable. Not compacts, but the compulsions of a common danger, had drawn the States into an irregular coöperation, and it was even harder to obtain obedience to the definite Articles than it had been to get the requisitions of the unchartered Congress heeded while the war lasted. Peace had rendered the makeshift common government uninteresting, and had given each State leave to withdraw from common undertakings, and to think once more, as of old, only of itself. Their own affairs again isolated and restored to their former separate importance, the States could no longer spare their chief men for what was considered the minor work of the general Congress. The best men had been gradually withdrawn from Congress before the war ended, and now there seemed less reason than ever why they should be sent to talk at Philadelphia, when they were needed for the actual work of administration at home. Politics fell back into their old localization, and every public man found his chief tasks at home. There were still, as a matter of fact, common needs and dangers scarcely less imperative and menacing than those which had drawn the colonies together against the mother country; but they were needs and perils of peace, and ordinary men did not see them; only the most thoughtful and observant were con-

scious of them: extraordinary events were required to lift them to the general view.

Happily, there were thoughtful and observant men who were already the chief figures of the country, — men whose leadership the people had long since come to look for and accept, — and it was through them that the States were brought to a new common consciousness, and at last to a real union. It was not possible for the several States to live self-sufficient and apart, as they had done when they were colonies. They had then had a common government, little as they liked to submit to it, and their foreign affairs had been taken care of. They were now to learn how ill they could dispense with a common providence. Instead of France, they now had England for neighbor in Canada and on the Western waters, where they had themselves but the other day fought so hard to set her power up. She was their rival and enemy, too, on the seas; refused to come to any treaty terms with them in regard to commerce; and laughed to see them unable to concert any policy against her because they had no common political authority among themselves. She had promised, in the treaty of peace, to withdraw her garrisons from the Western posts which lay within the territory belonging to the Confederation; but Congress had promised that British creditors should be paid what was due them, only to find that the States would make no laws to fulfill the promise, and were determined to leave their federal representatives without power to make them; and England kept her troops where they were. Spain had taken France's place upon the further bank of the Mississippi and at the great river's mouth. Grave questions of foreign policy pressed on every side, as of old, and no State could settle them unaided and for herself alone.

Here was a group of commonwealths which would have lived separately and for themselves, and could not; which had thought to make shift with merely a "league of friendship" between them and a Congress for consultation, and found that it was impossible. There were common debts to pay, but there was no common system of taxation by which to meet them, nor any authority to devise and enforce such a system. There were common enemies and rivals to deal with, but no one was authorized to carry out a common policy against them. There was a common domain to settle and administer, but no one knew how a Congress without the power to command was to manage so great a property. The Ordinance of 1787 was indeed bravely framed, after a method of real statesmanship; but there was no warrant for it to be found in the Articles, and no one could say how Congress would execute a law it had had no authority to enact. It was not merely the hopeless confusion and sinister signs of anarchy which abounded in their own affairs — a rebellion of debtors in Massachusetts, tariff wars among the States that lay upon New York Bay and on the Sound, North Carolina's doubtful supremacy among her settlers in the Tennessee country, Virginia's questionable authority in Kentucky — that brought the States at last to attempt a better union and set up a real government for the whole country. It was the inevitable continental outlook of affairs as well; if nothing more, the sheer necessity to grow and touch their neighbors at close quarters.

Washington had been among the first to see the necessity of living, not by a local, but by a continental policy. Of course he had a direct pecuniary interest in the development of the Western lands, — had himself preëmpted many a broad acre lying upon the far Ohio, as well as upon the nearer western slopes of the mountains, — and it is open to any one who likes the sinister suggestion to say that his ardor for the occupancy of the Western country was that of the land speculator, not that of the statesman.

Everybody knows that it was a conference between delegates from Maryland and Virginia about Washington's favorite scheme of joining the upper waters of the Potomac with the upper waters of the streams which made their way to the Mississippi — a conference held at his suggestion and at his house — that led to the convening of that larger conference at Annapolis, which called for the appointment of the body that met at Philadelphia and framed the Constitution under which he was to become the first President of the United States. It is open to any one who chooses to recall how keen old Governor Dinwiddie had been, when he came to Virginia, to watch those same Western waters in the interest of the first Ohio Company, in which he had bought stock; how promptly he called the attention of the ministers in England to the aggressions of the French in that quarter, sent Washington out as his agent to warn the intruders off, and pushed the business from stage to stage, till the French and Indian war was ablaze, and nations were in deadly conflict on both sides of the sea. It ought to be nothing new and nothing strange to those who have read the history of the English race the world over to learn that conquests have a thousand times sprung out of the initiative of men who have first followed private interest into new lands like speculators, and then planned their occupation and government like statesmen. Dinwiddie was no statesman, but Washington was; and the circumstance which it is worth while to note about him is, not that he went prospecting upon the Ohio when the French war was over, but that he saw more than fertile lands there, — saw the "seat of a rising empire," and, first among the men of his day, perceived by what means its settlers could be bound to the older communities in the East alike in interest and in polity. Here were the first "West" and the first "East," and Washington's thought mediating between them.

The formation of the Union brought a real government into existence, and that government set about its work with an energy, a dignity, a thoroughness of plan, which made the whole country aware of it from the outset, and aware, consequently, of the national scheme of political life it had been devised to promote. Hamilton saw to it that the new government should have a definite party and body of interests at its back. It had been fostered in the making by the commercial classes at the ports and along the routes of commerce, and opposed in the rural districts which lay away from the centres of population. Those who knew the forces that played from State to State, and made America a partner in the life of the world, had earnestly wanted a government that should preside and choose in the making of the nation; but those who saw only the daily round of the countryside had been indifferent or hostile, consulting their pride and their prejudices. Hamilton sought a policy which should serve the men who had set the government up, and found it in the funding of the debt, both national and domestic, the assumption of the Revolutionary obligations of the States, and the establishment of a national bank. This was what the friends of the new plan had wanted, the rehabilitation of credit, and the government set out with a programme meant to commend it to men with money and vested interests.

It was just such a government that the men of an opposite interest and temperament had dreaded, and Washington was not out of office before the issue began to be clearly drawn between those who wanted a strong government, with a great establishment, a system of finance which should dominate the markets, an authority in the field of law which should restrain the States and make the Union, through its courts, the sole and final judge of its own powers, and those who dreaded nothing else so much, wished a government which should hold the coun-

try together with as little thought as possible of its own aggrandizement, went all the way with Jefferson in his jealousy of the commercial interest, accepted his ideal of a dispersed power put into commission among the States, — even among the local units within the States, — and looked to see liberty discredited amidst a display of federal power. When the first party had had their day in the setting up of the government and the inauguration of a policy which should make it authoritative, the party of Jefferson came in to purify it. They began by attacking the federal courts, which had angered every man of their faith by a steady maintenance and elaboration of the federal power; they ended by using that power just as their opponents had used it. In the first place, it was necessary to buy Louisiana, and with it the control of the Mississippi, notwithstanding Mr. Jefferson's solemn conviction that such an act was utterly without constitutional warrant; in the second place, they had to enforce an arbitrary embargo in order to try their hand at reprisal upon foreign rivals in trade; in the end, they had to recharter the national bank, create a national debt and a sinking fund, impose an excise upon whiskey, lay direct taxes, devise a protective tariff, use coercion upon those who would not aid them in a great war, — play the rôle of masters and tax-gatherers as the Federalists had played it, — on a greater scale, even, and with equal gusto. Everybody knows the familiar story: it has new significance from day to day only as it illustrates the invariable process of nation-making which has gone on from generation to generation, from the first until now.

Opposition to the exercise and expansion of the federal power only made it the more inevitable by making it the more deliberate. The passionate protests, the plain speech, the sinister forecasts, of such men as John Randolph aided the process by making it self-conscious. What Randolph meant as an accusation, those who chose the policy of the government presently accepted as a prophecy. It was true, as he said, that a nation was in the making, and a government under which the privileges of the States would count for less than the compulsions of the common interest. Few had seen it so at first; the men who were old when the government was born refused to see it so to the last; but the young men and those who came fresh upon the stage from decade to decade presently found the scarecrow look like a thing they might love. Their ideal took form with the reiterated suggestion; they began to hope for what they had been bidden to dread. No party could long use the federal authority without coming to feel it national, — without forming some ideal of the common interest, and of the use of power by which it should be fostered.

When they adopted the tariff of 1816, the Jeffersonians themselves formulated a policy which should endow the federal government with a greater economic power than even Hamilton had planned when he sought to win the support of the merchants and the lenders of money; and when they bought something like a third of the continent beyond the Mississippi, they made it certain the nation should grow upon a continental scale which no provincial notions about state powers and a common government kept within strait bounds could possibly survive. Here were the two forces which were to dominate us till the present day, and make the present issues of our politics: an open "West" into which a frontier population was to be thrust from generation to generation, and a protective tariff which should build up special interests the while in the "East," and make the contrast ever sharper and sharper between section and section. What the "West" is doing now is simply to note more deliberately than ever before, and with a keener distaste, this striking contrast between her own devel-

opment and that of the "East." That was a true instinct of statesmanship which led Henry Clay to couple a policy of internal improvements with a policy of protection. Internal improvements meant in that day great roads leading into the West, and every means taken to open the country to use and settlement. While a protective tariff was building up special industries in the East, public works should make an outlet into new lands for all who were not getting the benefit of the system. The plan worked admirably for many a day, and was justly called "American," so well did it match the circumstances of a set of communities, half old, half new: the old waiting to be developed, the new setting the easy scale of living. The other side of the policy was left for us. There is no longer any outlet for those who are not the beneficiaries of the protective system, and nothing but the contrasts it has created remains to mark its triumphs. Internal improvements no longer relieve the strain; they have become merely a means of largess.

The history of the United States has been one continuous story of rapid, stupendous growth, and all its great questions have been questions of growth. It was proposed in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 that a limit should be set to the number of new members to be admitted to the House of Representatives from States formed beyond the Alleghanies; and the suggestion was conceived with a true instinct of prophecy. The old States were not only to be shaken out of their self-centred life, but were even to see their very government changed over their heads by the rise of States in the Western country. John Randolph voted against the admission of Ohio into the Union, because he held that no new partner should be admitted to the federal arrangement except by unanimous consent. It was the very next year that Louisiana was purchased, and a million square miles were added to the territory out of which new States were to be made. Had the original States been able to live to themselves, keeping their own people, elaborating their own life, without a common property to manage, unvexed by a vacant continent, national questions might have been kept within modest limits. They might even have made shift to digest Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Alabama, and the great commonwealths carved out of the Northwest Territory, for which the Congress of the Confederation had already made provision. But the Louisiana purchase opened the continent to the planting of States, and took the processes of nationalization out of the hands of the original "partners." Questions of politics were henceforth to be questions of growth.

For a while the question of slavery dominated all the rest. The Northwest Territory was closed to slavery by the Ordinance of 1787. Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Alabama, took slavery almost without question from the States from which they were sprung. But Missouri gave the whole country view of the matter which must be settled in the making of every State founded beyond the Mississippi. The slavery struggle, which seems to us who are near it to occupy so great a space in the field of our affairs, was, of course, a struggle for and against the extension of slavery, not for or against its existence in the States where it had taken root from of old, — a question of growth, not of law. It will some day be seen to have been, for all it was so stupendous, a mere episode of development. Its result was to remove a ground of economic and social difference as between section and section which threatened to become permanent, standing forever in the way of a homogeneous national life. The passionate struggle to prevent its extension inevitably led to its total abolition; and the way was cleared for the South, as well as the "West," to become like its neighbor sections in every element of its life.

It had also a further, almost incalcu-

lable effect in its stimulation of a national sentiment. It created throughout the North and Northwest a passion of devotion to the Union which really gave the Union a new character. The nation was fused into a single body in the fervent heat of the time. At the beginning of the war the South had seemed like a section pitted against a section; at its close it seemed a territory conquered by a neighbor nation. That nation is now, take it roughly, that "East" which we contrast with the "West" of our day. The economic conditions once centred at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and the other commercial and industrial cities of the coast States are now to be found, hardly less clearly marked, in Chicago, in Minneapolis, in Detroit, through all the great States that lie upon the Lakes, in all the old "Northwest." The South has fallen into a new economic classification. In respect of its stage of development it belongs with the "West," though in sentiment, in traditional ways of life, in many a point of practice and detail, it keeps its old individuality, and though it has in its peculiar labor problem a hindrance to progress at once unique and ominous.

It is to this point we have come in the making of the nation. The old sort of growth is at an end, — the growth by mere expansion. We have now to look more closely to internal conditions, and study the means by which a various people is to be bound together in a single interest. Many differenees will pass away of themselves. "East" and "West" will come together by a slow approach, as capital accumulates where now it is only borrowed, as industrial development makes its way westward in a new variety, as life gets its final elaboration and detail throughout all the great spaces of the continent, until all the scattered parts of the nation are drawn into real community of interest. Even the race problem of the South will no doubt work itself out in the slowness of time, as blacks and whites pass from generation to generation, gaining with each remove from the memories of the war a surer self-possession, an easier view of the division of labor and of social function to be arranged between them. Time is the only legislator in such a matter. But not everything can be left to drift and slow accommodation. The nation which has grown to the proportions almost of the continent within the century lies under our eyes, unfinished, unharmonized, waiting still to have its parts adjusted, lacking its last lesson in the ways of peace and concert. It required statesmanship of no mean sort to bring us to our present growth and lusty strength. It will require leadership of a much higher order to teach us the triumphs of coöperation, the self-possession and calm choices of maturity.

Much may be brought about by a mere knowledge of the situation. It is not simply the existence of facts that governs us, but consciousness and comprehension of the facts. The whole process of statesmanship consists in bringing facts to light, and shaping law to suit, or, if need be, mould them. It is part of our present danger that men of the "East" listen only to their own public men, men of the "West" only to theirs. We speak of the "West" as out of sympathy with the "East:" it would be instructive once and again to reverse the terms, and admit that the "East" neither understands nor sympathizes with the "West," — and thorough nationalization depends upon mutual understandings and sympathies. There is an unpleasant significance in the fact that the "East" has made no serious attempt to understand the desire for the free coinage of silver in the "West" and the South. If it were once really probed and comprehended, we should know that it is necessary to reform our currency at once, and we should know in what way it is necessary to reform it; we should know that a new protective tariff only marks with a new emphasis the contrast in economic interest between

the "East" and the "West," and that nothing but currency reform can touch the cause of the present discontents.

Ignorance and indifference as between section and section no man need wonder at who knows the habitual courses of history; and no one who comprehends the essential soundness of our people's life can mistrust the future of the nation. He may confidently expect a safe nationalization of interest and policy in the end, whatever folly of experiment and fitful change he may fear in the meanwhile. He can only wonder that we should continue to leave ourselves so utterly without adequate means of formulating a national policy. Certainly Providence has presided over our affairs with a strange indulgence, if it is true that Providence helps only those who first seek to help themselves. The making of a nation has never been a thing deliberately planned and consummated by the counsel and authority of leaders, but the daily conduct and policy of a nation which has won its place must be so planned. So far we have had the hopefulness, the readiness, and the hardihood of youth in these matters, and have never become fully conscious of the position into which our peculiar frame of government has brought us. We have waited a whole century to observe that we have made no provision for authoritative national leadership in matters of policy. The President does not always speak with authority, because he is not always a man picked out and tested by any processes in which the people have been participants, and has often nothing but his office to render him influential. Even when the country does know and trust him, he can carry his views no further than to recommend them to the attention of Congress in a written message which the Houses would deem themselves subservient to give too much heed to. Within the Houses there is no man, except the Vice-President, to whose choice the whole country gives heed; and he is chosen, not to be a Senator, but only to wait upon the disability of the President, and preside meanwhile over a body of which he is not a member. The House of Representatives has in these latter days made its Speaker its political leader as well as its parliamentary moderator; but the country is, of course, never consulted about that beforehand, and his leadership is not the open leadership of discussion, but the undebatable leadership of the parliamentary autocrat.

This singular leaderless structure of our government never stood fully revealed until the present generation, and even now awaits general recognition. Peculiar circumstances and the practical political habit and sagacity of our people for long concealed it. The framers of the Constitution no doubt expected the President and his advisers to exercise a real leadership in affairs, and for more than a generation after the setting up of the government their expectation was fulfilled. Washington was accepted as leader no less by Congress than by the people. Hamilton, from the Treasury, really gave the government both its policy and its administrative structure. If John Adams had less authority than Washington, it was because the party he represented was losing its hold upon the country. Jefferson was the most consummate party chief, the most unchecked master of legislative policy, we have had in America, and his dynasty was continued in Madison and Monroe. But Madison's terms saw Clay and Calhoun come to the front in the House, and many another man of the new generation, ready to guide and coach the President rather than to be absolutely controlled by him. Monroe was not of the calibre of his predecessors, and no party could rally about so stiff a man, so cool a partisan, as John Quincy Adams. And so the old political function of the presidency came to an end, and it was left for Jackson to give it a new one, — instead of a leadership of counsel, a

leadership and discipline by rewards and punishments. Then the slavery issue began to dominate politics, and a long season of concentrated passion brought individual men of force into power in Congress, — natural leaders of men like Clay, trained and eloquent advocates like Webster, keen debaters with a logic whose thrusts were as sharp as those of cold steel like Calhoun. The war made the Executive of necessity the nation's leader again, with the great Lincoln at its head, who seemed to embody, with a touch of genius, the very character of the race itself. Then reconstruction came, — under whose leadership who could say? — and we were left to wonder what, henceforth, in the days of ordinary peace and industry, we were to make of a government which could in humdrum times yield us no leadership at all. The tasks which confront us now are not like those which centred in the war, in which passion made men run together to a common work. Heaven forbid that we should admit any element of passion into the delicate matters in which national policy must mediate between the differing economic interests of sections which a wise moderation will assuredly unite in the ways of harmony and peace! We shall need, not the mere compromises of Clay, but a constructive leadership of which Clay hardly showed himself capable.

There are few things more disconcerting to the thought, in any effort to forecast the future of our affairs, than the fact that we must continue to take our executive policy from presidents given us by nominating conventions, and our legislation from conference committees of the House and Senate. Evidently it is a purely providential form of government. We should never have had Lincoln for President had not the Republican convention of 1860 sat in Chicago, and felt the weight of the galleries in its work, — and one does not like to think what might have happened had Mr. Seward been nominated. We might have had Mr. Bryan for President, because of the impression which may be made upon an excited assembly by a good voice and a few ringing sentences flung forth just after a cold man who gave unpalatable counsel has sat down. The country knew absolutely nothing about Mr. Bryan before his nomination, and it would not have known anything about him afterward had he not chosen to make speeches. It was not Mr. McKinley, but Mr. Reed, who was the real leader of the Republican party. It has become a commonplace amongst us that conventions prefer dark horses, — prefer those who are not tested leaders with well-known records to those who are. It has become a commonplace amongst all nations which have tried popular institutions that the actions of such bodies as our nominating conventions are subject to the play of passion and of chance. They meet to do a single thing, — for the platform is really left to a committee, — and upon that one thing all intrigue centres. Who that has witnessed them will ever forget the intense night scenes, the feverish recesses, of our nominating conventions, when there is a running to and fro of agents from delegation to delegation, and every candidate has his busy headquarters, — can ever forget the shouting and almost frenzied masses on the floor of the hall when the convention is in session, swept this way and that by every wind of sudden feeling, impatient of debate, incapable of deliberation? When a convention's brief work is over, its own members can scarcely remember the plan and order of it. They go home unmarked, and sink into the general body of those who have nothing to do with the conduct of government. They cannot be held responsible if their candidate fails in his attempt to carry on the Executive.

It has not often happened that candidates for the presidency have been chosen from outside the ranks of those who have seen service in national politics. Congress is apt to be peculiarly sensitive

to the exercise of executive authority by men who have not at some time been members of the one House or the other, and so learned to sympathize with members' views as to the relations that ought to exist between the President and the federal legislature. No doubt a good deal of the dislike which the Houses early conceived for Mr. Cleveland was due to the feeling that he was an "outsider," a man without congressional sympathies and points of view, — a sort of irregular and amateur at the delicate game of national politics as played at Washington; most of the men whom he chose as advisers were of the same kind, without Washington credentials. Mr. McKinley, though of the congressional circle himself, has repeated the experiment in respect of his cabinet in the appointment of such men as Mr. Gage and Mr. Bliss and Mr. Gary. Members resent such appointments; they seem to drive the two branches of the government further apart than ever, and yet they grow more common from administration to administration.

These appointments make coöperation between Congress and the Executive more difficult, not because the men thus appointed lack respect for the Houses or seek to gain any advantage over them, but because they do not know how to deal with them, — through what persons and by what courtesies of approach. To the uninitiated Congress is simply a mass of individuals. It has no responsible leaders known to the system of government, and the leaders recognized by its rules are one set of individuals for one sort of legislation, another for another. The Secretaries cannot address or approach either House as a whole; in dealing with committees they are dealing only with groups of individuals; neither party has its leader, — there are only influential men here and there who know how to manage its caucuses and take advantage of parliamentary openings on the floor. There is a master in the House, as every member very well knows, and even the easy-going public are beginning to observe. The Speaker appoints the committees; the committees practically frame all legislation; the Speaker, accordingly, gives or withholds legislative power and opportunity, and members are granted influence or deprived of it much as he pleases. He of course administers the rules, and the rules are framed to prevent debate and individual initiative. He can refuse recognition for the introduction of measures he disapproves of as party chief; he may make way for those he desires to see passed. He is chairman of the Committee on Rules, by which the House submits to be governed (for fear of helplessness and chaos) in the arrangement of its business and the apportionment of its time. In brief, he is not only its moderator, but its master. New members protest and write to the newspapers; but old members submit, — and indeed the Speaker's power is inevitable. You must have leaders in a numerous body, — leaders with authority; and you cannot give authority in the House except through the rules. The man who administers the rules must be master, and you must put this mastery into the hands of your best party leader. The legislature being separated from the executive branch of the government, the only rewards and punishments by which you can secure party discipline are those within the gift of the rules, — the committee appointments and preferences: you cannot administer these by election; party government would break down in the midst of personal exchanges of electoral favors. Here again you must trust the Speaker to organize and choose, and your only party leader is your moderator. He does not lead by debate; he explains, he proposes nothing to the country; you learn his will in his rulings.

It is with such machinery that we are to face the future, find a wise and moderate policy, bring the nation to a com-

mon, a cordial understanding, a real unity of life. The President can lead only as he can command the ear of both Congress and the country, — only as any other individual might who could secure a like general hearing and acquiescence. Policy must come always from the deliberations of the House committees, the debates, both secret and open, of the Senate, the compromises of committee conference between the Houses; no one man, no group of men, leading; no man, no group of men, responsible for the outcome. Unquestionably we believe in a guardian destiny! No other race could have accomplished so much with such a system; no other race would have dared risk such an experiment. We shall work out a remedy, for work it out we must. We must find or make, somewhere in our system, a group of men to lead us, who represent the nation in the origin and responsibility of their power; who shall draw the Executive, which makes choice of foreign policy and upon whose ability and good faith the honorable execution of the laws depends, into cordial coöperation with the legislature, which, under whatever form of government, must sanction law and policy. Only under a national leadership, by a national selection of leaders, and by a method of constructive choice rather than of compromise and barter, can a various nation be peacefully led. Once more is our problem of nation-making the problem of a form of government. Shall we show the sagacity, the open-mindedness, the moderation, in our task of modification, that were shown under Washington and Madison and Sherman and Franklin and Wilson, in the task of construction?

Woodrow Wilson.

JOHN STERLING, AND A CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN STERLING AND EMERSON.

How much the world owes, how little it credits, to the Illuminators. King Admetus had one of these nominally tending his herds for a time, but who did more than this for him; and the story has been remembered the better because it has been the fortune of many men to fall in with one of the herdsman's descendants. However dark the times and unpromising the place, these sons of the morning will appear, and their bright parentage shows through life, for the years let them alone. In Rome in her decline Juvenal found this saving remnant, and rightly told their lineage in the verses,

> "Juvenes queis arte benigna
> Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan."
>
> Blest youths, though few, whose hearts the God of Day
> Fashioned with loving hand and from a nobler clay.

Where they have come, they have gilded the day for those around, and warmed their hearts, and made the dim way plain; and when they suddenly passed, a bright twilight has remained, and the voice has rung for life in the ears that once knew it. And because the twilight does not last, and the echo perishes with the ears that heard it, and the gain of these lives is of a kind less easily pointed out to the common eye than if it had taken form in "goods," or inventions, or institutions, or even laurels, men often lament and count such lives as lost.

In presenting the words of good cheer that passed between John Sterling, the poet, and a friend, never seen, beyond the ocean, I wish to urge that here was one whose nobility and sympathy illuminated in his short day the lives of his friends; and though he died before his

noon, leaving little lasting work, yet was not the light lost, for the seemingly more enduring work of his friends was done in a measure in its rays.

"Poor Sterling," — such is the ever recurring burden of Carlyle's tribute to his friend, which he seems to have been pricked into writing largely because Sterling's other loyal friend and biographer, Archdeacon Hare, who had loved and labored with him in the Church of England, deplored overmuch his throwing off its rule and vestments. Though Carlyle has no sympathy for Sterling's knightly efforts to help the exile and the slave, and for his apostolic labors among the poor of England, scouts his verses and makes light of his essays and romance, and ever chafes because this fine courser was not a mighty dray-horse like himself, — yes, sad and soured by physical ailments, he more than half blamed his brave friend for having the cruel and long disease through which he worked, even to his censor's admiration, — yet, in spite of all, Carlyle's Life of Sterling shows in every page that this man's short, brave course lifted and illuminated all about him, even that weary and sad-eyed Jeremiah himself as he sat apart and prophesied and lamented. One recoils at much of Carlyle's expression in this work, but, with all its blemish of pity and Philistinism and pessimism, it stands remarkable, a monument built by such hands, — I will not say planned by such a mind, for the mind protested ; but nevertheless the hands, obedient to the spirit, built it with the best they could bring in gratitude to helpful love whose sunlight had reached an imprisoned soul.

John Sterling died half a century ago. Little of what he wrote remains. His fine Strafford, a Tragedy, is now hard to obtain, and few people even know Dædalus, the best of his poems. His work is noble in thought and often in expression, as befitted a man who bravely turned away from his church, with all it then meant of opportunity and vantage-ground, saying simply to his pleading friends, "No, I cannot lie for God."

I will briefly recall the few outward events of Sterling's life. He was born in 1806, in the Island of Bute, of gentle Scotch blood warmed and spiced by the sojourn of his immediate forerunners in Ireland, and his first years were passed in Gaelic and Cymrian lands ; it is no wonder that the growth of the young mind and spirit was determined rather in the direction of bold and free and fine imagination than along paths of unremitting and faithful toil. Moreover, he had that quick sympathy and entire generosity which, as prompting to turn aside for others' interests, do not favor the concentration of effort. These and the other good traits of the Celtic races, their unquestioning courage, loyalty, gayety, eloquence, gave Sterling his brilliancy, which was saved from the faults that usually go with the artistic temperament by a delicate conscience and the controlling moral sense and principle, the best Saxon heritage.

He did not undergo the time-honored and Philistine methods of the great public schools, so prized as a foundation of manhood and grammar for an English gentleman. He did not need that rude schooling ; the fire and manhood were there, and he took to letters by nature. He studied with various tutors, and became a student at Cambridge. Here he was a light in the brightest undergraduate society of his day, among whom were men destined to impress their generation. The best of these — Frederick Maurice, John Trench, John Kemble, Richard Monckton Milnes, Charles Buller, and others — were his friends. He did not value the English university as it was in his day.

After leaving the university, and after some false starts like an attempt at reading law and a temporary secretaryship of a sort of politico-commercial association, he soon came to his natural destiny, a literary life, and of course gravitated

to London, where his father, a man of spirit and ability, was already a power in the Times newspaper.

Sterling joined with Maurice in conducting The Athenæum. Its high tone was distinctive while Sterling was connected with it, says Archdeacon Hare; and of his literary firstfruits, Essays and Tales, many of them cast in a Greek mould, even Carlyle, mainly contemptuous of anything artistic, has to say that they are "singularly beautiful and attractive." "Everywhere the point of view adopted is a high and noble one, and the result worked out a result to be sympathized with, and accepted as far as it will go."

The outward life among the highest literary society in London, in which his fine-spirited personality soon gave him prominence, was much to his taste, but meanwhile his inner life was growing richer with the days. The simple nobility of Arnold, the master of Rugby, had early interested him; even in

"Streaming London's central roar"

the voice of Wordsworth from the Westmoreland hills reached him, created a calm, and brought happiness; above all, Coleridge, incomprehensible save to a few, and now growing dim in age, but to Sterling's eager soul illuminating the mists in which he lived, became a power in his life. Indeed, of some of his own Athenæum papers Sterling modestly wrote that he was "but a patch of sand to receive and retain the Master's footprint." The gospel of the low place of the understanding, and of faith as the highest reason, lighted on their way the disciples of this high priest strangely arisen in the England of that day.

Sterling's youthful chivalry led him to befriend and help the Spanish political refugees, of whom a numerous band were in London. Among others, he interested in this cause an adventurous young kinsman, lately resigned from the army, and keen for some daring enterprise, and, with the means and zeal which this ally brought, a descent on the coast of Spain, to raise the revolutionary standard there, was planned. Sterling forwarded this scheme as he could, and meant personally to share in it, but was dissuaded because of ill health and his recent engagement of marriage. The vessel was seized at the point of rendezvous on the Thames, the day before it was to sail, with Sterling on board helping in the preparations. He escaped with cool audacity, warned the adventurers, saved them from capture, and got the now sorely crippled and disarmed expedition otherwise started. But disaster dogged it, and after some tedious and ineffectual attempts to promote a rising, General Torrijos and his helpers, including Sterling's young relative, were captured, and summarily shot on the plaza of Malaga. Because he had aided the rash venture, but had not shared its dangers, the blow was almost overwhelming to a man of Sterling's high honor, and it was a subject that could never be spoken of in his presence.

Before the final blow came, he had gone, because of alarming lung threatenings, to assume the care of an inherited family property in the Isle of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, carrying his young wife with him. There he met slavery, and, sharing the responsibility for it, began to consider, with both conscience and common sense, what could be done for the poor degraded bondsmen; but his residence there was short, only fifteen months, and his improved health seemed to warrant an ending of this exile, so he returned to England in 1832. Though his genius called him to other works than professed philanthropy, and these and all of his works had to be done as they might with the sword of Azrael hanging over him, — wounding him grievously many times before its final fall, — he did not forget the slaves, and hoped he might yet serve their cause.

Once more at home in England, and rejoicing in this, and yet more in the blessing of wife and child, Sterling, now maturing with richer experience, desiring to serve his kind, and with new hope and faith, essayed his hand in a thoughtful novel, Arthur Coningsby, in which he tried to show that the Church might still have life and help hidden under its externals. In this serious frame of mind he chanced to meet his friend, Julius Hare, a good man and a servant of the Lord in the Church of England, who well knew the nobility that lay in Sterling; and soon after he became Hare's curate at Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex.

Into the high and the lowly duties of his calling Sterling threw himself with the zeal of the loved disciple, during the few months that his health allowed him to labor; though the zealous Paul was rather his model, he said, and the village cottages were to be to him his Derbe and Lystra and Ephesus, a place where he would bend his whole being, and spend his heart for the conversion, purification, elevation, of the humble souls therein. In that time he found much happiness, and blessings followed his steps in the village. But his physicians told him that he could not do this work and live, so with much regret he left the post in which he had given such promise of being helpful. It was a station on his journey, a phase in his life; but he passed on, and soon his growing spirit found itself cramped by walls built for men of other centuries and other stature. Yet for the remaining years of his maimed and interrupted life he was a noble soldier of the Church militant and universal, a helper and a light.

Through ten years, with his life in his hands, under continual marching orders, cruelly separating him from his loved and loyal wife and little children, to Madeira, Bordeaux, the southern towns of England, and finally the Isle of Wight, he never lost courage or faith, and worked while yet there was day for him. And though long disease wore out the body, it could never touch his soul.

Sterling and Emerson never met face to face, but there was so strong a likeness in some part of their lives — both the events and the spiritual experience and growth — that their friendship was, as it were, ordained above. Both men, born with a commanding call to letters; brought under the awakening influences that moved England, Old and New, in their generation; helped first by Coleridge and charmed by Wordsworth, earnestly hoped to serve their fellow men by living work in the church in which they found themselves, though it seemed well-nigh lifeless then. Both, after a short service, found their growth resisted by the walls around them, and at once passed fearlessly out of the Church partial to be workers in the Church universal. Disease added its burden to each at this time, and was bravely borne. The words of Carlyle came to them, and moved them so strongly that each stretched a joyful and grateful hand to him at a time when it seemed as if none heeded; and this their service to his soul bound him for life to them, though his sad and stormy spirit chafed at their singing and chided their hope. Brought into relation with each other by him, they met in their honor for him, and in that other part of their lives to which he was deaf and blind, — their yearning to express their respective messages in lasting verse; and in this especially, in the five short years of their friendship, their hands, held out across the sea to each other, gave to both happiness and help.

In Mr. Emerson's journal for the year 1843 is written the following pleasant account of the coming together, along lines of sympathy, of Sterling's life and his own: —

"In Roxbury, in 1825, I read Cotton's translation of Montaigne. It seemed to

me as if I had written the book myself in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thought and experience. No book before or since was ever so much to me as that. How I delighted afterwards in reading Cotton's dedication to Halifax, and the reply of Halifax, which seemed no words of course, but genuine suffrages. Afterwards I went to Paris in 1833, and to the Père le Chaise and stumbled on the tomb of ——,[1] who, said the stone, formed himself to virtue on the Essays of Montaigne. Afterwards, John Sterling wrote a loving criticism on Montaigne in the Westminster Review, with a journal of his own pilgrimage to Montaigne's estate and château; and soon after Carlyle writes me word that this same lover of Montaigne is a lover of me. Now I have been introducing to his genius two of my friends, James and Tappan, who both warm to him as to their brother. So true is S. G. W.'s saying that all whom he knew, met."

Here is the passage in the letter of Carlyle above alluded to, written from Chelsea on the 8th of December, 1837:

"There is a man here called John Sterling (*Reverend* John of the Church of England too), whom I love better than anybody I have met with, since a certain sky-messenger alighted to me at Craigenputtock, and vanished in the Blue again. This Sterling has written; but what is far better, he has lived, he is alive. Across several unsuitable wrappages, of Church-of-Englandism and others, my heart loves the man. He is one, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of Infidelity (lighted up by some glare of Radicalism only, now growing dim, too) and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgian Shovel-hattedness, or determination to preach, to preach peace, were it only the spent echo of a peace once preached. He is still only about thirty; young; and I think will shed the shovel-hat yet, perhaps. Do you ever read Blackwood? This John Sterling is the 'New Contributor' whom Wilson makes such a rout about, in the November and prior month: Crystals from a Cavern, etc., which it is well worth your while to see. Well, and what then, cry you? Why, then, this John Sterling has fallen overhead in love with a certain Waldo Emerson, — that is all. He saw the little Book Nature lying here; and, across a whole *silva silvarum* of prejudices, discerned what was in it; took it to his heart, — and indeed into his pocket; and has carried it off to Madeira with him, whither, unhappily (though now with good hope and expectation), the Doctors have ordered him. This is the small piece of pleasant news: that two sky-messengers (such they were both of them to me) have met and recognized each other; and by God's blessing there shall one day be a trio of us; call you that nothing?"

The news of this new friend and fellow worker was joyfully welcomed by Emerson in his answer. After reading the prose and verse in Blackwood, he says, "I saw that my man had a head and a heart, and spent an hour or two very happily in spelling his biography out of his own hand, a species of palmistry in which I have a perfect reliance." The letters to Carlyle written during the next year and a half tell of his growing interest in the man and his writings.

Emerson had sent to Sterling at various times, through the hands of their friend Carlyle, his orations, The American Scholar and Literary Ethics, delivered respectively before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard University, August 31, 1837, and the literary societies at Dartmouth College, July 24, 1838; and probably also his Address to the Senior Class at the Divinity School at Cambridge. These cumulative gifts drew from Sterling the first letter.[2]

[1] Left blank; the name probably forgotten.

[2] Through the courtesy of Colonel John Barton Sterling, of London, I am permitted to publish the following letters of his father.

I. STERLING TO EMERSON.

CLIFTON, *September* 30, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is a horrible effort to do at last what one ought to have done long ago, were it not still more horrible to postpone it longer. But having a conscience, or something nameless that does the work of one, I feel it some consolation that I have wronged myself most by my silence, and especially if I have let you suppose me insensible to the beauty and worth of the discourses you sent me, and to the still more valuable kindness which led you to favour me with them. Unhappily, I am a man of ill health and many petty concerns, of much locomotion and infinite laziness and procrastination; and though my failures towards you are infinite, they are, if possible, more than infinite to my other friends, — not better, but of longer standing, and whose claims have therefore increased at compound interest to be still more serious than yours. One of the worst results of my neglect is that I can no longer offer you, in return for your books, the first vivid impressions which they made on me. I shall only now say that I have read very, very little modern English writing that has struck and pleased me so much; among recent productions, almost only those of our friend Carlyle, whose shaggy-browed and deep-eyed thoughts have often a likeness to yours which is very attractive and impressive, neither evidently being the double of the other. You must be glad to find him so rapidly and strongly rising into fame and authority among us. It is evident to me that his suggestions work more deeply into the minds of men in this country than those of any living man: work, not mining to draw forth riches, but tunnelling to carry inwards the light and air of the region from which he starts. I rejoice to learn from him that you are about to publish something more considerable, at least in bulk, than what I have hitherto seen of yours. I trust you will long continue to diffuse, by your example as well as doctrine, the knowledge that the Sun and Earth and Plato and Shakespeare are what they are by working each in his vocation; and that we can be anything better than mountebanks living, and scarecrows dead, only by doing so likewise. For my better assurance of this truth, as well as for much and cordial kindness, I shall always remain your debtor, and also,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN STERLING.

II. EMERSON TO STERLING.

CONCORD, MASS., 29*th May*, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have trusted your magnanimity to a good extent in neglecting to acknowledge your letter, received in the winter, which gave me great joy, and more lately your volume of poems, which I have had for some weeks. But I am a worshipper of Friendship, and cannot find any other good equal to it. As soon as any man pronounces the words which approve him fit for that great office, I make no haste: he is holy; let me be holy also; our relations are eternal; why should we count days and weeks? I had this feeling in reading your paper on Carlyle, in which I admired the rare behaviour, with far less heed the things said; these were opinions, but the tone was the man.[1] But I owe to you also the ordinary debts we incur to art. I have read these poems, and those, still more recent, in Blackwood, with great pleasure. The ballad of Alfred[2] delighted me when I first read

[1] In writing to Carlyle himself Emerson said, "I delighted in the spirit of that paper, — loving you so well, and accusing you so conscientiously."

In Carlyle's Life of Sterling, Part II. Cap. ii., it is hard to tell which to admire more, Sterling's just criticism of Carlyle's (Teufelsdröckhs) attitude to the universe, so bravely yet kindly expressed, or the simple and friendly way in which Carlyle presents it, uncombated, to his readers.

[2] Alfred the Harper, included later in Emerson's Parnassus.

it, but I read it so often to my friends that I discovered that the last verses were not equal to the rest. Shall I gossip on and tell you that the two lines,

"Still lives the song though Regnar dies!
Fill high your cups again,"

rung for a long time in my ear, and had a kind of witchcraft for my fancy? I confess I am a little subject to these aberrations. The Sexton's Daughter is a gift to us all, and I hear allusions to it and quotations from it passing into common speech, which must needs gratify you. My wife insists that I shall tell you that she rejoices greatly that the man is in the world who wrote this poem. The Aphrodite is very agreeable to me, and I was sorry to miss the Sappho from the Onyx Ring. I believe I do not set an equal value on all the pieces, yet I must count him happy who has this delirious music in his brain, who can strike the chords of Rhyme with a brave and true stroke; for thus only do words mount to their right greatness, and airy syllables initiate us into the harmonies and secrets of universal nature. I am naturally keenly susceptible of the pleasures of rhythm, and cannot believe but that one day — I ask not where or when — I shall attain to the speech of this splendid dialect, so ardent is my wish; and these wishes, I suppose, are ever only the buds of power; but up to this hour I have never had a true success in such attempts. My joy in any other man's success is unmixed. I wish you may proceed to bolder, to the best and grandest melodies whereof your heart has dreamed. I hear with some anxiety of your ill health and repeated voyages. Yet Carlyle tells me that you are not in danger. We shall learn one day how to prevent these perils of disease, or to look at them with the serenity of insight. It seems to me that so great a task is imposed on the young men of this generation that life and health have a new value. The problems of reform are losing their local and sectarian character, and becoming generous, profound, and poetic. If, as would seem, you are theoretically as well as actually somewhat a traveller, I wish America might attract you. The way is shorter every year, and the object more worthy. There are three or four persons in this country whom I could heartily wish to show to three or four persons in yours, and when I shall arrange any such interviews under my own roof I shall be proud and happy.

Your affectionate servant,

R. Waldo Emerson.

III. STERLING TO EMERSON.

Clifton near Bristol, *July* 18, 1840.

My dear Friend, — Your cordial letter is the pleasantest of transatlantic greetings, and reminds me of the delight with which Columbus breathed the air and saw the flowers of his New World, which, though I have not discovered either it or anything, salutes me through you as kindly as if I too had launched caravels and lighted on new Indies. And so, in a sense, I have. Treasures and spice islands of good will and sympathy blow their airs to me from your dim poetic distance. In fancy I ride the winged horse you send me, to visit you in return, and though prosaic and hodiernal here, dream that I live an endless life of song and true friendly communion on the other side of the great water. In truth, literature has procured not one other such gratification as your letter gives me. Every other friend I have — and I am not unfurnished with good and wise ones — I owe to outward circumstances and personal intercourse, and I believe you are the only man in the world that has ever found any printed words of mine at all decidedly pleasant or profitable. I heartily thank you for telling me the fact, and also for the fact itself. There are probably at least fifty persons in England who can write better poetry than mine, but I confess it pleases me

very much that, independently of comparisons, you should see in it the thought and feeling which I meant to express, in words that few except yourself have perceived to be anything but jingle.

I have lately read with much satisfaction an American poem called What-Cheer,[1] which you probably know. Why did not the writer take a little more pains? It is more like my notion of a real American epic on a small scale than anything I had before imagined. With us poetry does not flourish. Hartley Coleridge, Alfred Tennyson, and Henry Taylor are the only younger men I now think of who have shown anything like genius, and the last — perhaps the most remarkable — has more of volition and understanding than imagination. Milnes and Trench are friends of mine, — as Taylor is, — but their powers are rather fine than truly creative. Carlyle, with all the vehement prejudice that becomes a prophet, is the great man arisen in later years among us, and is daily more and more widely felt, rather than understood, to be so. I have just come from London, where I saw a good deal of him during the five or six days I was there. He is writing down his last course of lectures, and will no doubt publish them. You will be amused by the clever and instructed obtuseness of the criticism on him in the Edinburgh Review, by I know not whom. I was very near going to America by the Great Western, a few days ago, to take care of a sister-in-law bound for Canada, where her husband, my brother, is. I should have paid you a visit inevitably....

My wife greets you and yours, as my children would, were they sufficiently enlightened. The doctors have made me dawdle myself away remedially, and perchance irremedially, into a most unprofitable *eidolon*. Revive me soon with a book of yours, and believe me faithfully and gratefully yours,

JOHN STERLING.

[1] What-Cheer, or Roger Williams in Banishment, by Job Durfee, LL. D., Chief Justice of Rhode Island, published in 1832, and later in his Works in 1849.

IV. EMERSON TO STERLING.

CONCORD, 31*st March*, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR, — You gave me great content by a letter last summer, which I did not answer, thinking that shortly I should have a book to send you; but I am very slow, and my Essays, printed at last, are not yet a fortnight old. I have written your name in a copy, and send it to Carlyle by the same steamer which should carry this letter. I wish, but scarce dare hope, you may find in it anything of the pristine sacredness of thought. All thoughts are holy when they come floating up to us in magical newness from the hidden Life, and 't is no wonder we are enamoured and lovesick with these Muses and Graces, until, in our devotion to particular beauties and in our efforts at artificial disposition, we lose somewhat of our universal sense and the sovereign eye of Proportion. All sins, literary and æsthetic and scientific, as well as moral, grow out of unbelief at last. We must needs meddle ambitiously, and cannot quite trust that there is life, self-evolving and indestructible, but which cannot be hastened, at the heart of every physical and metaphysical fact. Yet how we thank and greet, almost adore, the person who has once or twice in a lifetime treated anything sublimely, and certified us that he beheld the Law! The silence and obscurity in which he acted are of no account, for everything is equally related to the soul.

I certainly did not mean, when I took up this paper, to write an essay on Faith, and yet I am always willing to declare how indigent I think our poetry and all literature is become for want of that. My thought had only this scope, no more: that though I had long ago grown extremely discontented with my little book, yet were the thoughts in it honest in their first rising, and honestly reported, but that I am very sensible how much

in this, as in very much greater matters, interference, or what we miscall art, will spoil true things. . . .

I know not what sin of mine averted from you so good a purpose as to come to Canada and New England. Will not the brother leave the sister to be brought again? We have some beautiful and excellent persons here, to whom I long to introduce you and Carlyle, and our houses now stand so near that we must meet soon.

Your affectionate servant,

R. W. EMERSON.

I have left for my Postscript what should else be the subject of a new letter. A very worthy friend of mine, bred a scholar at Cambridge, but now an iron-manufacturer in this State, named ——, writes me to request that I will ask you for a correct list of your printed pieces, prose and verse. He loves them very much, and wishes to print them at Boston: he does not know how far our taste will go, but he even hopes to realize some pecuniary profit from the Phœnicians, which he will eagerly appropriate to your benefit. Send me, I entreat, a swift reply.

V. STERLING TO EMERSON.

PENZANCE, *April* 30, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is nearly a fortnight since the receipt of your welcome letter of March 31, in which you were good enough to express a wish for a speedy reply. The state of my health has, however, been such as to excuse some delay; and, moreover, during this very time I have been employed in seeking for a house somewhere in these western regions of ours, as near as possible to America, finding it impossible to live longer in the dry, sharp, dogmatic air of Clifton. At last I have made a bargain for a dwelling at Falmouth. My family will probably be removing in June, and until then it may be feared that I shall have but little quiet for any of the better ends of life, which indeed the frailty of my health in a great degree withdraws me from. One of the disadvantages of our future abode is the remoteness from London, which produces many inconveniences, and among others delay and difficulty in procuring books. Even now I feel the mischief in the want of the copy of your Essays which your kindness designed for me. I console myself by reflecting that I have a hid treasure which will come to light some day. There are at this hour, in the world, so far as I know, just three persons writing English who attempt to support human nature on anything better than arbitrary dogmas or hesitating negations. These are Wordsworth, Carlyle, and you. The practical effect, however, of Wordsworth's genius, though not of course its intrinsic value, is much diminished by the extreme to which he carries the expedient of compromise and reserve; and the same was even more true of my dear and honoured friend Coleridge. Neither Carlyle nor you can be charged with such timidity, and I look for the noblest and most lasting fruits from the writings of both, to say nothing of the profit and delight which they yield to me personally, who am already at one with those friends on many points that most divide them from their contemporaries. Nothing seems more difficult than to ascertain what extent of influence such work as yours and his are gaining among us, but in my boyhood, twenty years ago, I well remember that, with quite insignificant exceptions, all the active and daring minds which would not take for granted the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Quarterly Review took refuge with teachers like Mackintosh and Jeffrey, or at highest Madame de Staël. Wordsworth and Coleridge were mystagogues lurking in caverns, and German literature was thought of with a good deal less favour than we are now disposed to show towards that of China. Remembering these things, and seeing the revolution accomplished among a part of the most instructed class and affecting them all, and also the blind,

drunken movements of awakening intelligence among the labourers, which have succeeded to their former stupid sleep, one can hardly help believing that as much energetic and beneficial change has taken place among us during the last quarter of a century as at any former period during the same length of time.

As to me, I certainly often have fancied that, with longer intervals of health, I might be a fellow worker with you and the one or two others whose enterprise has alone among all the projects round us at once high worth and solid permanence. But the gods have this matter in their hands, and I have long discovered that it is too large for mine. Latterly I have been working at a tragedy, but with many intimations that my own catastrophe might come before that of my hero. It may perhaps be possible to complete the tangled net before the next winter weaves its frostwork among the figures and numbs the workman's hand.

Mr. ——, whom you wrote of, deserves and has all my thanks. It is a true sunny pleasure, worth more than all medicine, to know of any one man in the world who sees what one means, and cares for it, and does not regard one's heart's blood as so much puddle water. It would be a great satisfaction to me to have my things reprinted as a whole in America.

. . . . . .

Forgive this random gossip, and the emptiness of a letter which ought to have expressed much better how truly and affectionately I am yours,

JOHN STERLING.

VI. STERLING TO EMERSON.

FALMOUTH, *December 28th*, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your Oration of the 11th August[1] has only just reached me. Pray accept my thanks for it. Without this new mark of your kind recollection I should have written to you at this time, for, after much work and much illness, I have been looking forward to the end of the year as a time when the last twelvemonth might be pleasantly rounded off with letters to several friends for a long while past too much neglected. These are mostly persons with whom I have once been in more familiar intercourse than at present; years and saddening experiences and local remoteness having a good deal divided me of late from most of my former Cambridge and London intimates. You are the only man in the world with whom, though unseen, I feel any sort of nearness; all my other cordialities having grown up in the usual way of personal intercourse. This sort of anomalous friendship is owing, I think, even more to your letters than to your books, which, however, are always near my hand. The Essays I have just read over again, with new and great pleasure. It also often occurs to me to look back with joy at the kindness you have expressed in writing to me, and to say, after all, our clay has been mixed with something happier than tears and blood; for there is a man beyond the Atlantic whom I never saw, and who yet is to me a true and understanding friend. By the way, your Essays on Love and Friendship are to me perhaps more delightful than anything you have written. In this last Oration there is much that I feel strongly; much, also, that makes me speculate on the kind of Church or Public that you address, — which must be very unlike anything among us; much, again, which does not find me, — specially that abnegation of individualism which has become less possible for me as I have gone on in life, and which, by the way, is perhaps the most striking doctrinal difference between you and Carlyle. As to your audience or church, I doubt whether there are anywhere in Britain, except in London, a hundred persons to be found capable of at all appreciating

[1] The Method of Nature, delivered before the Society of the Adelphi in Waterville College, Maine.

what seems to find, as spoken by you, such ready acceptance from various bodies of learners in America. Here we have not only the same aggressive material element as in the United States, but a second fact unknown there, namely, the social authority of Church Orthodoxy, derived from the close connection between the Aristocracy (that is, the Rich) and the Clergy. And odd it is to see that, so far as appears on the surface, the last twenty-five years have produced *more* of this instead of less.

Incomparably our most hopeful phenomenon is the acceptance of Carlyle's writings. But how remarkable it is that the critical and historical difficulties of the Bible were pointed out by clear-sighted English writers more than a century ago, and thence passed through Voltaire into the whole mind of Continental Europe, and yet that in this country both the facts and the books about them remain utterly unknown except to a few recluses! The overthrow of our dead Biblical Dogmatism must, however, be preparing, and may be nearer than appears. The great curse is the wretched and seemingly hopeless mechanical pedantry of our Monastic Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. I know not whether there is much connection between these things and the singular fact, I believe quite unexampled in England for three hundred years, that there is no man living among us, — literally, I believe, not one, — under the age of fifty, whose verses will pay the expense of publication. Nevertheless I have been working in that way, remembering what Cornelius, the German, the greatest of modern painters, said lately in London, — that he and Overbeck were obliged to starve for twenty years, and then became famous.

I am far from having forgotten my promise to you to examine and revise all my past writings. But I find little that I am at present at all prepared to reprint. The verses I have carefully corrected, and these would form a volume about the size of the last. But as only about a hundred copies of that have been sold, I dare not propose printing any more, even under favour of my kind and munificent friend the Iron Master, to whom and to you I hope to be able to send soon Strafford, a Tragedy, in print. It has cost me many months of hard work, and I have some hope of finding a bookseller rash enough to print it. It is *possible* that I may see you early in summer, as there seems a chance of my having to go on business to St. Vincent, and I would try to take you and Niagara on my way home.

Believe me your affectionate

JOHN STERLING.

VII. EMERSON TO STERLING.

CONCORD, 1*st April*, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I will not reckon how many weeks and months I have let pass since I received from you a letter which greatly refreshed me, both by its tone and its matter. Since that time I have been sorely wounded, utterly impoverished, by the loss of my only son, a noble child a little more than five years old, and in these days must beguile my poverty and nakedness as I can, by books and studies which are only a diversion; for it is only oblivion, not consolation, that such a calamity can admit, whilst it is new.

You do not in your letter distinctly say that you will presently send me with the Tragedy of Strafford, which I look for, the promised list of prose and verse for Mr. ——. Yet you must; for I read a few weeks ago, in a Southern newspaper, the proposals of a Philadelphia bookseller to print all your poems. I wrote immediately to the person named as editor in the advertisement, to inform him of our project and correspondence with you, and of the Tragedy that should come; and as I have heard nothing further, I presume that he has desisted. So far, then, his movement is only a good symp-

tom, and should engage you to send the list, with such errata or revisions as you have, with the Strafford, to which may the Muse grant the highest success, the noblest conclusion.

I read with great pleasure that perhaps you will come to New England this ensuing summer. Come, and bring your scroll in your hand. Come to Boston and Concord, and I will go to Niagara with you. I have never been there; I think I will go. I am quite sure that, to a pair of friendly poetic English eyes, I could so interpret our political, social, and spiritual picture here in Massachusetts that it should be well worth study as a table of comparison. And yet perhaps, much more than the large pictures, I fancy that I could engage your interest in the vignettes and pendants. However, about this time, or perhaps a few weeks later, we shall send you a large piece of spiritual New England, in the shape of A. Bronson Alcott, who is to sail for London about the 20th April, and whom you must not fail to see, if you can compass it. A man who cannot write, but whose conversation is unrivalled in its way; such insight, such discernment of spirits, such pure intellectual play, such revolutionary impulses of thought; whilst he speaks he has no peer, and yet, all men say, "such partiality of view." I, who hear the same charge always laid at my own gate, do not so readily feel that fault in my friend. But I entreat you to see this man. Since Plato and Plotinus we have not had his like. I have written to Carlyle that he is coming, but have told him nothing about him. For I should like well to set Alcott before that sharp-eyed painter for his portrait, without prejudice of any kind. If A. comes into your neighborhood, he will seek you.

Your picture of England I was very glad to have. It confirms, however, my own impressions. Perhaps you have formed too favorable an opinion of our freedom and receptivity here. And yet I think the most intellectual class of my countrymen look to Germany rather than to England for their recent culture; and Coleridge, I suppose, has always had more readers here than in Britain. . . .

Your friend,

R. W. Emerson.

VIII. STERLING TO EMERSON.

Falmouth, *June 6th*, 1842.

My dear Friend, — I have just returned after a two months' absence, forced by ill health to the South. Three weeks in Naples, which I had never seen before, and one in Rome, have renewed a thousand old impressions, given substance to many fancies, and confirmed a faith in ancient Art which has few sharers in this country, but is perhaps as good notwithstanding as some other faiths we know of.

Your letter spiced my welcome home, and must be at once acknowledged. Thanks, and again thanks. Of A. Bronson Alcott I have heard indirectly from London; and as I must go there soon, I hope to see him there in Carlyle's shadow. It seems too clear that actual England will only a little more than pain and confuse him, — as it does every one not swimming *with* that awful muddy stream of existence which dwindles your Mississippi to a gutter. Very pleasant, however, it will be to hear of this from himself, and still more to find him a real and luminous soul, and not a mere denier and absorbent of the light around.

As to my proceedings you must hear a long story. Since my little volume of poems I have written and published one called the Election, of which a kind of secret was made, partly as a condition of Murray's agreeing to publish it, — otherwise you should have had a copy. It seemed a work to give much offense, but gave none, nobody reading it at all. Besides this, I corrected the printed volume, and rewrote all that appeared in Blackwood of my verses. Also a new

poem, a Bernesque satire called Cœur de Lion. Finally, the Tragedy of Strafford, which Carlyle says is trash, but I know not to be that, in spite of certain inevitable faults.

Now all these things are in the hands of Lockhart, of the Quarterly Review, he having proposed to deal with them as if privately printed, and expressing an opinion of them that would have made his article an astonishment to his readers and a comfort to my wife. Thus matters stood when I left, two months ago. I have just written to him to know whether he still designs giving me publicity through his huge trumpet. If, as seems probable, he repents of his dangerous good nature, I shall have no so satisfactory course as to send to you the papers now in his hands, to be used or suppressed at your discretion. Immediately on receiving his answer I will write to inform you of its purport. Whatever he may do, I foresee no chance of being able to print in this country, and shall be most glad to find efficient patronage beyond the Atlantic. Illness and business have as yet stopped any sufficient revision of my prose matters, which, however, I now intend looking into and doctoring.

The pleasantest chance acquaintances of my recent journey were Americans, — a Mr. and Mrs. M—— (he, a lawyer), of Albany. His enjoyment of works of art is, for a man who had never seen any before, really wonderful. My future movements most uncertain, — not pointing, I fear, towards you; perhaps Madeira next winter. . . .

Yours, JOHN STERLING.

I have said nothing of the painful part of your letter. You will know that I grieve for you and Mrs. Emerson.

IX. STERLING TO EMERSON.

June 13th, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Lockhart's illness has prevented him doing anything about my matters. But he still expresses the same decided good will and purpose for the future. Meanwhile I have asked him for the MSS., and shall send you very soon (probably within a fortnight) a volume of prose tales, of which the Onyx Ring is the principal (none of them new), and about as much verse, including the Sexton's Daughter, Miscellaneous Poems, and the Election. Of course I will write with them. But it may be said now that they must not be printed among you unless with a fair prospect of the expenses being paid. No doubt they are better than a thousand things that sell largely, but something in them that would interest you and other thinkers unfits them for the multitude who have other business than thinking. At all events, believe me always yours,

JOHN STERLING.

X. STERLING TO EMERSON.

LONDON, *June 28th*, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — At last I have been able to make some progress among my papers, and am about to despatch a parcel to you, consisting of two main divisions: the first containing eight Tales, of which the largest and most important is the Onyx Ring; and the other of five sections of Poems: first, The Sexton's Daughter; 2, Miscellaneous Poems (those already published in my volume); 3, Hymns of a Hermit (greatly altered); 4, Thoughts in Rhyme (corrected); 5, The Election. These things, if it be thought worth doing anything with them, might appear either in two small volumes, first verse, second prose, or in one. If I am able to put together a lot of strays and prose thoughts, you shall have them by and by. But as to the whole, I must earnestly beg that you and my other kind friends in America will feel yourselves at perfect liberty to take no further step in the matter.

With my MSS. I shall put up a Tragedy by a friend of mine, which strikes me as singularly fine.

The last fortnight I have been in London in the midst of bustle, but with the

great delight of seeing Carlyle, who is more peaceful than I have ever known him. He is immersing himself in Puritanism and Cromwell, — matters with which you Americans have almost a closer connection than we. If he writes our Civil War, the book will have a prodigious advantage over his French Revolution, that there will be one great Egyptian Colossus towering over the temples, tribes, and tents around.

Yesterday, on his table, I found the newspaper report of certain lectures, which, however, I could only glance at. A deep and full phrase that, "The Poet is the man without impediment."

Mr. Alcott has been kind enough to call on me, but I was out (out indeed then), and he would not leave his address. Otherwise *no* engagement would have prevented my finding him.

Thought is leaking into this country, — even Strauss sells. I hear his copyright is worth more in Germany than that of any living writer. His books selling like Bulwer's novels among us. Some one else has arisen there who attacks Strauss for being too orthodox; but the Prussian government has taken Strauss under its wing, and forbidden his opponent's books. Forgive this random undiplomatic stuff from

Your affectionate

JOHN STERLING.

XI. STERLING TO EMERSON.

FALMOUTH, *March 29th*, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have for many months been leading a dream-life, fruitful in no result. For a long part of the time I was lying in bed very ill, and indeed, as it seemed, near to death. The prospect was indistinct enough, but far from frightful, and at the worst of the disease it never occurred to me as possible that one's thoughts would terminate with one's pulse. On the whole, though a great deal of time has been quite lost, the experience is worth something. In the last summer, also, I had a long and severe illness. And the upshot seems to me that I must live, if at all, on the terms of the various mythical personages doomed for alternate halves of their year to be lost in Hades. Even the half is more than I can count on in this upper-living air. What uncertainty this gives to all one's projects and arrangements you can well imagine.

In the midst of this confusion, it is some, though rather a melancholy amusement to continue one's lookout over the world, and to see the daily mass of misery, nonsense, and non-consciousness shaping itself into an historic period that will some time or other have its chronicler and heroic singer, and look not quite so beggarly. Of the properly spiritual, England, however, still shows almost as little as the camps of the Barbarians who deluged Rome. Carlyle is our one Man, and he seems to feel it his function, not to build up and enjoy along with his Age, as even a Homer, a Herodotus, could, but to mourn, denounce, and tear in pieces. I find nothing so hard as to discover what effect he really produces. Probably the greater part of his readers find in him only the same sort of mock-turtle nutriment as in Macaulay. Our mechanical civilization, with us as with you, of course, goes on fast enough. The Time spins daily more and bigger teetotums with increasing speed and louder hum, and keeps on asking if they be not really celestial orbs, and that the music of the spheres. Of anything much higher, the men of your and my generation, from whom ten years ago I hoped much, seem hardly capable. A good many of them, however, I do think wish for something better than they are able to conceive distinctly, much less to realize.

Of the last age, one respectable relic, you will see, is just removed forever: Southey is dead, with the applause of all good men, but with hardly much deeper feeling from any. Strange proof enough of the want of poems in our language, that he should ever have been held a

writer of such. Partly, perhaps, because his works had what one finds in so few English, the greatness of plan and steadiness of execution required for a masterwork, — though these were almost their only merits. I never saw him, and do not much regret it. One living man in Europe whom I should most wish to see is Tieck, — by far, I think, the greatest poet living. His Vittoria Accorambona is well worth your reading. It reproduces in the sixteenth century and in Italy something like the crimson robe, the prophetic slain Cassandra, and the tragic greatness of the Agamemnonian Muse, but this combined at once with the near meanness and the refined cultivation of our modern life.

My own literary matters lie in magnetic sleep. Strafford is there finished. But I have not been able to open it for many months, and there are a couple of minor scenes which I fancy I could mend; and I can do nothing in the matter till I look at these, which has not yet been possible.

In the meanwhile, during my illness, I have entangled myself in the fancy of a long Orlandish or Odyssean poem, of which I have written some eight cantos, and can promise you at least some amusement from it a hundred and fifty years hence, by the time England discovers that it is farther from having a religion and America a constitution than either country now supposes.

Believe me with true affection yours,

JOHN STERLING.

XII. EMERSON TO STERLING.

CONCORD, 30*th June*, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I was very sorry to let the last steamer go to England without an acknowledgment of your last letter, whose nobleness under such adverse events had moved my admiration; but I waited to hear again from ——, until it was too late. I have twice charged that amiable but "slow Mortimer" to write you himself a report of his doubts and projects, and I hope he does so by the packet of to-morrow. Lest he should not, I will say that I have twice heard from him since I sent him your box of printed sheets and MSS. last summer (with my selected list of imprimenda), but both letters expressed a great indecision as to what he should do. In truth, our whole foreign-book market has suffered a revolution within eighteen months, by the new practice of printing whatever good books or vendible books you send us, in the cheapest newspaper form, and hawking them in the streets at twelve, eighteen, and twenty-five cents the whole work; and I suppose that —— fears, if his book should prove popular, that it would be pirated at once. I printed Carlyle's Past and Present two months ago, with a preface beseeching all honest men to spare our book; but already a wretched reprint has appeared, published, to be sure, by a man unknown to the Trade, whose wretchedness of type and paper, I have hope, will still give my edition the market for all persons who have eyes and wish to keep them. But, beside the risk of piracy, this cheap system hurts the sale of dear books, or such whose price contains any profit to an author. Add one more unfavorable incident which damped the design, — that a Philadelphia edition of Sterling's Poems was published a year ago, though so ill got up that it did not succeed well, our booksellers think. —— must be forgiven if he hesitated, but he shall not be forgiven if he do not tell you his own mind. I am heartily sorry that this friendly and pleasing design should have arrived at no better issue. We shall have better news for you one day.

I am touched and stimulated by your heroic mood and labours, so ill as you have been. Please God, you are better now, and, I hope, well. But truly I think it a false standard to estimate health, as the world does, by some fat man, instead of by our power to do our work.

If I should lie by whenever people tell me I grow thin and puny, I should lose all my best days. Task these bad bodies and they will serve us and will be just as well a year hence, if they grumble today. But in this country this is safer, for we are a nation of invalids. You English are ruddy and robust, and sickness with you is a more serious matter. Yet everything in life looks so differently before and behind, and we reverse our scale of success so often, in our retrospections at our own days and doings, that our estimate of our own health, even, must waver when we see what we have done and gained in the dark hours. I fancy sometimes that I am more practically an idealist than most of my companions; that I value qualities more and magnitudes less. I must flee to that refuge, too, if I should try to tell you what I have done and do. I have very little to show. Yet my days seem often rich, and I am as easily pleased as my children are. I write a good deal, but it is for the most part without connection, on a thousand topics. Yet I hope, within a year, to get a few chapters ripened into some symmetry and wholeness on the topics that interest all men permanently.

. . . . . .

Carlyle's new book, which on some accounts I think his best, has given even additional interest to your English practical problem; and if your conservatism was not so stark, an inertia passing that of Orientalism, the world would look to England with almost hourly expectation of outbreak and revolution. But the world is fast getting English now; and if the old hive should get too warm and crowded, you may circumnavigate the globe without leaving your language or your kindred.

In the hope that my salutations may find you stronger, and strong, and full of good thoughts and good events, I am yours affectionately,

R. W. Emerson.

XIII. STERLING TO EMERSON.

Ventnor, I. of Wight,
October 7th, 1843.

My dear Friend, — At last on this Saturday evening there is some cessation of the din of workmen, and I can sit down to write to you. The last three months have been all one muddle of carpenters and other materialists, who have hardly left me an hour, and certainly not a day, quite undisturbed by their practical nonsense. Now I can draw breath (till Monday morning) in a house which promises to be as good as a wise man needs, and far better than most wise men have ever enjoyed on earth. It is adjoining a small new stone-built town, on the south coast, and close to the sea, and I have some acres (half a dozen) of field and shrubbery about me. One inducement for me is the shelter and mild climate. But a thousand times I have lamented my folly in engaging myself with a pest of improvements, etc., which has swallowed up all my summer.

Would that I could hope to be rewarded by such a pleasure as having you sometime under my thatched roof! In the midst of these mechanical arrangements, all higher thoughts have been like birds in an aviary looking up through squares of wire that cut across the sky, whose winged children they imprison. The birds are there, and the heavens also, and how little it is, but how insuperable, that divides them! If any good has grown upon me strongly, it is the faith in a Somewhat above all this, — a boat within reach of us at our worst. Every soul on earth, says Mahomet, is born capable of Islam. But you, perhaps, — though having your own difficulties, — hardly know the utter loneliness of a Rational Soul in this England. Except Carlyle, I do not know one man who sees and lives in the idea of a God not exclusively Christian: two or three lads, perhaps; but every grown man of nobler spirit is either theoretical and

lukewarm, or swathed up in obsolete sectarianism.

On Sunday last I had indeed a visit from an old Friend who delighted me by his cordial candour, — John Mill, son of the historian of India, and in many ways notable among us now. His big book on Logic is, I suppose, the highest piece of Aristotelianism that England has brought forth, at all events in our time. How the sweet, ingenuous nature of the man has lived and thriven out of his father's cold and stringent atheism is wonderful to think, — and most so to me, who during fifteen years have seen his gradual growth and ripening. There are very few men in the world on whose generous affection I should more rely than on his, whose system seems at first (but only *seems*) a Code of Denial.

I was more *struck*, not long ago, by the mists of one of the most zealous of the new Oxford School, — like Newman, a fellow of Oriel, and holding Newman the first of teachers. Yet this man, who fancies he can blot a thousand years out of God's Doings, has a zeal, a modesty, a greatness of soul, that I have hardly found in more than half a dozen others on earth. He is, I hear, sometimes half mad with ill health and low spirits; a scholar, a gentleman, a priest, if there is any true one living, and would let himself be racked or gibbeted to help any suffering or erring brother with less self-complacence than most of us feel in giving away a shilling. Strange, is it not, to find Egeria still alive, and in this shape, too, *in fœce Romuli?*

I rejoice that you have something more in store for us; I shall look out eagerly for your lights ahead. Life with me has grown empty and dim enough, and needs what comfort other men's faith is capable of supplying. . . .

Yours, JOHN STERLING.

I do not know if the bookseller has sent you a copy of a Ventnor Tragedy which I ventured to decorate with your name.

The Strafford was thus dedicated:

TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Teacher of starry wisdom high serene,
Receive the gift our common ground supplies;
Red flowers, dark leaves, that ne'er on earth had been
Without the influence of sidereal skies.

J. S.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Midsummer Day, 1843.

XIV. EMERSON TO STERLING.

CONCORD, *October 11th*, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You have done me an honour to which I have not the least title, and yet it is very dear and animating to me, in putting my name in purple lines before this rich and wise poem of Strafford. I blushed to read, and then thought I should nevermore be unworthy, and these loving words should be an amulet against evil evermore. I might easily mistrust my judgment of the Play in my love of the Poet, and, if you think so, may be wholly wrong, for I read it with lively interest, like a friend's manuscript, from end to end, and grew prouder and richer in my friend with every scene. The subject is excellent, so great and eventful a crisis, and each of the figures in that history filled and drunk with a national idea, and with such antagonism as makes them colossal, and adds solemnity and omens to their words and actions. I was glad to find the Countess of Carlisle in poetry, whom I had first learned to know by that very lively sketch from Sir Toby Matthew, which I read in one of Forster's Lives. I do not yet know whether the action of the piece is sufficiently stout and irresistible, alarming and victimizing the reader after the use of the old "purifiers;" it seems to me, as I hastily read, managed with judgment and lighted with live coals; but I am quite sure of the dense and strong sentences whose energy and flowing gentleness at the same time give the authentic expression of health and perfect manhood.

I rejoice when I remember in what

sickness and interruption, by your own account, this drama had its elaboration and completion. As soon as I had read it once, Margaret Fuller, our genius and Muse here, and a faithful friend of yours, seized the book peremptorily and carried it away, so that I am by no means master of its contents. Meantime, may the just honour of all the best in Old and in New England cherish the poem and the Poet. Send me, I pray you, better news of your health than your last letter contained. I observe that you date from the Isle of Wight. Two letters (one from —— and one from me) went to your address in Falmouth, in the course of the last summer, which I hope, for the exculpation of your friends here, you received.

I am, I think, to sit fast at home this winter coming, and arrange a heap of materials that much and wide scribbling has collected. I shall probably send this letter by Mr. James, a man who adds to many merits the quality of being a good friend of both you and me, and who, proposing with his family to spend a winter in England, for health and travel, thinks he has a right to see you. He is at once so manly, so intelligent, and so ardent that I have found him excellent company. The highest and holiest Muse dwell with you always.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. Emerson.

My friend and near neighbor, W. Ellery Channing (a nephew of the late Dr. C.), desires me to send you his little volume of poems. I love Ellery so much as to have persuaded myself long since that he is a true poet, if these lines should not show it. Read them with as much love in advance as you can. Mr. J. will bring them.

XV. EMERSON TO STERLING.

Concord, *October 15th*, 1843.

My dear Sterling, — Henry James, of New York, a man of ingenious and liberal spirit, and a chief consolation to me when I visit his city, proposes to spend a winter in England with his family, for his health and other benefit, and desires to see you, for whom he has much affection. I am quite sure that I shall serve you both by sending him to you.

Yours, R. W. Emerson.

XVI. EMERSON TO STERLING.

Concord, 31*st January*, 1844.

My dear Friend, — The mercury has been at zero at my door, with little variation, for more than a week. Boston harbour is frozen up for six miles down to the forts, yet the newspapers tell me this morning that the merchants have resolved to saw through these miles a passage for your royal steamer and other sea-going ships to-morrow, and I must not wait another hour if I would speed my good wishes to the Isle of Wight.

By an unhappy chance, the January Dials did not sail as they ought in last month's steamer, and you should receive by this, *via* London and Carlyle, a copy of No. XV., which contains a critique, written by Margaret Fuller, on Strafford, and other children of genius, both yours and other men's. I heartily hope you will find something right and wise in my friend's judgments, if with something inadequate, and if her pen ramble a little. It was her own proposition to write the piece, led by her love both of you and of me. After she began it, she decided to spread her censure so wide, and comprise all dramas as well as Strafford. She was full of spirits in her undertaking, but, unhappily, the week devoted to its performance was exanimated, may I say, by cruel aches and illness, and she wrote me word that she was very sorry, but the piece was ruined. However, as you are by temper and habit such a cosmopolitan, I hope one day you shall see with eyes my wise woman, hear her with ears, and see if you can escape the virtue of her enchantments. She has a sultry Southern nature, and Corinna never can write.

I learned by your last letter that you had builded a house, and I glean from Russell all I can of your health and aspect; and as James is gone to your island, I think to come still nearer to you through his friendly and intelligent eyes. Send me a good gossiping letter, and prevent all my proxies. What can I tell you to invite such retaliation? I dwell with my mother, my wife, and two little girls, the eldest five years old, in the midst of flowery fields. I wasted much time from graver work in the last two months in reading lectures to Lyceums far and near; for there is now a "lyceum," so called, in almost every town in New England, and, if I would accept every invitation, I might read a lecture every night. My neighbors in this village of Concord are Ellery Channing, who sent his poems to you, a youth of genius; Thoreau, whose name you may have seen in the Dial; and Hawthorne, a writer of tales and historiettes, whose name you may not have seen, though he too prints books. All these three persons are superior to their writings, and therefore not obnoxious to Kant's observation, "Detestable is the company of literary men."

Good as these friends are, my habit is so solitary that we do not often meet. My literary or other tasks accomplished are too little to tell. I do not know how it happens, but there are but seven hours, often but five, in an American scholar's day; the twelve, thirteen, fifteen, that we have heard of, in German libraries, are fabulous to us. Probably in England you find a mean between Massachusetts and Germany. The performances of Goethe, the performances of Scott, appear superhuman to us in their quantity, let alone their quality. Sometimes I dream of writing the only historical thing I know, — the influence of old Calvinism, now almost obsolete, upon the education of the existing generation in New England. I am quite sure, if it could be truly done, it would be new to your people, and a valuable memorandum to ours.

I have lately read George Sand's Consuelo, of which the first volume pleased me mightily, the others much less, and yet the whole book shows an extraordinary spirit. The writer apprehends the force of simplicity of behaviour, and enjoys, how greatly, the meeting of two strong natures. But I have gossiped to the end of my line, and so do commend myself affectionately to you.

R. W. Emerson.

XVII. STERLING TO EMERSON.

Ventnor, *February 20th*, 1844.

My dear Friend, — I had proposed a letter to you as this morning's work, and now down the throat of my purpose jumps your own of January 31. Long since I ought to have thanked you for the previous one, but have been too sick and sad.[1] Your reception of Strafford was a great pleasure, — so far as anything is so now. The work has become altogether distant and distasteful to me, but I can enjoy your kindness. I got from an English bookseller the October Dial, which is pleasant reading. If one could have the whole of the former numbers it would be good for me, but I own that, except your own doings, there is little in it that comes home. Channing, I suppose, I must thank for his friendly gift; but the volume — perhaps from my own deadness — gave me little true comfort. It seemed to show abundant receptivity, but of productivity little. Everything can too easily be referred to some other parent. If he would read diligently the correspondence of Schiller and Goethe, he would learn much, and would either cease to be a poet or become a good one. At least one hopes

[1] During the year Sterling's mother and wife had died within three days. Sorrowful and sick, he had moved with his six children, two of them infants, to his last earthly home, the house in Ventnor.

so. That book has to me greater value than any or all those on the theory of art, — besides the beautiful, mild, and solid humanity which it displays in every word. There are hardly perhaps three Englishmen living with the slightest thought of what art is, — the unity and completeness of the Ideal. The crowd, when weary of themselves and their own noisy choking Reality, take refuge in Fiction, but care not how lazy, coarse, and empty. The few among us who look higher, generally the young, seem satisfied, not with the Ideal, but their own feelings and notions about it, which they substitute for the thing itself; sermons on the Incarnation instead of the Incarnate God. Hence all the dreamy Shelleyan rhapsodies and rhetorical Wordsworthian moralizings. But who seriously strives to create images? Who does not waste himself in hunting shadows, forgetting that you cannot have them without first getting the substance, and that with it you can never be in want of them?

So it stands with us in England: is it otherwise in America? I fear not. Tennyson does better, but does little, and they say will hardly wake out of tobacco smoke into any sufficient activity. Carlyle, our far greater Tacitus, in truth hates all poetry except for that element in it which is not poetic at all, and aims at giving a poetic completeness to historic fact. He is the greatest of moralists and politicians, a gigantic anti-poet. As far as I know, there is not a man besides, on either side of the Atlantic, writing in English, either in prose or verse, who need be spoken of.

. . . . . .

Your friend James pleased me well. Would that he could have stayed here longer and let me know more of him! But after all regrets, Life is good, — to see the face of Truth, and enjoy the beauty of tears and smiles, and know one's self a man, and love what belongs to manhood, — all this is a blessing that may console us for all wants, and *that* sickness and sorrow, and, one may trust, Death, cannot take away. Yet I wish I could have talk with you some day.

I am yours,

JOHN STERLING.

This is a miserable scrap to send in the track of Columbus and Raleigh. But I have been too ill in body, and am still too sad in mind.

XVIII. STERLING TO EMERSON.

VENTNOR, I. OF WIGHT, *June 14th*, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Perhaps you may have heard that for the last three months I have been a dying man. It is certain that I never can recover. But there seems a melancholy possibility that I may have to drag on a year or two of helplessness, cut off from all society and incapable of any exertion. It is a case for submission, but hardly for thankfulness. The beginning of the illness was a violent and extensive bleeding from the lungs, of which, however, I have had prelibations for many years. It was strange to see the thick crimson blood pouring from one's own mouth while feeling hardly any pain; expecting to be dead in five minutes, and noticing the pattern of the room-paper and of the Doctor's waistcoat as composedly as if the whole had been a dream.

At present I am quite incapable, as indeed I was when I wrote last, of sending you anything worth your reading.

. . . . . .

On both sides of Eternity (the *out* and *in*),

Your affectionate

JOHN STERLING.

XIX. EMERSON TO STERLING.

CONCORD, *5th July*, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — What news you send me, — how dark and bitter, and how unlooked for, and so firmly and soldierly told! I got your letter yesterday, and in it the first hint I have had of this disaster. I dream of you and of Car-

lyle, whenever steamers go or come, but easily omit to write ; and this is the punishment of my luxury, that you should be threatened, and I should know nothing of your danger and mine. I cling now to the hope you show me that these symptoms may not be so grave or of so instant sequel as their first menace. Yesterday I thought I would go to England, and see you alive ; it seemed practicable and right. But the same hour showed inextricable engagements here at home, and I could not see your manly strength, which is so dear to me, and I might easily make injurious demands on a sick man. You are so brave you must be brave for both of us, and suffer me to express the pain I feel at these first tidings. I shall come soon enough to general considerations which will weigh with you, and with me, I suppose, to reduce this calamity within the sphere. I, who value nothing so much as *character* in literary works, have believed that you would live to enjoy the slow, sure homage of your contemporaries to the valor and permanent merits of your Muse ; and I have pleased myself how deeply with a certain noble emulation in which widely separated friends would bear each other in constant regard, and with months and years augment the benefit each had to confer. This must now be renounced, and the grand words I hear and sometimes use must be verified, and I must think of that which you represent, and not of the representative beloved. Happy is it whilst the Blessed Power keeps unbroken the harmony of the inward and the outward, and yields us the perfect expression of good in a friend ! But if it will disunite the power and the form, the power is yet to be infinitely trusted, and we must try, unwilling, the harsh grandeurs of the spiritual nature. Each of us more readily faces the issue alone than on the account of his friend. We find something dishonest in learning to live without friends : whilst death wears a sublime aspect to each of us. God send you, my dear brother, the perfect mind of truth and heart of love, however the event is to fall ! Thousands of hearts have owed to you the finest mystic influences : I must and will believe in happy reactions which will render to you the most soothing music at unawares.

. . . . . .

If you have strength, write me, if only your name. But I shall continue to hope to see your face. And so I love you and I thank you, dear Friend !

Yours, R. Waldo Emerson.

XX. STERLING TO EMERSON.

Hillside, Ventnor, *August 1st*, 1844.

My dear Friend, — I am very ill to-day, but, as I am likely to be worse rather than better, I make the effort of writing a few words to thank you for your letter, and also for your care about my papers.

. . . . . .

You and I will never meet in this world. Among my friends you are an Unseen One, but not the less valued. Heaven help you to realize all your inspirations. They will be a blessing to many as well as yourself. My struggle, I trust, is nigh over. At present it is a painful one. But I fear nothing, and hope much.

Your affectionate and grateful

John Sterling.

In the last days of September Carlyle wrote to tell Emerson of the death of their friend ; how calm he had been, and brave, and how to the very last he worked alone, setting his house in order and sending farewells to his friends, whom he preferred not to see.

Carlyle's verdict on his friend's life, in his Memoir, is that it was "a tragedy ; high hopes, noble efforts ; under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever new nobleness of valiant effort ; and the result death with conquests by no means corresponding." But even while he is

writing this dismal summary, the beauty and help that this short life had for those who saw and felt it, and for those who should later consider it, sweeps over him, and, the human heart breaking through the crust, he admits its claim, and more, the call of Nature, and thus ends :

"The history of this long-continued prayer and endeavour, lasting in various figures for near forty years, may now and for some time coming have something to say to men!

"Nay, what of men, or of the world? Here, visible to myself for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable, and lovable amid the dim, common populations; among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul, whom I, among others, recognized and lovingly walked with, while the years and hours were. Sitting now by his tomb in thoughtful mood, the new times bring a new duty for me. 'Why write a Life of Sterling?' I imagine I had a commission higher than the world's, — the dictate of Nature herself to do what is now done. *Sic prosit.*"

Edward Waldo Emerson.

THE DECLINE OF LEGISLATURES.

I.

THE Roman Senate was the prototype of all modern legislatures. It had two great functions, *auctoritas* and *consilium*. The former was practically what we call the "veto;" that is, the Senate could forbid any legislation not originating with itself, whether proposed by the people in the *comitia* or by the magistrates. Nothing became a law without its sanction. The latter, *consilium*, was nearly what we call "advice and consent;" that is, the Senate had to pass on all proposals submitted to it by the executive officers, and approve or amend, as the case might be. In considering the proposals of the people, it decided whether they were wise and Roman; but it consulted with the magistrates concerning every important action or enterprise about to be undertaken. In all this it acted under two powerful restraints, partly like the theocracy in the early days of New England, partly like our constitutions to-day,— namely, the *mos majorum* and the auguries. It saw that everything was done in the Roman or ancient way, and that the unseen forces were likely to favor it.[1] Now, how did this system succeed? On this point I cannot do better than quote the testimony of Mommsen: —

"Nevertheless, if any revolution or any usurpation appears justified before the bar of history by exclusive ability to govern, even its rigorous judgment must acknowledge that this corporation duly comprehended and worthily fulfilled its great task. Called to power, not by the empty accident of birth, but substantially by the free choice of the nation; confirmed every fifth year by the stern moral judgment of the worthiest men; holding office for life, and so not dependent on the expiration of its commission or on the varying opinion of the people; having its ranks close and united even after the equalization of its orders; embracing in it all the political intelligence and practical statesmanship that the people possessed; absolute in dealing with all financial questions and in the control of foreign policy; having complete power over the executive by virtue of its brief duration and of the tribunitian

[1] Willems' Sénat et République Romaine, pp. 34, 35.

intercession which was at the service of the Senate after the termination of the quarrels between the orders, — the Roman Senate was the noblest organ of the nation, and in consistency and political sagacity, in unanimity and patriotism, in grasp of power and unwavering courage, the foremost political corporation of all times; still even now an 'Assembly of Kings,' which knew well how to combine despotic energy with republican self-devotion. Never was a state represented in its external relations more firmly and worthily than Rome in its best days by its Senate." [1]

As I have said, the Senate was the prototype of all modern legislatures; but only two, since the fall of the Roman Empire, have at all resembled it, the Venetian Grand Council and the British Parliament. No others in the modern world have attempted to discharge so great a variety of duties, such as holding large extents of conquered territory and ruling great bodies of subject population, or carrying on foreign wars. Its chief distinction was that, as a rule, subjects for consideration, on which it had to take positive action, did not originate with it, but were brought before it by the executive officers engaged in the active conduct of the government. So that it may be called a consultative rather than a legislative body. How this came about and how it continued, it is not necessary to discuss here. The general result was that, through the whole course of Roman history, the administrative officers remained actually in charge of the government, subject to the advice and control of the legislature. The same system has prevailed in the British Parliament ever since it became a real power in the state. Its proceedings are controlled and regulated by the executive officers. They submit measures to it, and ask its advice and consent; but if they cannot carry them, the matter drops and they resign, and others undertake the task. Practically, a private member cannot originate a bill, or get it discussed, or procure its passage, except with their consent. Indeed, as a legislator he is always in a certain sense an intruder. The function of the two Houses is essentially, not the drafting or proposing of laws, but seeing that no law is passed which is not expedient and "constitutional;" "constitutional" being in the British sense what the Romans meant by being in accordance with the mos majorum and having the approval of the auguries. The British ministry, in fact, legislates as well as administers. Every bill is fathered by the man who is engaged in the active work of the department which it touches. If it relate to the finances, it is framed and introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; if it relate to shipping, by the President of the Board of Trade; if to the army, by the Secretary of War, and so on. Any private member who should attempt to regulate these things would be frowned down and silenced. His business is to hear what the ministry proposes, and to pass judgment on it.

Until the French Revolution there existed no real legislature in Europe except that of England. After the sixteenth century the Grand Council of Venice had sunk into insignificance. There was in France, when the Revolution broke out, hardly even a memory left of legislative or consulting bodies. Dumont tells of his going to Paris in 1789, when the country was busy trying to elect delegates to the States General, and stopping for breakfast at Montreuil-sur-Mer, where he found that three days had been wasted in confusion by the electors, because "they had never heard of such things as a president, a secretary, or voting tickets." He and his friend, almost by way of joke, drew up rules of procedure, for which the people were very grateful and under which they acted. On arriving in Paris, he found that the body of the nation there saw nothing more in the assembling of the States General

[1] History of Rome, vol. i. pp. 410–412.

"than a means of diminishing taxes," and "the creditors of the state, so often deprived of their dividends by a violation of public faith, considered the States General as nothing more than a rampart against a government bankruptcy." He attended some meetings of the reformers, which might be called caucuses, held in private houses. In one at Brissot's the subject under discussion was a constitution or charter for the city of Paris. A M. Palessit moved for a special article on "the right of representation," as "one of the most precious attributes of liberty." Dumont and the Genevans present thought of course he meant representation in the legislature; what he did mean was the right of producing plays at the theatre without the interference of the censor.[1] In short, the idea of a legislating assembly, one might say, had perished from the European continent. It was less familiar to the peoples of modern Europe than it had been to the ancients.

The reason why the English have been able to preserve what is called the "cabinet system" in their proceedings — that is, the dominance of the executive officers in the deliberation of Parliament — is, I need hardly say, historical. Parliaments may be said to have originated as a check on the royal authority. In the House of Commons government was represented by the king. The ministry was emphatically his ministry; the opposition was held together partly by fear and partly by dislike of him. It never reached the point of seeking to take the administration of the government out of his hands or out of those of his officers, except in the rebellion of 1640. Its highest ambition was to be consulted about what was going to be done, and to be allowed to ask questions about it and to vote the money for it. It never thought of taking on itself the function of administration. It confined itself to the exercise of a veto. The ministry never parted with its power of initiation, and it strengthened its position by what may be called the solidarity of the cabinet; that is, the practice of treating each act of any particular minister as the act of the whole body, and standing or falling by it as such. The occasions have been rare, in English history, in which any one member has been surrendered to the dissatisfaction or reprobation of the opposition. When Puritan and Cavalier were succeeded by Whig and Tory, or Whig and Tory by Conservative and Liberal, the new order merely substituted one executive for another in the House of Commons, and did not create a new kind of executive. No matter what the relative strength of parties in the country might be, the dominant party appeared in the House of Commons simply as administrative officers, seeking and taking advice and approval from the representative body.

Now, the value of the preservation of the consultative rather than the legislative function by the House of Commons, the auctoritas and consilium rather than the initiative, has been brought out more clearly than ever by the history of legislative bodies on the Continent since the revival of popular government in 1848, and by the history of legislatures in this country since the war. The English House of Commons, one may say, has grown up under the consultative system. No other system has ever been seen or thought of. Private members have learnt to sit and listen, to have their opinions asked for on certain proposals, and, if their advice is not taken, to seek their remedy in choosing other agents. They act on all proposals submitted by the ministry, in parties, not singly. The experience of three centuries has taught each member to be of the same mind, in every case, as those with whom he ordinarily agrees. When the House of Commons was taken as a model on the Continent, especially after 1848, what was set up was not really the English Parliament, but a set

[1] Recollections of Mirabeau, pp. 61–65.

of councils for discussion, in which every man had the right of initiative, or, at all events, the right to say his say without sharing with any one the responsibility for what he said. It was the *Witenagemote*, or the *Landesgemeinde*, or the town meeting, over again. The new governments all had ministries, after the English fashion, but no one in the legislature felt bound to approve, or felt bound to join others in disapproving, of their policy. In other words, the cabinet system did not take root in the political manners. In his Journals, during a visit to Turin in 1850, Senior records a conversation with Cesare Balbo, a member of the Chamber in the first Piedmontese Parliament, in which Balbo said, after an exciting financial debate: "We have not yet acquired parliamentary discipline. Most of the members are more anxious about their own crotchets or their own consistency than about the country. The ministry has a large nominal majority, but every member of it is ready to put them in a minority for any whim of his own." [1] This was probably true of every legislative body on the Continent, and it continues true to this day in Italy, Greece, France, Austria, Germany, and the new Australian democracies.

Parliamentary discipline has not gained in strength. On the contrary, the tendency to give new men a taste of parliamentary life, which is very strong particularly in France and Italy, has stimulated the disposition to form "groups," or to act independently. A man who is likely to serve for only one term is unwilling to sink himself either in the ministerial majority or in the opposition. He wishes to make a reputation for himself, and this he cannot do by voting silently under a chief. A reputation has to be made by openly expressed criticism, or by open hostility, or by the individual exercise of the initiative. To make an impression on his constituents, he has to have a programme of his own and to push it, to identify himself with some cause which the men in power either ignore or treat too coolly. As a rule, the Continental legislatures, while modeled on the British or cabinet system, have really not copied its most important feature, the dominance of the executive in the legislative body. In Austria and Germany, where the king or emperor is still a power, this is not so apparent, but in France and Italy and in Australia, where the Parliament is well-nigh omnipotent, the result is incessant changes of ministry, and a great deal of legislation, intended not so much to benefit the country as to gather up and hold a majority.

In America, we have never tried the cabinet system, partly because our legislatures were started before this system became fairly established in England, and partly because, in colonial times, the executive was never in thoroughly friendly relations with the legislative department of any colony. Americans entered on their national existence with the only sort of legislature that was then known, a council of equals, where one man had as much right to originate legislation as another, subject, of course, to the general policy of the party to which he belonged. The device with which we have striven to meet the confusion thus created is the formation of committees to examine and report upon every project of law submitted by individual members. Every legislature, including Congress, is now divided into these committees. With the executive it has no open or official relations, for purposes of discussion. No executive officer is entitled of right to address, or advise, or consult it. He is exposed to constant criticism, but he cannot explain or answer. His presence, even, in the legislative chambers is an intrusion. He can communicate in writing any information which the legislature demands, but this is the limit of his relations with it. The President and every governor of a State have the right

[1] Senior's Journals, vol. i. p. 323.

to send what we call "messages" to the legislature, directing its attention to certain matters and recommending certain action, but it is very rare for these recommendations to have much effect. The messages are rhetorical performances, intended to give the public an idea of the capacity and opinions of the writers rather than to furnish a foundation for law-making.

There is nothing more striking in our system than the perfunctoriness which has overtaken both these documents and the party platforms, and there can be no better illustration of the effect of the absence of the executive from the legislative chambers. If there were a ministry, or if there were members of a cabinet sitting in the chambers and charged with the initiation of legislation, they would naturally be charged also with the duty of carrying out the President's or the Governor's recommendations, and embodying the party platform in laws. But under the committee system nobody is burdened with this duty, and after the messages and platforms have been printed they do not often receive any further attention. Few can remember what a party platform contains, a month after its adoption, and it is very seldom that any legislative notice is taken of it, except by the opposition press, which occasionally uses it to twit the party in power with its inconsistency or negligence. In fact, legislation, both in Congress and in the state legislatures, may be said to have become government by committee. The individual member has hardly more to do with it than is the case in England. Yet this does not prevent his making attempts to legislate. He does not ask permission to introduce bills, but he introduces them by thousands every session. His right to legislate is recognized as good and valid, but the rules which regulate the course of his bill through the House make the right of little more value than that of the private member of the House of Commons. His bill, as soon as it is presented, passes into the custody of one of the committees. He is not allowed to say a word in its behalf, and he has no knowledge of what its fate will be. He is literally cut off from debate no less by the rules than by the Speaker's favor. This functionary, by simply refusing to see him, can condemn him to perpetual silence, and has no hesitation in exercising his power to advance or retard such business of the House as he approves or dislikes.

It seems, at first sight, as if the private member were in much the same condition in America and in England. In neither country is legislation within his control. But there is this difference: In England, the persons who take his bill out of his hands, or refuse him permission to introduce it, are themselves engaged in the work of legislation. They are responsible for the conduct of the government. They profess to be supplying all the legislation that is necessary. They simply deny the private member any participation in their work. In America, the committee which takes his bill from him and seals its fate is composed of his own equals. They have no more to do with the executive than he has. They are no more charged with legislation on any particular subject than he is. Their main function is to examine and "report," but whether they will ever report is a matter entirely within their discretion. They are not bound to substitute anything for what they reject or ignore. They have so much to pass upon that their duty of initiation is reduced to a minimum. Moreover, when they report favorably on any bill in their custody, or originate one of their own, they are not bound to allow full discussion of it in the open House. All needful discussion of it is supposed to have taken place in their chamber. If any one is allowed to say much about it in the House, it is rather as a matter of grace; and unless he is an orator of re-

putation, but few listen to him. Consequently, there is in practice a wide difference between the control of legislation in the British Parliament and the control in our Congress. With us it is exercised by an entirely different class of persons. They are not accountable for the fate of any bill. If they choose not to report it, they are not bound to give their reasons. The function of the British ministry is to provide the necessary legislation, and as a rule the ministry is composed of men well known to the public and of more than usual experience. The function of the American committee, on the other hand, is simply to sift or impede the efforts of a large assembly, composed of persons of equal authority, to pass laws, with the execution of which, if they were passed, they would have nothing to do. As everybody has a right to introduce bills, without being in any way responsible for their working, there must be some power to examine, revise, choose, or reject, and this need is supplied by the committee system.[1]

The great change in the position and powers of the Speaker in Congress and in all American legislatures has been due to the same causes as the institution of the committees. He has been changed from his prototype, the judicial officer who presides over debates in the House of Commons, into something like the European prime minister, so that he has charge of the legislation of his party. He appoints the various committees, and can in this way make himself feared or courted by members. By his power of "recognition" he can consign any member to obscurity. He can encourage or hinder a committee in any species of legislation. He can check or promote extravagance. He makes no pretension to impartiality; he professes simply to be as impartial as a man can be who has to look after the interests of his own party and see that its "policy" is carried out. In fact, he differs but little from the "leader" of the House of Commons, except that he has nothing to do with the execution of the laws after he has helped to make them. He may have to hand them over to a hostile Senate or to a hostile executive, after he has secured their passage in his own assembly, and the country does not hold him responsible for them. No matter how badly they may work, the blame is laid, not on him, but on "the House" or on the party. He has nothing personal to fear from their failure, however active he may have been in securing their enactment. But the steady acquiescence in his increased assumption of power in every session of Congress or of the legislatures is clearly an admission that modern democratic legislatures are unfit for the work of legislation. We attach importance to stronger and more imperative leadership than has been provided by any constitution.

There are two committees which may be said to be charged with the work of legislation, and these are the Committee of Ways and Means and the Committee on Appropriations. But neither of them supplies what may be called a "budget;" that is, a statement of necessary expenditure and of probable revenue. These calculations are made, it is true, in the various administrative offices, but the committees are not bound to take notice of them. The Committee of Ways and Means fixes the revenue, as a rule, mainly with regard to the state of public opinion touching the principal source of revenue, the taxes on imports. If the public is deemed to be at that moment favorable to protection, these taxes are put high; if favorable to free trade, they are put low. The relation to the public outlay is not made the chief consideration. In other words, "taxation for revenue only" is not an art practiced by

[1] The working of this system and the actual functions of the Speaker are well described in Wilson's Congressional Government, and in Miss Follett's Speaker of the House of Representatives.

either party. Taxation is avowedly practiced as the art of encouraging domestic industry in some degree. The Committee on Appropriations has no relations with the Ways and Means Committee. It does not concern itself about income. It adds to the necessary expenditure of the government such further expenditure as is likely to be popular, as for river and harbor improvements and for pensions. In this way, neither committee is responsible for a deficit, for neither is bound to make ends meet.

This absence of connection between the levying and the spending authorities would work speedy ruin in any European government. The danger or inconvenience of it here has been concealed by the very rapid growth of the country in wealth and population, and the resulting rapid increase of the revenue under all circumstances. It is not too much to say that the first serious deficiency of revenue was experienced on the outbreak of the civil war. After the war, there was no difficulty in meeting all reasonable expenses until the yearly recurring and increasing surplus bred the frame of mind about expenditure which led to enormous appropriations for pensions and domestic improvements. These have at last brought about, and for the first time in American history, a real difficulty in devising sources of revenue. At this writing the question under debate is what taxes will be most popular in the country, when it ought to be what taxes will bring in most income. This has been largely due to the appropriations for purposes not absolutely necessary, but the Committee of Ways and Means is compelled to treat them as if they were legitimate expenses. This separation between the power which lays taxes and the power which spends them is probably the boldest of our experiments, and one which has never before been tried. Its inconveniences are likely to be felt increasingly, as the habits bred by easy circumstances become more fixed.

The tendency to lavish expenditure has been stimulated, too, by the temptation of the protective system to make a large revenue collected from duties on imports seem necessary. All governments are prone to make taxation serve some other purpose than to raise revenue; that is, to foster or maintain some sort of polity. It was used for ages to promote inequality; now it is frequently used to promote certain special interests. In England, the import duties on corn were meant to benefit the landed interest and foster large estates. In America, the duties on imports are meant to benefit native manufactures indirectly; but by showing that they are also essential to the government, a great deal of the opposition to them as a benefit to the manufacturers is disarmed. In no way can the needs of the government be made so conspicuous as by keeping the treasury empty. Since protection for industry was, after the war, incorporated in the fiscal system of the government, therefore, it has begotten extravagance almost as an inevitable accompaniment. The less money there is on hand, the higher does it seem that duties ought to be; and the way to keep little on hand is to spend freely.

The difficulty of getting rid of the protective system, in any modern country, is to be found in part in the growth of democracy. To the natural man, protection for his products against competition is one of the primary duties of government. Every citizen or mechanic would fain keep the neighboring market to himself, if he could. The shoemaker wishes to make all the shoes of his village, the carpenter to do all the carpentering. In fact, protection is the economical creed which the "uninstructed political economist" always lays hold of first. Its benefits seem clearest, and its operation in his own interest is most visible and direct. This undoubtedly goes far to account for the failure of the free-trade theory to make more way in the world

since the days of its early apostles. The arguments by which it is supported are a little too abstract and complex for the popular mind. The consequence is that a distinct revival of protectionism has accompanied the spread of popular government both in Europe and Australia, and in this country. The use of the government to keep the market for his products, and the theory that the market is a privilege for the seller which he ought not to be expected to share with an alien, will long meet with ready acceptance from the workingman; so that the protective system will probably pass away only under the influence, whether accidental or intentional, of a signal prosperity, — which is clearly not due to the system. Whatever be its industrial or economical merits or demerits, its effect politically, in stimulating expenditure in the United States, has been plain; and as long as taxpayers respond so readily to pecuniary demands on them as they have always hitherto done, close calculation of outgoings and incomings will not be easy to bring about. At present, the "elasticity" of our revenue, owing to the rapid increase of our population and the magnitude of our undeveloped resources, is one of the great wonders of European financiers, and renders the education of financial experts difficult. Any source of taxation which even the most inexperienced of our economists reaches is apt to pour forth results so abundantly as to make the caution, the anxiety, and the nice adjustments on which the financial system of the Old World is based appear unnecessary or even ridiculous.

But the most serious defect in the committee system, and the one that is hardest to remedy, is the stopper it puts on debate. The objection is often made, and with a show of reason, to the cabinet system, and its practice of deciding things only after open discussion, that it unduly stimulates mere talk, and postpones actual business for the purpose of allowing a large number of persons to state arguments which are found not to be worth listening to and which have no real influence on the results. This is true, in particular, of all countries in which, as on the Continent, an attempt has been made to govern assemblies without parliamentary discipline and without practice in acting by parties rather than singly or in groups. Various forms of "closure" have been invented in order to check this habit. It may be found in an extreme degree in our own Senate, which has no closure, and in which irrelevant speeches are inflicted by the hour, and even by the day, on unwilling listeners. But our demand on legislative bodies for "business" has carried us to the other extreme, which may be seen in the House of Representatives. There is nothing, after all, more important to the modern world than that the intelligence and character of the nation should find their way into the legislatures; and for this purpose the legislatures should be made something more than scenes of obscurity, hard work, and small pay. The English House of Commons owed its attractiveness for two centuries, in spite of the non-payment of members, to the fact that it was "the pleasantest club in Europe." It was also a place in which any member, however humble his beginnings, had a chance to make fame as an orator. In recent days, legislatures in all the democratic countries have been made repulsive to men of mark by the pains taken "to get business done" and to keep down the flood of speech. Everybody who enters a legislature now for the first time, especially if he is a man of talent and character, is bitterly disappointed by finding that the rules take from him nearly every opportunity of distinction, and, in addition, condemn him to a great deal of obscure drudgery. It is only by the rarest chance that he finds an opening to speak, and his work on the committees never shows itself to the public. It

consists largely in passing on the merits of the thousands of schemes concocted by inexperienced or ignorant men, and has really some resemblance to a college professor's reading of "themes." In fact, the committee room may be called the grave of honorable ambition. We find, accordingly, that only few men of real capacity, who have once gone to the legislature or to Congress, are willing to return for a second term, simply because they find the work disagreeable and the reward inadequate; for it is one of the commonplaces of politics that, in every country, the number of able men who will serve the public without either pay or distinction is very small. Even the most patriotic must have one or the other; and to set up legislatures, as all the democratic countries have done, in which no one can look for either, is an experiment fraught with danger. If I am not greatly mistaken, the natural result is beginning to show itself. There is not a country in the world, living under parliamentary government, which has not begun to complain of the decline in the quality of its legislators. More and more, it is said, the work of governments is falling into the hands of men to whom even small pay is important, and who are suspected of adding to their income by corruption. The withdrawal of the more intelligent class from legislative duties is more and more lamented, and the complaint is somewhat justified by the mass of crude, hasty, incoherent, and unnecessary laws which are poured on the world at every session. It is increasingly difficult to-day to get a man of serious knowledge on any subject to go to Congress, if he have other pursuits and other sources of income. To get him to go to the state legislature, in any of the populous and busy States, is well-nigh impossible. If he has tried the experiment once, and is unwilling to repeat it, and you ask him why, he will answer that the secret committee work was repulsive; that the silence and the inability to accomplish anything, imposed on him by the rules, were disheartening; and that the difficulty of communicating with his constituents, or with the nation at large, through the spoken and reported word, deprived him of all prospects of being rewarded by celebrity.

It is into the vacancies thus left that the boss steps with full hands. He summons from every quarter needy young men, and helps them to get into places where they will be able to add to their pay by some sort of corruption, however disguised, — perhaps rarely direct bribery, but too often blackmail or a share in jobs; to whom it is not necessary that the legislature should be an agreeable place, so long as it promises a livelihood. This system is already working actively in some States; it is spreading to others, and is most perceptible in the great centres of affairs. It is an abuse, too, which in a measure creates what it feeds upon. The more legislatures are filled with bad characters, the less inducement there is for men of a superior order to enter them; for it is true of every sort of public service, from the army up to the cabinet, that men are influenced as to entering it by the kind of company they will have to keep. The statesman will not associate with the boy, if he can help it, especially in a work in which conference and persuasion play a large part.

If it be true that the character and competency of legislators are declining, the evil is rendered all the more serious by the fact that the general wealth has increased enormously within the present century. Down to the French Revolution, and we might almost say down to 1848, the western world, speaking broadly, was ruled by the landholding or rich class. Its wealth consisted mainly of land, and the owners of the land carried on the government. In commercial communities, like Genoa or Venice, or the Hanse Towns, the governing class was made up of merchants, but it was still the rich class. Within fifty years a great

change has occurred. The improvement in communication has brought all the land of the world into the great markets, and as a result the landowners have ceased to be the wealthy, and the democratic movement has taken the government away from them. From the hands of the wealthy, the power, as a rule, has passed or is passing into the hands of men to whom the salary of a legislator is an object of some consequence, and who are more careful to keep in touch with their constituents than to afford examples of scientific government, even if they were capable of it. Probably no greater revolution has taken place anywhere, during the past century, than this change in the governing class. It cannot be said, in the light of history, that the new men are giving communities worse government than they used to have, but government in their hands is not progressing in the same ratio as the other arts of civilization, while the complexity of the interests to be dealt with is steadily increasing. Science and literature are making, and have made, much more conspicuous advances than the management of common affairs. Less attention is given to experience than formerly, while the expectation of some new idea, in which the peculiarities of human nature will have much slighter play, is becoming deeper and more widespread.

No effect of this passage of legislative work into less instructed hands is more curious than the great stimulus it has given to legislation itself. Legislators now, apparently, would fain have the field of legislation as wide as it was in the Middle Ages. The schemes for the regulation of life by law, which are daily submitted to the committees by aspiring reformers, are innumerable. One legislator in Kansas was seeking all last winter to procure the enactment of the Ten Commandments. In Nebraska, another has sought to legislate against the wearing of corsets by women. Constant efforts are made to limit the prices of things, to impose fresh duties on common carriers, to restrain the growth of wealth, to promote patriotic feeling by greater use of symbols, or in some manner to improve public morals by artificial restraints. There is no legislature in America which does not contain members anxious to right some kind of wrong, or afford some sort of aid to human character, by a bill. Sometimes the bill is introduced to oblige a constituent, in full confidence that it will never leave the committee room; at others, to rectify some abuse or misconduct which happens to have come under the legislator's eye. Sometimes, again, the greater activity of one member drives into legislation another who had previously looked forward to a silent session. "The laurels of Miltiades will not let him sleep." Then it has to be borne in mind that, under the committee system, which has been faithfully copied from Congress in all the legislatures, the only way in which a member can make his constituents aware that he is trying to earn his salary is by introducing bills. It does not much matter that they are not finished pieces of legislation, or that there is but little chance of their passage. Their main object is to convince the district that its representative is awake and active, and has an eye to its interests. The practice of "log-rolling," too, has become a fixed feature in the procedure of nearly all the legislatures; that is, of making one member's support of another member's bill conditional on his receiving the other member's support for his own. In the attempted revolt against the boss, during the recent senatorial election in New York, a good many members who avowed their sense of Platt's unfitness for the Senate acknowledged that they could not vote against him openly, because this would cause the defeat of local measures in which they were interested. This recalls the fact that many even of the best men go to the legislature for one or two terms, not so

much to serve the public as to secure the passage of bills in which they, or the voters of their district, have a special concern. Their anxiety about these makes their subserviency to the majority complete, on larger questions, however it is controlled. You vote for an obviously unfit man for Senator, for instance, because you cannot risk the success of a bill for putting up a building, or erecting a bridge, or opening a new street, in your own town. You must give and take. These men are reinforced by a large number by whom the service is rendered for simple livelihood. The spoils doctrine — that public office is a prize, or a "plum," rather than a public trust — has effected a considerable lodgment in legislation. Not all receive their places as the Massachusetts farmer received his membership in the legislature, a few years ago, because he had lost some cows by lightning, but a formidable number — young lawyers, farmers carrying heavy mortgages, men without regular occupation and temporarily out of a job — find service in the legislature, even for one term, an attractive mode of tiding over the winter.

The mass of legislation or attempts at legislation due to this state of affairs is something startling. I have been unable to obtain records of the acts and resolutions of all the States for the same year. I am obliged to take those of Arkansas for the year 1893, four other States for 1894, ten for 1896, and the rest for 1895. But I have taken only one year for each State. The total of such acts and resolutions is 15,730, and this is for a population of 70,000,000. In addition, Congress in 1895–96 passed 457 acts and resolutions. But the amount of work turned out is really not very surprising, when we consider the number of the legislators. There are no less than 447 national legislators and 6578 state legislators, — in all 7025, exclusive of county, city, and all other local authorities capable of passing rules or ordinances. At this ratio of legislators to population, 4000 at least would be engaged on the laws of Great Britain, without any provision for India and the colonies, 3800 on those of France, about 5000 on those of Germany, and 3000 on those of Italy. It will be easily seen what a draft this is on the small amount of legislative capacity which every community contains. Nothing like it has ever been seen in the history of the world. There is no country which has yet shown itself capable of producing more than one small first-class legislative assembly. We undertake to keep going forty-five for the States alone, besides those for Territories. All these assemblies, too, have to do with interests of the highest order. As a general rule, in all governments the chief legislative body is entrusted with the highest functions. Its jurisdiction covers the weightiest interests of the people who live under it. The protection of life and property, the administration of civil and criminal justice, and the imposition of the taxes most severely felt are among its duties. All minor bodies exist as its subordinates or agents, and exercise only such powers as it is pleased to delegate to them. This brings to the superior assembly, as a matter of course, the leading men of the country, and by far the larger share of popular attention. In the formation of our federal Constitution, this division, based on relative importance to the community, was not possible. The States surrendered as little as they could. The federal government took what it could get, and only what seemed absolutely necessary to the creation of a nation. The consequence is that, though Congress appears to be the superior body, it is not really so. It is more conspicuous, and, if I may use the word, more picturesque, but it does not deal with a larger number of serious public interests. The States have reserved to themselves the things which most concern a man's comfort and security as a citizen. The protection of his property,

the administration of civil and criminal justice, the interpretation of contracts and wills, and the creation and regulation of municipalities are all within their jurisdiction. Most of the inhabitants pass their lives without once coming into contact with federal authority. As a result, an election to Congress is only seeming political promotion. It gives the candidate more dignity and importance, but he really has less to do with the everyday happiness of his fellow citizens than the state legislator. If he were deprived of the power of raising and lowering the duties on foreign imports and of bickering with foreign powers, his influence on the daily life of Americans would be comparatively small. When he goes to Washington, he finds himself in a larger and more splendid sphere, but charged with less of important governmental work. The grave political functions of the country are discharged in the state legislatures, but as a rule by inferior men. In so far as Congress makes a draft on the legislative capacity of the nation, it makes it at the expense of the local governments.

For this anomaly it would be difficult to suggest a remedy. The division of powers between the Confederation and the States, though not a logical one, was probably the only possible one at the time it was made. The main work of government was left to the States, but by its conspicuousness the field at Washington was made more attractive to men of talent and energy in politics; so that it may be said that we give an inordinate share of our parliamentary ability to affairs which concern us in only a minor degree. This, however, can hardly be considered as the result of a democratic tendency. The federal arrangement has really nothing to do with democracy. It was made as the only practicable mode of bringing several communities into peaceful relations, and enabling them to face the world as a nation, though it might as readily have been the work of aristocracies as of democracies; but in so far as it has in any degree lowered the character of legislative bodies, democracy has been made and will be made to bear the blame.

This opinion has been strengthened by the discredit which has overtaken two very prominent features of the federal arrangement, — the election of the President by the electoral college, and the election of Senators by the state legislatures. The fact is that the complete disuse of their electoral functions within forty years after the adoption of the Constitution was one of the most striking illustrations that history affords of the futility of political prophecy. Here is the judgment on this feature of their work by the framers of the Constitution, as set forth in The Federalist: —

"As the select assemblies for choosing the President, as well as the state legislatures who appoint the Senators, will in general be composed of the most enlightened and respectable citizens, there is reason to presume that their attention and their votes will be directed to those men only who have become the most distinguished by their abilities and virtue, and in whom the people perceive just grounds for confidence. The Constitution manifests very particular attention to this object. By excluding men under thirty-five from the first office, and those under thirty from the second, it confines the electors to men of whom the people have had time to form a judgment, and with respect to whom they will not be liable to be deceived by those brilliant appearances of genius and patriotism which, like transient meteors, sometimes mislead as well as dazzle. If the observation be well founded, that wise kings will always be served by able ministers, it is fair to argue that as an assembly of select electors possess, in a greater degree than kings, the means of extensive and accurate information relative to men and characters, so will their appointments bear at least equal marks of dis-

cretion and discernment. The inference is that President and Senators so chosen will always be of the number of those who best understand our national interests, whether considered in relation to the several States or to foreign nations, who are best able to promote those interests, and whose reputation for integrity inspires and merits confidence. With such men the power of making treaties may be safely lodged." [1]

And here is the opinion of the earliest and most philosophic of our foreign observers, M. de Tocqueville : —

"When you enter the House of Representatives at Washington, you are struck with the vulgar aspect of this great assembly. The eye looks often in vain for a celebrated man. Nearly all its members are obscure personages, whose names suggest nothing to the mind. They are for the most part village lawyers, dealers, or even men belonging to the lowest classes. In a country in which education is almost universal, it is said there are representatives of the people who cannot always write correctly. Two steps away opens the hall of the Senate, whose narrow area incloses a large part of the celebrities of America. One hardly sees there a single man who does not recall the idea of recent fame. They are eloquent advocates, or distinguished generals, or able magistrates, or well-known statesmen. Every word uttered in this great assembly would do honor to the greatest parliamentary debates in Europe.

"Whence comes this strange contrast? Why does the *élite* of the nation find itself in one of these halls more than in the other? Why does the first assembly unite so many vulgar elements, while the second seems to have a monopoly of talents and intelligence? Both emanate from the people and both are the product of universal suffrage, and no voice, until now, has been raised in the United States to say that the Senate was the enemy of popular interests. Whence comes, then, this enormous difference? I see only one fact which explains it: the election which produces the House of Representatives is direct; that which produces the Senate is submitted to two degrees. The whole of the citizens elect the legislature of each State, and the federal Constitution, transforming these legislatures in their turn into electoral bodies, draws from them the members of the Senate. The Senators, then, express, although indirectly, the result of the popular vote; for the legislature, which names the Senators, is not an aristocratic or privileged body, which derives its electoral rights from itself; it depends eventually on the whole of the citizens. It is, in general, elected by them every year, and they can always govern its decisions by electing new members. But the popular will has only to pass through this chosen assembly to shape itself in some sort, and issue from it in a nobler and finer form. The men thus elected represent, then, always exactly the majority of the nation which governs; but they represent only the more elevated ideas which circulate among them, the generous instincts which animate them, and not the small passions which often agitate them and the vices which disgrace them. It is easy to foresee a time when the American Republic will be forced to multiply the two degrees in their electoral system, on pain of wrecking themselves miserably on the shores of democracy. I do not hesitate to avow it. I see in the double electoral degree the only means of bringing political liberty within the reach of all classes of the people. Those who wish to make of it the exclusive weapon of a party, and those who fear it, seem to me to fall into the same error." [2]

It is more than half a century since the electoral college, thus vaunted by its inventors, exerted any influence in the

[1] The Federalist, No. LXIII.

[2] De la Démocratie en Amérique, t. ii. p. 53.

choice of the President. An attempt on the part of one of its members to use his own judgment in the matter would be treated as an act of the basest treachery. It has become a mere voting machine in the hands of the party. The office of "elector" has become an empty honor, accorded to such respectable members of the party as are unfit for, or do not desire, any more serious place. The candidates for the presidency are now chosen by a far larger body, which was never dreamed of by the makers of the Constitution, rarely bestows any thought on fitness as compared with popularity, and sits in the presence of an immense crowd which, though it does not actually take part in its proceedings, seeks to influence its decisions by every species of noise and interruption. In fact, all show of deliberation has been abandoned by it. Its action is settled beforehand by a small body of men sitting in a private room. The choice of the delegates is prescribed, and may be finally made under the influence of a secretly conducted intrigue, of a "deal," or of a wild outburst of enthusiasm known as a "stampede." A more thorough departure from the original idea of the electoral college could hardly be imagined than the modern nominating convention. It exemplifies again the unfitness of a large body of equals, without discipline or leadership, for any deliberative duty. As little as possible of the work of the convention is left to the convention itself. When the proceedings begin in the general assembly, each delegate, as a rule, knows what he is to do. When the members break away from this inner control, under a sudden impulse, as at Chicago in 1896, they are quite likely to nominate a completely unknown man like Bryan through admiration for something like his "cross of gold" metaphor, which throws no light whatever on his fitness for the office. The last two conventions illustrated strikingly the two dangers of these enormous assemblies. The one at Chicago nominated a man of whom the mass of the nation had never heard, and the other simply registered a decision which had been carefully prepared by politicians a year or two beforehand. In neither case was there anything which could be called deliberation.

Much the same phenomena are to be witnessed in the case of the election of Senators by state legislatures. The machinery on which Tocqueville relied so confidently, the use of which he expected to see spread, has completely broken down. The legislators have not continued to be the kind of men he describes, and their choice is not governed by the motives he looked for. There is no longer such a thing as deliberation by the legislatures over the selection of the Senators. The candidate is selected by others, who do not sit in the legislature at all, and they supply the considerations which are to procure him his election. He is given the place either on account of his past electioneering services to the party, or on account of the largeness of his contributions to its funds. The part he will play in the Senate rarely receives any attention. The anticipations of the framers of the Constitution, as set forth in the passage from The Federalist which I have quoted, have been in no way fulfilled. The members of the legislature, as a general rule, when acting as an electoral college, are very different from those whom the fathers of the republic looked for. In fact, the break-down of their system is widespread, and appears to have exerted such a deteriorating influence on the character of the Senate that we are witnessing the beginnings of an agitation for the election of Senators by the popular vote. Yet it is plain to be seen that no change whatever in the quality of the candidates can be expected from this as long as our nominating system remains what it is. The same persons who now prescribe to the legislature whom to elect would then prescribe to

the party whom to elect, and their orders would be only occasionally disobeyed by means of a popular "rising," when the candidate's unfitness became more than usually conspicuous.

II.

Why the founders and Tocqueville were mistaken about the double election as a check is easily explained. The founders knew little or nothing about democracy except what they got from Greek and Roman history; Tocqueville saw it at work only before the English traditions had lost their force. Democracy really means a profound belief in the wisdom as well as the power of the majority, not on certain occasions, but at whatever time it is consulted. All through American history this idea has had to struggle for assertion with the inherited political habits of the Anglo-Saxon race, which made certain things "English" or "American" just as to the Romans certain things were "Roman," for no reason that could be easily stated except that they were practices or beliefs of long standing. In England these habits have always composed what is called "the British Constitution," and in America they have made certain rights seem immemorial or inalienable, such as the right to a speedy trial by jury, the right to compensation for property taken for public use, the right to the decision of all matters in controversy by a court. This vague and ill-defined creed existed before any constitution, and had to be embodied in every constitution. The nearest approach to a name for it, in both countries, is the "common law," or customs of the race, of which, however, since it formed organized civilized societies, the courts of justice have always been the fountains or exponents. We have had to ask the judges in any given case what the "common law" is, there being no written statement of it. It was consequently a comparatively easy matter, in America, to get all questions in any way affecting the life, liberty, or property of individuals put into a fundamental law, to be interpreted by the courts. Against this notion of the fitness of things, democracy, or the wisdom of the majority, has beaten its head in vain. That it should be hindered or delayed in carrying out its will by a written instrument, expounded and applied by judges, has, therefore, always seemed natural.

In all the countries of Continental Europe, at the beginning of this century, it would have appeared a scandal or an anomaly that everybody should be liable to be called into court, no matter what office he held, on the plaint of a private man. With us the thing has always been a simple and inherent part of our system. But in the matter of appointment to office, which could have no effect upon or relation to private rights, pure democracy has never shown any disposition to be checked or gainsaid. It has never shown any inclination to treat public officers, from kings down, as other than its servants or the agents of its will. It revolted very early against Burke's definition of its representatives, as statesmen set to exercise their best judgment in watching over the people's interests. The democratic theory of the representative has always been that he is a delegate sent to vote, not for what he thinks best, but for what his constituents think best, even if it controverts his own opinion. The opposition to this view has been both feeble and inconstant ever since the early years of the century. The "delegate" theory has been gaining ground in England, and in America has almost completely succeeded in asserting its sway, so that we have seen many cases recently in which members of Congress have openly declared their dissent from the measures for which they voted in obedience to their constituents.

It was this determination not to be checked in the selection of officers, but to

make the people's will act directly on all nominations, which led to the early repudiation of the electoral college. That college was the device of those who doubted the wisdom and knowledge of the majority. But the majority was determined that in no matter within its jurisdiction should its wisdom and knowledge be questioned. It refused to admit that if it was competent to choose electors and members of Congress, it was not competent to choose the President. It accordingly set the electoral college ruthlessly aside at a very early period in the history of the republic. Tocqueville's idea that, in recognition of its own weakness and incompetence, it would spread the system of committing the appointing power to small select bodies of its own people, shows how far he was from comprehending the new force which had come into the world, and which he was endeavoring to analyze through observation of its working in American institutions.

It may seem at first sight as if this explanation does not apply to the failures of the legislatures to act upon their own judgment in the election of Senators. But the election of Senators has run exactly the same course as the nomination of Presidents; the choice has been taken out of the hands of the legislatures by the political party, and in each political party the people are represented by its managers, or "the machine," as it is called. They insist on nominating, or, if in a majority, on electing the Senators, just as they insist on nominating, or, if in a majority, on electing the President. Nearly every legislator is elected now with a view to the subsequent election of the Senators whenever there is a vacancy. His choice is settled for him beforehand. The casting of his vote is a mere formality, like the vote of the presidential electors. The man he selects for the place is the man already selected by the party. With this man's goodness or badness, fitness or unfitness, he does not consider that he has anything to do. Nothing can less resemble the legislature which filled the imagination of the framers of the Constitution than a legislature of our time assembled in joint convention to elect a Senator. It has hardly one of the characteristics which the writers of The Federalist ascribed to their ideal; it is little affected by any of the considerations which these gentlemen supposed would be predominant with it. This has already led to the beginnings of an agitation for the direct election of Senators by the people; but such election, as I have tried to show, would really, as long as our present system of nomination continues, have very little or no effect on the situation. The result of their election by the people would be in no respect different from the result of their present election by the legislature, except in the omission of the legislative formality. They would still be designated by the party managers, and the choice of the party managers would be set aside by the public only on rare occasions.

Any change, to be effective, must be a change in the mode of nomination. All attempts to limit or control the direct choice of the people, such as the use of the lot or of election by several degrees, as in Venice, must fail, and all machinery created for the purpose will probably pass away by evasion, if not by legislation. The difficulties of constitutional amendment are so great that it will be long before any legal change is made in the mode of electing Senators. It is not unsafe to assume that if any change be made in the mode of nomination, one of its first uses will be the practical imposition on all legislatures of the duty of electing to the Senate persons already designated by the voters at the polls. It must not be forgotten that democracy has everywhere only recently begun to rule, and that it is reveling in the enjoyment of the power which has now first come into its hands, and which it most envied kings and emperors through long

ages, — the power, that is, of appointing to high offices. It is this novelty more than aught else which fills all democratic lands with a rage for place, and makes the masses resent any attempt to interfere with their freedom of choice. The pleasure of seeing every place accessible to any sort of man is one which will decline but slowly, and will not be exhausted completely without some long experience of its disastrous effects; so that we can hardly expect any very sudden change.

As regards the state legislators themselves, it is well to remember that all political prophets require nearly as much time as the Lyell school of geologists. It is difficult enough to foresee what change will come about, but it is still more difficult to foretell how soon it will come about. No writer on politics should forget that it took five hundred years for Rome to fall, and fully a thousand years to educe modern Europe from the mediæval chaos. That the present legislative system of democracy will not last long there are abundant signs, but in what way it will be got rid of, or what will take its place, or how soon democratic communities will utterly tire of it, he would be a very rash speculator who would venture to say confidently. The most any one can do is to point out the tendencies which are likely to have most force, and to which the public seems to turn most hopefully.

At present, as far as one can see, the democratic world is filled with distrust and dislike of its parliaments, and submits to them only under the pressure of stern necessity. The alternative appears to be a dictatorship, but probably the world will not see another dictator chosen for centuries, if ever. Democracies do not admit that this is an alternative, nor do they admit that legislatures, such as we see them, are the last thing they have to try. They seem to be getting tired of the representative system. In no country is it receiving the praises it received forty years ago. There are signs of a strong disposition, which the Swiss have done much to stimulate, to try the "referendum" more frequently, on a larger scale, as a mode of enacting laws. One of the faults most commonly found in the legislatures, as I have already said, is the fault of doing too much. I do not think I exaggerate in saying that all the busier States in America, in which most capital is concentrated and most industry carried on, witness every meeting of the state legislature with anxiety and alarm. I have never heard such a meeting wished for or called for by a serious man outside the political class. It creates undisguised fear of some sort of interference with industry, some sort of legislation for the benefit of one class, or the trial of some hazardous experiment in judicial or administrative procedure, or in public education or taxation. There is no legislature to-day which is controlled by scientific methods, or by the opinion of experts in jurisprudence or political economy. Measures devised by such men are apt to be passed with exceeding difficulty, while the law is rendered more and more uncertain by the enormous number of acts passed on all sorts of subjects.

Nearly every State has taken a step towards meeting this danger by confining the meeting of its legislature to every second year. It has said, in other words, that it must have less legislation. In no case that I have heard of has the opposition to this change come from any class except the one that is engaged in the working of political machinery; that is, in the nomination or election of candidates and the filling of places. The rest of the community, as a rule, hails it with delight. People are beginning to ask themselves why legislatures should meet even every second year; why once in five years would not be enough. An examination of any state statute-book discloses the fact that necessary legislation is a rare thing; that the communi-

ties in our day seldom need a new law; and that most laws are passed without due consideration, and before the need of them has been made known either by popular agitation or by the demand of experts. It would not be an exaggeration to say that nine tenths of our modern state legislation will do no good, and that at least one tenth of it will do positive harm. If half the stories told about state legislatures be true, a very large proportion of the members meet, not with plans for the public good, but with plans either for the promotion of their personal interests or for procuring money for party uses or places for party agents.

The collection of such a body of men, not engaged in serious business, in the state capital is not to be judged simply by the bills they introduce or get passed. We have also to consider the immense opportunities for planning and scheming which the meetings offer to political jobbers and adventurers; and the effect, on such among them as still retain their political virtue, of daily contact with men who are there simply for illicit purposes, and with the swarm who live by lobbying and get together every winter to trade in legislative votes. If I said, for instance, that the legislature at Albany is a school of vice, a fountain of political debauchery, and that few of the younger men come back from it without having learned to mock at political purity and public spirit, I should seem to be using unduly strong language, and yet I could fill nearly a volume with illustrations in support of it. The temptation to use their great power for the extortion of money from rich men and rich corporations, to which the legislatures in the richer and more prosperous Northern States are exposed, is immense; and the legislatures are mainly composed of very poor men, with no reputation to maintain or political future to look after. The result is that the country is filled with stories of scandals after every adjournment, and the press teems with abuse, which legislators have learned to treat with silent contempt or ridicule, so that there is no longer any restraint upon them. Their reëlection is not in the hands of the public, but in those of the party managers, who, as is shown in the Payn case in New York, find that they can completely disregard popular judgments on the character or history of candidates.

Side by side with the annual or biennial legislature we have another kind of legislature, the "Constitutional Convention," which retains everybody's respect, and whose work, generally marked by care and forethought, compares creditably with the legislation of any similar body in the world. Through the hundred years of national existence it has received little but favorable criticism from any quarter. It is still an honor to have a seat in it. The best men in the community are still eager or willing to serve in it, no matter at what cost to health or private affairs. I cannot recall one convention which has incurred either odium or contempt. Time and social changes have often frustrated its expectations, or have shown its provisions for the public welfare to be inadequate or mistaken, but it is very rare indeed to hear its wisdom and integrity questioned. In looking over the list of those who have figured in the conventions of the State of New York since the Revolution, one finds the name of nearly every man of weight and prominence; and few lay it down without thinking how happy we should be if we could secure such service for our ordinary legislative bodies.

Now what makes the difference? Three things, mainly. First, the Constitutional Convention, as a rule, meets only once in about twenty years. Men, therefore, who would not think of serving in an annual legislature, are ready on these rare occasions to sacrifice their personal convenience to the public interest. Secondly, every one knows that

the labors of the body, if adopted, will continue in operation without change for the best part of one's lifetime. Thirdly, its conclusions will be subjected to the strictest scrutiny by the public, and will not be put in force without adoption by a popular vote. All this makes an American state constitution, as a rule, a work of the highest statesmanship, which reflects credit on the country, tends powerfully to promote the general happiness and prosperity, and is quoted or copied in foreign countries in the construction of organic laws. The Constitutional Convention is as conspicuous an example of successful government as the state legislatures are of failure. If we can learn anything from the history of these bodies, therefore, it is that if the meetings of the legislature were much rarer, say once in five or ten years, we should secure a higher order of talent and character for its membership and more careful deliberation for its measures, and should greatly reduce the number of the latter. But we can go further, and say that inasmuch as all important matter devised by the convention is submitted to the people with eminent success, there is no reason why all grave measures of ordinary legislation should not be submitted also. In other words, the referendum is not confined to Switzerland.[1] We have it among us already. All, or nearly all our state constitutions are the product of a referendum. The number of important measures with which the legislature feels chary about dealing, which are brought before the people by its direction, increases every year. Upon the question of the location of the state capital and of some state institutions, of the expenditure of public money, of the establishment of banks, of the maintenance or sale of canals, of leasing public lands, of taxation beyond a certain amount, of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, of the extension of the suffrage, and upon several other subjects, a popular vote is often taken in various States.

In short, there is no discussion of the question of legislatures in which either great restriction in the number or length of their sessions, or the remission of a greatly increased number of subjects to treatment by the popular vote, does not appear as a favorite remedy for their abuses and shortcomings. If we may judge by these signs, the representative system, after a century of existence, under a very extended suffrage, has failed to satisfy the expectations of its earlier promoters, and is likely to make way in its turn for the more direct action of the people on the most important questions of government, and a much-diminished demand for all legislation whatever. This, at all events, is the only remedy now in sight, which is much talked about or is considered worthy of serious attention.

E. L. Godkin.

[1] Oberholtzer's Referendum in America, p. 15.

ONE FAIR DAUGHTER.

I.

Mr. Reginald Dorsey not only recognized the unique distinction of being the father of such a girl as Edith, but he felt as well the responsibilities of the position. Mr. Dorsey had never taken any responsibility lightly. He carried a habit of high discretion into the least detail of his mental operations. It must be dazzling high noon before he would fully admit that the day was likely to be fine. He made no investment or purchase until he had permitted the sun to go down many times upon his indecision. His ultimate opinion was watched, waited for, and acted upon. Nine different corporations boasted that he was one of their directors, and that single circumstance made each enterprise known as both paying and safe, like that tower instanced by Dante which, firmly fixed, shakes not its head for any blast that blows.

Edith had been motherless since she was a child of three, and Mr. Dorsey had been left unaided to grapple with the crucial questions which rose at each stage of the girl's development. He had not only to arrive at some solution of purely ethical and intellectual problems, but to meet the climbing wave of feminine evolution and to experiment with modern ideas. Should Edith go in for the higher education? Should Edith attend dancing-classes? Should Edith be permitted to learn to ride the bicycle? Each of these questions had in turn to be met, looked at in all lights, and finally decided by a conscientious and consistent theory. Mr. Dorsey wished to preserve in his daughter what he recognized as her distinctive attributes: an old-time modesty, seriousness, and simplicity which raised her so far above vanity and caprice as to efface both. Still, although it was his duty, his function, the reason of his existence, to foster in her the tendencies he loved and believed in, what he tried to keep in mind was her ultimate good. She was not only his child, but the child of her age. Since she had been born in the last quarter of the century, he must meet its requirements for her. Thus Edith took the preparatory college course; she rode the bicycle, but round dances she did not learn. She was brought up in almost conventual seclusion, and up to the age of nineteen, except her father and her professors, she had not one single acquaintance among the opposite sex. Nevertheless, Mr. Dorsey, who thought of every possible emergency for Edith, had thought of her marriage, — a marriage which was to crown a brilliant social career after her education was complete, — always with compressed lips and a knitting of the brows, which meant that no man would ever become Edith's husband until he had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, had gone through the needle's eye, — in short, submitted to a series of rigid tests.

Thus when, soon after Edith's nineteenth birthday, Mr. Dorsey received a proposal of marriage for his daughter, the effect upon his mind was abrupt and extraordinary. He had just returned from a journey, and, washed, shaven, and freshly dressed in his habitual suit of gray tweed, had sat down in his library to look over the letters which had arrived in his absence, when a card was brought to him, on which he read "Mr. Gordon Rose." Who Mr. Gordon Rose might be Mr. Dorsey was comfortably far from having any idea. A strange young man was ushered in, who met the glance of the tall, slim, clear-eyed gentleman almost like a culprit as he stammered out a few faltering words to the effect that Edith had accepted him, and

that he had come to ask her father's consent to their marriage.

"Your marriage to my daughter!" ejaculated Mr. Dorsey. He went on to observe that never in his life had he heard of such presumption. He glanced at the card which he had crumpled in his hands. Mr. Gordon Rose, he declared witheringly, was a perfect stranger both to him and to Miss Dorsey.

"We have been together almost two weeks," gasped Gordon.

Been together almost two weeks! Fatal two weeks, spent by Mr. Dorsey most reluctantly in a trip to the Southwest with a party of railway magnates to look after the interests of a railroad which had fallen into their hands. For the period of his absence he had confided Edith to the care of his aunt, Mrs. Carmichael, an old lady, who, with an invalid daughter, lived at Lenox. For almost the first time in his life taken unaware, Mr. Dorsey proceeded to put question after question to his visitor. The situation became clear, painfully clear. Gordon Rose had been visiting at a place adjoining Mrs. Carmichael's. He and Edith had met; he had taught her golf; they had played it together. Just twenty-four hours before he had asked her to marry him, and she had told him her father was then upon the point of reaching New York, and that she could do nothing without his consent.

Without her father's consent? Of course Miss Dorsey could never become engaged without her father's consent. She could never become engaged at all except by the gradual development of an acquaintance of long years, the result of thorough experience, a perfect congeniality.

"There is the most perfect congeniality!" exclaimed Gordon in a tone almost of indignation. "We fell in love on the instant — it was" —

"Nonsense! absurd!" said Mr. Dorsey testily, and proceeded to define his ideas of love and marriage, — no accident, no haphazard outcome of spending a few days in the same neighborhood, but the irresistible evolution of a logical situation, each step developed on a preconceived plan, — in short, inevitable.

"This was inevitable," declared Gordon, trying to assert himself against that freezing demeanor, that impenetrable face, that icy glance, that cold, critical tone which seemed not only unsympathetic, but final. "We saw each other from morning until night; we" —

"A mere chance acquaintance," Mr. Dorsey insisted, "founded on no reason, leading to no sequence."

"I wish to marry Miss Dorsey," faltered Gordon. "I can support her handsomely."

"I can support my daughter without the aid of any man alive," said Mr. Dorsey.

Gordon murmured deprecatingly that he had no doubt of that. "But," he added, "Edith likes me, and" —

"She knows nothing, nothing whatever, on the subject. She has been carefully brought up. All her thoughts have been given to her books. Her education has hardly begun. She is to enter college next year. She has never gone into society. I consider twenty-three years of age the time for a girl to enter society. Edith is a mere child. If for a few days while I took a business journey, leaving her, as I supposed, carefully guarded and chaperoned" —

"She was chaperoned, — that is, Mrs. Carmichael had us always in view as we played golf; she said she liked to watch us through her opera-glass," Gordon explained.

"I blush to think of an honorable man's taking advantage of such innocence, such inexperience."

Gordon blushed for himself. Up to this moment he had been inclined to accept a generous estimate of his circumstances and position, not to say his personal qualities, but he now felt himself dwindling to the vanishing point.

"Knowing as I only can Miss Dorsey's preëminence in family position, in social prestige, not to say in beauty, in intellect, in character," pursued Mr. Dorsey, easily discerning the fact that the young man was each moment becoming more and more discomfited, "naturally I have my own views regarding the alliance I shall deem fitting for her when she reaches the proper age."

Gordon's gaze fastened eagerly upon the gray, grim, well-shaven face.

"I should like," Mr. Dorsey continued, "to see her the wife of an English statesman, — of a man like Mr. Gladstone."

Gordon's whole face expressed intense passionate indignation. "Mr. Gladstone is more than eighty years old!" he burst out.

"I mean a man of that sagacity, that distinction, that trained ability, that tested character. The matter of age I should regard very little, unless possibly it was too absolutely disproportionate. To my mind, few men under fifty years of age are safe guardians of a woman's happiness."

Gordon uttered an expressive gasp.

"Failing such a statesman as Mr. Gladstone," Mr. Dorsey proceeded more and more blandly, "failing some Englishman not only of high birth, title, ancestral estates, but of the most unblemished moral character, I should like her to become the wife of one of our ambassadors."

"An American ambassador?"

"An American ambassador such as Mr. Motley or Mr. Lowell," Mr. Dorsey explained.

Gordon looked bewildered; he looked also in despair. "But they are dead," he murmured.

Mr. Dorsey did not gainsay the statement, nor the possible inference that what he demanded for Edith was something wholly out of reach. What he needed to do was to nip this presumptuous young fellow's aspirations in the bud, and from Gordon's look and manner this seemed successfully achieved. Sitting in his familiar library chair, an elbow on each arm, his hands raised, fingers extended as if ready to check off any damaging admission, Mr. Dorsey now began a series of categorical questions, and they were answered in this wise.

Gordon Rose was the son of a Scotchman, poor, but of good family, who had come to this country at the age of twenty, taken a position in a New England manufacturing concern, and five years later married the daughter of the chief partner. Both he and his wife had died early, leaving Gordon, their only child, to be brought up by his maternal grandfather, Elihu Curtis. Elihu Curtis had retired from business ten years before, and had settled down quietly in an inland city. He had now been dead almost a year, and had left all he possessed to his grandson. Had he, Gordon, been well educated? Gordon, recalling how only by dint of being crammed by three different experts he had finally passed his examinations at Harvard, said diffidently that he was afraid Mr. Dorsey would not think so. Had he failed to take a degree? Oh, he was a B. A., but no doubt the husband of Edith would be expected to have Ph. D. or LL. D. after his name. What was his age? Twenty-four; and the shake of the head showed that this was by far too young. What friends had he to vouch for him? Gordon named half a dozen without receiving more than a cold stare; but when he mentioned Bartram Van Kleeck, Mr. Dorsey was so good as to remark dryly that he believed Van Kleeck was engaged to marry a distant cousin of his own and a friend of Edith's.

"Bartram has known me all my life," Gordon was now ready to announce, when Mr. Dorsey went on to add that Van Kleeck being, he feared, destitute of those qualities which command success, he was hardly in a position to permit his commendation to carry weight.

At this point it occurred to Gordon to

interpose a plea for himself. He knew, he said, that he was altogether unworthy of Miss Dorsey; still —

Mr. Dorsey snapped at the admission as a hungry dog snaps at a bit of meat. He observed frigidly that he could not consent to his daughter's accepting the attentions of a man who confessed himself unworthy of her, and he seemed so ready to conclude the interview that Gordon, bewildered, disappointed, chilled to the heart, with this denial reverberating in his heart and brain, got himself out of the house. Of course he was unworthy of Edith. It was not that he fell short of being Mr. Gladstone, an English peer, or an American ambassador, but because he was simply a man, while Edith was an angel. Hitherto Gordon had taken life only too happily; he had not known the meaning of despair. Now his despair was great, and he poured it forth in three letters to Edith.

Mr. Dorsey had lost no time in going to Lenox and taking his daughter home to their country place on the North River, and these letters fell into his hands. They were written with convincing force and naturalness. He had seen Gordon, and knew the handsome, eager young face behind them, and they did not wholly displease him. In fact, in spite of the intense shock of feeling Gordon had given him, something in the way the young man had looked, listened, and spoken had touched the paternal chord. Mr. Dorsey had never had a son, but had always felt a vague yearning for one. Of course this foolish young fellow was not a suitable husband for Edith; but then Mr. Dorsey did not desire any sort of a husband for Edith, not even an English statesman or an American ambassador, for at least ten years to come. He wished to keep his daughter to himself.

But alas, he found that Edith was pining, pining for the lover, the friend, her father had denied her. Mr. Dorsey set himself to the task of finding out all he could about Gordon Rose. Gordon had done as many foolish things as most other young fellows, but perhaps he had been led into them, and left to find his own way out of the scrapes. They were faults which a nervous, bilious, over-conscientious father might make out as big as a steeple, but they were still the sort of foibles which a man who longed to see his daughter cease pining could put in his sleeve. Mr. Dorsey sent for Bartram Van Kleeck and had a talk with him. Van Kleeck was conscientious to the core, and no mere feeling of *camaraderie*, of so to speak helping a lame dog over a stile, could make him say that he considered Gordon a model. To his thinking, Gordon was spoiled, had had too much of everything. No man amounted to much who had never borne the yoke in his youth, and no yoke had galled Gordon's shoulders; indeed, old Elihu Curtis had said that he wanted to see how a young fellow would turn out who had always had a good time.

"Too high spirits; he overdoes the thing," said Van Kleeck. Still, when pressed for facts, he admitted that Gordon's high spirits had not led him into anything worse than absurdity. "If I had his money and his leisure for diversions, I should require them — huge," said Van Kleeck. "He is only a boy; he may safely be forgiven a good deal."

Mr. Dorsey decided to go to Gordon's rooms and have a talk with him. It was such a pity, with his fortune, with his advantages generally, to throw away his chances without looking at them seriously. Life is full of opportunities for renunciation. Let him renounce. Let him apply to himself a series of rigid tests. Burning to impress these truths upon Gordon, Mr. Dorsey tapped at his door. He had chosen an unfortunate moment.

II.

"It is all over," Gordon said next day in a sepulchral voice, looking up as

Bartram Van Kleeck entered his room. Van Kleeck had dropped in to tell some important news of his own, but, finding Gordon plunged in the depths of despair, was obliged to listen to an account of Mr. Dorsey's visit.

"It 's all over," Gordon said again. "He would n't hear a word I told him. He simply ejaculated, 'This is incredible, this is incredible! Unless I had seen it with my own eyes, I could never have believed it!'"

"I confess I can't blame him," said Van Kleeck. "How a man deeply in love, and in love too with a girl like Edith Dorsey, as you profess to be" —

"Profess to be?"

— "should lower his dignity by dancing a skirt-dance" —

"I was n't dancing a skirt-dance."

"You just told me that when Mr. Dorsey entered the room he found you executing a *pas seul*."

"I explained to you how it happened, I explained to Mr. Dorsey, but neither of you will listen to me. It was Alexis Brown, who was coming to my rooms to take a lesson of Madame Bonfanti. She and her daughter had arrived. I heard the elevator, then a step in the hall. I supposed it was Alexis. I slipped on the skirt, raised one foot in air — the door opened" —

"And instead of Alexis Brown it was Mr. Dorsey," said Van Kleeck, when Gordon paused and uttered a groan. "He must have been surprised. He saw Madame Bonfanti?"

"Saw her? He looked at her as if she had been a cobra. You should have heard her after he had gone out. She went away in dudgeon, poor woman!"

"She should n't have come."

"No doubt she should n't have come; but Alexis wanted to dance the skirt-dance at an entertainment he and some other fellows are getting up, and as he assured me there was n't room to swing a cat in his quarters, I told him he might come to mine and welcome."

"Certainly," said Van Kleeck, with a shake of his grave, capable head, "it was most unlucky."

"Unlucky! If I could lay it to luck! If I did not have to lay it to my being a fool! I had little or no hope before of winning Edith; now I 've lost her irretrievably, and the rest of life is nothingness and void, darkness and gnashing of teeth. I did it all myself, but yet I 'm not such an idiot as I seem. Bart, I give you my word of honor I 'm not."

"It 's your confounded high spirits," said Van Kleeck.

The two young men had been friends from their boyhood, but they were in all respects opposites. Van Kleeck had always been poor, while Gordon was rich. Gordon was fair, with golden-brown hair, a bright chivalrous face, his whole look and manner showing love of life and capacity for enjoyment. Van Kleeck was dark, sallow, saturnine, with deeply set gray eyes under pent-house brows, and a heavy jaw giving extra firmness to his proud, well-curved lip. Everything in his appearance suggested solidity; that he was a decided fellow, never taken unaware; with unerring judgment, determined aims, and developed capacities. He had made his way through college chiefly by gaining prizes and fellowships; but in spite of high degrees in mathematics, physics, and chemistry, at twenty-eight years of age he had found nothing more profitable than an instructorship. His phrase for two years had been, "I must have money," and his object in coming to-day was to tell Gordon of a golden opportunity at last presented. Self-denial and self-restraint had always been the law of Van Kleeck's existence, and accordingly he offered his sympathy, and waited for his own chance to come.

"It 's your confounded high spirits," he reiterated, sitting down opposite Gordon, and speaking with his usual air of understanding the whole subject.

"High spirits!" repeated Gordon in-

credulously. "If I had n't been so utterly wretched, so utterly broken in spirit, I could n't have permitted the thing to happen. It was a mere stop-gap."

"I confess I have sometimes envied you your high spirits," Van Kleeck conceded, with an air as if his companion had made no disclaimer.

"I shall never have any more high spirits. I 'm out of conceit with existence. I understand to-day why men commit suicide. It 's the irony of life, of circumstances, that makes men cynical."

"You have n't the faintest notion of what cynicism means," retorted Van Kleeck, who began to feel that he had done his duty. "How do you suppose you would have borne what I have had to bear, what I shall have to bear for a long time yet?"

"I consider you just the happiest fellow in the world, engaged to the girl you love, nobody and nothing to hinder!"

"Nothing to hinder, when we have been engaged for two years, and are still too poor to marry!"

"Oh, the mere question of money" —

"The *mere* question of money! It 's the only question. Here it is driving me to a climate which may very possibly kill me."

"Have you really got that offer you were telling me about?"

"Got it, and accepted it. I sail for Southampton a week from to-day; go to London for instructions, then to South Africa. I must have money, and this is the only chance I know of getting it."

"Are you going to be married, and take your wife with you?"

"No," answered Van Kleeck, knitting his brows. "Cerise flung herself into the idea at first with her usual ardor; but her uncle objects, and, upon reflection, it seems the best thing for me to go out alone, make and save all I can, and wait another two years. Married life is so expensive."

"It *is* hard," said Gordon in a tone of commiseration. "Still, if I knew I was sure to have Edith at the end even of two years, I should be willing to work like a galley-slave."

"I see you working like a galley-slave!"

"You don't know what is in me," Gordon declared. "Nobody except Edith knows what is in me. Edith could do anything with me. As Edith's husband, I do believe even Mr. Dorsey would never have occasion to find fault with me. She could keep me straight. Without her I shall go to the devil."

"A man walking upright, and not a swine running headlong into the sea, has no business to talk in that way," said Van Kleeck, with impatient disgust. "Whether you marry Edith or don't marry Edith, you are yourself answerable to your Maker and to society for your actions. If you could be a man with her, you can be a man without her. Besides, you do yourself injustice. I have told you that I said to Mr. Dorsey that if I were Gordon Rose with his money and his leisure, instead of being tied by the leg by poverty and overwork, I should have done twenty foolish things, not to say worse, where he has done one. The push is in me, only I have no money."

"Mr. Dorsey believes the worst of me, — you may be sure of that."

"Nonsense! I will go and see him. If you really care about Edith, and she cares about you, this absurdity will not stand in the way. But show a little sense, a little discrimination; prove to Mr. Dorsey that as his son-in-law" —

"He will never give me the chance. You should have seen his eyes, you should have heard his tone, as he said, 'I have come to return these letters, with the request that there shall be no more.' It froze the very heart within me."

"You had written to Edith?"

"Naturally I had written to her. You don't suppose I" —

"Did he intercept the letters?"

"I dare say she handed them over to

him. That 's Edith, — all honor, all devotion, all duty! She said to me that her father had only her, and that she had *had* only her father. Ah! the look she gave me as she said this, — the look which told me he was no longer everything to her! It goes through me like a knife, — it is an actual physical pain. And now her father will tell her " —

"Tell her you were dancing a skirt-dance with a hideous old Frenchwoman."

"It was only a pretense. I was not dancing it."

"But you had on the skirt."

Gordon groaned.

"I fancy, from certain things Cerise has dropped, that Edith is a little austere."

"No more austere than a woman ought to be. I want a woman austere. That 's why I love Edith, that 's why I long to marry Edith, — that she may be my conscience-keeper."

"I confess I prefer to take care of my own conscience, and my wife's too," said Van Kleeck. "It 's the law of contraries that draws us," he pursued philosophically. "Now, you, who are perhaps too mercurial, need a woman to brace you up. I 'm a little dry and serious, and I require relaxation and amusement; Cerise is such a fascinating mixture of high spirits and submissive childlike simplicity, she just suits me."

"There is an infinite variety about Miss Gale, I should judge, from what little I have seen of her," returned Gordon, willing to humor his friend. "She may not be beautiful like Edith, but she is " —

"I consider her the most beautiful girl I know," explained Van Kleeck, with warmth. "Such a shimmer of radiance, such endless variety."

"Certainly most attractive," Gordon conceded. "I confess my ideal is of a woman who is always the same."

Van Kleeck's ideal was exactly the opposite. The subject was most suggestive. Each saw his beloved in the hues of his desire for her. Each tried to define to the other just where lay the overmastering charm. In the mere fact that the two girls were cousins (thrice removed) was some piquancy. Miss Dorsey offered a sense of tranquillity, of repose; Miss Gale, on the other hand, stimulated. In Miss Dorsey's dress and manner were no lures, no traps to the imagination: her gowns were plain; she wore no curl, no flower, hardly a ribbon. What especially bewitched Van Kleeck was that Miss Gale and her frizzes, her gowns, her ribbons, her laces, shoes, and gloves all played into each other, as it were. It was no easy matter to define what was chiffon and what the woman.

"But, poor child, she will be terribly lonely in that dreary suburb," said Van Kleeck. "I do wish you would go and see her once a week or so, Gordon."

"It would be something to do," said Gordon; "that is, if " —

"She can tell you about Edith."

Where Van Kleeck was everything fell into order. He had rallied Gordon out of despair. Gordon had come to New York to study law. He was to have a desk in Judge Graham's office and attend the law school, and now it was settled that he should apply himself with all his might and main, and show Mr. Dorsey there was stuff in him.

"Just use a little judgment, a little tact," insisted Van Kleeck. "These rich men don't yearn to hand over their money and their daughters to foolish young fellows who will take no care of either. Always be on your guard. Somebody is always watching you, weighing you. Now there was Macalpine, the capitalist, coming home from Mount Desert, and somewhere the party he belonged to missed a connection. Their tickets were limited, and either they had to pay two dollars extra, or sit down and wait for a couple of hours for their own train. 'I don't know any easier way of making two dollars than sitting down here and waiting for two hours,' said old Macalpine. But there was Linsley Crooke,

who had been attentive to Mary Macalpine all that month at Mount Desert: he said he could n't afford to wait two hours for two dollars, so jumped into the unlimited and went on. 'That young man is too high-priced an article,' said Macalpine. And so it appeared, for, three days after, Mary Macalpine refused Linsley point-blank. There 's a Providence that watches over these things."

"Good heavens," murmured Gordon in a tone of awe, "what pitfalls there are for fellows! With Edith along, I would sit down cheerfully and wait for a week; but otherwise — Yet really, now, Bartram, a business man might lose a small fortune by sitting down and waiting two hours."

"I know; I thought of that when I heard the story," Van Kleeck admitted, wrinkling his forehead slightly. "These distinctions are subtle. I simply wished to warn you to be on guard, study hard, gain the good opinion of solid men, and your chance will come. Edith will be faithful, like a rock, and finally Mr. Dorsey is likely to give in. Still," Van Kleeck added, with a sudden far-reaching vista of thought, "it 's a little singular how apt a man who has one only daughter is to sacrifice her. Look at Agamemnon."

"And Jephthah!" Gordon exclaimed, aghast.

"Then there was the Merchant of Venice," Van Kleeck pursued; "and just recall how Portia's father limited her free choice by means of those caskets."

"And how that horrible old Polonius played with Ophelia!"

"It 's the instinct of a man, if he has one daughter and loves her devotedly, to sacrifice her, — no doubt of that," said Van Kleeck. "Perhaps it is just as well he should do so, for if he does not sacrifice her, she is likely to sacrifice him. Look at Desdemona, for example."

Gordon tried to adjust these wide generalizations to personal particular meanings. Van Kleeck could reduce his own experience to a formula, but Gordon's experience always seemed chaotic, defying fixed rules. In the present case, it turned out that at this very hour, three o'clock in the afternoon, while the two friends were discussing the best means of propitiating Mr. Dorsey, that gentleman and his daughter had already embarked for Europe. Before Gordon was aware of the fact, there were some hundreds of miles of "unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea" between him and Edith. What was she thinking of him? What was she doing? Talking to others, devoting herself to others, while he himself was rejected, condemned unheard, pushed out of sight, left to suffer. What was life worth under these circumstances?

Van Kleeck, sailing just one week later than the Dorseys, bade Gordon study law and go to see Miss Cerise Gale.

III.

Miss Gale was an orphan, and lived with her uncle and aunt, who had a pleasant place at Capua, fifteen miles from New York. To pay visits in the suburbs requires no little premeditation. It necessitates the study of time-tables; it is a sacrifice of time, also of money; but above all, it leads to intimacy by the shortest route. In town, a man rings his friend's door-bell, enters, and stays ten minutes or an hour, as the spirit moves him. In a remote suburb, his first involuntary movement towards picking up his hat is met by the precise statement that one train has just gone, but that there will be another in thirty-seven minutes. Those thirty-seven minutes have altered the destiny of many a man.

The 4.03 train from town reached Capua at 4.31. To return by the 4.58 gave Gordon exactly sixteen minutes to spend with Miss Gale. Could this fraction of an hour have been devoted solely to inquiries about whether she had news from Edith and her answers, he might,

after greedily snatching at this refreshment, have flown to the station and caught the last car of the 4.58. It was, however, essential that he should endeavor to console Miss Gale for the absence of Van Kleeck: thus he was obliged to prolong his stay for a whole hour.

"I know what a sacrifice it is," Miss Gale said, with appreciation. "I tell Bartram, every time I write, what courage you show. You are the most devoted friend to him! Actually, if any one has the supreme good fortune to live in town, I don't consider life long enough to live in a suburb."

"Life seems pretty long to me just at present," Gordon answered, with a sigh. "It 's a distinct relief to come out here and" —

"Talk about Edith," Miss Gale made haste to suggest, with her half-arch, half-pleading glance and smile. "It 's just too awfully good of you. I know what an effort it is, for my whole life has been spoiled by the necessity of catching trains. I never expect to sit through a whole play or a whole concert; and if I go to a party, I miss the supper and the dances with the partners I really care about, for aunt whisks me away."

Embarked on this subject, Miss Gale went on to describe the difficulties Bartram had found in the way of taking her to places of amusement, and how glad he had been to give it all up, declaring that a quiet talk before the fire and a good book were so much more satisfactory.

"We have learned to do things inexpensively," she added, sighing. "Bartram is always praising economy." She confided to Gordon the pathetic fact that she cried herself to sleep every night. He naturally improved this chance of assuring her that it was sure to be a brief parting. Van Kleeck would make a fortune; his salary was large, his chances for investment were good. If it were but a question of money which divided him from Edith!

Cerise had no alternative but to cheer up the despondent lover. Although cousin Reginald was jealous of every man who came near Edith, still he had actually but one wish, which was to make the dear girl happy. "I have not the least doubt but that you and Edith will be married long before Bartram and I are!" she burst out, with strong feeling. "We have been engaged already for two years."

Gordon said that to be engaged, really engaged, must of itself be such a happiness; and he went on to quote Van Kleeck's observation, that a long engagement was an admirable discipline.

"It is," returned Cerise. "It makes one so sure of one's own heart. Bartram said when he was going away, 'If our love for each other were a thing of days, of weeks, even of months, I might tremble, but you have belonged to me for two years.'"

With delightful candor, she described the incidents of their love affair: her impressions of Bartram, his impressions of her; the gradual leading up of their acquaintance to their engagement. Gordon waited impatiently for her to finish, then gave the story of his thirteen days with Edith, — every day about sixteen hours long. Each lent an outward attention to the other, eager for a chance to pour out his or her personal revelations.

It is love's instinct to halo the absent, and when Gordon wished to have Miss Gale sing the praises of Edith he would begin thus: "Van Kleeck has none of the petty vices, the love of idleness and luxury, which undermine the character of most men."

"No, indeed. He says that most of us manufacture our own indigestion and laziness by eating bonbons. He does n't approve of bonbons."

"What I admire in him is that he carries the same consistent economy, the same conscientious thrift and independence, into the least detail of his conduct. Now when I occasionally ask him to dine with me, he insists on ordering his

own meal and paying for it. I should rather enjoy doing the thing handsomely, but it ends in our having each a chop or beefsteak, a boiled potato, and a glass of beer."

"He is not only abstemious himself, but he makes other people abstemious!" Miss Gale would exclaim, with admiration. "I have given up everything I really like. I try to be a Spartan."

"He will not want you to be a Spartan," Gordon would insist. "Quite the contrary. He stints himself to be lavish in other directions. He is always planning for a happy future. I said to him once, 'Van Kleeck, what do you do with your old clothes?' and he replied, 'I wear them.' Now I call that heroic."

"Is n't it grand? It 's what makes me adore him. I only wonder how he can stoop to care about poor little me."

A compliment was of course dropped in here, just as a wise landowner pops an acorn out of his pocket into a vacant place on his estate, wishing it to grow and flourish for five hundred years. Gordon, however, improved the occasion simply to fill up the gap which yawned for it. He was not insincere, and there was a certain zest, even in his present state of desolation, in offering some mild form of flattery to Miss Gale. She took it with such artless joy. She seemed so surprised. Her whole face lighted up with such naïve childish pleasure. At first Gordon had coldly, critically said to himself, "Of course she could never be pretty *with that nose.*" But after taking a liking to a woman, one can accept her nose, even when it spoils the outline of her face, as a circumstance over which she has no control. Edith Dorsey was faultlessly beautiful; to compare Cerise to her would be doing the latter injustice. Yet there was, especially when she was happy and animated, a radiance, a shimmer about Cerise, an impression of color, which made one forget that she was plain. Her little head was set in a golden glory, as it were, for her hair was fluffy and of the most peculiarly beautiful shade, her cheeks were like the sunny side of a peach, her blue eyes were bright, and her slight figure was always charmingly arrayed.

Gordon having done handsomely by Van Kleeck, it was clearly Miss Gale's duty to praise Edith. Edith, she said, was an angel; so lofty, so high-minded, so indifferent to what others of her age and sex were pining for. Once when cousin Reginald had taken both girls to Tiffany's and bidden them choose each some pretty ornament, Edith had given Cerise the first choice; then, making her own selection, had bestowed the jewel on Cerise. "Take them both, dear," she said. "I have too many things already." Edith had no vanity, no worldliness; she was a saint.

"She is two years younger than I am," Cerise continued, bubbling with enthusiasm, "but she seems to me ten years older. Don't you look up to her with reverence and awe?"

"Like Dante to Beatrice," Gordon affirmed, with emotion. At Lenox, one rainy day, he had found her reading Dante. Of late she had forgotten her duty, she told him, but she always intended to read eighteen lines a day.

"I held the dictionary for her," said Gordon, deeply moved.

It was one of the coincidences which were all the time cropping up in the two very different love affairs that Van Kleeck and Cerise had also been reading the Divine Comedy together.

"But not in Italian," Cerise explained. "It 's quite sufficiently hard in English. Bartram never told me I was like Beatrice," in a tone of poignant regret.

Gordon said he was sure Van Kleeck wished her to resemble no one, — to be simply herself.

On the contrary, Van Kleeck was certain to find some trait in every heroine which he wished her to take example by, — all the girls in the Waverley novels, all Shakespeare's women. Then there

was Ethel Newcome, and Dorothea in Middlemarch. Finally he halted between Marcella and Trilby. Cerise had thrown herself with zeal into the former's part, — had delighted in visiting slums; but after she had brought home three different diseases to the children, her aunt objected. Then she tried to talk politics and humanitarianism, and her uncle objected; and when one of the class of workingmen to whom she read Shakespeare took to bringing her flowers, Bartram objected. As to Trilby, Cerise had decided that the charm of Trilby lay chiefly in the environment; at least it seemed incompatible with the limitations of her aunt's house. And Bartram, when he saw that she was trying to find an outlet and escape from every-day prosaic duties, was rather severe, — said it was the essential womanly charm of Trilby which a man longed for, and wished to enshrine in the woman he loved.

"Essential womanly charm," said Cerise, extending one taper finger, "Marcella's lofty ideals and social earnestness," a second finger joined the first, "Dorothea's belief in people, Ethel Newcome's brilliance and fascination, then all Shakespeare's heroines and Scott's." She paused. "I can be one woman," she pursued, "I can be two women, I can, at a pinch, be three women, but I can't be all the women in all the books, can I?"

"That's only Bartram's love of high ideas. He likes the best, — 'the best that is known and thought in the world.' I fancy it's a phrase he picked up somewhere."

"I've heard it," said Cerise mournfully. "Sometimes I feel such a failure. He always made a schedule of my time. I was to read so much, practice so much, sew so much. He insists that I shall get myself into orderly habits by keeping a list of my expenses. They never add up right, and I hate to see my mistakes glaring me in the face. Don't you? He wanted me to go to a cooking-school."

"Oh, what a wife he has in training!"

"But he said the dishes I learned to make gave him dyspepsia, and that, after all, we ought to be able to afford a good plain cook. Bartram has a way of sitting silent and wrinkling up his forehead, — chewing the cud of conversation, he calls it, — and then bursting out with a question: 'Cerise, have you any idea how much it costs to keep a table, a fairly generous table, you know, for a week, — say, coffee, chops or beefsteak, for breakfast, a dainty little luncheon for you, then a dinner with a good soup, a joint of meat, two vegetables, a salad, and a light dessert?' I answered that I thought a hundred dollars ought to do it; but these figures gave him such a shock I made haste to say I fancied my estimate was too high, and that it might be done for five."

"Did that please him?"

"Not at all. He was more unhappy than ever. We had a sort of quarrel. I told him I hated these sordid, practical considerations; that I wanted a little room for imagination in the world."

"But you finally made up?"

"Oh yes. When we quarrel, I always give way. That's why I adore Bartram. He's so strong. I worship force."

"Yes, Van Kleeck is strong. I admire his force."

"So presently I tell him that I know I am all wrong, that he is right. 'I have the habit of being right before I begin,' he answers, and so it is all made up."

She brought the scene to Gordon; it was alive.

IV.

By the end of March it had become the chief social occupation of Gordon Rose to go to Capua twice a week. He had not been contented with a bare perfunctory performance of his duty towards his absent friend, but had tried to infuse into it something which should give relief from the flatness and ennui

which a charming girl necessarily suffers when parted from the man she loves. Van Kleeck could very well discard trivial attentions; could label bonbons as poisonous, cut flowers as unprofitable, and tickets for the theatre and opera as unsatisfactory. When Gordon carried these slight offerings to Miss Gale, he would say, "Van Kleeck can afford to despise these things, but then I am not Van Kleeck." He felt, in fact, that he owed Cerise a debt of gratitude. Without this resource he would have been absolutely shut out of Edith's world; but the two cousins wrote to each other occasionally, and thus he had news of the girl he loved. She was in London pursuing her studies; was to pass the coming examinations, and then decide what college to enter. Gordon pondered much on the question of whether he ought or ought not to break the silence between them. He had stuck indefatigably to his routine of work, both at the law school and in Mr. Graham's office. He had begun to like it, not as a mere grind, but finding order, reason, logic, evolve out of what had seemed to him at first nothing but a wordy chaos. He had a sense that he was mastering difficulties. He had heard that Mr. Dorsey was obliged to be in New York in April, and Gordon began to feel that he could point to his winter's record and ask if it might not balance that absurd mistake of the preceding autumn; if it could not, indeed, atone for it and make promise for the future. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays the young man patiently glued his eyes to the pages before him, opened his ears to the wisdom imparted, and wrote as he was required, giving resounding phrase to commonplace and locking subtleties into impenetrable mystery. But on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays there was a sensible lightening in his whole demeanor. It has been observed by philosophers and naturalists, who like to stretch a simple fact until it covers a theory, that mules whose task it once was to draw street cars in certain towns became used to making five journeys from one end to the other of the route before they were released, and went four times contentedly, but setting out on the final track they brayed with joy. Thus Gordon, on these three days, was kindled with a sense of joyful expectation. Wednesday and Sunday he went to Capua. On Saturday it might be said that Capua came to him, for on the morning of that day Miss Gale almost invariably took the 11.58 train to town, and Gordon was almost certain to meet her, and, with the sort of paternal tenderness a mature young fellow of twenty-four can feel in giving pleasure to a sweet little girl of one-and-twenty, take her to some matinée performance of opera or play. There was a real satisfaction in thus answering the passion, the enthusiasm, the ardent curiosity which belonged to Cerise, which had been hitherto starved on meagre fare.

However, one Sunday night late in March, when Gordon was on his way back to town after spending six hours in Miss Gale's society (for, as was not infrequent in these days, he had been invited to remain and partake of the evening meal of the family), his heart and conscience were both brought up suddenly by a sharp pull. It was a singular circumstance that neither he nor Miss Gale, in all those hours of intimate conversation, had once alluded either to Bartram Van Kleeck or to Edith Dorsey. Never had Cerise been so entertaining. On the Saturday before the two had had a very successful day together; she was in the highest spirits, and the piquancy and audacity of her criticisms, the felicity of her droll little hits, had made him put off any mention of the absent dear ones until it was too late, for he had been obliged to run for the train. This omission of Edith's name and of Van Kleeck's had happened once before, but Gordon now said to himself it must not happen again. It meant neither for-

getfulness nor disloyalty, of course; perhaps it was the inevitable reaction after their early outpourings of confidence.

"The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

He recalled one significant circumstance which showed that it was actually Cerise's generous disposition to make the best of things which kept her from harping on her desolate position. When, the week before, he had alluded to South Africa, she had exclaimed, with a sort of shuddering sigh, "Don't talk about South Africa!"

"A fellow must have some subject," he had replied. "What shall I talk about?"

"Talk about me," she retorted, with her pretty childish air of petulance.

"That 's a charming subject, I admit," Gordon had observed inevitably.

He had noticed at times a sort of excitement in Cerise, and he had said to himself that she put on her blitheness for Van Kleeck's sake. She wished to please his friend, to make the hours pass. The artless and spontaneous way in which she discussed her own characteristics, her impressions, her crying wishes, and her imperious needs was all a part of her devotion to Van Kleeck, came from the instinct to seem gay and happy and content. On Gordon's side, it was his office to applaud the delightful little creature; for Van Kleeck's sake, to keep her up to high-water mark, not permit her to dwindle into dullness and low spirits. Yet on this particular Sunday, in spite of such a plain deciphering of duty, it seemed to Gordon flat disloyalty to his absent friend to have been sitting easy and comfortable, listening to Cerise talking of everything that came into her head, silent about her betrothed husband, who was toiling and sweating in a climate which exposed him to every sort of peril.

No, Gordon was not content, and when, on the following Wednesday, he presented himself at Capua, he carried in his hand a bunch of violets, together with some jonquils. He gave the latter flowers to Cerise, but retained the violets.

"They remind me of Edith," he said. "There was a shady spot at Lenox where they bloomed all summer."

"Oh," said Cerise, "you are always thinking of Edith."

"Of course I am," Gordon retorted; "just as you are always thinking about Van Kleeck."

"Indeed I am not always thinking about Bartram. I think about a great many other things," Cerise declared, with a vivid spot of color burning on each cheek. "Why should I not? He is thinking of all sorts of things and doing all sorts of things I know nothing about."

"But they all refer to you. I would wager a considerable sum that he thinks of you when he eats, when he works, when he sleeps. 'Will Cerise like this?' 'Would Cerise be able to stand that?' 'When shall I see Cerise?'" Gordon's voice lingered on these questions. He asked them with a lover's insistence.

She gave him a soft little glance. There was an odd droop at the corners of her lips.

"A man is bound to attend to his business," he resumed.

"And is a woman not bound to attend to hers?" cried Cerise, smiting his argument with relentless logic. "He is in South Africa, and I — I am in Capua."

Her glance perplexed Gordon. It seemed almost to include him in this isolation, this separation from Van Kleeck. It seemed to say, "You and I are here."

"His letters ought to account for a good deal of his time," Gordon suggested. "You say he writes you twelve pages twice a week."

"They are all statistics. I don't care in the least about statistics. Bartram is so fond of giving information, and at least eleven pages of each letter are devoted to an account of the climate, productions, and inhabitants of the gold region."

"But the other page no doubt makes up for the rest."

"On the other page," said Cerise blandly, "he praises economy, tells how little he can live on in that climate, one requires so few clothes, and he hopes I like a vegetable diet, for it enables one to save so much."

Gordon felt a rebellious rush of sympathy for Cerise. He had indeed experienced it more than once before. Van Kleeck was the noblest fellow in the world, but he overdid the thing. A man who loves a girl must not disregard the life, the passion, the aspiration, which are the essence of the creature. Certainly, if he, Gordon, had a chance to write to Edith, little enough of statistics and economies would he try to give her. Nevertheless, what he now observed to Miss Gale was: "The truth is, money to Van Kleeck means his happiness. Two thousand a year is having you on the narrowest possible margin; three thousand, with a little more comfort; five thousand and upward, with ease, elegance, luxury."

"I hate those material ideas. I don't want to measure all the world by sordid considerations," Cerise burst forth impetuously.

"Bartram is never sordid. His practical forethought is all for you. His only wish is to have you for his wife."

"I don't want to be his wife. I don't want to go to South Africa."

"Do you mean" — Gordon began; then broke off aghast at the very suggestion of such perfidy.

"Yes, that is what I mean," she said, quite understanding.

"He thinks you love him devotedly!"

"I did n't like to hurt his feelings."

Never in his life had Gordon experienced such wretched discomfort. The two were looking at each other intently, both flushed, both tremulous, both wearing an air of being a good deal frightened. But besides this half-terror Gordon was conscious of something else in the look and tone of Cerise, — of elation, of having found an outlet, an escape, from what had cramped and thwarted her. Her bright, fluffy little head was poised like a bird's. He gazed at her with dire consternation, feeling in his heart some vibrating responsive chord answering her, and angry with himself for feeling it.

"You should n't say such things!" he exclaimed, as if with intense indignation. "You should stop and think."

"I don't want to stop and think. You ought to have told me long ago to stop and think," Cerise retorted, also with an air of being exasperated to the last degree. "You have let me go on and on — you have brought me flowers — you have — I don't want to stop and think. It would make me miserable. I have n't thought for a long time. I have just put every idea away — except — except"—

"Except what?" demanded Gordon.

"Except that you would be here, if not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, next day."

Gordon sat as if stunned. He was conscious of a strong current of emotion through his veins, but could not define the different sensations which seemed to rush together and gather in a blow that stupefied him. He saw that tears filled her eyes and brimmed over. He pitied her with all the strength of his nature.

"*We — have — been — so — happy,*" she faltered, bending forward and with her wet face near his, speaking in a tone which addressed his heart rather than his ear.

He jumped up, with a feeling of wrenching himself away from a position of extreme peril. "You don't think of Van Kleeck. You don't think of Edith," he said. Feeling had roughened his voice so that it was unrecognizable.

"You did n't think of Edith!"

"I always think of Edith."

"Were you thinking of her last Saturday, when we were going about together?" Cerise asked this eagerly; then without waiting for him to answer she went on: "You were not thinking of her at all. You have not thought of her of late. Why should you think of

her? There is nothing for you to think of. It is not as if you had actually been engaged to her. If I can give up Bartram — after — after being everything to him for two years, and he everything to me, why, it ought to be nothing, nothing in the world, to give up Edith, who does not really care for you, who never in her life cared for anybody but her father, who is wrapped up in binomial theorems, who" —

"Don't, don't, Cerise!" cried Gordon, raising his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"She is cold — she is — But no, no, I will not be so unfair. She is greater than I am, sweeter than I am, but oh, Gordon, she does n't care about you as I do."

The charm, the tyrannous actuality of the real presence of a lovely girl close beside one, — her tearful eyes raised, her moist red lips quivering, her whole face, tone, gesture, eloquent alike! At such a moment a man's heart must respond in some measure to what is so palpable, so absolute; the absent must become more or less vague, shadowy, problematical.

"And you don't really care about Edith," the voice went on in that terrible whisper. "I saw that long ago. If I had not seen it, if I had not known it was a fiction, a pretense, I could n't have begun to feel that" —

Her tone thrilled him; her look drew him. Her quick sobbing breath — the tears on her cheek —

He hardly knew what had happened, but somehow his own face was wet. He felt as if blinded and scorched by pure flame. Yet in another moment he was out of doors, on his way to the station. Who knows whether destiny bade Mrs. Gale stand sentinel that day? Was it simply because for domestic or economical reasons a guest would have been unwelcome? Or did she feel as if her niece's *tête-à-tête* with the friend of her *fiancé* were somewhat unduly prolonged? At any rate, this happy accident was the result of her glance at the clock. Harold, a lively boy of five, suddenly threw open the parlor door, and called at the top of his lungs, "Mr. Rose, mamma says, if you want to take the 5.58 train, you will have to make haste!"

V.

"I feel absolutely stuck fast in the mire!" Gordon said to himself at least a hundred times in the course of the next forty-eight hours. Did this exclamation come from a feeling of being entangled, from a longing for deliverance? And if so, a longing for deliverance from what? From Edith? From Cerise's snares and nets?

That last interview remained a fixed impression, a speechless and sombre load upon his heart and sense. He could not shake it off. He could not understand what had happened, — why he felt wrenched away, separated from what he loved most. He put out his hands to meet Edith, but they fell empty. Hitherto, even with the ocean rolling between them, she had been near, her heart beating with his, her faith answering his. Now she was cold, remote; imagination flapped a leaden wing and could not soar: absolutely, it seemed to him he had forgotten Edith's very look and features.

But close beside him, too importunate to be banished, too sweet, too seductive, to be denied, was Cerise, flattering his longing to be beloved, to love somebody. The pathos of the situation was so deep. Her cry for happiness, for freedom, for the emancipation which lies in having a hatful of money to spend, was one which he could answer so ungrudgingly. It was so pitiful that the charming little creature could not have free play, she had been so limited, so hindered! They had already enjoyed so much together.

Yes, Cerise no doubt had come close, — irresistibly close. She had made everything so clear. Her sequences had

been appalling in their logic. The idea that an imperative duty called him to her thrilled his heart and imagination, worked upon him like a spell, fevered him with a restless happiness. He felt himself to be a man pushed by destiny.

But there was not only Cerise in the world. He might argue that no tie bound him to Edith, that Edith could not accuse him of duplicity. There was Van Kleeck, and thinking of Van Kleeck, Gordon loathed his own hollow and hypocritical pretense of friendship.

"I don't think," Gordon nevertheless argued to himself, with an effort at high moral indignation, "that a man ought to hand over his betrothed wife to another man's keeping and go to the other end of the world. I don't think it 's safe."

Here the inward monitor took up the argument.

"It is true it might be safe with a loyal, honorable fellow, and Van Kleeck supposed I was loyal and honorable."

"He thought I loved Edith, — that nothing would make me unfaithful to Edith."

"He believed Cerise, poor child, loved him."

"He had spoken of the discipline of a long engagement. He said it was the supreme test that ought always to be imposed. But then Van Kleeck is not a pendulum, vibrating first to the right, then to the left."

These reflections did not pursue each other coherently; rather, like the occasional bubble from the depths of a troubled pool, each welled up as by irresistible pressure. More than once, in the two nights which followed the Wednesday, he started out of his sleep, with some new, perverse, self-scrutinizing, nervous tremor over the dilemma he was in. When he was awake, his conscience was not so much his monitor as his accomplice; it pointed to duty, but that duty was to Cerise. The sensations she stirred in him of inconsequent enjoyment, of pleasure in the lucky accident of their being together, of his marching to her orders and rather liking it, belonged to the reveries of his waking hours. In his sleep his soul made its claim; it was then that his love for Edith asserted its power.

"I told Van Kleeck that without Edith I should go to the devil," Gordon would say to himself in despair. "*I have arrived.*"

In spite of all his thinking, he grew hour by hour to know less and less what he really thought. He had postponed any absolute decision as to his future course of conduct until Saturday, for on that day he was to see Cerise again. In this interval of irresolution it was a relief to fasten with a fresh grip to his work. He liked the hard, cold, remorseless logic of the argument he was studying. What had heretofore been dry, colorless, pedantic, suddenly became infused with the decree of the fixed, the immutable; it gave him intense satisfaction. A thing himself of shreds and patches, of ideas starting from no fundamental principle and leading to no conclusion, it was a comfort to find that human conduct is not to be based on sentiment, on taste, even on passion. He began dimly to feel that there must be a tribunal before which he might state his predicament and find some sort of deliverance.

On that Friday afternoon Gordon was sitting at his desk in Judge Graham's office, working with a sort of fury at an abstract which he had been asked to prepare, oblivious of everything that was going on about him, when all at once there appeared on the sheet of foolscap over which he was bending a very small limber square of pasteboard, on which was engraved, "Mr. Reginald Dorsey, Gramercy Park."

Gordon stared at the card, as if some inner spasm of feeling, of conscience, of memory, had suddenly taken visible shape and risen to accuse him. While he was trying his wits at the riddle, the clerk whispered in his ear, "Mr. Dorsey

is in Judge Graham's private office. He wants to see you."

Gordon sprang to his feet. With a beating heart he strode down the long room, went out into the lobby, and, with a feeling of being confronted with some new trial whose difficulties he could not measure, turned the handle of the second door. Judge Graham was sitting talking to Mr. Dorsey as the young man entered.

"I must go," the judge said, rising. "I have been telling Mr. Dorsey good things about you, Rose. When you first took a desk here, I thought to myself it was a lucky thing for you you had n't to make your living by the law. Now I 've changed my opinion; I have decided that with the requisite push of poverty you would go far."

But Gordon heard nothing. Mr. Dorsey, shaking his hand and looking into his face, was puzzled. The young fellow was pale, but his eyes were burning; his lips were compressed; altogether he had an air as if bracing himself for a grapple with an enemy.

All he said in response to Mr. Dorsey's greeting was, "I supposed that you were in Europe."

"Graham cabled for me. There was important business. I came at an hour's notice. I only got in last night."

Gordon's eyes had an eager question in them, his lips seemed ready to utter it; but then he dropped his glance to the floor, shut his mouth firmly, and said not a word. He had wanted to ask if Edith had come, but of course Edith had not come.

"Are n't you well, Rose?" Mr. Dorsey inquired.

"Oh yes, I 'm well; that is, physically."

Mr. Dorsey's instinct, sounding the young man through, discovered something amiss, something wanting. But after all, might it not be that Gordon had something to forgive? Had not his claims been treated with ignominy? Had not his suit been dismissed, Edith carried off, and he himself left to eat out his heart with empty longing?

"Sit down," said Mr. Dorsey. "I want to talk with you. I decided last fall that if you were really in love with my daughter you ought to be able to endure a six months' test. Afterwards when I went to see you — but we 'll pass that over" —

"I never wondered that you despised me," Gordon broke in. "I feel that if you told Edith how" —

"I did not tell her. I saw Van Kleeck in London, and he made it clear to me how it happened. Rose, my dear boy, I did not mean to be too rigid. But a father's position is one of terrific responsibility. All Edith's future happiness depends on the character of the man she marries."

Gordon heaved a deep sigh, but for a long moment answered not a word.

Mr. Dorsey looked surprised, almost displeased. Something, everything he expected was lacking in the young fellow. After such a concession from the father of the girl he was prepared to love eternally, he ought not to stand dull, inert, staring as if at a blank wall; then, when aghast at the silence, answering in the most perfunctory way, "Yes."

"It is not yet six months," observed Mr. Dorsey succinctly, "since you presented yourself as Edith's suitor."

"It was on the twenty-second day of last October."

"Precisely, — hardly more than five months. You told me then that you loved my daughter devotedly."

"I loved her with all my heart," said Gordon, with an energy in his accent which suggested some bitterness of feeling.

"Has there been any change in your regard for her?"

"Any — change — in — my — regard — for — her?"

"I mean, do you love her still?"

"I adore her."

"You love her as you loved her then, with all your heart and soul?"

"With all my heart and soul." As he spoke a gleam crossed Gordon's features. It was the first sign of the passionate gladness of the lover he had evinced to Mr. Dorsey's disappointed eyes. But just as this belated instinct of manly feeling began to move him he pulled himself up, as it were. "That is," he added hastily, "I should love her still with all my heart and soul unless" —

"Unless what?"

"Don't ask me, sir. To enter into explanations would lead to madness."

"Let me try to understand," said Mr. Dorsey, endeavoring to command his baffled and wrathful temper. "Do you wish me to believe that you still love my daughter?"

"I never loved anybody else, — I never could really love anybody else," said Gordon mechanically, all the fervor of a lover absent from his look and tone.

"There is some one else," said Mr. Dorsey sternly.

Gordon gave him a glance, — a wordless confession, but enough.

"There is some one else," Mr. Dorsey reiterated.

Gordon drew his hand across his forehead. "I'm utterly stupefied at the position in which I find myself," he murmured blankly.

"Are you engaged to some one else?"

"Oh no, sir, not engaged."

"Have you been making love to some one else?"

Gordon shuddered. His conscience was on edge. "Not intentionally," he muttered; "still" —

"You told me just now that you loved Edith."

"I do love her."

"Do you love — the other?"

Gordon drew a deep breath. "If I did not, I should be the most ungrateful cur alive."

"It is impossible," Mr. Dorsey now exclaimed in a tone of intense exasperation, "for a man to be in love with two women at once."

"*I* used to think so," said Gordon in a hollow voice.

"It is, at any rate, impossible for a man to be married to two women at once."

"I know it," Gordon conceded, with a sigh, "and I have become convinced that most of the tragedies in life are due to that circumstance."

Mr. Dorsey, confounded, gazed at the young man. The situation was inconceivable. Here had he come back from England feeling at last that the just and right thing to do was to let Edith have the lover she had not forgotten, whom she could not forget; who, in fact, Mr. Dorsey had gradually grown to believe, was the one man on earth whom he desired for her husband and his own son. He himself had hankered after the young fellow almost if not quite as much as had Edith. When he had heard how well Gordon was behaving, how he fastened to his desk like a bur, the older man's heart had yearned over him. He had come to love Gordon; he repented his hardness on Gordon's little naughtinesses and naturalnesses. Still, he had been right in the main. It was better that he should not have given his consent at once. Engaged to Edith, Gordon would not have shown the stuff that was in him.

So firm had been Mr. Dorsey's faith, he had thought of no possibility except that, at the first mention of Edith, Gordon would be on fire with longing to see her.

"If you have been false to Edith, if she is replaced in your affections," the father now said, "I will go away on the instant. If she is still anything to you, I have, I think, a right to understand" —

"I wish with all my heart you did understand!" Gordon burst out. "If some one only knew just what has happened — how I am placed" —

"Tell me about it."

"I don't know how. But I have just

begun to say to myself, 'If there were but some one to whom I could go for counsel!'"

"Why not to me?"

"If I were the only one concerned" —

"But there is the other — the woman?"

"Two others!"

"Two women?"

"No, only one woman; the other is a man, my friend."

It was an easy matter now to see that there was some form of fierce self-condemnation in the young man's breast. Mr. Dorsey had not, in general, the faculty of reading the hearts and minds of other men, and it was this incapacity of swift insight which made him slow in making up his mind. But at this moment, shaping itself little by little out of various vague suggestions, came a tangible idea. He remembered his cousin Cerise. Three years before, he himself had been for about forty-eight hours under her spell. He had been a little bewitched, he had almost thought of her as a mother for Edith. Then espying in himself such possibilities, he had rubbed his eyes and awakened. He could recall now the fact that Edith had about six weeks before been a little downcast after receiving a letter from her cousin; that since that time she had not mentioned the name of Cerise, — that is, not voluntarily; but when he alluded to Cerise, she had spoken of her as so charming, so permeated with life and freshness, with audacity, with piquancy, with such an intense relish for life, she ought to have a chance to be happy, — since some people were born to be happy, just as for others were appointed renunciations. With instant divination, Mr. Dorsey now observed quietly, "You have been seeing a good deal of my cousin, Miss Gale?"

Gordon, sharply startled, assented.

"Has she broken her engagement to Van Kleeck?" Mr. Dorsey inquired further, with clear significance.

"Not yet," Gordon responded, the color rushing violently to his face, then ebbing, leaving him suddenly more pale than before.

"I fancy I see your dilemma," Mr. Dorsey said, as if musing. "The fact is, my cousin Cerise is a very charming girl; she is a girl, too, of unusual strength of mind, with plenty of will of her own. She has only one weakness, and that is a dislike to have any man near her who is not in love with her, — at least a little in love with her." He said no more, his intuition telling him that discussion might kindle fires not easily extinguished. "I want," he added, rising, "to have you tell me the whole story. This is not the place. It will be better for you to dine with me to-night."

VI.

Gordon was in no state of mind to prepare his conversation skillfully. Still, in the interval between parting with Mr. Dorsey on Wall Street and presenting himself at the door of the house in Gramercy Park at twenty-five minutes past seven, he did try to decide what he himself sincerely wished, and what he needed to say to Mr. Dorsey. He had to reflect that Edith was well placed, happy, with a devoted father, every material thing she needed in the world within reach, loving her studies, ambitious to pursue them and excel. There was Cerise, who needed him, who was betrothed to a man not wholly congenial who had left her alone. If she actually wished to be released from her engagement to Van Kleeck, was it not Gordon's duty to shield and serve her in this crisis? He would entreat Mr. Dorsey to look at the matter dispassionately; to weigh the right and wrong of it; to tell him whether it would be an unmanly breach of faith for him to marry the woman who had been for two years and more engaged to his friend. At least one grandiloquent, not to say pathetic phrase was to be pressed into service.

"I can give up the woman I love, but ought I to give up the woman who loves me?"

This was the case in a nutshell.

The visitor was admitted, and, passing through the still dismantled hall, was ushered into the library, comfortably warmed and lighted. There was no one in the room, but easy-chairs were drawn up temptingly before the fire. He did not sit down. Comfort, ease, peace of mind, were not for him. He had an ominous vision of what Mr. Dorsey would say. Here in this room, which he had once entered with such very different feelings, conscience pinched him like an ill-conditioned garment. He would presently be sent away miserable, pining, again shut out as unworthy. The only consolation possible was that he, no matter how defeated in sacredest hopes and wishes, could at least insure the happiness of Cerise. Poor little Cerise, who loved him!

He heard a sound at the door. It was his host. It was also his censor, his judge, indeed his executioner. His heart was heavy with dread, but he turned.

The room was only half lighted; that is, all the lights were veiled. He saw a figure entering, but not that of the gentleman of the house. Instead it seemed an apparition, — a cloud of white that glimmered, that wavered, that hesitated to advance, that lingered in the far-off gloom. Was it a girl, — a beautiful girl in a white gown? It was Gordon who advanced. It was Gordon who darted across the room, who approached, who stood as if overcome by the exquisite and unexpected bliss of the moment, then gasped out, "Edith? You here?"

The two stood looking each into the other's face. There she was, tall, slender, full of grace and dignity; with that pure, proud, unspeakably beautiful face; the candid brow, the wide-open eyes, the tender lips that smiled in the corners.

"Have you actually remembered me all this time?" she asked, the little dimples playing in her cheeks.

There came over Gordon, as he took a hand of hers in each of his, such a poignant sense of happiness, of salvation, of deliverance, that he had but one resource, — to clasp Edith in his arms; and that was what he did.

Mr. Dorsey presently followed his daughter. If he had used his wits to prepare a brilliant counterstroke, he had been successful. He had never before seen Gordon with Edith. Now that he saw them together, he felt that he wished never again to see them apart.

"If," he said with feeling, as Gordon rushed towards him, and wrung his hand over and over — "if — you — love — her" —

"Love her? I worship her!" cried Gordon, and this time nothing of passionate gladness was missing in his look and tone.

"She is all I have. I 'm like the man in the play: —

> 'One fair daughter, and no more,
> The which he loved passing well.'"

"You will have me," said Gordon.

Later in the evening, Mr. Dorsey found a chance to ask, "Did you tell Edith?"

"There was nothing to tell her," answered Gordon with decision, — "nothing."

"I have a dislike for beginnings, but once begun, I want things never to end."

"This shall never end."

"And by the way," said Mr. Dorsey, "do you happen to know that Van Kleeck has sent for Miss Gale? He wants her to go to Paris with some friends who sail on the 6th of April. She will prepare her trousseau in Paris, and he will meet her there, and they will be married at the American minister's."

Ellen Olney Kirk.

THE FUTURE OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

THE township of Dickerman, in the interior of one of the New England States, has a large area, with a scattered population of about fifteen hundred souls. Farming is the only industry of the people. The roads, bad at all seasons, and in the spring almost impassable, are so encroached upon by untrimmed brush that wagons have much ado to pass one another. Such guide-boards as are not prone and crumbling are battered and illegible. The mail-boxes at the cross-roads are as untrustworthy as worn-out pockets. The orchards are exceptionally picturesque, but they owe their picturesqueness to the unpruned, scraggly, hollow-trunked condition of the trees. The fields wear a disappointed, discouraged air, and the stone walls and rail fences which outline them — they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be said to inclose them — sag at all possible angles, uncertain in their courses as drunken men without guides. Piles of magnificent logs, valuable even where lumber is cheap, are rotting by the road-sides, and stacks of cord-wood, long ready to be transported, stand in the forests.

Many of the farmhouses have been tenantless for years. Many of the occupied houses are so gray, moss-grown, and dilapidated that they are only a trifle less ghastly than the tenantless ones. They are so weather-beaten as to retain only the faintest traces of the paint that once brightened them. Their windows have the traditional stuffed panes, and the blinds — when there are any — have broken slats. The chimneys, ragged of outline and almost mortarless, threaten to topple over in the first high wind. The outbuildings are flanked by fence-rail buttresses, lest they fall over or break apart. The door-yards are overgrown with rank weeds and overrun with pigs and poultry ; the few flowers, which fidelity to country tradition has planted there, being forced to seek refuge behind screens of rusty wire netting or palisades of unsightly sticks. The barn-yards are littered, miry, and foul-smelling, and the stock within them — with the exception of the pigs, which thrive — are lean and hungry.

Even the few houses that have not been allowed to fall into disrepair have a sullen, forbidding appearance. The blinds are closed or the curtains are drawn at all but the kitchen windows. Seen for the first time, they suggest a recent death and an approaching funeral. Every day, however, year in and year out, it is the same with them ; they are perpetually funereal. Spick-and-spanness they have, but without brightness, and thrift, but without hospitality.

Dickerman is traversed by a railway, with a station at the "Corners," as that section of the township is called which contains the post-office, the town-house, two stores, two churches, and a squalid hotel, and which therefore comes a little nearer than any other part to being the village proper. Here are also a deserted store, abandoned saw and grist mills, a long-disused academy, a neglected cemetery, and rather more than a due proportion of empty and dilapidated dwellings. The deserted store has never been deprived of its fittings ; the dust-coated shelves, counters, and glass show-cases, the rust-incrusted scales, the centre stove and the circle of armchairs about it, all remaining in their places, as any one may see who takes the pains to clean a spot for peering through one of the bedaubed windows.

It is more than twenty years since the wheel of the village mill stopped because of the death of its owner, who left no children. The mill is a sad ruin now, almost roofless, two of its side-walls prone

on the ground, its machinery oxidizing and falling to pieces, and the piles of sawed and unsawed lumber decomposing around it. It is longer still — more than thirty years — since the academy closed its doors to pupils. The academy building was used for a variety of purposes afterwards — even as a dwelling — before the ultimate and complete desertion that is now its lot. Its sign has remained in place through all its vicissitudes, and, though badly weather-beaten, would still be legible to an expert decipherer of inscriptions.

There are Catholic communities, both in America and in the Old World, where an extreme wretchedness in the dwellings is at once partially explained by the richness and beauty of the churches. But not so in Dickerman. On the contrary, both the Dickerman churches are of a piece with their surroundings. The Congregational Church, more than a century old ("Orthodox" is the name it still goes by), was a worthy structure in its day, and would be so yet had it been kept in good repair. Alas, it is only the ghost of its former pretentious self! Its sills are badly rotted. Its spire and belfry have been shattered by lightning, and imperfectly restored. Its roof is leaky, the clapboards of its walls are warped and blistered, and its heavy bell, once sweet of tone, is cracked and dissonant. The Baptist Church, built only a few years ago, mainly at the expense of a church building society, is one of the shoddily constructed, many-gabled atrocities due to the malign influence of the so-called Queen Anne restoration. Its original coat of paint of many colors has mostly soaked into the surrounding soil. Its panes of stained glass, as they have been broken from time to time, have been replaced by ordinary window-glass, with piebald, uncanny results. The present town-house (the original town-house was burned several years ago), the only public building in the place, comports well with the churches, being a square, squat, unpainted thing, with so striking a resemblance to a barn that it would surely be taken for one, were it not for its lack of barn doors, its isolated and honorable position in the centre of the village common, and its adornment by a bulletin-board thickly plastered with lists of voters, town-meeting warrants, and legal notices in large variety.

In a word, a stranger entering Dickerman for the first time could not fail to be astounded by the marks of desolation and decay on every hand. To him, the most conspicuous evidence that it was or had been a populated town would be the closeness of the gravestones in the graveyard; the best evidence of business enterprise, a freshly painted undertaker's sign, bearing the brisk announcement that coffins, caskets, and burial-robes are always ready; the one touch of beauty, a magnificent double row of aged elms leading up to the forsaken academy; and the one patch of warm color visible, the flaming circus posters with which both the outside and the inside of the Orthodox Church sheds perennially bloom.

When first I saw the crumbling crofters' huts of the Scottish Highlands, I felt that I could never see anything sadder. I had not then seen the deserted farms of my own New England hills. When I visited them, I recognized instantly a sadder sight than the crofters' huts; decay in a new country being as much more appalling than decay in an old country as the loss of faculties in youth is more appalling than the loss of them in age.

What Dickerman is in appearance, a desolate, destitute community, that it is in reality. To begin with homely and material conditions, even at the risk of seeming pettiness, a word must be said regarding the food of its inhabitants. The Dickerman diet is the most unwholesome possible. Pork in one form or another is its staple, — "meat" and pork, "hearty food" and pork, are used as synonyms; and pork is supplemented mainly with hot cream-of-tartar and sal-

eratus biscuit, doughnuts, and pies. The sanitary, not to mention the epicurean possibilities of the meats, vegetables, mushrooms, and fruits within easy reach, either are not known or are ignored. The results are just what might be expected. The men are listless, sullen, stolid. Chronic dyspepsia and other internal disorders are common. That their constitutions are not completely undermined is due largely to the power of resistance that life in the open air gives them. The women, who have not the advantage of outdoor living, who indeed are by necessity or choice quite as much confined within doors as their sisters of the cities, suffer frightfully. They take refuge (as men would turn to drink) in floods of unwholesome patent medicine, and in the nostrums of quacks who appear at regular intervals in the village, only to make a bad state of health a worse one. Small wonder that as a class they are pale, haggard, prematurely old, shrill, ill-tempered, untidy, and inefficient in their housekeeping. To the physical and sensuous delights of the country — a little fishing and hunting on the part of the men excepted — one sex is as indifferent as the other.

The social life is pinched and bare. The only organizations are the churches and a moribund lodge of Good Templars. Of neighborliness there is little, and that little consumes itself so entirely in the retailing of petty scandal that there is nothing left for beneficence. To the sights and sounds of nature — the spring flowers, the summer insects, the autumn foliage, the winter chiaroscuro, the chants of birds, brooks, and woodlands — the people are deaf and blind. The freshness of the morning and the glowing colors of the sunset stir no more emotion in them than in their kine.

The schools are held in poorly equipped buildings, taught by girls without training or enthusiasm, and attended by children devoid of ambition. One might almost say they are as bad as they could be. The Sunday-schools are even worse. Except the two Sunday-school libraries, which are little better than nothing, there is no circulating library in the whole township. Memoirs of martyr missionaries and antiquated books of devotion are among the heirlooms of many families ; they are held in profound respect, but are never read. Such other books as appear on the tables are those the owners have been wheedled into purchasing by clever book agents, — subscription books all : campaign Lives of candidates for the presidency, county histories, cookbooks, sermons of evangelists and emotional preachers, Home Treasuries of prose and poetry ; above all, books of etiquette. The denominational religious weeklies, the cheaper fashion and housekeeping periodicals, the fifty-cent story papers (whose real business is a traffic in notions by post), and the stanch old party organs (daily, semi-weekly, and weekly) enter some of the households. But the real, the typical reading of Dickerman, the reading of men and women, young and old, is the sensational newspaper of the worst kind, especially the Sunday edition, which is sold at every cross-roads in New England, even where the railway has not yet penetrated.

One is not surprised to find a dearth of public spirit. The civic sense of Dickerman manifests itself once a year only, at town-meeting, chiefly in reducing the regular and necessary appropriations to the lowest possible limit, in protesting against innovations on the ground of burdensome taxes, and in quarreling over trifles. In fact, were it not for the fears of each of the several sections of the township that it would get less than its share of the public moneys, and for the widespread desire to hold office, which finds profit in encouraging these petty sectional jealousies, there would hardly be any public appropriations whatever in Dickerman. Civic honesty, naturally enough, is at the same low ebb as civic spirit. The buying and selling of votes

has been in vogue for years, and has not been as much lessened by the introduction of the secret ballot as in larger communities, where secrecy of any sort is more practicable. Only lately, the chairman of the board of selectmen was kept from foreclosing a mortgage solely by the threat of his mortgagee to make public the amounts that he and others had received from the official for their votes in the preceding election. Liquor-selling under a state prohibitory law is condoned by the selectmen for pecuniary considerations, these being tacitly understood to be legitimate perquisites of the office of selectman.

The two churches of Dickerman are not the dispensing centres of sweetness and light that we would fain believe all religious organizations to be. The Orthodox Church, as immutable in its methods as in its doctrines, is cold, unaggressive, self-righteous, and contemptuous of everything religious or anti-religious that is not part and parcel of its tradition. The Baptist Church, equally conservative in matters of doctrine, is nevertheless committed to sensationalism of method, and it is a poor year indeed when it does not manage to produce at least one genuine excitement. It indulges in fierce and frequent tirades against free-thinking, worldly amusements, and Sabbath-breaking, and, for purposes of edification, imports evangelists, Bible readers, leaders of praying bands, total abstinence apostles, refugee Armenians, anti-Catholic agitators, educated freedmen, and converted Jews. The churchgoers, while they are sadly lacking in the positive virtues of honesty, generosity, and brotherly love, are as a class fairly faithful to the code of a conventional negative morality that makes it incumbent upon them to be temperate and orderly, at least in public. The churches are thus a valuable restraining force. Furthermore, they discharge an important social function in bringing together, regularly, people who would otherwise not be brought together at all in an organized way. Barren, then, as the life of Dickerman is with its churches, it would be still more barren without them. The social immorality of rural New England is a subject that does not fall directly in our way, but it ought to be said that the good people who take it for granted that country life develops social purity probably do not know the true condition of country life anywhere; certainly they do not know it in New England. If the whole truth were told about the people of Dickerman in this respect, it would be sad truth. An eminent American has recently been urging the protection of the morals of the city against the country. Novel as the argument seems, it is none the less a sound one.

The foregoing description of life in Dickerman is not exaggerated. Its outward dilapidation and the emptiness of its inner life could not be exaggerated. But there are, of course, individuals who are intelligent, honest, large-hearted. And things have not always been at such a pass there. The very dilapidation, destitution, and decay are eloquent, as tombstones are eloquent, of a life that has been, of a bygone golden age. Sixty years ago Dickerman was one of the most flourishing farming communities in its State. It was an important coaching station on a main road, with a roomy and hospitable road-house, whose tap-room flip, jollity, and repartee enjoyed an interstate reputation. Then, as now, except that the sawmill and gristmill were always buzzing, farming was its only industry. The farms were well tilled without the assistance of machinery, and the farm-buildings were kept in good repair. The farmers were hard-working, thrifty, and alert; the farmers' wives were efficient out of doors and within doors, and as well able as the men to withstand a pork diet, if that was then the fashion. Sons and daughters alike were expected to do their share towards the family's maintenance during the busy season, in recompense

for which they were allowed to devote themselves heartily to the winter school. This winter school was invariably taught by a man, usually a college student; the work of the colleges then being arranged to make teaching in winter possible. The relation of the teacher to his pupils was a highly personal one; hence the ready transmission of enthusiasm and the development of individuality. Dickerman Academy was the pride not only of the township, but of a large rural district from which it drew boarding-pupils. Even to this day a few of the older citizens who still hold to the Dickerman tradition will name to you the eminent judges, members of Congress, Senators, and clergymen to whom Dickerman Academy was an alma mater. A weekly lyceum was held in the academy building during the winters months, and a singing-school in the schoolhouse. Neighborhood social events were frequent, hearty, and wholesome. The church (there was only one then) was so conducted as to afford, indirectly, large opportunities for the interchange of courtesies, news, and ideas. It was generously supported, and so close was the union of its interests with those of the town that fidelity to the one meant practically fidelity to the other. Altogether it was a healthy, homogeneous life, a little slow, perhaps, but far from lethargic, and productive of much that was worth while, especially of the thing the best worth while of all things, — character.

What has brought about the change in Dickerman? First, there was the discovery of gold in California, with its promises of large fortunes to all who were enterprising enough to go across the plains. Some went from Dickerman, — the most ardent and adventurous of those whose careers were not mapped out for them, a few even of those to whom a fair success in life was already assured. Those who were left behind had to be philosophers to remain serene under the fabulous stories that came to them, through the mails, from those who had gone among the first; and not all stood this test.

Later, the railway came to Dickerman, establishing quick connection with the manufacturing towns and cities, just then entering on a period of extraordinary activity, and with the New England metropolis. The reports of the high and steady wages to be earned in the shoe-shops and in the cotton and woolen mills made the young people even more restless than the reports from the gold-fields had made them, — the shops and the mills were so much nearer, — and many young women, as well as young men, went forth to try their fortunes.

The civil war called a number away. Of these, some of course were killed in battle; others, after their discharge, yielded to the enticements of the cities, and never went back to the farms. Of those who returned to Dickerman to live, a part were physically disabled, or were demoralized by dissipated habits contracted during their camp life.

Finally, the emigration which set in from New England to the Western prairies, and which brought the relatively small and barren home farms into an ill-deserved contempt, took a large part of those who were left and were worth taking. By these successive losses of population the town was at last so far impoverished that no great attraction from without was necessary to keep up the drain, for the very deadness and dullness within exerted a strong expulsive force; depletion itself being a sufficient reason for further depletion. There was once a saying current to the effect that as soon as a boy was able to walk, he walked away from Maine. So it came to be at Dickerman, and has been ever since: as soon as a boy has become able to walk, he has walked away from Dickerman. And, pray, why not? What inducement could he have to remain? Instead of leaving a good place to live in for one that might or might not be bet-

ter, as the first emigrants did, he was merely leaving a bad place to live in for a place that could not possibly be worse.

The same influences that caused the depletion and the decay of Dickerman — the rush to the gold-fields, the civil war, the emigration to the prairies, the large cities, and the manufacturing towns, and the feeling of isolation and lack of opportunity resulting from this emigration — have been operative throughout all rural New England with more or less disastrous results. Another influence, just as generally operative, has been an exaggerated notion of the luxury and gentility of city life. To hail from Boston or from New York is to be both wealthy and aristocratic, according to the typical rural mind, which groups city people together in a single social stratum, without question as to where they live or how they live, and assigns farmers, whatever their individual qualities, to a social stratum lower by many degrees. This absurd notion has not only driven country people away from the country, but has also demoralized those whom it has not driven away. Hence has come the pathetic desire of such as find themselves doomed to live elsewhere than in cities to imitate, as nearly as their imperfect knowledge permits, the manner of life of city folk. They endeavor to dress as city people dress, to furnish their rooms as city people do, even to readjust their houses to the city mode. They remodel a fine, sensible old homestead into something that is neither a farmhouse nor a town-house, but an ugly nondescript, with the disadvantages of both and the advantages of neither; or they demolish a house honestly built to stand for generations to make way for a gingerbread sham of a villa, as much out of place in the midst of farm surroundings as bric-à-brac would be in a stable. They discard their heirlooms — handsome, heavy, antique furniture, and rare china — for up-to-date gewgaws, with neither durability, usefulness, nor beauty to recommend them. The women waste no end of time and money, and fret and fuss their lives out into the bargain, in a vain and ludicrous attempt to keep pace, from season to season, with the changing fashions in dresses and hats. Furthermore, this grotesque exaltation of city conduct has bred a contempt not only for the healthy outdoor work that women formerly did, but also for menial labor of every sort even within doors.

If these attempts to put away old country fashions were genuine reachings out towards a higher life, there would be no good reason for deploring them; but they are so plainly mere affectations that they are thoroughly pernicious. The standards they are based upon are ready-made importations, not the natural and healthy outgrowth of rustic conditions. The result is glaring incongruity; and incongruity is invariably either ludicrous or pathetic, never constructive. A farmer might as well try to plough in a dress suit as a farming community try to ape the manners of a metropolis. The undermining of character necessarily involved in such a proceeding is its worst consequence. Wasteful expenditure is an immediate result, for peddlers and sharp-dealing tradespeople know this rural weakness and take advantage of it. The country people, being hopelessly under the spell of the notion that they must have things exactly as city people have them, are easily beguiled by cleverly exaggerated advertisements and voluble chatter into believing that many unnecessary things are necessary, and that it costs nothing to buy on the accursed installment plan. They purchase pianos and organs on which they never learn to play; reclining-chairs whose mechanism is so defective that they refuse to recline except at highly inopportune moments; hanging-lamps, rarely lighted, which, when lighted, are unfit to read, to write, or to sew by; smart sets of parlor furniture, whose stuffing of Spanish moss takes impressions and keeps

them, as putty does; plush albums that will not hold color even in the dim light of the best room; spectacles and eye-glasses that do the eyes positive harm; ear-drums that give no aid to the deaf; and folding-beds and bed-lounges whose only possible excuse for existence is the lack of space in a city flat, — space, so dull is perversity, being the one thing above all others in which country people are privileged not to economize. It is surprising how much these foolish purchases cost. Only one who is familiar with living on a small margin can know how far the exchequer of the average country family is demoralized by them. A sixty-five-dollar cooking-stove that was not needed, whatever its merits, the organ that is never played, or the unlovely plush album may be the very thing that precludes the possibility of closing the year out of debt.

When a young man, with only his hands or his untrained brain to depend upon for a living, deliberately refuses to accept an average farm from his father as a gift, subject to the condition that he shall live on it and work it, — a thing that is constantly occurring in New England, — the natural conclusion is that the young man sees no profit in farming; and though in exceptional cases his refusal may have other than financial reasons, the conclusion is generally a sound one. The fact that farming as ordinarily carried on does not pay is a highly important factor in the present situation. Most New England farmers are up to their eyes in debt; overburdened with real estate and chattel mortgages which they can never hope to pay; constantly harassed by the insistence of a dozen other obligations which they can never hope to meet; more than satisfied if they are able to keep up the interest on their mortgages, keep the town waiting for their taxes, and get extension of time on their notes. But it would be instructive to know whether the actual profits on capital and labor invested in New England farming are any smaller to-day than they were formerly, or whether it is the foolhardy attempt to lead a city life in a country environment that makes them appear to be reduced. The farmers themselves believe the profits to be much smaller, but their belief is hardly conclusive, inasmuch as in the first place they are prejudiced observers, and in the second place, for what reason I know not, they are the most incorrigible grumblers in the world. The proverbial discontent of the laboring man is as nothing to theirs. Besides the government, which we all decry on occasion as a matter of habit, and which may therefore be left out of the account, the farmer has three favorite objects of abuse, — the railroads, the speculating capitalists, and the middlemen.

That the speculating capitalists play with farm products as they would with cards is notorious. That railroads sometimes impose exorbitant freights and bribe legislatures, to their own advantage and the farmers' confusion, is well known. That the middlemen get more than their proper share of the profit, though not entirely clear in view of the risks they run, is not unlikely. If we grant that the farmer is right in believing himself the victim of these men, we see only the more clearly his own inferiority. In truth, the failure of the average New England farmer to make a good living is probably due quite as much to his incapacity as to the extravagance of his imitations of city life, on the one hand, and the impositions of his economic masters, on the other hand. This incapacity is made up of unintelligence, shiftlessness, and dishonesty in about equal parts.

It is a trite saying, and only partially true, but true enough to bear repeating, that if the average farmer did his work with the same intelligence that the average business man uses, he would succeed as well as the latter. The farmer, instead of studying markets systematically, makes wild hits at them. Because peas brought a good price a previous

season, owing to their scarcity, he plants ten times as many peas as usual; forgetting that everybody else has planted peas for the same reason. If he lives near enough to a city to make dairying and market-gardening profitable, he is likely to become possessed with the desire to raise only one or two vegetables; or he ignores the proper rotation of crops; or he is constantly sacrificing permanent profit for ready cash, taking everything out of the land, and putting nothing into it. After leaving his wagons, tools, and machines exposed to all the elements, he is amazed and angry that he so often has to buy new ones, curses them for being poorly made, and inveighs boisterously against the dishonesty of the time.

Such a farmer seems never to learn that clubs and families in cities are willing to pay a high price for thoroughly honest products; for when he finds persons who might easily be made permanent buyers from him, he estranges them by inflicting upon them dishonest things. Doing little to make his produce attractive, he nevertheless devotes a great deal of ingenunity to arranging it dishonestly, — "deaconing it," to use the significant country phrase. He "deacons" his fruit, his vegetables, everything in fact, even his eggs, — selling as fresh eggs that have been packed all winter, and taking it as a sort of personal affront that the men who stamp and guarantee their eggs can command a fancy price all the year. Although the farmer is perhaps not more dishonest than other men, it is probable that he suffers more from his dishonesty than most others: partly because he deals so largely with perishable materials, in which fraud is easily and quickly detected; and partly because he is less subtle in his deceits, and less apt in defending himself against the consequences of detection. One year when the best apples were hard to dispose of, a certain district Grange offered its members a chance to send apples to Liverpool. Some took advantage of the situation to get rid of their poor fruit. The Liverpool agents very naturally felt aggrieved, and the Liverpool market was closed to the farmers of that district for the rest of the season, during which many barrels of good fruit rotted.

The prime cause of the impoverishment of the social life of rural New England has been, of course, the impairment of vital force by the loss of great numbers of worthy people, but this cause alone does not entirely explain the decline. The large size of the townships and the long distances between dwellings have had much to do with making social coherence difficult. A single township may embrace four or five communities two or three miles apart, with no common rallying-point but the annual town-meeting. Not only do these detached sections get nothing socially from the township as a whole, but they are not, as a rule, populous or compact enough to have any appreciable social activity of their own. In this respect our farming communities are at a distinct disadvantage as compared with those of France and most of the other countries of the Old World. There the tillers of the soil live closely together, in almost crowded villages, from which they go forth to their work in the outlying fields. There is nothing in their situation to prevent their life from being as highly organized as if they were not tillers of the soil at all.

In Dickerman and Indian Ridge (as I described the latter in The Atlantic Monthly for May) two true if extreme types of contemporary New England rural life have been presented; one showing progress at its best, the other showing decay at its worst. There are few Dickermans, there are still fewer Indian Ridges. Most New England farming towns range themselves between these two types in point of character; they are not so dead as Dickerman, and not so energetic as Indian Ridge. That the country in general, however, has slipped back, no one who knows it can doubt. But

several influences which in a measure counteract the general tendency to decay must be mentioned. Village Improvement Societies, though varying greatly in their efficiency, have brought much benefit to many localities. The Grange, while doing little enough of the sort of service that was expected of it in the reform of economic conditions, is working social and intellectual miracles. The Home Culture Clubs and the Chautauqua Circles and Assemblies must be admitted to have given an intellectual stimulus to country life. An educational unity, productive of better schools in towns of scattered population, has been effected by the simple device of free transportation to and from a centrally located school. Public libraries have increased in number, and the Sunday-school libraries of some of the towns not yet provided with public libraries have been so far liberalized as to prove not unworthy substitutes. The beauty of the memorial library buildings and churches erected here and there by wealthy individuals, and the improvement that has taken place in the architecture of the railway stations, are doing something for the development of taste.

I venture a few words, then, at the risk of blundering badly, as to the future. Farming communities which like Indian Ridge have held out successfully against the powerful disintegrating forces of the last half-century have thereby proved themselves possessed of so much inherent virility that their life may be depended upon to continue vigorous, whatever transformations it may undergo. Then the trolley roads are rapidly covering Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut with a network that is slowly and surely redistributing the population; it seems almost inevitable that a great part of the present rural area of these three States will ultimately be included in the suburbs of their numerous and widely scattered industrial centres and of their dozen or more larger cities. When this condition arrives, if it does arrive, rural life will have become suburban, and farming, aside from market-gardening, will have practically disappeared. The bicycle and good roads are exerting a minor but considerable influence in the same direction.[1]

Equally important is the fact that large areas in all sections of New England are in process of transformation from farms to sites of country-seats. Residents of the cities are coming more and more to make their real homes in the country. They are building their country houses with more comfort and more solidity, and are living in them a much larger part of the year than formerly. The country season extends already from the first of May to the first of November, and is still lengthening. Improved railway and steamboat transportation, the multiplication of large fortunes, greater leisure, above all a growing appreciation of the sports and resources of country life, have contributed to this result. It looks very much as if our urban society were attaching itself primarily to the land, — living on the land, and leaving it for the city only in the festive season. Whether this tendency will produce again a landed aristocracy instead of an aristocracy of other forms of wealth, who can say? One thing only is sure, — it would produce thereby a new New England. During the hunting and fishing seasons of the last few years, northern Maine, the wildest and most remote section of New England, has been visited by such numbers of sportsmen that the income to the residents has

[1] The least important, perhaps, and yet to some of us the saddest thing about the decay of New England country life has been the disappearance of the hospitable wayside tavern. Something similar, it is hoped, may be brought in by the bicycle. It is much to be feared, however, that the new bicycle road-house will be nothing more hospitable than a mammoth stand-up lunch-counter.

been prodigious. If this region is not permanently reserved to sport (as it ought to be), its magnificent lake, mountain, and river districts will be crowded with summer hotels, as soon as they become a little more accessible by rail. From the summer hotel to the summer cottage is but a step, and from the summer cottage to the solid country house is but another step. Considerable sections of Vermont, New Hampshire, and western Massachusetts, and of the New England coast from Eastport to the New York line, have already been transfigured by this remarkable return to the soil. Curious indeed it would be if rural New England, which has been largely depopulated and impoverished by a movement of country people to the city, should be repopulated and enriched, should have its economic and social equilibrium restored, by a counter-movement of city people to the country.

Finally, there is some hope for the New England farms as farms, — for farms, although apparently destined to play a less important part than they formerly played, will hardly disappear from such sections as are neither adjacent to the cities and industrial centres nor specially attractive for residence, — and this hope seems to rest with our immigrants. They alone are willing and able to lead simple farm lives, such as the pioneers of the West or the original New England settlers lived. The native Americans are now too impatient, too extravagant, too proud, under the changed conditions, to be successful farmers. In many sections, this occupation and rehabilitation of the soil by foreigners has actually begun. Many of the abandoned farms which come into the market are bought by them at very low prices. Most of these newcomers prosper, just as the American settlers of a former period prospered when they held to the plain life of pioneers. If these immigrant farmers were crowding native Americans off the land, as immigrant laborers have from time to time crowded them out of the labor market, their advent would be ominous; but since they step in to fill a vacuum, to do what others have failed to do, there is no good reason why they should not have a hearty welcome.

The old New England, the New England of the farms, seems destined to disappear, if indeed it has not disappeared already. The people who gave it its character have long been away from the farms, building up and enriching the West, the Northwest, the Southwest, the interior, and the large cities and manufacturing towns of the Atlantic coast States. The primitive, rugged, wholesome life of the fathers is gone forever. Nothing can bring it back. I have ventured to predict a new New England, composed of large cities and manufacturing towns of greatly expanded suburbs, districts of country-seats, and a remnant of farms worked by immigrant farmers. The prophecy seems fair enough in the light of the most conspicuous present conditions; but so seemed the prophecy, before the day of railways, that New Orleans would be one of the great cities of the world. As the railways prevented the development of New Orleans and created Chicago, so such a simple and probable event as the derivation from the New England watercourses of electrical power, and its transmission for long distances, may of itself be sufficient to change the life and aspect of all New England within a very brief period.

The typical New England community of to-day, however, is neither the decayed farming town nor the prosperous farming town, but the manufacturing town. Such a community will be the subject of the next and final chapter of these studies.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

BURKE: A CENTENARY PERSPECTIVE.

JUST a hundred years ago there was laid to rest in the quiet country church at Beaconsfield one to whom we Americans owe a debt of gratitude that has never been fully paid. Edmund Burke, whom the world now recognizes as one of the few great men of all time, made his first appearance in public life in connection with American affairs. That early speech which won him instant fame as an orator was made in advocacy of the rights and privileges of Americans. In the course thus entered upon he persisted with untiring interest through long and discouraging years of ministerial wrong-headedness and incapacity. He brought to his service a deep and thorough knowledge of American conditions, a sound political philosophy, and a glowing genius; and yet Burke was little of a hero in American eyes during the struggle of the Revolution, and little of a guide in the formative period that succeeded.

There are certain outer and obvious reasons for this neglect, perceptible at once as we glance, for instance, from Burke to the one whom Americans did cherish in their hearts as their chief protector and defender on English ground, — Lord Chatham. Burke was a beginner in political life; Chatham had been for years a dominant figure in European politics. Chatham had rank and high social connection; Burke was an obscure young Irishman of no connection at all. Chatham was a strong and masterful party leader; Burke stood, as he always deliberately chose to stand when circumstances permitted it, in the subordinate position of party follower.

For the failure of our ancestors to recognize the value of Burke's services and to adopt his ideas, there were, however, other and deeper reasons, to be found in certain general currents of thought and feeling, opposing, crossing, and intermingling in the political and social life of the time.

The anti-American party in English politics began its work of aggression under the cover of legal right, — a right justifying any procedure that might be warranted by the letter of law or the wording of statute. Grenville, the man who, in concocting the Stamp Act, struck the match that set off the whole magazine of revolution, was the arch-type of the legal mind. The various celebrated pen portraits that we have of him show him to have been upright, painstaking, and honest, but oppressively literal, making no allowance for the disturbing force of human emotion in schemes constructed by the human intellect. Having, as he thought, a legal competency to tax the colonies, he saw no possible reason why he should not exercise his right, and he at once proceeded to do so. In opposition to his policy, the party of Chatham and Camden, following the lines laid down by their teacher, Locke, urged the claims of a natural or moral right, which, they maintained, graven deeply and unmistakably in the individual consciousness, offered to every man an infallible test for determining when the commands of positive law embodied justice, and when they did not.

The doctrine of moral right is to be found in the colonies, also, in a state of vigorous and flourishing growth. Wrought out as it had been through ages of social conflict, by one minority party after another, as a weapon of defense against the established law of a hostile party in power, this doctrine was peculiarly at home in a community which, like colonial America, was largely peopled by such a minority party and their descendants. Nor was a doctrine of legal right unfamiliar there; but while

in England law and nature, as political principles, were pitted against one another by party politicians, in the colonies they were used to support one another in a common cause of resistance to English oppression.

Two notable figures appear in colonial history, the minister of religion and the lawyer, — the former the dominant personage in the seventeenth century, the latter in the eighteenth; and while the former, as a true son of the Reformation, had developed, expounded, and typified the doctrine of moral right, until it had become ingrained in the thought of the people, the latter, when he came into prominence, was eager to show his familiarity with the arts of his particular vocation, — all devices of offense and defense that may claim as their warrant the letter of law. We are not, however, to regard the ministerial class in the concrete, at the Revolutionary period, as engaged in teaching a moral right exclusively, while the lawyers, on the other hand, devoted themselves entirely to legality. It was rather the case that the moral or natural right theory, developed and fostered in the period of theological influence, descended to the legal period to form part of a common stock of doctrine which was drawn upon freely by any one at will, as occasion seemed to require.

Burke, in the meantime, was conducting his American campaign along quite other lines. Obedience makes government, he thought, and obedience can be secured only when the governor knows and will work in harmony with the forces of human motive actually in operation in the people to be governed. If men were beings of a simple nature, moved by reason entirely, or by some one fundamental emotion such as fear, the moral right resting on logic, and the legal right resting on force, might do very well as sole principles of government. But Burke saw not only that men are curiously intricate complexes of feeling, reason, desire, belief, passion, and prejudice, but that they are not even uniform in their complexity. The elements of human nature vary from race to race, from community to community, even from person to person. The first task of the legislator, then, if he wants to form a plan of government that will work successfully in practice, must be to study the peculiar temper and character of the particular people with whom he is to deal.

Such a special study Burke made of the American people, — of its original race traits, of its acquired characters, and of all the influences of climate, soil, geographical position, and social tradition that might be counted on to modify those traits and to accentuate those characters still further. From this research into local conditions emerged certain psychological principles of general application, prominent among them the law of habit. Habit is the force, Burke thinks, that has consolidated the elements of feeling, instinct, and reason in the human mind into a smoothly working whole. Habit gives to human action a strength, surety, and swiftness that seem unattainable by any other means; and the longer habit is at work, the greater will be the effect produced by it. Escape from the influence of habit is difficult, if not impossible. Even when a person or a community voluntarily determines wholly to ignore it, and to reconstruct in every detail the already established plan of life, the attempt will result either in a stoppage of action, or in a failure to break away from custom after all. Much less can habit be uprooted by external agency. The legislator who tries to run counter to the fixed customs of a people will meet with a strength of resistance that will be found insuperable.

Rejecting, then, a legal right which he thought impracticable, and a moral right which he thought misleading, Burke founded his political philosophy upon that use and wont, that custom from time immemorial, which is the basis of

the English common law, and in great part of the English Constitution.

So far, Burke might be merely the skillful politician, the Machiavelli of his time, studying without approval or disapproval the complicated instrument he is trying to know only that he may play a tune of his own upon its stops. But a thorough belief in his chosen principle gives to Burke's philosophy an accent of greatness. Use and wont are means not only to easier but to better action. It is true that habit must be reckoned with by the legislator; a people cannot be permanently governed contrary to its inclinations, and its inclinations become more firmly fixed and more definitely established by long-continued custom. The path is, however, to be kept not only because walking is difficult outside of it, but because the track thus worn by the converging tread of countless feet, at the call of countless interests, desires, and calculations, leads more directly to the great ends of human society than any new road, laid out arbitrarily by the single speculator. And so innovation was, for Burke, the great political heresy, and his chief article of complaint against the Tory party of his day in England.

Use and wont as a ground of doctrine had their place in colonial thought by right of inheritance from a long line of English ancestry. Custom, as well as moral and legal right, was freely alleged in justification of American claims. In the various addresses, petitions, and declarations issued by the colonists from time to time we may find expression of all these doctrines, either separately or in amicable even if somewhat incongruous combination. But as the contest went on, use and wont seemed to be found less and less available as a basis of argument. Hutchinson writes in 1774: "The leaders here seem to acknowledge that their cause is not to be defended on constitutional principles, and Adams now gives out that there is no need of it; they are upon better ground; all men have a natural right to change a bad constitution for a better, whenever they have it in their power." If the principle adopted by Burke was in reality a sound and fruitful one, why should it have been dropped from favor in this way?

With the passage of time the substantial correctness of Burke's analysis of the American situation is seen more and more clearly. The revolt was brought about, as Burke said it was, by British violation of use and wont, by British contempt for American opinion and feeling. The condition of affairs in America was the result of natural growth and prevailing circumstance substantially as he depicted it in his various speeches and letters dealing with the American question. Burke's doctrine of use and wont, however, is a doctrine of the group; and the colonists were going all the time further and further along the way of individualism. The moral right so dear to the colonists was based upon individual reason; and the legal right invoked so often both for and against them was based upon individual will, either of the one or of the many arbitrarily united.

The use and wont that Burke appealed to, on the other hand, are the work, not of some chance aggregation of unrelated individuals, but of a social group, united by ties of common descent, common names, and mutual affection, — a group joining present, past, and future generations in intimate and living union. Into this group, which Burke assumes as the fundamental unit of human society, members enter, as a rule, not by deliberate choice, but by the involuntary avenue of birth. It is made up, like the family group, of the weak and the strong, of the ignorant and the experienced; and as in the family group, the strong and the wise are the natural leaders, the weak and the ignorant are the willing and obedient followers, while all members work together, not for individual profit, but for the good of the whole.

Their plan of action is to be found in the wisdom of ancestors, — the knowledge gathered through ages of experience, and the principles worked out and tested by the actual operation of events.

It is all very well, however, to have recourse in this way to the wisdom of ancestors and to institutions that have stood the test of time and experience, so long as one is in unbroken connection with ancestors, and the conditions provided for in their institutions remain the same; but when ancestors cast one off and circumstances change completely, what is to be done? The habit that connected the colonists with England and English institutions was necessarily somewhat weakened, as Burke himself had shown, by the circumstances of colonization. He had in mind particularly, as causes of disconnection, the wide distances that separated the colonists from their old home, and the necessity for hardihood and individual self-reliance arising in the settlement of a new and difficult country. We may see, in addition, that the social group of early colonial times was not, to begin with, the natural group assumed by Burke as the unit of society and as the author of use and wont, but, consisting as it did mainly of adult men and women who had deliberately broken away from former local and social ties, and had deliberately united in a new association by agreement, it was in great degree a concrete example of the artificial group assumed by Locke in his compact theory, — a group formed by the free volition of independent and equal individuals. The tradition of individual independence thus established was never quite lost sight of, even after long settlement had transformed the originally artificial groups into natural groups, which held largely to old English lines of thought and belief, and arranged themselves in the main under the old English social and governmental framework.

In the struggle with the mother country, the necessity for independence of thought and action became once more pressing. More and more the colonists found themselves cut off from precedent and tradition; more and more they found it necessary to assert the rights of the individual against the power of the group as represented by an oppressive government; more and more they were forced into the position of revolt against all establishment and control, although, as Burke maintained, the establishment they contended against was itself an innovation, and the control was not the true expression of group opinion, but the violation of it. So, while Burke would undertake the work of politics with a "total renunciation of every speculation of [his] own," and would put his "foot in the tracks of our forefathers," where he could "neither wander nor stumble," the colonists, with Otis, were beginning to see in the inherited laws of nations "nothing more than the history of ancient abuses." While Burke thought that "intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government" by prying too closely into its nature, the colonists were becoming ready (again in Otis's words) "to examine as freely into the origin, spring, and foundation of every power and measure in the commonwealth as into a piece of curious machinery." This fundamental difference of attitude regarding government and society was too great to be overlooked, and accounts clearly enough for an absence of strong sympathy on the part of the colonists for Burke's leading ideas, and indeed of any complete comprehension of them.

It would be natural to suppose that when the war of the Revolution was over, the constructive forces once at work in colonial life would resume their activity. The circumstances of the time seemed to call for principles and methods just the opposite to those found necessary in the struggle for independence. During that struggle, the first necessity was to

provide for the individual a way of escape from the group; now the individual must be brought into group relations again, if the American people were to work together as a political society.

At this time there did indeed arise a party that looked first to social order, opposed to a party that looked first to individual liberty; and in that party of order — the party of Madison and Hamilton — we might naturally expect to find some reflection caught from the great thinker who had expounded so wisely, and so favorably to the cause of the Americans, the fundamental principles of social order. But during the period of the formation and establishment of the federal Constitution there is little trace of the influence of Burke. Turning to The Federalist, that authoritative textbook of constitutional principle, we do, it is true, find some suggestions of Burke's thought and method. In it the complexity of social workings is recognized; it is felt that slender results are to be attained by the efforts of human sagacity; long adjustment of a system of government to its surroundings is regarded as necessary before it can work properly; function in government is more than form, and parchment barriers cannot prevent the encroachment of power; government rests upon opinion, and requires for real stability that veneration which time bestows on everything.

But whatever its authors may have held as personal opinion, the general direction of argumentation taken in The Federalist had to be along quite other lines than those laid down in Burke's philosophy. In urging the adoption of the Constitution, its advocates could not expect to reach a people in the full tide of individualism, after a successful revolt from the group, by any appeals to a group theory of use and wont; and besides, by a curious turn of affairs, so far as a doctrine of use and wont could be applied, it would work directly against their purposes.

Our Constitution has been amply shown by numerous modern commentators to be, in its substance, as much the embodiment of actual experience as is the English Constitution itself. We suffer, indeed, from an embarrassment of riches in sources of practice, American, English, or Dutch, for its various formal provisions. And yet, while the substance and matter of the federal Constitution may be old, there is enough in it that was new in form at the time of its construction to distract attention from more familiar features. For example, popular thought could not take in without difficulty the idea of a political society made up of States that were independent, and at the same time under central control; nor could it understand a central control except under the old form of king and standing army. Furthermore, the circumstances attending the forming and adoption of the Constitution were such as to make it appear a new construction. The meeting of a body of men representing a nation, with the deliberate intention of framing a fundamental law covering the entire field of government, was a new event in political experience. Although much might be said in the convention about English practice and the English Constitution, the fact of choice, of freedom to adopt or reject, made even the following of custom in some sort an act of voluntary creation. This aspect of the convention's work, at any rate, was the aspect that impressed the imagination of the time most forcibly, and has continued to impress the imagination of succeeding generations until within very recent years.

To this apparently new device of individual creation were opposed those natural groups which had been slowly forming out of the artificial groups of early colonial society, through a hundred years, more or less, of settlement, — the different States of the new union. They exhibited the true characteristics of natural groups: peculiar local traits, particular local customs, differing local institutions,

and a general sympathy for all that was within the group, together with a general indifference or hostility to all that was without it. The framers of the Constitution, in trying to establish a uniform and stable system of government, found themselves obliged to get behind the collective personality of these groups to the group members as separate and independent individuals. "The great and radical vice in the construction of the existing confederation," says Hamilton in The Federalist, "is in the principle of *legislation for states or governments in their corporate or collective capacities, and as contradistinguished from the individuals of which they consist.*" Luther Martin, of the other party, complained bitterly that such disregard was paid in the Constitutional Convention to the claims of state groups: "We had not been sent to form a government over the inhabitants of America considered as individuals, . . . but in our proceedings we adopted principles which would be right and proper only on the supposition that *there were no state governments at all, but that all the inhabitants of this extensive continent were in their individual capacity, without government, and in a state of nature.*" The advocates of the Constitution, then, were obliged to meet the charge of violation of use and wont, — that "innovation" which Burke saw as the great vice of political action, — and they accepted the issue fairly and squarely on that ground. Madison asks in The Federalist: "Is it not the glory of the people of America that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? . . . Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished *a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society.* They reared the fabrics of *governments which have no model on the face of the globe.*"

During all this time Burke himself was becoming more and more openly and definitely a supporter of tradition and the group. While we were making and establishing our Constitution, he was becoming, by preoccupation with questions of English local policy, less conspicuous as a friend of American liberty; and a few years later he was seen occupying a position that apparently indicated him as the enemy of liberty in general. In the overturning in France Burke thought he saw the same spirit of innovation at work that he had deplored in the conduct of the English government in the American matter, and he urged in resistance to it the same considerations of use and wont, of long-continued custom, that he had urged on the former occasion; but the application of his doctrine made his course appear diametrically opposite in the two cases. What the unreflective mind saw in both instances was a people trying to win freedom, with Burke as their advocate in the one case, against them in the other. As a political philosopher, above and beyond the party politician and brilliant orator, Burke first came into prominence by means of his Reflections on the Revolution in France, which was widely and eagerly read from the time of its publication. This work stamped him in popular thought as the stanch upholder of royalty, of aristocracy, and of governmental control, — a position that could hardly commend him in a country that had just shaken off royalty, and that had scarcely founded a government. There was besides, in America, a natural feeling of sympathy for a country trying to work out its destiny on principles ostensibly the same as those adopted in American practice. Jefferson expresses the feeling of the "French party" in his disdainful comment on the picture of royalty "gaudily painted in the rhapsodies

of the Rhetor Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense." Even the "English party" could not regard with open approval a defense of institutions that they themselves honestly felt were superseded and antiquated, while at the same time they had to suffer every day the imputation of trying to restore them.

The development of the individual, the trust in his powers, the belief in his capabilities, continued unchecked through the early years of our country's existence as a separate political society. Just as the last portion of land taken into cultivation fixes the rate of rent for all other land in use, so the ever advancing frontier fixed a general type of temper, character, and manner for the whole people. When the intricate network of social relation and institution that each individual has to fit himself to, in an old and compact society, began to form in the longer-settled communities, the young and enterprising, who felt themselves hampered by these growing restrictions, found an ample outlet for their energies in the boundless opportunities and wide spaces of the West. It is not possible to regard very seriously limitations from which escape is so easy; and so the freedom of the West was an ever present influence in thought, even where conditions were arising to prevent complete individual liberty in practice. The method of the pioneer — the self-reliant, resourceful man who can at call turn his hand to anything — was the method of the whole country, not only because a constant process of new settlement demanded the continued use of that method somewhere, but because it had been handed down by tradition from the days when the frontier was the Atlantic seaboard, as the way in which we were at one time accustomed to conduct our affairs everywhere. There was little or no respect for the expert in any line; a certain native shrewdness, unaided by special training, long practice, or social support, was thought to be the entire outfit needed by the free-born American to accomplish anything. To outsiders, too, the typical "American" was the frontiersman, because he was the superlative degree of American tendencies, and because he afforded the most complete contrast to the European type of character, — and contrast always attracts; so this figure, reflected back through the opinions of others, was fixed even more firmly in the self-consciousness of the American as his own true image.

This individualism of a society dominated by the frontier ideal flourished, until in the war of secession it attained its culminating moment. The abstract theory avowedly held by a whole people, that all men are equal, and, by virtue of bare humanity, endowed with certain natural rights to certain desirabilities of existence, had not been completely carried out in practice, whatever legal casuists might say to the contrary, while human slavery existed as a social institution. Although it is true that political and economic causes deeper than any abstract doctrine of "rights" had their powerful effect in bringing on the civil war, it is no less true that one of its causes was the constant discussion of rights and the constant appeal to ostensibly accepted principles, and that one of its great results was a more complete realization of those principles in the freeing of the slaves. Another victory, too, for individualism was won by the war. The natural groups represented in the States, each with its own distinct social personality, —the same natural groups that had resisted the adoption of a Constitution which threatened to dissolve them into their individual elements, — were, in the civil war, again arrayed against a power that menaced group customs and habits. The result of that war was still further to reduce the power of those groups, to violate local custom and local feeling, and to establish a more general relation of individuals with individuals, regard-

less of state lines and of state authority.

At this very moment of individualistic triumph, however, group influence began to assert itself again, and with ever increasing power. In the South, the ruin of the war was aggravated by the presence of a population recently freed from a position of legal dependence, but as yet unfitted for a position of economic and social independence. It had to be admitted by the warmest lovers of liberty that even for the enfranchised class itself freedom from outer control was not the unmixed blessing it had been supposed to be; and so the abstract theory of moral or natural right got a blow. The beautifully balanced Constitution we took such pride in had been juggled with by advocates and opponents of slavery, by Whigs and Democrats, until we came to think that even the letter of a law might not be a certain safeguard; and so an abstract theory of legality was weakened. Large numbers of foreigners were already coming among us, and inequalities of intelligence, varieties of social condition and local characteristic, were made so prominent that it was increasingly difficult to think of men as "man," but we were obliged to regard them as particular kinds of men living in particular ways. Pressure of a population growing rapidly by immigration and by natural growth brought a greater degree of social control, — men cannot act with perfect freedom when they are closely elbowing one another; and from this growing social control escape was less and less easy to a frontier that was offering ever narrowing possibilities. Pressure of population brought the large industry, which requires a wide and stable market for its product; and the large industry brought a still further expansion of social control. The large industry makes men unequal and dependent, by fitting them into a great system of unlike and interlocking parts. They can no longer stand in the individual singleness of the frontiersman, but are united in mutual subordination in a group.

Since the war American society has been arranging itself more and more group-wise; and, in consequence, American thought is becoming more conscious of an inadequacy in the individualistic theories of society that flourished so naturally and so vigorously in an individualistic stage of social life.

About the time that individualism in this country was at its highest point, there emerged into notice, on the other side of the water, a philosophy of the group which had been long prepared for in various movements of thought, and which was soon to be the dominant intellectual influence of the time. That philosophy, eagerly taken up in this country, was the general doctrine of evolution. According to older theories of the universe, each thing worked out its own unimpeded course as a result of qualities inherent from the beginning, which made up its "nature," — a nature completely expressible in the logical definition of the thing. The evolution philosophy represents things in systems of interaction, as a result of which characters are developed and qualities acquired; and "nature" is not an abstract conception, but a concrete process. The elements in this process are indefinitely numerous; their reactions are perplexingly intricate. The result of group action in the process of evolution is unlikeness; it is not conceivable that all particles in a system can be acted upon in the same way at the same time, and the result of unlike action is unlike quality, which in its turn becomes the ground for a further differentiation of elements. This theory makes the group the controlling force, the individual the result, — and a result varying in character as the conditions of group action vary.

The application of this general idea to political theory is obvious, and has been widely made. We are now beginning to regard human society as the re-

sult of numberless actions and reactions of elements, not always perceptible in all the detail of their working, but obeying fixed and constant laws. We are beginning to recognize as a normal and necessary process the control exerted by a social group over its parts, its action in assigning each to an appropriate place and function, and its influence in establishing in them appropriately varying characters. We are learning that reason, logic, and abstract truth are not the only elements to be considered in the political process, but that the social emotions, instincts, feelings, and impulses caused by a long course of group actions and reactions, differing in their character with the peculiar circumstances and conditions of each social group, are just as important, if not more so.

With a growing prominence of the group as an actual concrete fact in our country, and with the growing prevalence of the group doctrine of evolution as a theory, it seems as if the time were now ripe for the great political philosopher of the group, so long neglected, to take his rightful place among us as a source of theory and a guide to practice. The doctrine of natural selection, the corner-stone of the evolution philosophy, has two aspects, or two stages of logical development, — the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. For the former partial principle, Darwin himself, the teacher of natural selection to our generation, acknowledges his debt to Malthus. But almost a century before Darwin, and a half-century before Malthus, a distinct exposition of the latter principle was made. Burke's entire political philosophy, from beginning to end, is a copious, powerful, and infinitely varied treatment of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. This is the fundamental principle of his conservatism, — the conservatism that he taught during the American war as well as at the time of the French Revolution, that he followed in the matter of economical reform as well as in the matter of parliamentary representation. It is hard to catch any set formulation of this principle in Burke's utterances, by reason of a peculiarity that is itself the best expression of a principle, — a dislike for stating principle except in its concrete application. But we may come pretty near to such a formulation in this description of the British Constitution: "And this is a choice not of one day or of one set of people, not a tumultuary and giddy choice; it is a deliberate election of ages and of generations; it is a constitution made by what is ten thousand times better than choice; it is made by the peculiar circumstances, occasions, tempers, dispositions, and moral, civil, and social habitudes of the people, which disclose themselves only in a long space of time. It is a vestment which accommodates itself to the body. Nor is prescription of government formed upon blind, unmeaning prejudices; for man is a most unwise and a most wise being. The individual is foolish. The multitude for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and when time is given to it, as a species it almost always acts right."

On nearly every page of Burke's work is to be found some touch of detail, some contributory figure to fill up and adorn this outline. His insistence upon the necessity of dealing with men according to their special tempers and characters is an insistence upon the great principle of adaptation, so important in the evolutionary doctrine; his constant reminder that temper and character differ in different groups of men is a reminder of the varying influences at work in the adaptive process. His appeal to the feelings and even the prejudices of men, as a surer guide and stronger force than reasoned calculation, is an appeal to a wisdom gathered and proved in long experience, until, through habit, the conscious process of thought has been consolidated into the unconscious process of instinct. For Burke,

as for the modern evolutionist, "survival" is group survival. The end of the process of selection in the physical organism is the preservation or destruction of the whole group of related traits and characters, forces and elements, that we know as the living creature. With Burke, the survival of the social whole, not of any one element in it, nor of all its elements taken out of relation to it, was the great end to be sought in the social process. This was, in practical affairs, the final ground of reform or of conservatism, of action or of refusal to act. The urgent "necessity" that Burke allows as a valid plea for the breaking of all bonds of legal and political institution is the necessity for social continuance; the menacing danger against which all barriers of law and order, of instinct, reason, and feeling, must be set up, is the danger of social, not individual dissolution. In short, Burke is found possessed in a remarkable degree of the fundamental conceptions of organic life long before any general recognition of them. He approaches his object of study — the social group — in the very spirit of the biological student yet to come, looking at it with a fine instinct for the flowing, merging, and blending of subtle elements that make up the life-process; feeling in it, as it were with sensitive finger-tips, the warmth and pulsation, the inexpressibly delicate and irregular ramification of fibre and interlacement of tissue, of the living thing.

Steeped as we are to-day in evolutionary conceptions, Burke's thought speaks to us in the language we understand best; it speaks besides with a power that makes it more than a simple parallel to already existing influences. Modern evolutionary philosophy has produced no master of political science worthy to be compared for a moment to Burke, in depth of thought, wealth of observation, experience, and research; and above all, in that primal energy of mind which, baffling all explanation or formulation, in its mighty outflow bears along with it the minds and feelings of men in enforced but willing subdual.

Although Burke has much to tell us of bygone political complications that have little or no living interest for us, he has also much to tell us that we may put to immediate practical use. He can help us particularly in our endeavor to deal with the problems presented as a result of the growing power of the social group, by showing us the true nature of social groups and their normal laws of action. We may thank him for offering in these laws and principles a test by which we may see that the socialism we are half tempted into, in our feeling that the individualism of an earlier day is outworn, is in reality no group theory at all, but simply another individualism in disguise. The schemes for group action, laboriously contrived by the social theorist and enforced by the legislator to serve the interests of the social whole, are, Burke shows us, but clumsy hindrances to true group action, to the fine and delicate processes of social adjustment that go on by means of the spontaneous growths and natural intertwinings of all the interests, feelings, sentiments, habits, and necessities of men, — a whole too complex ever to be seen by one man in all its parts, much less to be controlled and adjusted by one man's calculation and forethought. The same objection applies to that form of socialism known as regulation of trade. Here Burke may give us direct assistance, because he dealt with that special problem in his own practical political work. In the heyday of the mercantile system, before Adam Smith had spoken, Burke was a free-trader, in complete consistency with his own theory of the group. It is just because the group as a whole is so sure to work out its own processes, because the wants and desires of men will arrange themselves so inevitably in an industrial system of mutual demand and supply, that we need

not form any artificial plan for their guidance. Indeed, if we do adopt such a plan, we shall lose the very good we are aiming at. Under the influence of Burke's teaching, we shall not so much fear the natural and unimpeded development of an industrial system, the growing complexity of which has caused a certain alarm, as we shall fear to meddle with it on every occasion by an ignorant tinkering that will invariably do real and serious harm, even when it brings a little apparent good.

Much difficulty is felt, in our political system, because of a lack of organization along the lines of natural groups united by common character, common interests, and common sympathies. Recent political studies have pointed out the opportunities for political corruption, or, to say the least, for political ineffectiveness, offered in the attempt to work as a political whole an artificial group that embraces inharmonious natural groups, or cuts groups away from their natural alliances. One such instance may be a large and compact city group, of distinct type and character, united artificially with a large and scattered country group, of opposed type and character; another may be an upland, infertile district, with certain needs and supporting certain industries, united with a lowland, alluvial district, of quite other needs and supporting quite other industries. From Burke we may learn the advantages of leaving natural groups as far as possible to work out their own problems within their own limits.

Most healthful for us would be that respect for the expert that Burke teaches not only in his theory, but by his practice. All his attempts to deal with the work of government were preceded by long and careful study of each matter he took up, even to the point of exhaustion. The time-honored American theory that any man can take up any task, with any or no degree of preparation, is showing itself more and more inadequate in a more and more complicated state of society and government. The parliamentary system under which our political affairs are managed was the development, not of democracy, but of that eighteenth-century English oligarchy in which Burke saw — with too glowing idealization, perhaps — the type of a true aristocracy. Is it not possible that the faults and failures we find occasion to deplore every day in the working of that system with us are to be provided for, its dangers and perils met, only by recourse to the principle on which it was originally based, the principle taught by Burke, that leadership by right belongs only to those of sufficient ability and training to deal skillfully with complicated affairs, and with sufficient sense of responsibility to the community to use their skill for the common good? It is, in fact, one of the most necessary lessons we have to learn, that the welfare of the state and the successful conduct of affairs depend upon personal integrity and ability, under the guidance of which any form of government will work, and without which no form of government can work.

After all, the best good we may get from Burke is contact with his lofty spirit. The bare and naked truths of philosophical doctrine he clothes in the gleaming garments of the imagination, and sets walking before us in all the glow and flush of life, — radiant forms that capture our dearest affections and claim our deepest devotion. The state, for Burke, is not a certain tract of bare ground from which to wrest the material supplies of physical existence; it is figured under "the image of a relation in blood," constraining love, reverence, and duty. It is not for bare life alone, but for the best life; it is "a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection;" it comprehends "all the charities of all."

This generous ardor is contagious. Civic enthusiasm, slightly out of fashion with us for some time, is coming in again,

though largely under the form of bellicose ebullitions of temper against foreign nations. But the civic enthusiasm that Burke inspires is for right living at home, just dealing in internal as well as external concerns, and regard for social duties as well as for social rights. To his mind, the due and faithful administration of civil office, the honest and economical disbursement of public money, the painstaking adjustment of borough, township, and city affairs, are as vital to the state, as much matters of interest and concern, as brilliant leadership in the daring raids, the spectacular campaigns, and the noisy victories of party politics or foreign war.

From Burke we may catch not only the spirit of duty, but the spirit of courage and hope. Humanity as he sees it, "with all its imperfections on its head," has within it certain strong life-forces, that work often through crooked and dubious ways, but that, if we give our disinterested service to their guidance, will finally bring the race to higher levels. With this fundamental conviction implanted in us, we need not despair of the state: when theories break down, we may simply think that growth is taking a new direction; when conditions become perplexingly involved, we may trust that after we have reached the limit of our powers of reason and calculation to unravel them they will work out their own best answer; when forms of government and society seem hopelessly rotten and bad, we may feel that there is always a remedy to be found in the "plain, good intention," the good faith and honor, which cannot be entirely absent from a people, and which need only encouragement and a showing of the way to enter helpfully into public affairs.

Kate Holladay Claghorn.

JOWETT AND THE UNIVERSITY IDEAL.

THE expansion of American universities which has been so conspicuous a feature of the last quarter of a century is evidently slackening just now, under the strain of business depression. Academic revenues are shrinking; new endowments are rare; the number of students, instead of advancing by leaps and bounds, is well-nigh stationary; and it is pretty generally recognized that any enlargement of teaching or improvement of surroundings that calls for further expenditure must be postponed to a more propitious season.

During this quarter of a century of expansion there has not only been material growth; new ideals of study, new methods of instruction, have been introduced, which have already exerted no small influence on several generations of undergraduates. Yet one cannot mingle much with the younger generation of American professors without perceiving a certain uneasiness among them as to some features of the new system, a certain tendency to revert to older and apparently abandoned conceptions of academic duty. The lull in things external seems likely to be utilized for reflection on things internal. In this time of halt, of return upon ourselves, we cannot fail to greet with peculiar interest the record of the life-work of a great Academic in another land.[1] It is from this point of view, and this only, that I shall here consider Jowett.

First a word or two as to the chronology of his life. Born in 1817, he

[1] *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford.* By EVELYN ABBOTT and LEWIS CAMPBELL. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1897.

received his early education at St. Paul's School, and, after winning a Balliol scholarship in 1835, went up to Oxford in 1836. In 1838, while still an undergraduate, he was elected to the Balliol Fellowship, which he held until he became Master. After taking his degree in 1839, he became Assistant Tutor of his college in 1841; was ordained in 1842, and was appointed to the Tutorship which thenceforward engaged most of his attention until he exchanged it for the Mastership, — itself, in his eyes, a sort of glorified Tutorship. In 1855 appeared his edition of three Epistles of St. Paul, and in the same year he was appointed by the Crown to the Regius Professorship of Greek. The theological antagonism awakened by his book on the Epistles led to the salary — attached in equity, if not legally, to the Greek chair — being withheld for a decade. Clerical hostility was inflamed still further by the appearance of Essays and Reviews in 1860, which contained a paper from Jowett's pen on the Interpretation of Scripture. In 1870 he was chosen Master of Balliol; and the translation of Plato's Dialogues, which was his most considerable literary work, appeared on the very day of his election. In 1881 was issued his translation of Thucydides; in 1885 his translation of the Politics of Aristotle; and from 1882 to 1886 he served the usual term of four years as Vice-Chancellor of the university. He died on October 1, 1893.

The reader who has glanced over this short list of landmarks in Jowett's life may be surprised to learn that in the Oxford and England of our own time his reputation rests almost entirely on his activity as Master of his college. His theological writings first attracted to him the notice of the world at large; his translations have opened the treasures of Greek thought to thousands who could profit by them, and to whom they would otherwise have remained sealed. But more than thirty years before his death Jowett abandoned all attempts to guide the religious thought of the country. He long dreamt of writing a Life of Christ; but when, in his later years, he was asked why he did not carry out the plan, "he replied, falling back in his chair, with tears in his eyes, 'Because I cannot; God has not given me the power to do it.'" And his biographers assure us that "after the harsh reception of his theological work, he was haunted by the fear that, by writing, he might do harm as well as good." His translations, again, appeal more to the general public than to the scholar; Jowett was not a great classical scholar, in either the German or the English sense of the word. In the field of university politics, moreover, he does not seem to have initiated any one movement of the first importance. But as Master he was a great and brilliant success, and in the college and through the college he exercised enormous influence. Early in his reign he wrote to a friend, "I want to hold out as long as I can, and hope to make Balliol into a really great college if I live for ten years." He lived for twenty years, and died knowing that he had accomplished his purpose. Never was there a Head so bound up with his college; so keenly attached to its interests, its members, and its associations. Without wife or child, and for the last few years of his life without a single near relative, the college was his only home, and took the place of family ties. Never, in return, was there a Head of whom his college was so proud as Balliol was of "old Jowler," or who was regarded with the same mingled feeling of awe and admiration and protecting affection.

How, then, did Jowett esteem his own work? What did he consider the peculiar functions of the university or the colleges? It will be observed by every attentive reader of the Life, first, that Jowett hardly assigned any specific function to the university as such, as distinct from the colleges; and secondly, that both for the college and for the univer-

sity he laid almost exclusive stress on the two tasks of promoting education and of bringing about social intercourse. In his first sermon in Balliol Chapel after his election to the Mastership, he spoke of the college, "first, as a place of education; secondly, as a place of society; thirdly, as a place of religion." He was accustomed to use very similar language about the university: "There are two things which distinguish a university from a mere scientific institution: first of all, it is a seat of liberal education; and secondly, it is a place of society." Both education and society he conceived of nobly. He sought to impress upon each generation of undergraduates "the unspeakable importance of the four critical years of life between about eighteen and twenty-two," when the task before each young man is "to improve his mind, to eradicate bad mental habits, to acquire the power of order and arrangement, to learn the art of fixing his attention." "The object of reading for the schools" — the final honor examinations — "is not chiefly to attain a first class, but to elevate and strengthen the character for life." As against those who declare examinations injurious, he maintained that "they give a fixed aim, towards which to direct our efforts; they stimulate us by the love of honorable distinction; they afford an opportunity of becoming known to those who might not otherwise emerge; they supply the leading-strings which we also need. Neither freedom nor power can be attained without order and regularity and method. The restless habit of mind which passes at will from one view of a subject or from one kind of knowledge to another is not intellectual power." On the value of social intercourse he laid almost equal stress. "His ideal of the work and office of the university" was that it should form "a bridge which might unite the different classes of society, and at the same time bring about a friendly feeling in the different sects of religion, and that might also connect the different branches of knowledge which were apt to become estranged one from another." He was anxious "to bring men of different classes into contact," for the benefit especially of those who had had no social advantages. "Jowett observed that men of very great ability often failed in life, because they were unable to play their part with effect. They were shy, awkward, self-conscious, deficient in manners, — faults which were as ruinous as vices." And the supreme end which Jowett kept in mind for all this training of every kind was "usefulness in after-life."

Towards promoting social intercourse much was done by college life itself, — by the mere juxtaposition of undergraduates in hall and chapel and quadrangle, by spontaneous association in sports and debating clubs; towards education much was done by the stimulus and guidance of a properly devised scheme of examination. But both together were insufficient, left to themselves; another force was necessary, and that force Jowett found in the tutorial system.

I doubt whether it is possible to give anything like an accurate impression of the Oxford tutorial system to those who have not seen it at work. There is the initial difficulty of framing any brief generalization which shall be reasonably true for all the studies of the place and all the colleges. The practice varies from college to college; and in several colleges it has not seemed possible to extend tutorial supervision to the recently introduced studies in physical and biological science. It may be said with sufficient accuracy that all save a small minority of undergraduates, during the greater part of their university career, work under the immediate oversight and direction of a college tutor, whether he actually bears that name or the more humble designation of "lecturer." The system is more highly developed with honor men than with pass men, and it can be best

studied in the two "honor schools" of Literæ Humaniores and Modern History, which attract perhaps four out of five honor students. Colleges prefer to appoint their tutors from among their own Fellows; and in spite of all the recent changes, the majority of the tutors still reside within the college walls.

The tutors of the last fifty years have been among the most industrious of men, taking their duties very seriously, and watching with sedulous care the progress of their pupils from week to week, and from term to term. As a rule, each undergraduate has a regular appointment with his tutor every week; he is seen alone for half an hour or three quarters, and exhibits a piece of work, usually in the form of an essay, which is then and there read and criticised; and these weekly pieces of work are so arranged that the undergraduate may acquaint himself, during the allotted time, with the whole field on which he proposes to be examined.

This conception of tutorial duty has been a growth of the present century, and indeed would seem first to have made itself visible about 1830 and in Oriel College. Very different was the condition of things when Gibbon went up to Magdalen in 1752. His first tutor, he tells us, was "one of the best of the tribe," but even "he was satisfied, like his fellows, with the slight and superficial discharge of an important trust." When the young Gibbon began to make excuses they were received with smiles. "The slightest motive of laziness or indisposition, the most trifling avocation at home or abroad, was allowed as a worthy impediment; nor did my tutor appear conscious of my absence or neglect. No plan of study was recommended for my use; no exercises were prescribed for his inspection." His next tutor was even worse. "Dr. —— well remembered that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform. Excepting one voluntary visit to his rooms, during the eight months of his titular office the tutor and pupil lived in the same college as strangers to each other."

Even after the reformed scheme of examination for degrees was introduced in 1802, — largely owing to the efforts of Eveleigh, the Provost of Oriel, — some time elapsed before college teaching came to be directed towards fitting men to obtain honors. "That was the day," says Mark Pattison in his Memoirs, speaking of 1830, "of private tutors; it was the 'coach,' and not the college tutor, who worked a man up for his 'first.'" The originality of the first set of energetic college tutors at Oriel — Newman, Hurrell Froude, and Robert Wilberforce — consisted precisely in this, as a contemporary put it: that "they bestowed on their pupils as much time and trouble as was usually only expected from very good private tutors."

When Jowett went up to Balliol, the new tutorial enthusiasm had already made its way thither, and his predecessor as tutor, A. C. Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), had made a great impression on the college by his assiduity and his charm of manner. Jowett, in spite of the shyness which hampered him throughout life, applied himself with extraordinary energy to the tutorial task; and it was thus that, after a few years, he began to gain influence, and to win for himself the enthusiastic esteem of scores of undergraduates. Varying accounts are given of his early tutorial years; but it is certain that "his devotion to his pupils was, at this time, something unique in Oxford." One distinguished pupil of his between 1852 and 1854 tells us that he "often took composition to Jowett at half past twelve at night." Jowett early established the custom of taking half a dozen men of ability away with him in the vacations, to work under his eye for a few weeks, — a practice he maintained till almost the end of his life. Such zeal soon pro-

duced a crop of first classes for Balliol, and raised the intellectual reputation of the college; the infection was caught by such of his own pupils as became tutors at Balliol or at other colleges; and tutorial ardor, once introduced, was fanned by intercollegiate rivalry. As soon as he became Master, Jowett added the coping-stone to the fabric by "establishing weekly tutorial meetings, at which he never failed to attend, going through the whole list of undergraduates, and satisfying himself by inquiry about the work of every man," — two hundred or more; and other colleges, again, imitated, with various modifications, the new machinery. Among the qualities desirable in the Head of a college, set down in some curious memoranda of Jowett's, occurs this requirement: "He should know how to 'put pressure' upon everybody." His own Mastership left nothing to be desired in this respect.

Jowett was thus, in large measure, the creator of the modern tutorial ideal. What that involves may be readily gathered from a phrase used in passing by one of the writers of the Life, himself an eminent Balliol tutor. College tutors, he tells us, are held "responsible for the position of a pupil in the class list."

Yet as tutor he was more than an instructor. He wished to know his undergraduates personally, to influence the development of their characters in every possible way for good, to promote sociability and bring men together. Hospitality was therefore a duty as well as a pleasure, and "he was the most hospitable of men." "When his stipend as Greek professor was increased, the fact was brought home to us his pupils by the increase in the plates and dishes which his servant piled up on the stairs leading to his room. He had undergraduates with him at almost every meal; he wished to know as much of them as possible." What Jowett did, his disciples who were tutors did in their turn; when he became Master, he "urged the Balliol tutors to do the same." In later years, he rejoiced to fill the Master's Lodge, from Saturday to Monday, with visitors of distinction, and many a joke has been cracked about this little hobby. But "he never, in anything that he did, forgot the college or the undergraduates, and nothing was more remarkable in him than the pains which he took about the future careers of his 'young men.' This was, in his opinion, one of the chief duties of the head of a college."

So the ideal of the tutor was still further enlarged and grew to be what we know it: that combination of authority and comradeship, of dignity and *bonhomie*, which is often presented in forms of infinite attractiveness, and which has excited the longing admiration of so many American observers.

There is a significant passage in Pattison's Memoirs where he explains the reasons which led the Provost of Oriel to get rid of the three energetic and successful tutors before mentioned: "Newman insisted upon regarding his relation to his pupils as a pastoral one. Unless he could exercise the function of tutor on this basis, he did not think that he, being a priest, could be a tutor at all. . . . The Provost's proposal that all undergraduates should be entered under one common name, and no longer under respective tutors, interfered with Newman's doctrine of the pastoral relation. This was the point which Newman would not give up, and for which he resigned." Pattison remarks, in his unsympathetic fashion, that if Newman had succeeded, "a college would have become a mere priestly seminary." But seven or eight years later we find Tait, at Balliol, — a most unpriestly tutor, — turning over in his mind "what can be done to make more of a pastoral connection between the tutors and their pupils." In fact, through all the changes that the last sixty years have brought, with most of the tutors laymen, and many by no means orthodox, with every effort to wear vel-

vet gloves and to keep serious purposes well in the background, the ideal of the relation has continued to be, in a very real sense, a pastoral one.

So much, then, for the theory; now as to the results. None but a fanatical and unobservant adversary can deny that the system is in many respects highly beneficial to the undergraduates. The abler men are taught to work rapidly and consecutively; they acquire a great deal of information; they learn the art of presenting their knowledge in lucid and forcible shape. The stupid and the idle are made to do some systematic work; and an enthusiastic tutor will succeed in striking a spark of genuine interest out of perhaps one in ten even of them. But there are some deductions to be made from the verdict of success. The tutorial system often does for the undergraduate more than is good for him. In one of his sermons of 1885, Jowett compares the present Balliol undergraduate with his predecessor forty or fifty years ago, not altogether to the advantage of the former: "There is greater refinement and greater decorum; there is also more knowledge and steady industry. On the other hand, there was more heartiness and originality and force among the youth of that day." In that entertaining and witty book, Aspects of Modern Oxford, by a Mere Don, there is the same lament: "There are certain indications that the undergraduate is less of a grown-up person than he was in the brave days of old. It takes him a long time to forget his schooldays. Only exceptionally untrammeled spirits regard independent reading as more important than the ministrations of their tutor."

If the intellectual results are not wholly satisfactory, what of the social? Under Jowett, Balliol grew in numbers, till it outstripped all other colleges except Christ Church; and the undergraduate body became more and more composite in social origin, — from the earl down, or up, to the clever son of the artisan. Jowett's dream was that the earl and the artisan's son should fraternize; but as a matter of fact, they did not. It was notorious in Oxford that Balliol was one of the most cliquy of colleges. Jowett did his best to fight against the growing evil. He induced Mr. John Farmer to come from Harrow and establish Sunday-evening concerts of classical music, and Monday-evening smoking-concerts with college songs, as a means of binding the college together. But, with all his shrewdness, he failed to realize that a large and diversified college is incompatible with real acquaintance with one another on the part of the undergraduates. No quantity of college songs or tutorial "tea and toast" can make headway against the centrifugal forces.

This is the undergraduate's side of the account; now for the tutor's. The Oxford tutor — his admirers, like "a Mere Don," regretfully acknowledge it — has become a schoolmaster, with the qualities and the defects of the qualities. Other and external causes have contributed to make him the overworked schoolmaster he is; for the number of tutors has by no means increased, as it should have done, in proportion to their labors. Professor Freeman used to point out — as his recent biographer tells us — that "the university was becoming less and less a centre for learning, and sinking more and more into a mere educational machine;" and that "meanwhile the ablest works in philosophy and history proceeded from university men, indeed, but not, as a rule, from those who were resident, but from the cabinet minister, the banker, or the country clergyman." This is not hard to account for. Let any one read the humorous Diary of a Don, in Aspects of Modern Oxford, with its picture of perpetual bustle from morning to night, and he will understand how exceedingly difficult it must be to get much time for steady reading or quiet thought.

Did Jowett realize any part of this?

Hardly. And still there are some significant phrases in his letters. Writing to Stanley in 1852, and urging him to take the headship of a proposed "Balliol Hall," he was careful to point out that the position was "not that of a drudging college tutor." In 1870 he confessed to the same friend that he was glad to reach the Mastership, "because I want more rest and leisure to think, and I have been overworked for many years past." Among his Memoranda has been found a little set of "Maxims for Statesmen and Others," wherein "Never spare" and "Never drudge" stand cheek by jowl.

The pressure of duty upon the tutor has been very considerably increased by the growth of the "combined lecture" plan. Many of the tutors, besides giving instruction to their college pupils, lecture two or three times a week, to all undergraduates who choose to attend. As a result, some of them perform what one may describe as "professorial" functions in addition to their strictly tutorial ones. As Freeman put it less kindly, they have "become mongrel beings, — neither professor, nor college tutor, nor private coach." It needs but little reflection to see how severe must be the strain upon the teacher who, besides being responsible for the examination feats of a couple of dozen undergraduates, tries to keep abreast of the latest investigations in the special subject on which he is lecturing.

Jowett viewed the outcome of these tendencies with much disquietude, but, characteristically enough, on account of the lecturer, not of the hearer. The substitution of "prælections" for the older catechetical instruction, he declared in his later years, was "utterly bad for the students, though flattering to the teacher." Often the mere listening to a lecture is "no intellectual discipline at all." Yet the "combined lecture" was in two ways the result of Jowett's action and that of men like him. It was the inevitable result of the intercollegiate combination; it was also the outlet which the professorial instinct, insuppressible in a great modern university, found for itself under the tutorial régime. In his evidence before the University Commission in 1877, Jowett urged the necessity of enlarging the professoriate in order to create "a career to which college tutors can look forward," now that they no longer look to preferment in the Church. But nowadays men are hardly likely to be appointed to professorships unless they have done some more or less original work in the subject of the chair; how men are to do that original work, and at the same time be college tutors of the kind Jowett would have had them, it is not easy to see.

Up to this point, it will be observed, I have abstained from criticising the tutorial ideal as Jowett cherished it, and the preceding remarks as to its deficiencies have been based chiefly on Jowett's own observations. The readers of this paper probably do not need to be told that another university ideal has had its champions in Oxford, and that the tutorial system has not been without its critics. Of these the most vigorous and emphatic was Mark Pattison, the late Rector of Lincoln. According to Pattison, the colleges were never intended by their founders to be "establishments for the education of youth," "schools for young men who had outgrown school," but rather to be "retreats for study." The original object of their foundation was "the promotion of learning," "the endowment of knowledge." "So far from its being the intention of a fellowship to support the Master of Arts as a teacher, it was rather its purpose to relieve him from the drudgery of teaching for a maintenance, and to set him free to give his whole time to the studies of his faculty." It was the Jesuits who first introduced "the principle of perpetual supervision, of repeated examinations, of weekly exercises," that is, the tutorial method, — at first greeted as a reform, but found in the end to produce "starved and shriveled

understandings." Pattison demanded a return to the old ideals, an "endowment of research" in some shape or other, even if it could take no better form than the creation of a body of professors whose true purpose was "veiled from the sneers of Philistinism by the thin disguise of setting them to deliver terminal courses of lectures to empty benches." That Oxford should do nothing but educate, and educate for examinations, was bad, he declared, for both teacher and taught, and fatal to the university as a place of learning. He had himself been a highly successful tutor, and in his earlier days had done for Lincoln something like what Jowett, his contemporary, was doing for Balliol. "I have never ceased," he declared in the closing days of his life, "to prize as highly as I did at that time the personal influence of mind upon mind, — the mind of the fully instructed upon the young mind it seeks to form. But I gradually came to see that it was impossible to base a whole academical system upon this single means of influence." Jowett, meanwhile, as his biographers tell us, "had no sympathy with the organized endowment of research, and he was strongly opposed to any measures which were likely to lessen the influence of the colleges." Nor was he afraid to exclaim, "How I hate learning!"

Whatever the purposes of the original founders may have been, we may be pretty sure that the English universities will never become primarily places of original investigation or homes of learned leisure. There is the crowd of undergraduates to be dealt with somehow; there is the obvious benefit that can be conferred upon the students, and the influence for good that can be exercised through them upon the nation. On the other hand, it can hardly be maintained that Oxford does as much as might fairly be expected of her for the advancement of knowledge; and it is scarcely seemly for her to be so very dependent for fresh ideas and new conclusions upon German universities and "private scholars." Of course it is good for most scholars to be compelled from time to time to take stock of their labors and to put their results into teachable shape. It is equally true that academic teaching is bound, in the long run, to deteriorate unless it is inspired by the consciousness of widening knowledge and the hope of personally advancing the cause of science. No Oxford man who has had any experience in American universities will be inclined to underestimate the incalculable service done to the undergraduate by collegiate life and discipline. It is rather a case of "These ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone." Perhaps even now forces are at work which will restore the balance. The professorships established by the last University Commission are beginning to make themselves felt; the number of "schools," or curricula for honors, is being increased; two scholarly journals, comparable with the best of any country, the English Historical Review and the Economic Journal, are being edited in Oxford; and the ideas of "graduate studies" and "research degrees" are in the air. Oxford has already much to offer the serious American graduate student; and perhaps his resort thither will in some slight measure help Oxford herself to return to her older traditions.

When we turn from Oxford and Jowett to the university problem in America, our first impression, maybe, is of the total dissimilarity of conditions, and of the hopelessness of deriving any lessons from English experience. Yet the American reader of Jowett's biography will be singularly irresponsive if it does not prompt some consideration of the functions of the university in this country. In what I have left to say, I shall confine myself to Harvard, with which alone, among American universities, I have any intimate acquaintance.

The peculiarity in the position of Har-

vard is that while the professorial ideal has definitely triumphed among the teaching body, the tutorial ideal is still cherished by the "constituency." Most of the professors care first of all for the advancement of science and scholarship; they prefer lectures to large audiences to the catechetical instruction of multiplied "sections," and they would leave students free to attend lectures or neglect them, at their own peril; they would pick out the abler men, and initiate them into the processes of investigation in small "research courses" or "seminaries;" and, to be perfectly frank, they are not greatly interested in the ordinary undergraduate. On the other hand, the university constituency — represented, as I am told, by the Overseers — insists that the ordinary undergraduate shall be "looked after;" that he shall not be allowed to "waste his time;" that he shall be "pulled up" by frequent examinations, and forced to do a certain minimum of work, whether he wants to or not. The result of this pressure has been the establishment of an elaborate machinery of periodical examination, the carrying on of a vaster book-keeping for the registration of attendance and of grades than was ever before seen at any university, and the appointment of a legion of junior instructors and assistants, to whom is assigned the drudgery of reading examination-books and conducting "conferences."

So far as the professors are concerned, the arrangement is as favorable as can reasonably be expected. Of course they are all bound to lecture, and to lecture several times a week; they exercise a general supervision over the labors of their assistants; they guide the studies of advanced students; they conduct the examinations for honors and for higher degrees; they carry on a ceaseless correspondence; and each of them sits upon a couple of committees. But they are not absolutely compelled to undertake much drudging work in the way of instruction, and if they are careful of their time they can manage to find leisure for their own researches. As soon as "a course" gets large, a benevolent Corporation will provide an assistant. The day is past when they were obliged, in the phrase of Lowell, "to double the parts of professor and tutor."

But the soil of America is not as propitious as one could wish to the plant of academic leisure. It is a bustling atmosphere; and a professor needs some strength of mind to resist the temptation to be everlastingly "doing" something obvious. The sacred reserves of time and energy need to be jealously guarded; and there is more than one direction from which they are threatened. University administration occupies what would seem an unduly large number of men and an unduly large amount of time; it is worth while considering whether more executive authority should not be given to the deans. Then there is the never ending stream of legislation, or rather, of legislative discussion. I must confess that when I have listened, week after week, to faculty debates, the phrase of Mark Pattison about Oxford has sometimes rung in my ears: "the tone as of a lively municipal borough." It would be unjust to apply it; for, after all, the measures under debate have been of far-reaching importance. Yet if any means could be devised to hasten the progress of business, it would be a welcome saving of time. Still another danger is the pecuniary temptation — hardly resistible by weak human nature — to repeat college lectures to the women students of Radcliffe. That some amount of repetition will do no harm to teachers of certain temperaments and in certain subjects may well be allowed, but that it is sometimes likely to exhaust the nervous energy which might better be devoted to other things can hardly be denied. The present Radcliffe system, to be sure, is but a makeshift, and an unsatisfactory one.

The instructors and assistants, on their part, have little to grumble at, if they, in their turn, are wise in the use of their time. It is with them, usually, but a few years of drudgery, on the way to higher positions in Harvard or elsewhere; and it is well that a man should bear the yoke in his youth. Let him remember that his promotion will depend largely upon his showing the ability to do independent work; let him take care not to be so absorbed in the duties of his temporary position as to fail to produce some little bit of scholarly or scientific achievement for himself. I have occasionally thought that the university accepts the labors of men in the lower grades of the service with a rather stepmotherly disregard for their futures.

Come now to the "students," for whose sake, certainly, Harvard College was founded, whatever may have been the case with English colleges, and whose presence casts upon those responsible for academic policy duties which they cannot escape, if they would. Grant that education — and education as Jowett understood it, the training of character as well as mere instruction — is the main business of a university, what is to be said of the situation of affairs? That we do as much here for the average man as the Oxford tutorial system accomplishes, it would be idle to affirm. The introduction of the tutorial system, however, is out of the question: it needs the small college for its basis; it requires that the tutor should enjoy a prestige which we cannot give him; and it is still further shut out by "elective" studies. Yet in its way the Harvard practice suffers from the same defects as the Oxford; it does too much for the men. Take the matter of examinations, for instance. Surely it would be better to relax the continuous pressure, — which after all is not in any worthy sense effective, — and to reinforce it instead at special points. It was the conviction, we are told, of Professor Freeman that "if examinations were necessary evils, they should be few, searching, and complete, not many and piecemeal." At present, there are so many "tests," of one sort or another, that no one examination sufficiently impresses the undergraduate mind. The kind of work done by a student who is so persistently held up by hour examinations and conferences that he must be an abnormal fool to "fail" at the end, cannot be regarded as really educational in any high sense of the word. By a great many men, the help showered upon them is regarded merely as the means of discovering just how little they can do, and still scrape through. To sweep away all examinations except the final annual one; to leave the student more to himself; to set a higher standard for passing, and ruthlessly reject those who do not reach it, would undoubtedly, in the long run, encourage a more manly spirit on the part of undergraduates, and a deeper respect for the university. This I say with the fuller confidence because, when I left Oxford, some nine years ago, I could see nothing but the evils of the examination system as it there affects students of promise. I am now convinced that it would be possible and salutary in Harvard to add greatly to the awfulness of examination; and that much could be done in this direction without approaching within measurable distance of any results that need be feared.

From a natural distrust of examinations and a desire to encourage independent thought, it has of late become the practice to prescribe two or more theses during the progress of a "course." The result is that many a man has half a dozen or more theses to write during the year, for two or three different teachers. This undoubtedly "gets some work out of the men." But the too frequent consequence, with students who take their work seriously, especially with graduates, is that they have no time for anything but to get up their lectures and prepare their theses. Any parallel read-

ing by the side of their lectures they find impracticable. But one of the best things a student can do is just to read intelligently. Certainly the graduate students, if not the undergraduates, would sometimes be the better for being left more to themselves.

These are, however, relatively minor matters. A good deal could be said about that corner-stone of Harvard academic policy, the "elective" system. I must confess that I have hitherto failed to see the advantage of the completely elective plan (for any but exceptional students) over the plan of "groups," or "triposes," or "schools," with some degree of internal elasticity to suit particular tastes. That it is an improvement on the old compulsory curriculum is likely enough; but I do not know that any great American university has ever yet fairly tried the group arrangement. This, however, is too large a subject for the end of a paper, and I hurry on to my last point.

Of all the educational agencies at Oxford, Oxford itself is the strongest.

> "That sweet city with her dreaming spires
> She needs not June for beauty's heightening."

Harvard, indeed, is truly "fair" at Commencement, and in the evening lights the Yard has always a sober dignity. But Harvard in the daytime sadly needs May or October for beauty's heightening. The disadvantages of youth and climate may not be altogether surmountable; yet Cambridge surroundings could doubtless be made more comely and restful with comparatively little trouble. There must be a certain atrophy of the æsthetic sense when luxuriously furnished dormitories have no difficulty in securing tenants though they face rubbish dumps, and when rowing-men can practice with equanimity beneath a coal-dealer's mammoth advertisement. What is much to be desired for every young man — most of all for those from homes of little cultivation — is that he should live in the presence of grace and beauty and stateliness. The lesson of good taste cannot be learnt from lectures, and is imbibed unconsciously. Here we must turn to our masters, the Corporation, and to the worshipful Benefactors to come. Is all the thought taken that might be taken, all the pressure used that might be exerted, to increase the amenity of the neighborhood? And further, is it Utopian to imagine that some benefactor will yet arise who will enable Harvard to imitate the noble example of Yale, and erect dormitories that shall delight the eye? Is it too much to hope that the university may soon be enriched with at least one more building such as Memorial Hall? For many a Harvard student his daily meals in Memorial Hall, in that ample space, beneath the glowing colors of the windows and surrounded by the pictures of the Harvard worthies of the past, constitute the most educative part of his university career, though he may not know it. Only half the students can now be brought within this silent influence. A second dining-hall, of like dignity, is the most urgent educational need of Harvard, and the need most easily supplied.

W. J. Ashley.

THE JUGGLER.

XI.

Royce waited over one day after this agreement with Tynes, and marked with satisfaction how thoroughly his will was subject to his own control. He had seen the Springs once. There was naturally a certain mundane curiosity on his part to be satisfied. Doubtless, after another excursion or so thither, it would all pall upon him and he would be more content, since there was no dream of unattainable enchantments at hand upon which he dared not look.

The place was singularly cheerful of aspect in its matutinal guise. The diagonal slant of the morning sunshine struck through the foliage of the great oaks and dense shrubs; but there was intervenient shadow here, too, dank, grateful to the senses, for the day already betokened the mounting mercury. Across the valley the amethystine mountains shimmered through the heated air; ever and anon darkly purple simulacra of clouds went fleeing along their vast sunlit slopes beneath the dazzling white masses in the azure sky. In the valley, a tiny space of blue-green tint amongst the strong full-fleshed dark verdure of the forests of July bespoke a cornfield, and through a field-glass might be descried the little log cabin with its delicate tendril of smoke, the home of the mountaineer who tilled the soil. Of more distinct value in the landscape was the yellow of the harvested wheatfields in the nearer reaches of the Cove, where the bare spaces revealed the stage road here and there as it climbed the summits of red clay hills.

There was no sound of music on the air, the band being off duty for the nonce. Even that instrument of torture, the hotel piano, was silent. The wind played through the meshes of the deserted tennis-nets, and no clamor of rolling balls thundered from the tenpin alley, the low long roof of which glimmered in the sunshine, down among the laurel on the slope toward the gorge. The whole life of the place was focused upon the veranda. Royce's reminiscent eye, gazing upon it all as a fragment of the past as well as an evidence of the present, discerned that some crisis of moment in the continual conjugation of the verb *s'amuser* impended. The usual laborious idleness of fancy-work would hardly account for the unanimity with which feminine heads were bent above needles and threads and various sheer fabrics, nor for the interest with which the New Helvetia youths watched the proceedings and self-sufficiently proffered advice, despite the ebullitions of laughter, scornful and superior, with which it was inevitably received. There was now and again an exclamation of triumph when a pair of conventionalized wings were held aloft, completed, fashioned of gauze and wire and profusely spangled with silver. He caught the flash of tinsel, and gratulation and great glee ensued when one of the old ladies, fluttered with the anxiety of the inventor, successfully fitted a silver crown upon the golden locks of a poetic-faced young girl, a very Titania. The jocose hobbledehoy whom Royce had noted on the occasion of his previous excursion sat upon a step of the long flight leading from the veranda to the lawn, surrounded by half a dozen little maidens, and, armed with a needle and a long thread, sewed industriously, rewarded by their shrieking exclamations of delight in his funniness every time he grotesquely drew out the needle with a great curve of his long arm, or facetiously but futilely undertook to bite the thread.

With zealous gallantry sundry of the young men plied back and forth between the groups on the veranda to

facilitate the exchange of silks and scissors, and occasionally trotted on similar errands, businesslike and brisk, down the plank walk to the store. Sometimes they asked here for the wrong thing. Sometimes they forgot utterly what they were to ask for, and a return trip was in order. Sometimes they demanded some article a stranger to invention, unheard of on sea or shore. Thus cruelly was their ignorance of fabric played upon by the ungrateful and freakish fair, and the little store rang with laughter at the discomfiture of the young Mercury so humbly bearing the messages of the deities on the veranda; for the store was crowded, too, chiefly with ladies in the freshest of morning costumes, and Royce, as he paused at the door, realized that this was no time to claim the attention of the smooth-faced clerk. That functionary was as happy as a salesman ever gets to be. There was not a yard of any material or an article in his stock that did not stand a fair chance of immediate purchase as wearing apparel or stage properties. Tableaux, and a ball afterward in the dress of one of the final pictures, were in immediate contemplation, as Royce gathered from the talk. This was evidently an undertaking requiring some nerve on the part of its projectors, in so remote a place, where no opportunities of fancy costumes were attainable save what invention might contrive out of the resources of a modern summer wardrobe and the haphazard collections of a watering-place store. Perhaps this added element of jeopardy and doubt and discovery and the triumphs of ingenuity heightened the zest of an amusement which with all necessary appliances might have been vapid indeed.

Royce could not even read the titles of the books on the little shelf at this distance, above the heads of the press, and he turned away to await a more convenient season, realizing that he had attracted naught but most casual notice, and feeling at ease to perceive, from one or two specimens to-day about the place, that mountaineers from the immediate vicinity were no rarity at New Helvetia; their errands to sell fruit to the guests or vegetables or venison to the hotel being doubtless often supplemented by a trifle of loitering to mark the developments of a life so foreign to their experience. As he strolled along the plank walk, his supersensitive consciousness was somewhat assuaged as by a sense of invisibility. Every one was too much absorbed to notice him, and he in his true self supported no responsibility, since poor Lucien Royce was dead, and John Leonard was merely a stray mountaineer, looking on wide-eyed at the doings of the grand folk.

From the locality of the portion of the building which he had learned contained the ballroom he heard the clatter of hammer and nails. The stage was probably in course of erection, and, idly following the sound along a low deserted piazza toward one of the wings, he stood at last in the doorway. He gazed in listlessly at the group of carpenters working at the staging, the frame being already up. A blond young man, in white flannel trousers and a pink-and-white-striped blazer, was descanting with knowingness and much easy confidence of manner upon the way in which the curtain should draw, while the proprietor, grave, saturnine, with a leaning toward simplicity of contrivance and economy in execution, listened in silence. The wind blew soft and free through the opposite windows. Royce looked critically at the floor of the ballroom. It was a good floor, a very good floor. Finally he turned, with only a gentle melancholy in his forced renunciation of youthful amusements, with the kind of sentiment, the sense of far remove, which might animate the ghost of one untimely snatched away, now vaguely awaiting its ultimate fate. He continued to stroll along, entering presently the quadrangle, and noting here the grass and the trees and the

broad walks; the romping children about the band-stand in the centre, dainty and fresh of costume and shrill of voice; the chatting groups of old black "mammies" who supervised their play. One was pushing a perambulator, in which a precocious infant, totally ignoring passing adults, after the manner of his kind, fixed an eager, intent, curious gaze upon another infant in arms, who so returned this interested scrutiny that his soft neck, as he twisted it in the support of his retiring nurse, was in danger of dislocation.

"Tu'n roun' yere, chile!" she admonished him as if he were capable of understanding, while she shifted him about in her arms to cut off the vision of the object of interest. "Twis' off yer hade lak some ole owel, fus' t'ing ye know; owel tu'n his hade ef ye circle roun' him, an' tu'n an' tu'n till his ole fool hade drap off. Did n' ye know dat, honey? Set disher way. Dat 's nice!"

She almost ran against the juggler as she rounded the corner. He caught the glance of her eye, informed with that contempt for the poor whites which is so marked a trait of negro character, as she walked on, swaying gently from side to side and crooning low to the baby.

He did not care to linger longer within the premises. He could not even enjoy the relapse into old sounds and sights in a guise in which he was thought so meanly of, and which so ill beseemed his birth and quality. When he issued at last from the quadrangle, at the lower end of the veranda, he found he was nearer the descent to the spring than to the store. He thought he would slip down that dank, bosky, deserted path, make a circuit through the woods, and thus regain the road homeward without risking further observation and the laceration of his quivering pride. False pride he thought it might be, but accoutred, alas, with sensitive fibres and alert and elastic muscles for the writhings of torture, with delicate membranes to shrivel and scorch and sear as if it were quite genuine and a laudable possession.

The ferns with long wide-spreading fronds, and great mossy boulders amongst the dense undergrowth, pressed close on either hand, and the thick interlacing boughs of trees overarched the precipitous path as he went down and down into its green-tinted glooms. Now and again it curved and sought a more level course, but outcropping ledges interposed, making the way rugged, and soon cliffs began to peer through the foliage, and on one side they overhung the path; on the other side a precipice lurked, glimpsed through boughs of trees whose trunks were fifty feet lower on a slope beneath. An abrupt turn, — the odor of ferns blended with moisture came delicately, elusively fragrant; a great fracture yawned amidst the rocks, and there, from a cleft stained deeply ochreous with the oxide of iron, a crystal-clear rill fell so continuously that it seemed to possess no faculty of motion in its limpid interlacings and plaitings as of silver threads; only below, where the natural stone basin — hewn out by the constant beating on the solid rock — overflowed, could its momentum and power be inferred by the swift escape of the water, bounding over the precipice and rushing off in great haste for the valley. The proprietor had had the good taste to preserve the woodland character of the place intact. No sign that civilization had ever intruded here did Royce mark, as he looked about, save that suddenly his eye fell upon a book, open and turned downward on a rock hard by. Some one had sought this sylvan solitude for a quiet hour in the fascinations of its pages.

He hesitated a moment, then advanced cautiously and laid his hand upon it. How long, how long — it seemed as if in another existence — since he had had a book like this in his hand! He caught its title eagerly, and the name of the

author. They were new to him. He turned the pages with alert interest. The book had been published since the date of his exile. Once more he fluttered the leaves, and, like some famished, thirsting wretch drinking in great eager gulps, he began to absorb the contents, his eyes glowing like coals, his breath hot, his hands trembling with nervous haste, knowing that his time for this draught of elixir, this refreshment of his soul, was brief, so brief. It would never do, for a man so humbly clad as he was, to be caught reading with evident delight a scholarly book like this. When at last he threw himself down amongst the thick and fragrant mint beside the rock, his shoulders supported on an outcropping ledge, his hat fallen on the ground, he was not conscious how the time sped by. His eyes were alight, moving swiftly from side to side of the page. His face glowed with responsive enthusiasm to the high thought of the author. His troubles had done much to chasten its expression and had chiseled its features. It had never been so keen, so intelligent, so frank, so refined, as now. He did not see how the shadows shifted, till even in this umbrageous retreat a glittering lance of sunlight pierced the green gloom. He was not even aware of another presence, a sudden entrance. A young lady, climbing up from the precipitous slope below, started abruptly at sight of him, jeopardizing her already uncertain footing, then stared for an instant in blank amazement.

So uncertain was her footing where she stood, however, that there was no safe choice but to continue her ascent. He did not heed more the rustle of her garments, as she struggled to the level ground, than the rustle of the leaves, nor the rattle of the little avalanche of gravel as her foot upon the verge dislodged the pebbles. Only when the shaft of sunlight struck full upon her white piqué dress, and the reflected glare was flung over the page of the book and into his eyes with that refulgent quality which a thick white fabric takes from the sun, he glanced up at the dazzling apparition with a galvanic start which jarred his every fibre. He stared at her for one moment as if he were in a dream; he had come from so far, — so very far! Then he grasped his troublous identity, and sprang to his feet in great embarrassment.

"I must apologize," he said, with his most courteous intonation, "for taking the liberty of reading your book."

"Not at all," she murmured civilly, but still looking at him in much surprise and with intent eyes.

Those eyes were blue and soft and lustrous; the lashes were long and black; the eyebrows were so fine, so perfect, so delicately arched, that they might have justified the writing of sonnets in their praise. That delicate small Roman nose one knew instinctively she derived from a father who had followed its prototype from one worldly advancement to another, and into positions of special financial trusts and high commercial consideration. It would give distinction to her face in the years to come, when her fresh and delicate lips should fade, and that fluctuating sea-shell pink hue should no longer embellish her cheek. Her complexion was very fair. Her hair, densely black, showed under the brim of the white sailor hat set straight on her small head. She was tall and slender, and wore her simple dress with an effect of finished elegance. She had an air of much refinement and unconscious dignity, and although, from her alert volant poise, he inferred that she was ready to terminate the interview, she did not move at once when she had taken the book in her hand.

"I merely intended to glance at the title," he went on, still overwhelmed to be caught in this literary poaching, and hampered by the consciousness that he and his assumed identity had become strangely at variance. "But I grew so

much interested that I — I — quite lost myself."

She had some thought in her mind as she looked down at the book in her gloved hand, then at him. The blood stung his cheek as he divined it. In pity for his evident poverty and hankering for the volume, she would fain have bid him keep it. If this stranger had been a woman, she would have bestowed it on the instant. As it was, with an exacting sense of conventionality, she said suavely, but with impersonal inexpressiveness, "It is no matter. I am glad it entertained you. Good-morning."

He bowed with distant and unpresuming politeness, and as she walked, with a fine pose and a quick elastic gait, along the shadowy green path, vanishing at the first turn, he felt the blood beating in his temples with such marked pulsation that he could have counted the strokes as he stood.

Did she deem him, then, only a common mountaineer, a graceless unlettered lout? She rated him as less than the dust beneath her feet. He could not endure that she should think of him thus. How could she be so obtuse as to fail to see that he was a gentleman for all his shabby gear! It was in him for a moment to hasten after her and reveal his name and quality, that she might not look at him as a creature of no worth, a being of a different sphere, hardly allied even to the species she represented.

He was following on her path, when the reflex sentiment struck him. "Am I mad?" he said to himself. "Have I lost all sense of caution and self-preservation?"

He stood panting and silent, the wounded look in his eyes so intense that by some subtle sympathetic influence they hurt him, as if in the tension of a strain upon them, and he passed his hand across them as he took his way back to the spring.

Did he wish the lady to recognize his station in life, and speculate touching his name? He was fortunate in that she was so young, for to those of more experience the incongruities of the interest manifested by an uncouth and ignorant mountaineer in a metaphysical book like that might indeed advertise mystery and provoke inquiry. Was he hurt because the lady, noting his flagrant poverty, had evidently wished to bestow upon him the volume which he had been reading with such delight, — so little to her, so infinite to him? And should he not appreciate her delicate sense of the appropriate, that had forbidden this generosity, considering her youth, and the fact that he was a stranger and seemingly a rustic clown? He rather wondered at the scholarly bent of her taste in literature, and her avoidance of the mirthful scenes of the veranda, that she might spend the morning in thought so fresh, so deep, so expansive. It hardly seemed apposite to her age and the tale that the thermometer told, for this was a book for study. There was something simple-hearted in his acceptance of this high intellectual ideal which all at once she represented to him. A few months ago he would have scoffed at it as a pose; he would at least have surmised the fact, — a mistake caused by a similarity of binding with a popular novel of the day with which she had hoped to while away the time in the cool recesses beside the spring, and thus the volume had been thrown discarded on the rock, while she climbed the slopes searching for the Chilhowee lily.

The fire of humiliation still scorched his eyes, his deep depression was patent in his face and figure, when he reached the Sims house at last, and threw himself down in a chair in the passage. One arm was over the back of the chair, and he rested his chin in his hand as he looked out gloomily at the mountains that limited his world, and wished that he had never seen them and might never see them again. The house was full of the

odor of frying bacon, for there was no whiff of wind in the Cove. The rooms were close and hot, and the sun lay half across the floor, and burnt, and shimmered, and dazzled the eye. The suffocating odor of the blistering clapboards, and of the reserves of breathless heat stored in the attic, penetrated the spaces below. Jane Ann Sims sat melting by degrees in the doorway, where, if a draught were possible to the atmosphere from any of the four quarters, she might be in its direct route. Meantime she nodded oblivious, and her great head and broad face dripping with moisture wabbled helplessly on her bosom.

Euphemia, coming out suddenly with a pan of peas to shell for dinner, and seeking a respite from the heat, caught sight of Royce with a radiant look of delight to which for his life he could not respond. She was pallid and limp with the heat and the work of preparing dinner, and even in the poetic entanglements of her curling shining hair she brought that most persistent aroma of the frying-pan. The coarse florid calico, the misshapen little brogans which she adjusted on the rung of her chair as she tilted it back against the wall with the pan in her lap, her drawling voice, the lapses of her ignorant speech, her utter lack of all the graces of training and culture, impressed him anew with the urgency of a fresh discovery.

"What air it ez ails you-uns?" she demanded, with a certain anxiety in her eyes. "Ye hev acted sorter cur'ous all this week. Do you-uns feel seek ennywhars?"

"Lord, no!" exclaimed the juggler irritably; "there 's nothing the matter with me."

She looked at him in amazement for a moment; he had had no words for her of late but honeyed praise. The change was sudden and bitter. There was an appealing protest in her frightened eyes, and the color rushed to her face.

He had no affinities for the rôle of fickle-minded lover, and he was hardly likely to seek to palliate the cruelty of inconstancy. He took extreme pride in being a man of his word. The sense of honor, which was all the religion he had and was chiefly active commercially, was evident too in his personal affairs. Was it her fault, his poor little love, that she was so hopelessly rustic? Had he not sought her when she was averse to him, and won her heart from a man she loved, who would never have thought himself too good for her? He would not apologize, however. He would not let her think that he had been vexed into hasty speech by the sight of her, the sound of her voice.

"You just keep that up," he said, conserving an expression of animosity before which she visibly quaked, "and you 'll have Mrs. Sims brewing her infernal herb teas for me in about three minutes and a quarter. I want you to stop talking about my being ill, short off."

As she gazed at him she burst into a little trill of treble laughter, that had nevertheless the tone of tears ready to be shed, in the extremity of her relief.

"I have walked twenty miles to-day, and it 's a goodish tramp, — over to New Helvetia and back; and I 'm fagged out, that 's all."

Her equilibrium was restored once more, and her eyes were radiant with the joy of loving and being loved. Yet she paused suddenly, her hand — he winced that he should notice how rough and large it was, the nails blunt and short and broad — resting motionless on the edge of the pan, as she said, "I wisht ye would gin up goin' ter that thar hotel. Ye look strange ter-day," — her eyes searched his face as if for an interpretation of something troublous, daunting, — "so strange! so strange!"

"How?" he demanded angrily, knitting his brows.

"Ez ef — ef ye hed been 'witched some-

hows," she answered, "like I 'low folks mus' look ez view a witch in the woods an' git under some unyearthly spell. The woods air powerful thick over to'des New Heveshy, an' folks 'low they air fairly roamin' with witches an' sech. I ain't goin' ter gin my cornsent fur ye ter go through 'em no mo'."

She pressed a pod softly, and the peas flew out and rattled in the pan, and the tension was at an end. He felt that she was far too acute, however. He was sorry she had ever known of his visits to New Helvetia. She should suppose them discontinued. He certainly coveted no feminine espionage.

He could not escape the thought of the place now. The face of the beautiful stranger was before his eyes every waking hour; and these were many, for the nights had lost their balm of sleep. The tones of her voice sounded in his ear. The delicate values of her refined bearing, the suggestions of culture and charm and high breeding which breathed from her presence like a perfume, had inthralled his senses as might the subtile and aerial potencies of ether. He had no more volition. He could not resist. Yet it was not, he argued, this stranger whom he adored. It was what she embodied, what she represented. He perceived at last that for him the artificialities of life were the realities. Even his own cherished gifts were matters of sedulous cultivation of certain natural aptitudes, the training of which was more remarkable than the endowment; and indeed, of what worth the talent without that culture which gives it use, and in fact recognized being at all? The status had an inherent integral value, the human creature was its mere incident. Nature was naught to him. The triumphs of the world are the uses man has made of nature; the force that has lifted him from plane to plane, and sublimated the mere intelligence, which he shares with the beast, into intellectuality, which is the extremest development of mind.

As he argued thus abstractly, the longing to see her again grew resistless. Not himself to be seen, and never, never again by her! He would only look at her from afar, as one — even so humble a wretch — might gaze at some masterpiece of the artist's craft, might kneel in abasement and self-abnegation before some noble shrine. He craved to see her in her splendid young loveliness and girlish enjoyment, in gala attire, at the grand fête on which the youth of New Helvetia were expending their ingenuity of invention and expansive energy. Even prudence could not say him nay. Did fate grudge him a glimpse that he might gain at the door, or while between the dances she walked with her partner on the moonlit veranda? Who would note a flitting ghost, congener of the shadow, lurking in the deep glooms beneath the trees and looking wistfully at the world from which he had been snatched away? It was with a lacerating sense of renunciation that he parted with each instant of the time during the momentous evening when he might have beheld her in the tableaux; for he could with certainty fix upon the place she occupied, having gathered from the talk at the store the date and order of the festivities.

But he could not rid himself of the Sims family. It had been vaguely borne in upon Mrs. Sims that he was growing tired of them, and in sudden alarm lest Euphemia's happiness prove precarious, and with that disposition to assume the blame not properly chargeable to one's self which is common to some of the best people, who perceive no turpitude in lying when it is only to themselves, she made herself believe that the change was merely because she had been remiss in her attentions to her guest, and had treated him too much and too informally as one of the family. She smiled broadly upon him, with each of her many dimples in evidence, which had never won upon him, even in the days of his blandest contentment. She detained him in con-

versation. She requested that he would favor her with the exact rendition of the air to which he sang the words of Rock of Ages, one Sunday morning when he had heard the bells of the St. Louis church towers ringing from out of the misty west; and as he dully complied, his tones breaking more than once, she accommodatingly wheezed along with him, quite secure of his commendation. For Jane Ann Sims had been a "plumb special singer" when she was young and slim, and no matter how intelligent a woman may be, she never outgrows her attractions — in her own eyes.

At last the house was still, and the juggler, having endured an agony of suspense in his determination to suppress all demonstrations of interest in New Helvetia, lest the intuition of the two women should divine the cause from even so slight indicia as might baffle reason, found himself free from question and surmise and comment. He was off in the moonlight and the shadow and the dew, with a furtive noiseless speed, like some wild errant thing of the night, native to the woods. He had a sense of the shadow and of the sheen of a fair young moon in the wilderness; he knew that the air was dank and cool and the dew fell; he took note mechanically of the savage densities of the wilds when he heard the shrill blood-curdling quavering of a catamount's scream, and he laid his grasp on the handle of a sharp knife or dagger that he wore in his belt, which he had bought for a juggling trick that he had not played at the curtailed performance in the schoolhouse, and wished that it were instead Tubal Cain's shooting-iron. But beyond this his mind was a blank. He did not think; he did not feel; his every capacity was concentrated upon his gait and the speed that he made. He did not know how soon it was that the long series of points of yellow light, like a chain of glowing topaz, shone through the black darkness and the misty tremulous dimness of the moon. His teeth were set; he was fit to fall; he paused only a moment, leaning on the rail of the bridge to draw a deep breath and relax his muscles. Then he came on, swift, silent, steady, to the veranda.

Around the doors, outside the ballroom, were crowded groups of figures, whose dusky faces and ivory teeth caught the light from within and attested the enjoyment of the servants of the place as spectators of the scene. He saw through an aperture, as one figure moved aside, a humble back bench against the wall, on which sat two or three of the mountaineers of the vicinity, calmly and stolidly looking on, without more facial expression of opinion than Indians might have manifested. He would not join this group, lest she might notice him in their company, which he repudiated, as if his similarity of aspect were not his reliance to save all that he and men of his ilk held dear. The windows were too high from the ground to afford a glimpse of the interior; he stood irresolute for a moment, with the strains of the waltz music vibrating in his very heart-strings. Suddenly he marked how the ground rose toward the further end of the building. The last two windows must be partially blockaded by the slope so close without, and could serve only purposes of ventilation. Responsive to the thought, he climbed the steep slant, dark, dewy, and solitary, and, lying in the soft lush grass, looked down upon the illuminated ballroom.

At first he did not see her. With his heart thumping much after the fashion of the bass viol, till it seemed to beat in his ears, he gazed on the details of a scene such as he had thought never to look upon again. He recognized with a sort of community spirit and pleasure how well the frolicsome youth had utilized their slender opportunities, so far from the emporiums of civilization. Great branching ferns had adequately enough supplied the place of palms, their fronds

waving lightly from the walls in every whirling breeze from the flight of the dance. Infinite lengths of vines — the Virginia creeper, the ground ivy, and the wild grape — twined about the pillars, and festooned the ceiling, the band-stand, and the chandeliers. For the first time he was made aware of the decorative values of the blackberry, when it is red, and, paradoxically, green. The unripe scarlet clusters were everywhere massed amidst the green vines with an effect as brilliant as holly. All the aisles of the surrounding woods had been explored for wild flowers. Here and there were tables laden with great masses of delicate blossoms, and from time to time young couples paused in their aimless strolling back and forth, — for the music had ceased for the nonce, — and examined specimens, and disputed over varieties, and apparently disparaged each other's slender scraps of botany.

The band, high in their cage, — prosperous, pompous darkies, of lofty manners, but entertaining with courteous condescension any request which might be preferred, in regard to the music, by the young guests of the hotel, — looked down upon the scene complacently. Now and then they showed their ivory teeth in an exchange of remarks which one felt sure must be worth hearing. Against the walls were ranged the chaperons in their most festal black attire, enhanced by fine old lace and fragile glittering fans and a somewhat dazzling display of diamonds. The portly husbands and fathers, fitting very snugly in their dress suits, hovered about these borders with that freshened relish of scenes of youthful festivity which somehow seems increased in proportion as the possibility and privilege of participation are withdrawn. Some of the younger gentlemen also wore merely the ordinary evening dress, the difficulty of evolving a fancy costume, or a secret aversion to the characters they had represented in the tableaux, warranting this departure from the spirit of the occasion.

Everywhere, however, the younger feminine element blossomed out in poetic guise. Here and there fluttered many a fairy with the silver-flecked gauze wings that Royce had seen a-making, and Titania still wore her crown, although Bottom had thrown his pasteboard head out of the window, and was now a grave and sedate young American citizen. Red Riding-Hood and the Wolf still made the grand tour in amicable company, and Pocahontas, in a fawn-tinted cycling skirt and leggings and a red blanket bedizened with all the borrowed beads and feathers that the Springs could afford, was esteemed characteristic indeed. Davy Crockett had a real coonskin cap which he had bought for lucre from a mountaineer, and which he intended to take home as a souvenir of the Great Smokies, although he was fain to carry it now by the tail because of the heat; but he invariably put it on and drew himself up to his tableau estimate of importance whenever one of the elderly ladies clutched at him, as he passed, to inquire if he were certainly sure that the long and ancient flintlock (borrowed) which he bore over his shoulder was unloaded. There had evidently been a tableau representing Flora's court or similar blooming theme, since so many personified flowers were wasting their sweetness on the unobservant and unaccustomed air. The wild rose was in several shades of fleecy pink, festooned with her own garlands. A wallflower — a dashing blonde — was in brown and yellow, and had half the men in the room around her.

Suddenly — Lucien Royce's heart gave a great throb and seemed to stand still, for, on the arm of her last partner, coming slowly down the room until she stood in the full glow of the nearest chandelier, all in white, in shining white satin, with a grace and dignity which embellished her youth, was she whom he had so longed to see. Her bare arms and shoulders were of a soft whiteness that made the tone of the satin by contrast glazing and hard. Her delicate head, with its

black hair arranged close and high, had the pose of a lily on its stalk. Scattered amid the dense dark tresses diamonds glittered and quivered like dewdrops. Her face had that flower-like look not uncommon among the type of the very fair women with dark hair from the extreme south. Over the white satin was some filmy thin material, like the delicate tissues of a corolla; and only when he had marked these liliaceous similitudes did he observe that it was the Chilhowee lily which she had chosen to represent. Now and again that most ethereal flower showed amongst the folds of her skirt. A cluster as fragile as a dream lay on her bosom, and in her hand she carried a single blossom, poetic and perfect, trembling on its long stalk.

There rose upon the air a sudden welling out of the music. The band was playing Home, Sweet Home. She had moved out of the range of his vision. There was a murmur of voices on the veranda as the crowd emerged. The lights were abruptly quenched in darkness. And he laid his head face downward in the deep grass and wished he might never lift it again.

XII.

Owen Haines spent many a lonely hour, in these days, at the foot of a great tree in the woods, riving poplar shingles. Near by in the green and gold glinting of the breeze-swept undergrowth another great tree lay prone on the ground. The space around him was covered with the chips hewn from its bole, — an illuminated yellow-hued carpet in the soft wavering emerald shadows. The smooth shingles, piled close at hand, multiplied rapidly as the sharp blade glided swiftly through the poplar fibres. From time to time he glanced up expectantly, vainly looking for Absalom Tynes; for it had once been the wont of the young preacher to lie here on the clean fresh chips and talk through much of the sunlit days to his friend, who welcomed him as a desert might welcome a summer rain. He would talk on the subject nearest the hearts of both, his primitive theology, — a subject from which Owen Haines was otherwise debarred, as no other ministerial magnate would condescend to hold conversation on such a theme with the laughing-stock of the meetings, whose aspirations it was held to be a duty in the cause of religion to discourage and destroy if might be. Only Tynes understood him, hoped for him, felt with him. But Tynes was at the schoolhouse in the Cove, listening in fascinated interest to the juggler as he recited from memory, and himself reading in eager and earnest docility, copying his master's methods.

Therefore, when the step of a man sounded along the bosky path which Haines had worn to his working-place, and he looked up with eager anticipation, he encountered only disappointment at the sight of Peter Knowles approaching through the leaves.

Knowles paused and glanced about him with withering disdain. "Tynes ain't hyar," he observed. "I dunno ez I looked ter view him, nuther."

He dropped down on the fragrant carpet of chips, and for the first time Haines noticed that he carried, after a gingerly fashion, on the end of a stick, a bundle apparently of clothes, and plentifully dusted with something white and powdery. Even in the open air and the rush of the summer wind the odor exhaled by quicklime was powerful and pungent, and the scorching particles came flying into Haines's face. As he drew back Knowles noticed the gesture, and adroitly flung the bundle and stick to leeward, saying, "Don't it 'pear plumb cur'ous ter you-uns, the idee o' a minister o' the gorspel a-settin' out ter l'arn how ter read the Bible from a onconverted sinner? I hearn this hyar juggler-man 'low ez he warn't even a mourner, though he said he hed suthin' ter mourn

over. An' I 'll sw'ar he hev," he added significantly, "an' he may look ter hev more."

The poplar slivers flew fast from the keen blade, and the workman's eyes were steadfastly fixed on the shingle growing in his hand.

Peter Knowles chewed hard on his quid of tobacco for a moment; then he broke out abruptly, "Owen Haines, I knows ye want ter sarve the Lord, an' thar 's many a way o' doin' it besides preachin', else I 'd be a-preachin' myself."

Such was the hold that his aspiration had taken upon Haines's mind that he lifted his head in sudden expectancy and with a certain radiant submissiveness on his face, as if his Master's will could come even by Peter Knowles!

"I brung ye yer chance," continued the latter. Then, with a quick change from the sanctimonious whine to an eager, suppressed voice full of excitement, "What ye reckon air in that bundle?"

Haines, surprised at this turn of the conversation, glanced around at the bundle in silence.

"An' whar do ye reckon I got it?" asked Knowles. Then, as Owen Haines's eyes expressed a wondering question, he went on, mysteriously lowering his voice, "I fund it in my rock-house, flung in thar an' kivered by quicklime!"

Haines stared in blank amazement for a moment. "I 'lowed ye hed plugged up the hole goin' inter yer rock-house, ter keep the lime dry, with a big boulder."

"Edzac'ly, edzac'ly!" Knowles assented, his long narrow face and close-set eyes so intent upon his listener as to put Haines out of countenance in some degree.

Haines sought to withdraw his glance from their baleful significant expression, but his eyelids faltered and quivered, and he continued to look wincingly at his interlocutor. "I 'lowed 't war too heavy for any one man ter move," he commented vaguely, at last.

"'Thout he war holped by the devil," Knowles added.

There was a pause. The young workman's hand was still. His companion's society did not accord with his mood. The loneliness was soft and sweet, and of peaceful intimations. His frequent disappointments were of protean guise. Where was that work for the Master that Peter Knowles had promised him?

"Owen Haines," cried Peter Knowles suddenly, "hev that thar man what calls hisself a juggler-man done ennythin' but harm sence he hev been in the Cove an' the mountings?"

Haines, the color flaring to his brow, laid quick hold on his shingle-knife and rived the wood apart; his breath came fast and his hand shook, although his work was so steady. He was all unnoting that Peter Knowles was watching him with an unguarded eye of open amusement, and a silent sneer that left his long tobacco-stained teeth visible below his curling upper lip. But a young fool's folly is often propitious for the uses of a wiser man, and Knowles was not ill pleased to descry the fact that the relations between the two could not admit of friendship, or tolerance, or even indifference.

"Fust," he continued, "he gin that onholy show in the church-house, what I never seen, but it hev set folks powerful catawampus an' hendered religion, fur the devil war surely in it."

Owen Haines took off his hat to toss his long fair hair back from his brow, and looked with troubled reflective eyes down the long aisles of the gold-flecked verdure of the woods.

"Then he tricked you-uns somehows out'n yer sweetheart, what ye hed been keepin' company with so long."

Haines shook his head doubtfully. "We-uns quar'led," he said. "I dunno ef he hed nuthin' ter do with it."

"Did she an' you-uns ever quar'l 'fore

he kem ter Sims's?" demanded the sly Knowles.

They had never quarreled before Haines "got religion" and took to "prayin' fur the power." He had never thought the juggler chargeable with their differences, but the fallacy now occurred to him that they might have been precipitated by Royce's ridicule of him as a wily device to rid her of her lover. His face grew hot and angry. There was fire in his eyes. His lips parted and his breath came quick.

"He hev toled off Tynes too," resumed Knowles, with a melancholy intonation. "He hev got all the lures and witchments of the devil at command. I kem by the church-house awhile ago, an' I hearn him an' Tynes in thar, speakin' an' readin'. An' I sez ter myself, sez I, 'Pore Owen Haines, up yander in the woods, hev got nuther his frien', now, nor his sweetheart. Him an' Phemie keeps company no mo' in this worl'.'"

There was a sudden twitch of Haines's features, as if these piercing words had been with some material sharpness thrust in amongst sensitive tissues. It was all true, all true.

The iron was hot, and Peter Knowles struck. "That ain't the wust," he said, leaning forward and bringing his face with blazing eyes close to his companion. "This hyar juggler hev killed a man, an' flung his bones inter the quicklime in my rock-house."

Haines, with a galvanic start, turned, pale and aghast, upon his companion. He could only gasp, but Knowles went on convulsively and without question: "I s'picioned him from the fust. He stopped thar whar I was burnin' lime the night o' the show, an' holped ter put it in outer the weather, bein' ez the rain would slake it. An' he axed me ef quicklime would sure burn up a dead body. An' when I told him, he turned as he went away an' looked back, smilin' an' sorter motionin' with his hand, an' looked back agin, an' looked back."

He reached out slowly for the stick with the bundle tied at the end, and dragged it toward him, the breath of the scalding lime perceptible as it was drawn near.

"Las' week, one evenin' late," he said in a lowered voice and with his eyes alight and glancing, "hevin' kep' a watch on this young buzzard, an' noticin' him forever travelin' the New Helveshy road what ain't no business o' his'n, I 'lowed I 'd foller him. An' he kerries a bundle. He walks fast an' stops short, an' studies, an' turns back suddint, an' stops agin, an' whirls roun' an' goes on. An' his face looks like death! An' sometimes he stops short to sigh, ez ef he could n't get his breath. But he don't go ter New Helveshy. He goes ter my rock-house. An' he hev got breath enough ter fling away that tormented big boulder, an' toss in these gyarmints, an' churn the lime over 'em with a stick till he hed ter hold his hand over his eyes ter keep his eyesight, an' fling back the boulder, an' run off faster 'n a fox along the road ter Sims's."

There was a long silence as the two men looked into each other's eyes.

"What air ye tellin' this ter me fur?" said Haines at last, struggling with a mad impulse of hope — of joy, was it? For if this were true, — and true it must be, — the spurious supplantation in Euphemia's affections might soon be at an end. If her love could not endure ridicule, would it condone crime? All might yet be well; justice tardily done, the law upheld; the intruder removed from the sphere where he had occasioned such woe, and the old sweet days of love's young dream to be lived anew.

"Fur the Marster's sarvice," said the wily hypocrite. "I sez ter myself, 'Owen Haines won't see the right tromped on. He won't see the ongodly flourish. He won't see the wolf a-lopin' through the fold. He won't hear in the night the blood o' Abel cryin' from the groun' agin the guilty Cain, an' not tell the sher'ff

what air no furder off, jes' now, 'n 'Possum Cross-Roads.'"

"Why don't you-uns let him know yerse'f?" demanded Haines shortly.

"Waal, I be a-settin' up nights with my sick nephews: three o' them chil'n down with the measles, an' my sister an' brother-in-law bein' so slack-twisted I be 'feard they 'd gin 'em the wrong med'cine ef I warn't thar ter gin d'rections." His eye brightened as he noted Haines reaching forward for the end of the stick and slowly drawing the bundle toward him.

It is stated on excellent authority that a leopard cannot change his spots, and, without fear of successful contradiction, one may venture to add to the illustrations of immutability that a coward cannot change his temperament. Now that Peter Knowles was a coward had been evinced by his conduct on several occasions within the observation of his compatriots. His craft, however, had served to adduce mitigating circumstances, and so consigned the matter to oblivion that it did not once occur to Haines that it was fear which had evolved the subterfuge of enlisting his well-known enthusiasm for religion and right, and his natural antagonism against the juggler, in the Master's service. On the one hand, Knowles dreaded being called to account for whatever else might be found unconsumed by the lime in his rock-house, did he disclose naught of his discovery. On the other hand, the character of informer is very unpopular in the mountains, owing to the revelations of moonshining often elicited by the rewards offered by the revenue laws. Persons of this class sometimes receive a recompense in another metal, which, if not so satisfactory as current coin, is more conclusive and lasting. It was the recollection of leaden tribute of this sort, should the matter prove explicable, or the man escape, or the countryside resent the appeal to the law, which induced Peter Knowles to desire to shift upon Haines the active responsibility of giving information: his jealousy in love might be considered a motive adequate to bring upon him all the retributions of the recoil of the scheme if aimed amiss.

He watched the young man narrowly and with a glittering eye as, with a trembling hand and a look averse, he began to untie the cord which held the package together.

"He killed the man, Owen, ez sure ez ye air livin', an' flunged his bones in the quicklime, an' now he flunged in his clothes," Knowles was saying as the bundle gave loose in the handling.

Drawing back with a sense of suffocation as a cloud of minute particles of quicklime rose from the folds of the material, Owen Haines nevertheless recognized upon the instant the garments which the juggler himself had worn when he first came to the Cove, the unaccustomed fashion of which had riveted his attention for the time at the "show" at the church-house.

With a certain complex duality of emotion, he experienced a sense of dismay to note how his heart sank with the extinguishment of his hope that the man might prove a criminal and that this discovery might rid the country of him. How ill he had wished him! Not only that the fierce blast of the law might consume him, but, reaching back into the past, that he might have wrought evil enough to justify it and make the retribution sure! With a pang as of sustaining loss he gasped, "Why, these hyar gyarmints air his own wear. I hev viewed him in 'em many a time whenst he fust kem ter the Cove!"

Knowles glared at him in startled doubt, and slowly turned over one of the pointed russet shoes.

"He hed 'em on the night he gin the show in the Cove," said Haines.

"I seen him that night," said Knowles conclusively. "He hed on no sech cur'ous clothes ez them, else I 'd hev remarked 'em, sure!"

"Ye lowed 't war night an' by the flicker o' the fire, an' ye war in a corn-sider'ble o' a jigget 'bout'n yer lime."

"Naw, sir! naw, sir! he hed on no sech coat ez that," protested Knowles. Then, with rising anger, "Ye air a pore shoat fur sense, Owen Haines! Ef they air his gyarmints, what 's the reason he hid 'em so secret an' whar the quicklime would deestroy 'em; bein' so partic'lar ter ax o' me ef 't would burn boots an' clothes an' bone, — *bone*, too?"

"I dunno," said Haines, at a loss, and turning the black-and-red blazer vaguely in his hands.

"I do; them folks over ter New Helveshy wears sech fool gear ez these."

"Thar ain't nobody missin' at New Helveshy!" Haines argued, against his lingering hope.

"How do you-uns know?" exclaimed Knowles hurriedly, and with a certain alert alarm in his face. "Somebody comin' ez never got thar! Somebody goin' ez never got away!" He had risen excitedly to his feet. What ghastly secret might be hidden beneath the residue of quicklime in his rock-house, the responsibility possibly to be laid at his door!

Owen Haines, looking up at him with childlike eyes, was slowly studying his face, — a fierce face, with the savagery of his cowardice as predatory an element as the wantonness of his malice.

"These hyar air his clothes," Haines reiterated; "I 'members 'em well. This hyar split buttonhole at the throat" —

"That 's whar he clutched the murdered one," declared Knowles tumultuously.

— "an' these water-marks on these hyar shoes, — they hed been soaked, — an' this hyar leather belt, whar two p'ints hed been teched through with a knife-blade, stiddier them round holes, ter draw the belt up tighter 'n it war made ter be wore, — I could swar ter 'em, — an' this hyar" —

Knowles looked down at him in angry doubt. "Shucks," he interrupted, "ye besotted idjit! I dunno what ailed me ter kem ter you-uns. I 'lowed ye war so beset ter do — yer — Marster's — work!" with a mocking whine. "But ye ain't. Ye seek yer own chance! The Lord tied yer tongue with a purpose, an' he wasted no brains on a critter ez he did n't 'low ter hev gabblin' round the throne. Ye see ter it ye say nuthin' 'bout'n this, else jestice 'll take arter you-uns, too, an' ye won't be much abler ter talk ter the court o' law 'n the court o' the Lawd." He wagged his head vehemently at the young man, while kneeling to make up anew the bundle of garments, until the scorching vapor compelled him to turn aside. When he arose, he stood erect for one doubtful instant. Then, satisfied by the reflection that for the sake of his own antagonism toward the juggler the jealous and discarded lover would do naught to frustrate the vengeance that menaced Royce, he turned suddenly, and, with the bundle swaying as before on the end of the stick, started without a word along the path by which he had come, leaving Owen Haines gazing after him till he disappeared amongst the leaves.

How long Owen Haines sat there staring at the vanishing point of that bosky perspective he could hardly have said. When he leaped to his feet, it was with a repentant sense of the waste of time and the need of haste. His long, lank, slouching figure seemed incompatible with any but the most languid rate of progression; and indeed it was not his habit to get over the ground at the pace which he now set for himself. This was hardly slackened through the several miles he traversed until he reached the schoolhouse, which he found silent and empty. After a wild-eyed and hurried survey, he set forth anew, his shoulders bent, his head thrust forward, his gait unequal, tired, breathless; for he was not of the stalwart physique common amongst the youth of the Cove. He reached the Sims cabin, panting, anxious-eyed, and hardly remember-

ing his grievances against Phemie when he came upon her in the passage. She looked at him askance over her shoulder as she rose in silent disdain to go indoors.

"I ain't kem hyar ter plague you-uns, Phemie," he called out, divining her interpretation of his motive. "I want ter speak ter that thar juggler-man," — he could not bring himself to mention the name.

She paused a moment, and he perceived in surprise that her proud and scornful face bore no tokens of happiness. Her lips had learned a pathetic droop; her eyelids were heavy, and the long lashes lifted barely to the level of her glance. The words in a low voice, "He ain't hyar," were as if wrung from her by the necessity of the moment, so unwilling they seemed, and she entered the house as Mrs. Sims flustered out of the opposite door.

"Laws-a-massy, Owen Haines," she exclaimed, "ye better lef' be that thar juggler-man, ez ye calls him! He could throw you-uns over his shoulder. Ye 'll git inter trouble, meddlin'. Phemie be plumb delighted with her ch'ice, an' a gal hev got a right ter make a ch'ice wunst in her life, ennyhows."

He sought now and again to stem the tide of her words, but only when a breathless wheeze silenced her he found opportunity to protest that he meant no harm to the juggler, and he held no grudge against Euphemia; that he was the bearer of intelligence important to the juggler, and she would do her guest a favor to disclose his whereabouts.

There were several added creases — they could hardly be called wrinkles — in Mrs. Sims's face of late, and a certain fine network of lines had been drawn about her eyes. She was anxious, troubled, irritated, all at once, and entertained her own views touching the admission of the fact of the juggler's frequent and lengthened absence from his beloved. Euphemia's fascinations for him were evidently on the wane, and although he was gentle and considerate and almost humble when he was at the house, he seemed listless and melancholy, and had grown silent and unobservant, and they had all marked the change.

"We-uns kin hardly git shet o' the boy," said Mrs. Sims easily, lying in an able-bodied fashion. "But I do b'lieve ter-day ez he hev tuk heart o' grace an' gone a-huntin'."

Owen Haines's countenance fell. Of what avail to follow at haphazard in the vastness of the mountain wilderness? There was naught for him to do but return to his work, and wait till nightfall might bring home the man he sought. Meantime, the sheriff was as near as 'Possum Cross-Roads, only twelve miles down the valley. Peter Knowles would probably give the information which he had tried to depute to the supplanted lover. Haines did not doubt now the juggler's innocence, but the hiding away of those garments in so mysterious a manner might be difficult to explain, and might cost him at least a wearisome imprisonment. It was within Haines's observation that other men had found it well to be out of the way at a time of suspicion like this. He appreciated the cruel ingenuity of perverse circumstances, and he had felt the venom of malice. Thus it was that he had sought to warn the man of the discovery which Peter Knowles had made, and of the strange and forced construction he was disposed to place upon the facts, — seeming in themselves, however, inexplicable.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE STONY PATHWAY TO THE WOODS.

"The gods talk in the breath of the woods,
They talk in the shaken pine."

THE way to the woods was by an old road that wound around between the rocks to the top of the ledge, so long unused that it was given over to grass and flowers. Tall feathery meadow rue peeped out from the bushy growth of alders on one side; white-faced daisies, and buttercups with "tiny polished urns held up," waved over the old wheel-track; while wild roses perfumed the air, and a little farther in,

"beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
The slight Linnæa hung its twin-born heads."

The woods into which the stony way plunged, the moment it left the main road, were Nature's own. She had sown her spruces and pines and birches on a bit of the earth almost impassable to man. A jumble of rocks piled in dire confusion, presenting sharp edges at every possible angle, or covered inches deep with soft moss yielding to the feet like a cushion, and all extremely slippery from the fallen spruce leaves of many years; trees growing wherever they could secure foothold; dead hanging branches and prostrate trunks bristling with jagged points, — the whole impenetrable except to wings. It was one of Nature's inimitable wild gardens, —

"an unkempt zone
Where vines and weeds and spruce-trees intertwine,
Safe from the plough."

Thanks to the difficulties with which it was surrounded and the little temptation it offered for clearing, it was absolutely untouched by man, excepting here and there in a more practicable spot, where he had made a small inroad. It was a paradise for birds and bird-lovers, though the latter were obliged to content themselves with what they could see on the edge and by looking in.

Up that delectable path was my morning walk. Along its rugged sides certain approximately level rocks made resting-places on which to pause and look about. The first halt was under a low cedar-tree, and in a warbler neighborhood. As soon as I became quiet my ears were assailed by faint notes almost like insect sounds, "pip" or "tic," sometimes whispered "smacks" or squeals, and I watched eagerly for a stirring leaf or a vibrating twig. Many times I was not able, with my best efforts, to see the least movement, for spruce boughs respond but slightly to the light touch of tiny creatures. But usually silence and absolute quiet had their reward. Here I saw the magnolia warbler in his gorgeous dress of black and gold, calling an anxious "davy-davy! which is it?" and bustling about after a restless youngster the size of a walnut, with the nestling's down still clinging to his head. Into a low tree across the pathway came often the black-and-white creeper, tiptoeing his way up the trunk and uttering his sibilant "see-see! see-see!" On one side appeared once or twice a redstart, prancing over the ground in his peculiar "showing off" manner, in which he "folds and unfolds his twinkling tail in sport," and in his brilliant orange and black looks as much out of place in the simplicity of the woods as a fine lady in full dress. This was also the haunt of a myrtle warbler in sombre black and white, quaintly decorated with four patches of bright yellow, and very much concerned about a nest somewhere in that lovely green world.

In this nook I was visited daily by a chickadee family, — "droll folk quite innocent of dignity," as Dr. Coues says, — who fascinated me with their pretty ways and the many strange utterances of their queer husky voices. At first, on finding

an uninvited guest in their quarters, they were very circumspect, and carried on their conversation overhead in the oddest little squeaky tones, not to be heard ten feet away. Once an elderly bird got the floor and gave an address, perhaps pointing out the dangers to be feared from the monster sitting so silent under the cedar. The burden of his talk sounded to me like "chit-it-it-day! day!" but there were varied inflections, and it evidently meant something very serious, for every twitter was hushed, while the discourse was loud, urgent, and snapped out in a way I never thought possible to the

"Merry little fellow with the cheery little voice."

The sermon, or lecture, was ended by one of the audience interrupting with the plaintive little two-note song of the family, upon which they all broke out chatting again, and scurried over the trees with a thousand antics. As they grew accustomed to my presence they became more demonstrative and voluble, showing me unsuspected capabilities of chickadese. Such squeaks and calls and remarkable notes, such animated discussions and such irrepressible baby-talk, were altogether enchanting. One infant sometimes came alone, talking to himself, and at intervals essaying in a feeble, unsteady manner the "pe-wee" note of his race. On one occasion, the head of the family — as I suppose — flew down toward me, alighted just before my face not two feet away, and looked at me sharply. I spoke to him quietly in attempted imitation of his language, but my little effort at conversation was not a complete success, for after a short, not too civil answer he flew away.

The crowning delight of my chickadee study was the song to which I was treated one day. A bird was singing when I arrived, so that I stopped short of my seat and listened. The song was so low that it could not be heard unless one were very near, and in a tone so peculiar that I could not believe it came from a chickadee until I saw him. It consisted of the usual utterances differently arranged. There seemed to be, first, a succession of "dee-dee's" followed by a solitary "chick" a third lower, then the same repeated and interrupted by the "pe-wee," but all slurred together and given in tremolo style utterly unlike any chickadee performance I had ever heard. It was most bewitching, and was kept up a long time.

Having at last settled myself in my usual place, and while waiting for the next caller to show himself, I had leisure to notice and admire the peculiar character of the woods; for Nature has infinite resources at command, and no two spots are arranged on the same plan. Spruces were most prominent, with birches and maples to soften their severity, lighten their sombreness, and give a needed touch of grace. The mixture was felicitous. The white stems of the birch, "most shy and ladylike of trees," stood out finely against the dark spruces, just then decked with fresh tips to every twig, which gave somehow a rich velvety appearance to the foliage. The picturesque irregularity of the birch trunks was very noticeable. Hardly one was straight. Some leaned to one side, as if it had been hard to get the delicate branches in between the stiff and angular boughs of the spruces among which they grew; others had turned this way and that, in wavering uncertainty, as if they had been unable to decide which way they would go, till they were full grown, and the indecisions of youth were perpetuated in a crooked trunk.

There was no appearance of indecision, past or present, about the spruces. Each stem stood as straight as a fresh West Point cadet. There was never an instant's doubt in what direction one of those sturdy trees had set its heart. Straight up was the aim of every one, and straight up it went; stern, unbending, self-willed, like some of our own

race, with branches at right angles on every side, let neighbors less strong of purpose fare as they could.

The beauties and idiosyncrasies of these woods might be enjoyed at leisure, for they possessed one great advantage over any other I have found east of the Rocky Mountains. Through all this month of July which I spent among them, not a fly showed his impertinent head, and mosquitoes appeared but rarely. When any of the latter did make themselves obvious, they presented their little bills in the most modest manner. They asked so very, very little, and asked it so gently, no one could refuse or resent it. It was darkly whispered by those who in the past had outstayed July that the whole season was not so blessed; that insect hordes were simply biding their time, and later they would come out in force. But later one need not be here.

I noted also with relief that there was another absentee, the red-eyed vireo, common almost everywhere, to whose jerky, hurried, never ending song distance lends enchantment in exact proportion to the number of rods it is removed. Not one of those lovely and well-meaning but woefully misguided birds did I see or hear in the woods of that happy island.

Warblers, however bewitching, — and I admit their claims, — and woods, however suggestive and delightful, could not content me long; for voices were calling from above, voices most potent of all, — thrushes. After an hour under the cedar I resumed my stony way up the hill to the edge of an opening where trees had been felled, — a "cut-out," as it is called, — and there, on a conveniently placed rock, I waited for who might come. One day, as I sat there, a royal guest appeared, alighted on a small tree, and threw up his tail in characteristic fashion; then his eyes fell upon me, perhaps thirty feet away. I remained motionless while the bird — a hermit thrush — took a long and close look at the intruder upon his grounds. Quiet as I might be, it was plain the beautiful creature was not for a moment deceived. He recognized me as one of the race against whom he must be on his guard. He wished to pass on, but panic or even vulgar haste is not in his nature. He stood a few moments, calmly answered a hermit call from the woods, then without hurry flew to the ground, ran lightly along to a rock, on the highest peak of which he paused again, tossed his tail, and looked at me; then on again to the next rock, where he repeated the programme. And so he proceeded, greeting me gracefully from the top of every eminence before he ran on to the next, until he gained the cover of the woods across the open, — all in the most dignified way.

This experience seemed to give the bird courage, for the next time he found me in my customary seat he mounted a stump, sang a snatch of his song, ran to a low bush and added a few more notes, came to the ground, where he foraged among the dead leaves a minute, then up again on a bent sapling, bubbling over in joyous notes; and thus he went on singing and eating in the most captivating way, and in apparent indifference to his unobtrusive but delighted spectator on the rock. I was surprised; this bird being one of our greatest singers, I had a feeling that a certain amount of "dress parade" must accompany his performance. Indeed, those of his kind I had seen before had always taken a "position" to sing.

If the hermit thrush could be persuaded to end his chant with the second clause, he would be unapproachable as a musical performer, as he and his near relations are already in quality of voice. But he seems to be possessed of an unfortunate desire to sing higher than his register, and invariably, so far as I have heard, he persists in this effort, and goes all to pieces on the high note. At least

so his song sounds to one listener, who finds the heavenly first clauses sadly marred by the closing one.

Somewhere in this attractive place was hidden an oven-bird's nest which I wanted much to see. I never thought, however, of undertaking the hopeless task of hunting for it; but one day, when I happened upon one of the birds with worms in her mouth, prepared to feed her brood, I was seized with the hope that she would be simple enough to point it out to me, and at once devoted my whole attention to watching her movements. Her tactics were admirable. When she first saw me she stood on a low bush and stared at me, head feathers erected like a crest, showing plainly the golden crown that gives the name, golden-crowned warbler, and uttering her curious "smack." In a few minutes she was joined by her mate, also with a mouthful of squirming provisions.

For some time the pair stood still, doubtless waiting for me to pass on; but finding that I did not leave, they grew impatient and began moving about. The female would go to the ground with an air of the greatest caution, run about among the leaves and fallen sticks as if she had important business, every moment glancing at me, till she came to a slight ridge of earth, or a small rock or log, behind which she would straightway vanish. In vain did I watch intently for her to reappear on the other side. No doubt as soon as she found herself out of my sight she ran like a mouse, keeping the stone or log well between us as a screen. Meanwhile her mate aided her efforts nobly by making himself most conspicuous, fidgeting about on his bush, mounting a stump and singing "teacher! teacher! teacher!" at the top of his voice, as if calling for help, and in every way trying to keep my attention fixed upon him. After a while the other party to the little game would fly up from a point far away from where she had disappeared, with an empty beak and an innocent air of never having dreamed of a nest, and begin to "smack" as when she first discovered me. Then it was her turn to keep me diverted while her mate slipped away. Sometimes they embarrassed me further by separating widely, so that I could not keep my eyes on both. In fact, after some hours given to the beguilements of this brave pair, and much searching among the dead leaves in places they had apparently pointed out, I was obliged to confess myself outwitted by the clever little actors.

But there was a stranger in the woods, a thrush, I judged from the voice and the manner of singing, who had tantalized me from the day I entered that enchanted isle on the coast of Maine. From the distant forest came a strange, loud call in the peculiar tremulous tones of the veery, sounding to me like "wake up! Judy!" the first two notes with falling, the last two with rising inflection. As evening of that first day drew on, the call to Judy was accompanied by other sounds uttered in the same voice, a loud ringing song or recitative composed of similar ejaculations, with varied modulations that gave it greater resemblance to conversation than to music. Indeed, while I sat and listened through the long twilight to two or three birds calling and answering one another from distant treetops, I could not rid myself of the fancy that they were exchanging opinions across their green world. The next morning I was wakened by an unfamiliar and remarkable bird note, a low liquid "quit," sometimes followed by an explosive sound impossible to characterize, — a sort of subdued squawk, or what one might suppose to be as near a squawk as a refined, well-bred bird could accomplish. Naturally, all this mystified me and aroused great interest, and now I was waiting and longing for an opportunity to see the mysterious unknown.

As we have been told, and as some of us know, "all things come in time to him who can wait." To me at last came

my chance. One afternoon there rolled in upon us, from our restless neighbor the sea, an all-embracing fog, which gradually enfolded us till we were closely wrapped as in a heavy blanket. The fog-bell on a point near by tolled dismally, and a more distant whistling buoy sent out at intervals a groan, as if wailing for all who had found graves beside the rocks it was now set to guard. All night this continued, and in the morning the fog was lighter, but a steady rain was falling. Now, I thought, is my time to see the stranger who has so interested me; for in a steady rain birds find it somewhat less comfortable on the treetops, and incline to get under the leafy roofs for shelter as well as for food. Duly encumbered by wraps and protectors that man has devised as shields from the weather, I hastened to a bit of the woods where for a few rods it was level and penetrable, and where I had heard the luring voice. Here, with some difficulty, I found a spot firm enough to support the legs of my chair, and settled myself to wait.

More conspicuous than ever were the contrasted tree trunks, as the dampness turned the spruces black, and brought out the beauty of the decorative lichens in every shade of green, from almost white to dead black, with here and there bits of pink and drab, all standing up, living and beautiful as always in a soaking rain. Even the rocks were glorified by great patches of these curious plants, which show freshness and life only when wet, the tender blue-green leaves, — if one may call them so, — with their rich brown lining, all expanded in exquisite ruffle-like convolutions.

Spruce trunks had also another peculiarity. As they had grown they had shed their youthful branches. One young tree, not more than ten feet high, had already dropped off twenty-seven branchlets, retaining only a few at the top, and bending all its energies to the task of reaching and penetrating the thick green roof to the sunlight above. Each limb, as it broke off, left a part, a few inches or a foot long, standing straight out from the trunk, the whole forming a sort of circular ladder, by which it seemed one might mount to the upper regions, and, better yet, offering convenient perches for the feathered woodlanders.

While I was absorbed in admiration of my surroundings a bird note fell upon my ear, a low "quit" in an unmistakable thrush tone. Turning my eyes quickly, I saw the speaker, standing on a round of the ladder encircling a tall old spruce-tree at the outer edge of the little clearing, pioneer of that bit of woods. Very slowly I brought my glass to bear upon him. A thrush, certainly, but none that I knew; neither hermit, wood, nor tawny. While I tried to see some characteristic by which to identify him, he spoke again, this time the rich "quit" with the peculiar added squawk, as I will call it, which had mystified me in the morning. Meanwhile another of the family came noiselessly to a tree over my head, and whispered the same cry in an indescribably sweet and liquid tone. Still I looked in silence, and still the bird remained on the spruce. But after a while the danger of the presence of one of the human family seemed to be borne in upon him, and he suddenly startled me with a new sound, a sort of shriek, loud and on a much higher key. Even then I remained motionless; at last he grew somewhat more calm, and as if to put my last doubt to rest and to prove that he alone was author of all the sounds that had perplexed me, he began to sing in a low tone many of the strange clauses that I had heard shouted from the treetops. Finally, when confidence was assured by my unvarying stillness, he flew to another tree trunk, then to a second, and at last to the ground, where he busied himself among the dead leaves.

I continued to sit without moving, and presently another of the family came about, with manners somewhat different.

He stood on one of the broken branches, in plain sight, and treated me to a curious exhibition. Beginning with the usual "quit," very loud and on a high key, he repeated it many times, each repetition being lower in pitch and softer, till it became the merest murmur, almost inaudible at my short distance, with eyes fixed on me all the time. Strangely enough, as he proceeded, one after another of the birds around us — warblers, juncos, and others — was hushed, till not a sound was heard excepting the rain on the leaves overhead. Then, having reduced his small world to absolute silence, he broke into a queer medley, whether song or scold, or a mixture of both, I could only guess. First came the common call uttered in the customary tone, then this call with added squawk, then the startling shriek on a high key, and after that a combination of all with some scraps of song. It was a confused jumble of all his accomplishments, forming a potpourri such as I never heard from thrush before. I was greatly interested in this exhibition of his character, and surprised at his versatility. Though he lacked the serene repose, the perfect dignity, of some of his family, he was a bird of marked individuality, and one well worthy of study.

After two hours with the thrush — the olive-backed, or Swainson's, as I found out later — I turned from the woods and made my way back down the stony pathway, very wet, indeed, but very happy; for I had added an acquaintance to my delightful list, and henceforth, whenever his peculiar inspiring notes might fall upon my ear, I should know him. Many evenings and mornings were passed listening to his song, and at last I felt familiar with every loud utterance of the bird, and was content to wait till some future summer for the pleasure of seeing him in his domestic relations and knowing him more intimately.

One thing more I must add to this little chronicle of the olive-backed thrush. A friend who had the happiness to see a family of five olive-backed younglings take flight in the woods close by brought me the nest and its surroundings. It was an exquisite affair; being the whole upper part of a young spruce six or seven feet high, with the little homestead two feet from the top, resting on three branchlets and surrounded by many more. And as the leaves fell off, revealing the delicately marked golden-brown twigs forming a complete protection on every side, it was picturesque and beautiful, worthy of a highly original member of one of our most characteristic and interesting bird families.

This quiet corner of my lovely island — Mount Desert by name — was not without the mysteries that all students of bird life find. Before I had been on the ground an hour I was puzzled by a song of four notes deliberately pronounced, — a drowsy, hot-noon kind of strain, in a minor key. I hurried out to see the singer, but he was as elusive as he was singular, slipping away through a tangle of bushes and young trees, and avoiding my sight completely. The white-throated sparrow, with his very precise song, was a resident of the vicinity, and the voice and manner of the unknown suggested that bird. But the white-throat's song as given in the books, and as I had always heard it, is one, or at most two regular arrangements of two or three notes, followed by a trio of triplets, and variously characterized by words, the most familiar being those which give him his popular name in New England, the Peabody bird, "Old Tom Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." The unknown, I thought, might be a bird of erratic tastes, a misanthrope, possibly, who had turned the serene and cheerful carol of his tribe into a dismal performance, and I made great efforts to see him in the nook where he always appeared to sing. All in vain. As I came near, the song invariably ceased and the songster vanished. Finally I aban-

doned the attempt to see him, and confined myself to hearing. Several days or a week he kept to his score, but one day, perhaps in a fit of absence of mind, he added the three triplets of the white-throat. He might as well have shouted his name, for his identity was at once established. And as a matter of fact, later in the season I saw him, and caught him in the act of uttering his simple minor, then reversing it, and further than that presenting a totally different arrangement of the notes, so that he sang at least three distinct songs. But for weeks he was to me only a voice.

Far more perplexing than this was the conduct of a bird in another part of the island. One day, with a fellow bird-lover, I was walking down a shady road that led to the sea. Part of the way the path ran through a bit of woods, wholly old spruces, gloomy and high-arched, with softest carpet of fallen needles and green mosses, where no underbrush was tolerated, — a grim and sombre, yet somehow a noble way, with its peacefulness and its unobscured views on every side. We had emerged from the woods and were passing along the deserted road, listening as usual to various bird notes, — prominent among them, as it invariably is wherever it is heard, that of New England's bird, the white-throated sparrow. Suddenly, on one side, a rather harsh voice broke out into three or four loud, ringing triplets, — a rough imitation, as it seemed, of part of the white-throat's song, though differing from the genuine both in manner and in quality.

"Some boy's poor attempt," I said. "I could do better myself," and we went on, a little annoyed at this intrusion upon our quiet.

In a moment we passed beyond the close border of greenery beside the road, and came into view of some very tall old trees farther back. Again the loud, incisive notes rang out, sounding even less birdlike than before; and casting my eyes toward the quarter whence they came, I was astounded to see that they were produced by a bird, perched on the top twig of the tallest spruce. In an instant our glasses were up, but so far away, and against a white cloudy sky, he was unrecognizable. Whoever he might be, he was evidently proud of his achievement, for he stood there in plain sight, and repeated his mockery, till he had every white-throat in the neighborhood wild, singing at the top of his voice, though not one of them could compete with him in power.

But who could this wonderful mimic be? Hopeless of identifying him that evening, we went home completely mystified, resolved to return in the morning to hunt him down. Long after I reached the house I heard his loud, penetrating notes, though not another bird voice reached me from that distance. Moreover, I found the white-throat near home so excited that he could not sleep, for three or four times during the night, which was very dark, I heard his erratic minor strain.

At the first opportunity we went again down the shady road, and placed ourselves beside a clump of trees, near where the mysterious bird had sung. Before long we heard him afar, and he gradually approached, singing as he came, till at last he obligingly flew to the top of a small tree, perhaps fifteen feet high and twenty feet from us, and, with eccentric flourishes of body, shouted out his extraordinary solo. But again we could not see him well, for the sun was behind him. We carefully studied his unique performance, however, and while in arrangement it greatly resembled part of the song of the white-throat, being three sets of triplets rapidly repeated, it differed in every other way.

The song of the white-throat is dignified, calm, and tranquil in tone and manner, while his clumsy mocker threw his head far back and flung his notes into the air with the utmost vehemence and abandon, and with great apparent

effort. He was restless, constantly fidgeting, throwing up his tail, and jerking himself about in the pauses of his song. In the genuine melody the triplets sound like one note "shaken," but the imitator gave the three as distinct and staccato as if each one were a word. Again, the white-throat is a modest singer, but this stranger allowed us to level our glasses at him, move about, and talk, and he was as unconcerned through all as a robin. Everything indicated that he was a mere mocker, and not a good one at that.

We noted all these points carefully, discussing them freely and comparing our impressions, before the bird flew. This time he alighted farther off, on a taller tree, but the light was in our favor and my glass was good. I saw at once that his throat was white, and when, in one of his pauses, he put his head down to arrange the plumage of his breast, conspicuous stripes over the crown came into view, and I was startled. In a moment he confirmed my sudden suspicion by turning his back to us, thereby showing his sparrow colors.

He was a white-throat himself!

I was more surprised than if I had found him anything else. If he were one of the family, whence this astonishing eccentricity? Why did he not sing in a white-throat voice, and the proper white-throat song? Why should he so far depart from the ways of his kindred as to shout from the top of the tallest tree in that bold way, and what object could he have in setting the whole tribe frantic? Had he secured a white-throat mate with that intolerable voice, and had he a family coming up to imitate his unnatural performance? Or was he a disappointed bachelor, aiming to stir up his domestic brethren?

All these questions pressed to our lips, but there was no reply; and as long as we stayed he continued to render his triplets, sometimes prefacing them with the two or three long notes that belong to them, but all on the same key, utterly unlike his fellows, and loud enough to be heard a mile away.

The solo of the white-throated sparrow differs from nearly all other bird songs that I know, being a clear, distinct whistle that may easily be reduced to our musical scale, and perfectly imitated by the human voice; in this latter quality it is almost unique. The notes are very few, usually two, never, I think, more than three; and the little ditty consists of, first, a single long, deliberate note, then two short repetitions of one a third higher, followed by three triplets at the same pitch. There seems small chance for changes in such a limited register, but I found the song capable of very different arrangements, and on recording those I had heard I was surprised to see that I had noted seventeen distinct ones. How many variations were made by one bird I was not able to determine, from the difficulty of keeping one under observation, now that the young were able to go about and nobody was confined to any special locality. But one, as I have already mentioned, certainly sang three songs, and I know no reason why he may not have sung a dozen. I am obliged to confess that although it is delightful to hear one of these sparrows, or two together, a chorus of a dozen or more must be considered a failure, as music. Each bird has a decided musical pitch of his own, and unless the several singers happen to harmonize they produce an unpleasant discord.

After this disappointing solution to the mystery which had so interested me, and while there still remained ten days of the second summer month, that lovely corner of the world was again wrapped in a smothering fog, which came in the afternoon and remained all night, with rain. The next morning was clear and bright, but a strange hush had fallen upon us. Not a bird note was to be heard save

"The gossip of swallows all through the sky."

Warblers and thrushes, white-throats and even juncos, seemed to have departed in a body. All day this unnatural silence continued. I was alarmed. Had migration already begun? Had the warblers, who heretofore had hardly moved without uttering their little calls and cries, taken leave for the season? Had the olive-backed thrush, so voluble only the day before, been suddenly stricken dumb?

I sought the records, and found that migrating warblers began to be due in the neighborhood of New York about ten days later, and as I knew they sometimes lingered here and there on their way, it might indeed be true that they had started. My first impulse was to follow, in my slower way; but the country was still beautiful, the weather perfect, they could not all have disappeared in a night, and I resolved to wait. In a day or two some of the white-throats recovered their voices. The misguided genius down by the sea shouted as usual from afar, though not so often, and my neighbor up by the house sang a little, but not with the old spirit; once or twice a thrush plucked up heart for a few musical remarks, and a robin, whose mate was sitting, down the lane, tried, with indifferent success, to keep up the music. But the glory of summer songs had departed, and now

"Day after day there were painstaking lessons
To teach sky science and wings delight,"

in preparation for the final hegira.

I made many excursions to see if the birds had really gone so early. Now and then in my rambles I came upon a black-throated green warbler, whose song had heretofore made the woods resound, going about shyly and without a peep; and a glimpse or two I had of others, preserving the same unaccountable quiet. Even the stony pathway, rallying-place for nearly all the bird population, was now silent as a desert way, and melancholy as a tomb to the bird-lover, and I was forced to conclude that if not absolutely departed, these tiny fellow creatures were engaged in putting on their traveling-suits for the long journey, and it was time for me to resume my own, and to return where

"the noisy world drags by
In the old way, because it must."

Olive Thorne Miller.

A DAY IN JUNE.

Soft breezes through the apple orchards blow.
Deep in the tangle of the matted grass
Lies golden silence. High above me pass
The summer clouds, white, fathomless, and slow.
The dim green aisles beneath the branches low
Are hushed and still; only one merry bird
Clear calling from a treetop high is heard.
The sunlight glances through the leaves below.
There is a sense as of a world apart,
Where peace and beauty hand in hand will go.
Lost is all bitterness, and hate, and wrong.
Concealed within the dusky wood's deep heart
The quiet hours seem lingering as they go,
And all the perfect day is one glad song.

Alice Choate Perkins.

A LIFE TENANT.

DANE was a tall, robust, handsome man of thirty when he arrived in Zenith City, and he gave immediate token that his coming would prove an epoch in the history of the precocious infant town.

He possessed a little money, much energy, and a talent for inducing other people to accept his point of view. As for his luck, it was unfailing, and everything he undertook succeeded. He acknowledged, with a candor which was as cynical as his good humor, that such luck was a new experience to him. But he repeated gayly the threadbare quotation that there is a tide in each man's affairs which will float him to prosperity if promptly used, and he added that he was not likely to miss his opportunity. He made no pretense of public spirit in his enterprises, — a sincerity that naturally increased his neighbors' belief in his honesty, and their desire to share the schemes which resulted in fat profit to him. He started a "general store," so thoroughly stocked that custom deserted a rival establishment of previous popularity. Six months after his arrival he sold out this store with gain, and opened an office where he received deposits, managed investments, and conducted a banking business in a small way. This was an advance in civilization greatly appreciated by the soberest of the citizens, who became regular depositors, while the ranchmen of —— County soon learned to bring thither the results of their cattle-sales, which had hitherto been mostly lavished on riotous living.

Dane was well bred, well educated, and, though favorably inclined to poker and to jovial company, he took no part in the grosser dissipation which degraded the town. His preferred associates were the younger officers at Fort Fletcher, three miles away across the prairie, yet that the association was constant rather than intimate was his fault, not theirs. Close comradeship bound them together, and they would willingly have included Dane; but his cool reticence nipped confidences as with a frost. Great, then, was the surprise among them when, more than a year after they had made his acquaintance, he manifested an unsuspected capacity for strong feeling. Several of the lieutenants had spent the day in Zenith City, and had persuaded Dane to return with them to the post for an evening's jollification. As they rode through the ragged outskirts of the town, a woman's voice called sharply, "Edna! Edna!"

Dane started so visibly in his saddle, and the color rushed so warmly over his dark face, that the officer beside him broke into a laugh. "Who is Edna?" he asked.

"There is only one for me," Dane answered gravely. "She is in Virginia, but I hope to bring her to live here soon."

"Boys! He is in love! He is going to be married!" the lieutenant cried across his shoulder to those who followed.

They drew nearer, with gay exclamations of incredulity: —

"Impossible!"

"Nobody can fall in love without losing his heart. Dane has never had a heart to lose: therefore he cannot be in love."

Dane, however, had recovered his usual ironical placidity. "Why have I no heart?" he demanded. "Because I don't display it for you fellows?"

"Exactly! You would not sleep less soundly if the redskins should wipe out the whole regiment in the next campaign."

"Teddy stated your case at the club, a night or two ago."

"Teddy is keen! What was the verdict of his discernment?"

"He said that you were like a man who, not owning a house, could not be blamed for inhospitality though he never entertained a guest."

"Teddy is wrong. I possess the property he denies me, but it is fully occupied by — a life tenant!"

The joking vanished before the frankness of Dane's smile. The inquiries which ensued were made with friendly eagerness, and the diffuseness of his replies was almost as unexpected as his sentiment. He had been engaged to his sweetheart for six years, during which he had not seen her. She was the only child of a wealthy Virginian, who, alarmed by rumors of Dane's wild youth and the certainty of his empty pockets, had refused to allow her to marry him. Dane had come West with her promise never to give him up, and his own resolve never to claim her until he could prove his disinterestedness. Twice in these six years fortune had slipped from his grasp just when he had thought his hold assured. But now the father was dead, and, through one of those periodical crises which upset our country's finances, he had left his daughter penniless. Dane's resolve had endured this practical test. She had promised to marry him so soon as he could go to Virginia for her, and he intended to get away within a couple of weeks.

There was general curiosity to see the bride, a month later, when it became known that Dane had returned from his wedding journey, and had said that he should bring her to service at Fletcher on the following Sunday. It would be his first appearance, also, in the chapel, and the garrison ladies argued favorably for her influence among the younger set by this evidence of its tendencies. A thrill of surprise pervaded the congregation when the two entered together, — a surprise which, however, grew less with every succeeding glance at Dane's wife. She was not very young. She was not very pretty. But there was a brightness in her gray eyes, a sweetness about her delicate lips, which Teddy declared brought to his mind somebody's lovely ideal of "a face which made sunshine in a shady place."

The ladies waited as unanimously as the officers to meet her after service, and "Mrs. Colonel" invited her and her husband to luncheon. Thus began a social success which did not visibly elate its subject, who was probably used to it. Nor did Dane exult in it.

"She has a way with her," he said, when her popularity was pointed out to him. "Who should be better aware of her power than I, who am the chief of her victims?"

It was a power difficult to explain in other fashion than the perspicacious Teddy's. She was no more brilliant than she was beautiful, yet the soft radiance which surrounded her made her presence a charming abiding-place. And in Zenith City, throughout a winter of exceptional severity and widespread illness, she proved a valuable assistant to an overworked doctor and an inexperienced young priest.

Except, however, in the constant manifestation of his devotion to her, his marriage had neither added to nor subtracted from Dane's previous habits. Shrewd, cynical, good-humored, he managed various money-making enterprises besides his bank, and joined an occasional poker party at the post according to his wont.

"He loves her with what is good in him, but she has no influence with what is bad. She is so different from him that she has not yet perceived his limitations nor her own. Something interesting will happen when she does."

Thus prophesied Teddy; but nobody was more amazed than he at the manner in which his prophecy was fulfilled.

Early in the succeeding summer Mrs.

Dane went to Virginia for a visit, and it was announced that Dane would shortly join her and bring her home again. Those who saw her before her departure reported that her radiance had been sadly overcast in leaving her husband.

"She did not want to go," Dane himself said, while watching the noisy process by which the Great Northwest got into midstream. "She needs a change after all the hardship she went through last winter, but she went away only to please me. She — she" — his voice shook perceptibly — "she would turn her back on heaven, if I wished her to do so."

"I should say that she is more likely to take you to heaven against your will," declared Teddy, to whom this curious utterance was delivered.

"She is a saint," Dane murmured half audibly, with a smile, — a smile whose blended tenderness and tyranny Teddy long remembered. "But she loves my will better than her own!" Then he resumed his usual briskness, and discussed the probable arrival of freight for whose safe transport he had become responsible to the consignee, a remote ranchman.

A fortnight later Dane's bank remained closed one morning, and investigation revealed the fact that he had disappeared with all available funds. Zenith City is not easily startled by any exhibition of the frailty of human nature, but this shook it as with a moral earthquake, and the losses sifted through every class. Everybody had believed in Dane's prosperity, and had trusted the man who, with so blithe a repudiation of higher motives, had asserted his belief that honesty was the best business policy. Everybody had lost something, from the wealthiest cattle-owner in —— County to the widow of a notorious gambler whose disreputable associates had recently deposited a collection for her benefit.

As a first expression of public feeling the rougher citizens desired to tear down the frame bank building, which contained also the rooms to which Dane had brought home his bride. But this was decided to be a futile vengeance, and destructive of the only assets left by the defaulter.

How he had gone, and whither, next became questions of literally vital interest; for the merest new-comer in Zenith City understood that Dane's life would not be worth ten minutes' purchase should that mob find him. When twenty-four hours brought no answer to these questions, their interest grew languid. Dane, who was familiar with the potentialities of his neighbors, was unlikely to have wasted that length of time in getting beyond their reach.

On the second day after the catastrophe half a dozen of the prominent losers were assembled within the bank. It was a rather hopeless consultation, for, though a description of Dane had been telegraphed to Bismarck and to Bozeman, the prairie offered present sanctuary and future escape to a refugee so well endowed with wit and ready money.

The thirty or forty loafers who had hitherto hung about the doors of the bank had deserted to the landing, where the weekly steamer had just arrived. It was the Great Northwest, which on its last down trip had carried Mrs. Dane away. The feelings of that curious assemblage were too intricate for a limited analysis when, amidst the noisy disembarkation of freight and passengers, that lady's graceful figure appeared on the gangway.

What had brought her back, when she could not have gone further on her journey than to Bismarck? Two facts seemed clear to those perplexed spectators: though she was the wife of a man whom they would lynch at sight, she must be yet more wronged than they, for only ignorance of his plans could have induced her return; though she was the wife of a man who had robbed them, she was the woman to whom half

their number had owed kindness during the bitter winter in which Zenith City had learned to rejoice in her presence.

Thus it was that nothing worse than gloomy silence received her when she found herself among those familiar faces. But this was not the welcome Edna Dane had expected from those whom she considered her friends. A haunting anxiety which had forced her to return acquired sudden substance.

"Some of you would say that you are glad to see me, unless harm had happened to my husband," she said, standing still and straight, as though her brave spirit braced her frail body to hear the reply. "Where is he?"

"That is what we want to know!" insolently cried the voice of one who was a stranger to her.

There followed a growl, — not loud, but fierce. The animal was well developed in that humanity, and it made itself heard.

The deck-hands, busy unloading boxes and barrels, halted glowingly, anticipating a row. A couple of stalwart fellow passengers drew nearer Mrs. Dane, as she paused beside the gangway. But their protection was not needed.

An elderly man advanced from among those growling roughs. "We don't know where Dane has gone," he said harshly. "But he has robbed us. They will tell you more at the bank. Go to them."

"Robbed you?" she repeated haughtily. "That is impossible." Her bright eyes swept the hard, worn faces, and her haughtiness softened tremulously. "You believe what you say. You are very troubled, I see!" she exclaimed. "But I swear to you that my husband will make all right for you — if he is alive."

With that, surrounded by silence, she turned away, and walked swiftly up the long street which led from the riverside to her home. When she entered the bank, the leading citizens there assembled would have been less astounded to see Dane. But the frontier deference for womanhood brought those loungers to their feet instantly. She looked very white and slight, and she clasped her hands on the back of a chair, as though needing support. Yet her eyes did not flinch, nor did her voice falter.

"I have heard that my husband has left the town, and that there are accusations against him," she said. "Will you tell me what you know?"

Thereupon she heard what has been already told here, and furthermore that papers had been found which proved ruinous loss to Dane's investments for his clients during nearly a year, and that his defalcation had been prompted by certain large funds deposited with him recently. These facts were related, without comment, by a man who respected this woman whom he believed more cruelly robbed than himself. When he paused, she covered her face and sank to her knees. For a moment they thought that she was fainting. Then it dawned upon the most spiritually dull of them that she had taken her shame and her grief away from their tribunal. Nobody spoke for a space, nor were they sure whether that space had been long or short when she rose. Color had come into her cheeks, and more than their wonted brightness shone in her gray eyes.

"Will you listen to me now?" she said clearly. "You know that I left here a fortnight since to go to Virginia for several months. I have returned because the fear has haunted me night and day that my husband needed me."

Still nobody spoke. Each man knew that her return was indeed a contradiction of the plan with which she had begun her journey. Not one of them doubted her explanation of the impulse which had brought her back. They waited dumbly to hear how she purposed to use her strangely influenced presence among them.

"My husband has wronged you," she continued steadily, "but there is that in his heart which will save him, and re-

store to you all that he has taken from you. This is why God has led me here." She broke off once more with a quick, quivering sigh. "I will remain under your care until my husband comes for me and delivers to you the money which belongs to you," she ended firmly.

There was a chorus of repudiation, a chorus of relief from the spell her intense conviction had laid upon them: —

"We have no grudge against you."

"A man's wife ain't responsible for his misdoings."

"Dane is n't likely to come back into a trap, for anybody."

Dane's wife smiled a very brave, white smile. "He will come back for *me*," she said, "and when he has paid you everything he owes you, I think you will let him take me away."

There were some who felt a choking in their throats which forbade speech, but he who had told the story of Dane's dishonor was made of sterner stuff.

"You are a good woman, and we know that Dane is fond of you," he exclaimed, "but he will not give up the money for which he has risked so much! This is a state's-prison job, and the kind of man he is cannot live without his freedom."

"He cannot live without me!" she cried, with a passion which transfigured her. "Keep me here; shut me up; publish it everywhere that I refuse to leave here until he comes for me, and he will come!"

They believed her. Half a dozen of the shrewdest and most prosperous citizens of —— County, where the quality of shrewdness must be keen indeed to develop prosperity, — they believed her; they obeyed her.

Their decision and the terms of it were discussed in wide-scattered ranches, on Yellowstone steamers, on wandering "prairie schooners," as far east as Bismarck, even so far as Chicago. It stirred human nature, according to its quality, to derision or to tears, to scoffing or to confidence.

While they yet disputed concerning his coming, Dane came. He appeared in the twilight to the deputy sheriff, who, since recent events, had been domiciled at the bank. "Send for your betters," he said roughly. "I 'm going upstairs to my wife."

Edna Dane had spent those days and nights in the rooms she had first seen as a bride, and for the greater part of the time Teddy's sister had kept her company, but she was alone on this evening. God knows how far away a woman's heart hears the step she loves! She met Dane in the doorway. She made him sit in his own armchair. She knelt beside him and looked into his haggard eyes.

"I thought you would forgive me anything and meet me anywhere," he murmured. "They may break their word to you, now that I am in their power. Why have you brought me here?"

"Because I love you," she answered; "not only these dear hands that I kiss, not only this dear head that I hold upon my breast, — I love you, yourself, your soul!" She laid her face down close on his. "And he shall save his soul alive," she whispered, with holy passion.

Zenith City kept its word to Edna Dane. A certain magnanimity runs thread by thread with sternness through the rough woof of the Northwest.

"She has made him bring back to us what we want," Zenith City said. "Let her take away what she wants."

Ellen Mackubin.

NÉG CRÉOL.

At the remote period of his birth he had been named César François Xavier, but no one ever thought of calling him anything but Chicot, or Nég, or Maringouin. Down at the French market, where he worked among the fishmongers, they called him Chicot, when they were not calling him names that are written less freely than they are spoken. But one felt privileged to call him almost anything, he was so black, lean, lame, and shriveled. He wore a head-kerchief, and whatever other rags the fishermen and their wives chose to bestow upon him. Throughout one whole winter he wore a woman's discarded jacket with puffed sleeves.

Among some startling beliefs entertained by Chicot was one that "Michié St. Pierre et Michié St. Paul" had created him. Of "Michié bon Dieu" he held his own private opinion, and a not too flattering one at that. This fantastic notion concerning the origin of his being he owed to the early teaching of his young master, a lax believer, and a great *farceur* in his day. Chicot had once been thrashed by a robust young Irish priest for expressing his religious views, and another time knifed by a Sicilian. So he had come to hold his peace upon that subject.

Upon another theme he talked freely and harped continuously. For years he had tried to convince his associates that his master had left a progeny, rich, cultured, powerful, and numerous beyond belief. This prosperous race of beings inhabited the most imposing mansions in the city of New Orleans. Men of note and position, whose names were familiar to the public, he swore were grandchildren, great-grandchildren, or, less frequently, distant relatives of his master, long deceased. Ladies who came to the market in carriages, or whose elegance of attire attracted the attention and admiration of the fishwomen, were all *des 'tites cousines* to his former master, Jean Boisduré. He never looked for recognition from any of these superior beings, but delighted to discourse by the hour upon their dignity and pride of birth and wealth.

Chicot always carried an old gunny-sack, and into this went his earnings. He cleaned stalls at the market, scaled fish, and did many odd offices for the itinerant merchants, who usually paid in trade for his service. Occasionally he saw the color of silver and got his clutch upon a coin, but he accepted anything, and seldom made terms. He was glad to get a handkerchief from the Hebrew, and grateful if the Choctaws would trade him a bottle of filé for it. The butcher flung him a soup-bone, and the fishmonger a few crabs or a paper bag of shrimps. It was the big *mulatresse, vendeuse de café*, who cared for his inner man.

Once Chicot was accused by a shoe-vender of attempting to steal a pair of ladies' shoes. He declared he was only examining them. The clamor raised in the market was terrific. Young Dagoes assembled and squealed like rats; a couple of Gascon butchers bellowed like bulls. Matteo's wife shook her fist in the accuser's face and called him incomprehensible names. The Choctaw women, where they squatted, turned their slow eyes in the direction of the fray, taking no further notice; while a policeman jerked Chicot around by the puffed sleeve and brandished a club. It was a narrow escape.

Nobody knew where Chicot lived. A man — even a nég créol — who lives among the reeds and willows of Bayou St. John, in a deserted chicken-coop constructed chiefly of tarred paper, is not going to boast of his habitation or to invite

attention to his domestic appointments. When, after market hours, he vanished in the direction of St. Philip Street, limping, seemingly bent under the weight of his gunny-bag, it was like the disappearance from the stage of some petty actor whom the audience does not follow in imagination beyond the wings, or think of till his return in another scene.

There was one to whom Chicot's coming or going meant more than this. In *la maison grise* they called her La Chouette, for no earthly reason unless that she perched high under the roof of the old rookery and scolded in shrill sudden outbursts. Forty or fifty years before, when for a little while she acted minor parts with a company of French players (an escapade that had brought her grandmother to the grave), she was known as Mademoiselle de Montallaine. Seventy-five years before she had been christened Aglaé Boisduré.

No matter at what hour the old negro appeared at her threshold, Mamzelle Aglaé always kept him waiting till she finished her prayers. She opened the door for him and silently motioned him to a seat, returning to prostrate herself upon her knees before a crucifix and a shell filled with holy water that stood on a small table; it represented in her imagination an altar. Chicot knew that she did it to aggravate him; he was convinced that she timed her devotions to begin when she heard his footstep on the stairs. He would sit with sullen eyes contemplating her long, spare, poorly clad figure as she knelt and read from her book or finished her prayers. Bitter was the religious warfare that had raged for years between them, and Mamzelle Aglaé had grown, on her side, as intolerant as Chicot. She had come to hold St. Peter and St. Paul in such utter detestation that she had cut their pictures out of her prayer-book.

Then Mamzelle Aglaé pretended not to care what Chicot had in his bag. He drew forth a small hunk of beef and laid it in her basket that stood on the bare floor. She looked from the corner of her eye, and went on dusting the table. He brought out a handful of potatoes, some pieces of sliced fish, a few herbs, a yard of calico, and a small pat of butter wrapped in lettuce leaves. He was proud of the butter, and wanted her to notice it. He held it out and asked her for something to put it in. She handed him a saucer, and looked indifferent and resigned, with lifted eyebrows.

"Pas d' sucre, Nég?"

Chicot shook his head and scratched it, and looked like a black picture of distress and mortification. No sugar! But to-morrow he would get a pinch here and a pinch there, and would bring as much as a cupful.

Mamzelle Aglaé then sat down, and talked to Chicot uninterruptedly and confidentially. She complained bitterly, and it was all about a pain that lodged in her leg; that crept and acted like a live, stinging serpent, twining about her waist and up her spine, and coiling round the shoulder-blade. And then *les rhumatismes* in her fingers! He could see for himself how they were knotted. She could not bend them; she could hold nothing in her hands, and had let a saucer fall that morning and broken it in pieces. And if she were to tell him that she had slept a wink through the night, she would be a liar, deserving of perdition. She had sat at the window *la nuit blanche*, hearing the hours strike and the market-wagons rumble. Chicot nodded, and kept up a running fire of sympathetic comment and suggestive remedies for rheumatism and insomnia: herbs, or *tisanes*, or *grigris*, or all three. As if he knew! There was Purgatory Mary, a perambulating soul whose office in life was to pray for the shades in purgatory, — she had brought Mamzelle Aglaé a bottle of *eau de Lourdes*, but so little of it! She might have kept her water of Lourdes, for all the good it did, — a drop! Not so much as would cure a fly or a

mosquito! Mamzelle Aglaé was going to show Purgatory Mary the door when she came again, not only because of her avarice with the Lourdes water, but, beside that, she brought in on her feet dirt that could only be removed with a shovel after she left.

And Mamzelle Aglaé wanted to inform Chicot that there would be slaughter and bloodshed in la maison grise if the people below stairs did not mend their ways. She was convinced that they lived for no other purpose than to torture and molest her. The woman kept a bucket of dirty water constantly on the landing with the hope of Mamzelle Aglaé falling over it or into it. And she knew that the children were instructed to gather in the hall and on the stairway, and scream and make a noise and jump up and down like galloping horses, with the intention of driving her to suicide. Chicot should notify the policeman on the beat, and have them arrested, if possible, and thrust into the parish prison, where they belonged.

Chicot would have been extremely alarmed if he had ever chanced to find Mamzelle Aglaé in an uncomplaining mood. It never occurred to him that she might be otherwise. He felt that she had a right to quarrel with fate, if ever mortal had. Her poverty was a disgrace, and he hung his head before it and felt ashamed.

One day he found Mamzelle Aglaé stretched on the bed, with her head tied up in a handkerchief. Her sole complaint that day was, "Aïe — aïe — aïe! Aïe — aïe — aïe!" uttered with every breath. He had seen her so before, especially when the weather was damp.

"Vous pas bézouin tisane, Mamzelle Aglaé? Vous pas veux mo cri gagni docteur?"

She desired nothing. "Aïe — aïe — aïe!"

He emptied his bag very quietly, so as not to disturb her; and he wanted to stay there with her and lie down on the floor in case she needed him, but the woman from below had come up. She was an Irishwoman with rolled sleeves.

"It 's a shtout shtick I 'm afther giving her, Nég, and she do but knock on the flure it 's me or Janie or wan of us that 'll be hearing her."

"You too good, Brigitte. Aïe — aïe — aïe! Une goutte d'eau sucré, Nég! That Purg'tory Marie,— you see hair, ma bonne Brigitte, you tell hair go say li'le prayer là-bas au Cathédral. Aïe — aïe — aïe!"

Nég could hear her lamentation as he descended the stairs. It followed him as he limped his way through the city streets, and seemed part of the city's noise; he could hear it in the rumble of wheels and jangle of car-bells, and in the voices of those passing by.

He stopped at Mimotte the Voudou's shanty and bought a grigri, — a cheap one for fifteen cents. Mimotte held her charms at all prices. This he intended to introduce next day into Mamzelle Aglaé's room, — somewhere about the altar, — to the confusion and discomfit of "Michié bon Dieu," who persistently declined to concern himself with the welfare of a Boisduré.

At night, among the reeds on the bayou, Chicot could still hear the woman's wail, mingled now with the croaking of the frogs. If he could have been convinced that giving up his life down there in the water would in any way have bettered her condition, he would not have hesitated to sacrifice the remnant of his existence that was wholly devoted to her. He lived but to serve her. He did not know it himself; but Chicot knew so little, and that little in such a distorted way! He could scarcely have been expected, even in his most lucid moments, to give himself over to self-analysis.

Chicot gathered an uncommon amount of dainties at market the following day. He had to work hard, and scheme and whine a little; but he got hold of an orange and a lump of ice and a *chou-fleur*. He did not drink his cup of *café au lait*,

but asked Mimi Lambeau to put it in the little new tin pail that the Hebrew notion-vender had just given him in exchange for a mess of shrimps. This time, however, Chicot had his trouble for nothing. When he reached the upper room of la maison grise, it was to find that Mamzelle Aglaé had died during the night. He set his bag down in the middle of the floor, and stood shaking, and whined low like a dog in pain.

Everything had been done. The Irishwoman had gone for the doctor, and Purgatory Mary had summoned a priest. Furthermore, the woman had arranged Mamzelle Aglaé decently. She had covered the table with a white cloth, and had placed it at the head of the bed, with the crucifix and two lighted candles in silver candlesticks upon it: the little bit of ornamentation brightened and embellished the poor room. Purgatory Mary, dressed in shabby black, fat and breathing hard, sat reading half audibly from a prayer-book. She was watching the dead and the silver candlesticks, which she had borrowed from a benevolent society, and for which she held herself responsible. A young man was just leaving, — a reporter snuffing the air for items, who had scented one up there in the top room of la maison grise.

All the morning Janie had been escorting a procession of street Arabs up and down the stairs to view the remains. One of them — a little girl, who had had her face washed and had made a species of toilet for the occasion — refused to be dragged away. She stayed seated as if at an entertainment, fascinated alternately by the long, still figure of Mamzelle Aglaé, the mumbling lips of Purgatory Mary, and the silver candlesticks.

"Will ye get down on yer knees, man, and say a prayer for the dead!" commanded the woman.

But Chicot only shook his head, and refused to obey. He approached the bed, and laid a little black paw for a moment on the stiffened body of Mamzelle Aglaé. There was nothing for him to do here. He picked up his old ragged hat and his bag and went away.

"The black h'athen!" the woman muttered. "Shut the dure, child."

The little girl slid down from her chair, and went on tiptoe to shut the door which Chicot had left open. Having resumed her seat, she fastened her eyes upon Purgatory Mary's heaving chest.

"You, Chicot!" cried Matteo's wife the next morning. "My man, he read in paper 'bout woman name' Boisduré, use' b'long to big-a famny. She die roun' on St. Philip — po', same-a like church rat. It 's any them Boisdurés you alla talk 'bout?"

Chicot shook his head in slow but emphatic denial. No, indeed, the woman was not of kin to his Boisdurés. He surely had told Matteo's wife often enough — how many times did he have to repeat it! — of their wealth, their social standing. It was doubtless some Boisduré of *les Attakapas;* it was none of his.

The next day there was a small funeral procession passing a little distance away, — a hearse and a carriage or two. There was the priest who had attended Mamzelle Aglaé, and a benevolent Creole gentleman whose father had known the Boisdurés in his youth. There were a couple of player-folk, who, having got wind of the story, had thrust their hands into their pockets.

"Look, Chicot!" cried Matteo's wife. "Yonda go the fune'al. Mus-a be that-a Boisduré woman we talken 'bout yesaday."

But Chicot paid no heed. What was to him the funeral of a woman who had died in St. Philip Street? He did not even turn his head in the direction of the moving procession. He went on scaling his red-snapper.

Kate Chopin.

STRAUSS, THE AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.

THOUGH posthumous, the recently published volume of Letters of David Friedrich Strauss, the author of The Life of Jesus, does not smell of dust. On the contrary, it is thoroughly alive in the vigor of its uneasy polemic spirit and fleet touch. It opens with the year 1830, when Strauss was twenty-two years old, and had just finished his career at the University of Tübingen with brilliant honors. He was serving as temporary vicar to the pastor of the parish of Klein-Ingersheim, and that his religious opinions were already novel and independent is shown by the letters to his friend Märklin. In reply to the latter's scruples about a freethinker like himself ministering to an orthodox flock, Strauss maintains that the case of a liberal pastor is precisely analogous to that of a prince who is endowed with more intelligence than his subjects: let both see to it that first of all they fulfill the duties of the offices to which they have been called. He makes a distinction between a man's individual, private life and his life as an official, — a view which is likely to be condemned by persons who are taught to regard the preaching of the gospel as a calling, but is both natural and frequent among the clergy of nations which support an established state church.

Strauss did not remain long in an ambiguous incumbency. He quitted the pulpit within a year for a professor's chair in Maulbronn, and this chair, in the autumn of 1831, for the University of Berlin, where he sat at the feet of Hegel till Hegel's death (in November, 1831). In the following year the theological seminary of Tübingen counted him among its tutors.

Thus at the very opening of this indirect autobiography is betrayed the need that Strauss felt of a frequent change of abode, a peculiarity that was shown throughout his life. The occasion of his removal was sometimes a definitely disagreeable experience, such as the dismissal from the Tübingen seminary on account of the publication of The Life of Jesus; sometimes it was an indefinite and even unreasonable feeling of unrest; in only a few instances was it a real consideration; generally he was moved by a hope of finding better companionship and means for research. An explanation which he once gave of his peevish fits of discontent takes the responsibility entirely off his own shoulders and puts it upon the broad back of heredity. His mother, he says, told him that his father, who had killed her love and the affection of all his friends and relations by his selfishness, became passionately devoted to their first-born child, so that when the boy died he went nearly mad. One day he would sink into despairing dejection; the next he would be furious with wrath against the Almighty. "And at this period of paternal disquiet," writes Strauss, "I was conceived and born."

Strauss thought himself indebted to his father for the logical clearness of his style. "But everything else in me that is good, and of any worth, I owe to my mother, — yet I do not amount to half what she was for all that," he laments to his friend Rapp. "She had the capacity of not being prevented by small things from keeping the greater things in mind; she understood art, and she managed always to keep the upper hand over painful feelings and a mastery of distressing emotions by the simple method of holding herself fast to some hard piece of work. Yet how unworldly was her spirit in spite of all this show of the practical!" he adds. "She despised sentimentality and cant in religion with all

her heart. She could feel so sure, for instance, that labor might be a real kind of divine service, under certain circumstances, that occasionally she would take up something to do on Sunday, and the reproachful looks of her church-going relatives she would charm away by the tranquil and joking remarks which she let fall. But it was ever for others she worked, never for herself; generally it was for her children."

In truth, if fortitude can be an inheritance, then it was from his maternal parent that Strauss derived his. He needed a goodly portion to weather the storm that burst upon his head on the occasion of the publication of The Life of Jesus; and fortunately for his health and well-being he possessed it. The book came out in Tübingen, in the spring of 1835, when he had just attained his twenty-eighth year. It represented, it seems, only one part of a vast general design that included the whole sum and substance of the world's dogmatic history. The Tübingen university cast him out; his name was stricken off its list of tutors, and his literary work was reduced to the production of replies to adversaries. His mind and strength were diverted from his great work then and there, for good and all.

In Ludwigsburg, whither he retired after the loss of his position in Tübingen, he revised a second edition of the Life, and wrote unfruitful polemical pamphlets. His courage was unbroken, but all too soon he became ill at ease again. The truth is, his native town was hardly the right place for him at this time. He had many good friends, to be sure, but his family was a source of disquiet to him. His father, who really rejoiced in secret at the blow that his son had struck in the simpleton face of Piety, as he expressed it, professed to disapprove of him in public. Strauss was forced, on the other hand, to see his mother wearing an air of hardest indifference to the world while she was smarting inwardly. Once she said to him, "There is one thing in me, Fritz, that is immortal, I am sure, and will continue to live in me on the other side. That is my love." This was uttered in a gay and tender tone, but Strauss knew what heavy grief could lie close in his mother's soul behind the light messengers of banter that she sent forth. Who wonders that he grew sick of life? He wrote to Rapp that the subject of religion palled on him. Science lost its interest for him, too. He wished to go away from Ludwigsburg.

Now Rapp was a clergyman in full and regular orders, and as such he could not see that there was any scientific need of The Life of Jesus. Yet he remained devoted to Strauss at this time, like the rest of Strauss's intimates, the most of whom were theologians; and he answered the disheartened letter by recommending occupation, and the acceptance of the chair of theology in Zurich which had been offered him. Strauss had hoped for a more distinguished call, but he thought that the best thing to do for the present was to accept the Swiss offer. A little later, however, he and his friends learned that the country round about Zurich was stirred up against the nomination of the author of The Life of Jesus to a chair in the new university. Then came the news that a mob of peasants, headed by priests, had marched into Zurich and threatened the magistrates with harm if they persisted in their appointment, and had emphasized their threat by burning Strauss in effigy. Soon afterward he received a letter from the embarrassed authorities of the university, offering him a pension of a thousand francs a year. But he had already penned a dignified note of resignation. He relinquished not only the chair of theology in Zurich, but every hope of a career as professor. It is safe to say, indeed, that this blow was felt more keenly by Strauss than the public contumely which succeeded the publication of the Life. It drove the fact into his

soul that there is a power in religious feelings that a man cannot stand against alone. He had not before been able to believe it, but now he had the proof.

He was then residing in Stuttgart. A letter from his elder brother, William, brought him back for a while to Ludwigsburg. His mother seemed uncommonly weak. Strauss was frightened, and watched over her and nursed her most devotedly, but in vain. "Just at this time, Fritz," she says deprecatingly to her son on her deathbed, "it 's too bad. People will say it is grief over your Zurich trouble that carries me off."

There were excellent galleries of pictures and a good opera troupe in Stuttgart, and he devoted himself to art and music. His interpreter of music was the beautiful prima donna, Fräulein Christina Schebest. But an artist does not always make a good housewife; and Strauss wrote to Rapp, asking if he and his wife would not look about a little for a lady who would suit his tastes, belonging to some worthy family of the middle class. It was quite useless, he said, to try to settle down to any earnest task in his present uninspired mood: he must be wrought up to a fine fury of enthusiasm in order to write, and he felt now that he must fall into the clutches of some passion, or perish. Rapp seems to have fancied that a note from the Stuttgart Royal Opera House had fallen into his old classmate's letter, for he answered in such commonplace fashion that Strauss was offended, and dropped the correspondence for a long time. When he resumed it, he wrote one of the most delightful gruffly frank notes that I remember ever to have read, — declaring that he will never again turn to Rapp for sympathy. Yet a little further along in the volume we read, in a letter to the same friend, a confidential description of how Juno-like is the figure, how noble the carriage, of Fräulein Schebest, and how, in spite of all, she loves him! A few weeks later Strauss announces that he and Christina are to be married, and declares that Rapp, and no other, shall unite them.

Now for a season the letters are very foolish honeymoon letters. Instead of resuming the observations on men and things which make his correspondence so uncommonly diverting, Strauss scribbles verses on Christina's doughnuts, and describes her efforts to attain to the standard which he has set for a perfect cook. In a little while, however, his letters to all the old friends whom he had neglected for Christina become very frequent again. Before long a still further hint of impending evil is encountered, — a hint not only of domestic and sentimental satiety, but of something much worse. We are slow in coming clearly to the plain truth, for the editor evidently has suppressed a great deal of his material; but by gleanings from detached sentences, scattered in a half dozen letters, we arrive at the indubitable fact at last that the pair separate. Strauss settles for a while in Heilbronn, while Christina reëstablishes herself in Stuttgart, with their son and daughter. No reason for the separation is allowed to appear. Strauss once makes an accusation to the effect that Christina is too self-complacent, but this can hardly have been the whole reason for disagreement. Christina wrote two books subsequently, one of which was a textbook on acting. She died in Stuttgart in 1870, aged fifty-seven, but she is not mentioned again in Strauss's letters.

It appears as a saving grace in Strauss's character that the breaking of family ties caused a good deal of wavering. No other event of his life so shook his natural fortitude as this. He was tempted again and again to go back to his home. He longed for his children. He saw in Venice Titian's picture of the child Mary ascending the steps of the Temple, was reminded of his own little daughter, and felt ready to weep. Nor could he go to the opera for many a year without noting the inferiority of the singers to Christina as she used to be.

With his self-willed separation from Christina, however, the climax of his emotional life passed. He experienced no more passions. Of the brief political career which followed, he writes that he had no pleasure in being a deputy, and we discern for ourselves that he possessed no political sagacity, although events have proved that he had extraordinary political foresight. His life, from the time when he quitted his seat in the Würtemberg Landtag, in 1849, till its close in 1874, was one of pure mentality. He occupied himself with the study of material for biographies and with cultivating his taste for art, to the exclusion of all practical activities. The single interruption of his domestic loneliness — the return of his two children to his care — was of short duration because they were soon placed in boarding-schools. Yet for all this solitude no stagnation ever took place in his interest in things. He shifted his residence, he made new acquaintances, he traveled to Italy, Switzerland, and Vienna, in order to learn; and the register of "names referred to" in the Letters, which comprises more than seven hundred, might be balanced by a similar register of "things referred to," quite as long and miscellaneous, so numerous are his themes. He led the traditional existence of a German scholar without falling into the German scholar's habitual tenuity of thought. His liveliness of style is encouraged by the variety of his topics, and by a habit of referring to the dramatic side of incidents.

The fact is, Strauss was the "artist by nature's malevolence," which he once in early life described himself to be. He was wanting in the higher creative talent, but his style in writing proves that he had a graphic gift of imitation. What could be neater and clearer and more full of life than the few lines on George Eliot, from Munich, in July, 1858? "I had a charming little experience on Thursday last in meeting the English translator of my Life of Jesus, who is now the wife of Mr. Lewes, the author of the Life of Goethe. When they heard of my being here they both called on me, but I was out. When I returned the visit I found only her. I had seen her once before in Cologne as Miss Evans, when she could not speak any German at all. Now she can talk it pretty well. She is in her thirties, not beautiful, but with a transparent countenance full of expression, more from the heart than the brain. . . . As I rose to go the amiable woman said, 'When you came in I was so delighted I could not speak.'"

Finally be it remarked that Strauss's vividness and virility extended to his hatreds as well as his loves. He called a spade a spade. Old and half-dead as Strauss was in January, 1874, he still wrote the following against the Bayreuth and Viennese idols of the day: "You say in your letter that Hermann Grimm has described Dürer as being a great man, but not a great artist. I hope these are not Grimm's own words. . . . Dürer no artist! the man who possessed imagination, the highest gift of artists, in such over-abundant measure that whole generations of painters supplied their wants from it! Beauty, it is true, is not to be found in his works. Yet what artistic reserve do they display, what knowledge and conscientious mastery of technique, what profound human feeling! But then, to be sure, in the eyes of our contemporaries he had the fault of being estimable in private life, and of attaining simplicity and beauty of character. The men whom folks admire nowadays and take to be great artists, Richard Wagner and Hans Makart, are just the contrary kind of men to Dürer, are sybaritic beggars or self-idolizing blasphemers."

Blasphemous Strauss was called; but no man, after reading these revelations of his life, can throw at him the worse epithets of sybaritic and self-idolizing.

Countess von Krockow.

MR. ALLEN'S THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

It is not altogether easy to say whether a poet and a historian have been deflected in Mr. James Lane Allen, or a novelist is in process of development through the absorption of lyric and historic propensities. Certain it is that in his latest book[1] Mr. Allen does not yet show himself a great story-teller, but so far from disappointing the reader, he arouses the liveliest anticipations, and causes one to wonder just how he will emerge under the various influences which seem to be impelling him. We think he will be a novelist, perhaps even a great novelist, — one of the few who hold large powers of divers sort in solution to be precipitated in some new, unexpected form. For after all, his prime interest, as this book discloses, is in character, and character dramatically presented, and this is the fundamental aim of the great novelist.

Yet the structural story of The Choir Invisible is meagre, and Mr. Allen has not even made the most of the opportunity for narrative which it presents. John Gray, a young Kentucky schoolmaster of Scotch parentage and Pennsylvania backwoods rearing, five years before the close of the last century, thought himself in love with Amy Falconer, the coquettish niece of Major Falconer, of Lexington. He was about to offer himself to her, in spite of the guarded dissuasion of Major Falconer's young wife, who had read the girl's nature more clearly than John, when the caprice of fortune and a careless jest separated the two, and another lover stepped in and carried off the prize. The true woman whom nature had designed for him was Mrs. Falconer, but under the influence, so to speak, of the choir invisible, this man and woman missed the perfection of union, and, after a time of tremulous nearness, separated at a parting of the ways.

As we have said, story there is none in the plain acceptation of the term. There are two or three moving incidents, as the fight with the panther and the tussle with a coarse mischief-maker, but the drama which is enacted, a spiritual drama of real significance, finds but casual materialization in the events of life as led by the *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Allen's attention is fixed upon the struggle which is going on within the breast of John Gray, first when he is losing Amy, and then when he is finding Jessica. It is, by the way, one of the delicate touches by which Mr. Allen adds to the sanctuary about his heroine that he scarcely refers to her by this name. She is "Mrs. Falconer" throughout, "aunt Jessica" once or twice, and "Jessica" once only in a bird's remote call to the hero's consciousness. All besides this is treated as episodical. The incidents which carry the narrative along are the mere nothings of life. In one aspect this nonchalance of narrative heightens the effect of the spiritual story; yet it is a dangerous expedient. A great esoteric action craves great exoteric art, and we think Mr. Allen depends too much upon the suggestion of incident, as when, at a critical moment in his hero's life, he betrays the inward movement only by an almost casual reference to a night ride back to the heroine's neighborhood.

The story is set in a slight framework of pioneer life, and there are a few hints at that undercurrent of history which nearly swept Kentucky into the deep waters of imperial dreams. Again, this lightly sketched background appears to have been used for the purpose of throwing the lovers into higher relief, yet one looks wistfully at the possibilities implied in the historic events. The fine

[1] *The Choir Invisible.* By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1897.

imaginative power with which Mr. Allen reconstructs the period holds out such promise of vigorous action and portraiture that the reader is inclined to regret the trivial use to which the power is put. Surely the love story would not have suffered if it had been the centre of a political storm as well. But this is going beyond our limits. We have to do with the story Mr. Allen wrote, not with the one we wished him to write. Only, we urge, why throw back so modern a theme into a former century and not derive still greater benefit from the rejection?

We value the sureness with which the ethical problem implied in the story is stated and solved; we set a very high estimate on the power of historic imagination which Mr. Allen shows, and recognize with the greatest pleasure that he is not exploiting local idiosyncrasies, but drawing with a free hand the outlines of an adolescent state, and if we had only these elements of a worthy novel we should think ourselves fortunate. But the charm which The Choir Invisible holds for an attentive reader does not lie in either of these elements half so much as it springs from the informing spirit of the book, — a spirit so rare in our fiction that we watch it here with the keenest pleasure. The humor and grace which attend upon a refined estimate of life we have had in our fiction; the purity of tone, also, which is the fragrance of a delicate perception of values. Mr. Allen himself, in previous books, has shown a playfulness which is winning; there is less of it in this. But the imaginative beauty which lies deep at the roots of things and makes him who perceives it rather grave than merry, this is a rarer grace, a more enduring quality of fine literature. We have had the opportunity of noting it once or twice. Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy has disclosed it in Passe Rose, and there have been touches of it in minor pieces of fiction. Hawthorne had it supremely, yet one cannot read Hawthorne without being reminded of Coleridge's river Alph flowing through sunless caverns. This beauty has lain in other books by Mr. Allen, but in none, we think, has it been under such high command as in this.

It would be ineffective to attempt to persuade the reader of this by means of single passages, though many could be cited which would at once give out their own music. The beauty is largely due to the noble use which Mr. Allen makes of the note which nature sounds. Again and again one is reminded, not by a fanciful interpretation, but by strong imaginative penetration, of the elemental forces of nature as they make themselves known in various forms of life. It is as if one had held communion with nature, not as a hermit nor as a scientific investigator, but as a poet with strong human sympathies, and then, essaying to render plain the passages of a man's heart, had brought with him this hypæthral light and let it flow into all the recesses.

Indeed, paradoxical though it be, this very quality of beauty, almost lyrical sometimes in its form, has misled Mr. Allen in his task as a writer of fiction. It has apparently persuaded him to be neglectful of the homely virtues without which fiction cannot maintain a secure hold on life. In his deep interest in his hero and heroine he has too often forgotten his story, and the three, author, hero, and heroine, have gone off into the woods by themselves. The reader follows them, but at too great a distance, after all, for his own satisfaction. He does not miss the rare strain of music in Jessica Falconer, or the shrill sweetness of the parson; he is aware of the vibrant melody in John Gray himself; but the choir invisible is a little too screened from view, a trifle too remote, to permit its harmony the full measure of tone which the reader of this book divines rather than directly perceives.

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THE AMERICAN FORESTS.

The forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best he ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and from the beginning it seemed to be favored above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe. To prepare the ground, it was rolled and sifted in seas with infinite loving deliberation and forethought, lifted into the light, submerged and warmed over and over again, pressed and crumpled into folds and ridges, mountains and hills, subsoiled with heaving volcanic fires, ploughed and ground and sculptured into scenery and soil with glaciers and rivers, — every feature growing and changing from beauty to beauty, higher and higher. And in the fullness of time it was planted in groves, and belts, and broad, exuberant, mantling forests, with the largest, most varied, most fruitful, and most beautiful trees in the world. Bright seas made its border with wave embroidery and icebergs; gray deserts were outspread in the middle of it, mossy tundras on the north, savannas on the south, and blooming prairies and plains; while lakes and rivers shone through all the vast forests and openings, and happy birds and beasts gave delightful animation. Everywhere, everywhere over all the blessed continent, there were beauty, and melody, and kindly, wholesome, foodful abundance.

These forests were composed of about five hundred species of trees, all of them in some way useful to man, ranging in size from twenty-five feet in height and less than one foot in diameter at the ground to four hundred feet in height and more than twenty feet in diameter, — lordly monarchs proclaiming the gospel of beauty like apostles. For many a century after the ice-ploughs were melted, nature fed them and dressed them every day; working like a man, a loving, devoted, painstaking gardener; fingering every leaf and flower and mossy furrowed bole; bending, trimming, modeling, balancing, painting them with the loveliest colors; bringing over them now clouds with cooling shadows and showers, now sunshine; fanning them with gentle winds and rustling their leaves; exercising them in every fibre with storms, and pruning them; loading them with flowers and fruit, loading them with snow, and ever making them more beautiful as the years rolled by. Wide-branching oak and elm in endless variety, walnut and maple, chestnut and beech, ilex and locust, touching limb to limb, spread a leafy translucent canopy along the coast of the Atlantic over the wrinkled folds and ridges of the Alleghanies, — a green billowy sea in summer, golden and purple in autumn, pearly gray like a steadfast frozen mist of interlacing branches and sprays in leafless, restful winter.

To the southward stretched dark, level-topped cypresses in knobby, tangled swamps, grassy savannas in the midst of them like lakes of light, groves of gay sparkling spice-trees, magnolias and palms, glossy-leaved and blooming and

shining continually. To the northward, over Maine and the Ottawa, rose hosts of spiry, rosiny evergreens, — white pine and spruce, hemlock and cedar, shoulder to shoulder, laden with purple cones, their myriad needles sparkling and shimmering, covering hills and swamps, rocky headlands and domes, ever bravely aspiring and seeking the sky ; the ground in their shade now snow-clad and frozen, now mossy and flowery ; beaver meadows here and there, full of lilies and grass ; lakes gleaming like eyes, and a silvery embroidery of rivers and creeks watering and brightening all the vast glad wilderness.

Thence westward were oak and elm, hickory and tupelo, gum and liriodendron, sassafras and ash, linden and laurel, spreading on ever wider in glorious exuberance over the great fertile basin of the Mississippi, over damp level bottoms, low dimpling hollows, and round dotting hills, embosoming sunny prairies and cheery park openings, half sunshine, half shade ; while a dark wilderness of pines covered the region around the Great Lakes. Thence still westward swept the forests to right and left around grassy plains and deserts a thousand miles wide : irrepressible hosts of spruce and pine, aspen and willow, nut-pine and juniper, cactus and yucca, caring nothing for drought, extending undaunted from mountain to mountain, over mesa and desert, to join the darkening multitudes of pines that covered the high Rocky ranges and the glorious forests along the coast of the moist and balmy Pacific, where new species of pine, giant cedars and spruces, silver firs and sequoias, kings of their race, growing close together like grass in a meadow, poised their brave domes and spires in the sky three hundred feet above the ferns and the lilies that enameled the ground ; towering serene through the long centuries, preaching God's forestry fresh from heaven.

Here the forests reached their highest development. Hence they went wavering northward over icy Alaska, brave spruce and fir, poplar and birch, by the coasts and the rivers, to within sight of the Arctic Ocean. American forests ! the glory of the world ! Surveyed thus from the east to the west, from the north to the south, they are rich beyond thought, immortal, immeasurable, enough and to spare for every feeding, sheltering beast and bird, insect and son of Adam ; and nobody need have cared had there been no pines in Norway, no cedars and deodars on Lebanon and the Himalayas, no vine-clad selvas in the basin of the Amazon. With such variety, harmony, and triumphant exuberance, even nature, it would seem, might have rested content with the forests of North America, and planted no more.

So they appeared a few centuries ago when they were rejoicing in wildness. The Indians with stone axes could do them no more harm than could gnawing beavers and browsing moose. Even the fires of the Indians and the fierce shattering lightning seemed to work together only for good in clearing spots here and there for smooth garden prairies, and openings for sunflowers seeking the light. But when the steel axe of the white man rang out in the startled air their doom was sealed. Every tree heard the bodeful sound, and pillars of smoke gave the sign in the sky.

I suppose we need not go mourning the buffaloes. In the nature of things they had to give place to better cattle, though the change might have been made without barbarous wickedness. Likewise many of nature's five hundred kinds of wild trees had to make way for orchards and cornfields. In the settlement and civilization of the country, bread more than timber or beauty was wanted ; and in the blindness of hunger, the early settlers, claiming Heaven as their guide, regarded God's trees as only a larger kind of pernicious weeds, extremely hard to get rid of. Accordingly, with no eye

to the future, these pious destroyers waged interminable forest wars; chips flew thick and fast; trees in their beauty fell crashing by millions, smashed to confusion, and the smoke of their burning has been rising to heaven more than two hundred years. After the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia had been mostly cleared and scorched into melancholy ruins, the overflowing multitude of bread and money seekers poured over the Alleghanies into the fertile middle West, spreading ruthless devastation ever wider and farther over the rich valley of the Mississippi and the vast shadowy pine region about the Great Lakes. Thence still westward the invading horde of destroyers called settlers made its fiery way over the broad Rocky Mountains, felling and burning more fiercely than ever, until at last it has reached the wild side of the continent, and entered the last of the great aboriginal forests on the shores of the Pacific.

Surely, then, it should not be wondered at that lovers of their country, bewailing its baldness, are now crying aloud, "Save what is left of the forests!" Clearing has surely now gone far enough; soon timber will be scarce, and not a grove will be left to rest in or pray in. The remnant protected will yield plenty of timber, a perennial harvest for every right use, without further diminution of its area, and will continue to cover the springs of the rivers that rise in the mountains and give irrigating waters to the dry valleys at their feet, prevent wasting floods and be a blessing to everybody forever.

Every other civilized nation in the world has been compelled to care for its forests, and so must we if waste and destruction are not to go on to the bitter end, leaving America as barren as Palestine or Spain. In its calmer moments in the midst of bewildering hunger and war and restless over-industry, Prussia has learned that the forest plays an important part in human progress, and that the advance in civilization only makes it more indispensable. It has, therefore, as shown by Mr. Pinchot, refused to deliver its forests to more or less speedy destruction by permitting them to pass into private ownership. But the state woodlands are not allowed to lie idle. On the contrary, they are made to produce as much timber as is possible without spoiling them. In the administration of its forests, the state righteously considers itself bound to treat them as a trust for the nation as a whole, and to keep in view the common good of the people for all time.

In France no government forests have been sold since 1870. On the other hand, about one half of the fifty million francs spent on forestry has been given to engineering works, to make the replanting of denuded areas possible. The disappearance of the forests in the first place, it is claimed, may be traced in most cases directly to mountain pasturage. The provisions of the code concerning private woodlands are substantially these: No private owner may clear his woodlands without giving notice to the government at least four months in advance, and the forest service may forbid the clearing on the following grounds: to maintain the soil on mountains, to defend the soil against erosion and flooding by rivers or torrents, to insure the existence of springs and watercourses, to protect the dunes and seashore, etc. A proprietor who has cleared his forest without permission is subject to heavy fine, and in addition may be made to replant the cleared area.

In Switzerland, after many laws like our own had been found wanting, the Swiss forest school was established in 1865, and soon after the Federal Forest Law was enacted, which is binding over nearly two thirds of the country. Under its provisions, the cantons must appoint and pay the number of suitably educated foresters required for the fulfillment of the forest law; and in the organization

of a normally stocked forest, the object of first importance must be the cutting each year of an amount of timber equal to the total annual increase, and no more.

The Russian government passed a law in 1888, declaring that clearing is forbidden in protection forests, and is allowed in others "only when its effects will not be to disturb the suitable relations which should exist between forest and agricultural lands."

Even Japan is ahead of us in the management of her forests. They cover an area of about 29,000,000 acres. The feudal lords valued the woodlands, and enacted vigorous protective laws; and when, in the latest civil war, the Mikado government destroyed the feudal system, it declared the forests that had belonged to the feudal lords to be the property of the state, promulgated a forest law binding on the whole kingdom, and founded a school of forestry in Tokio. The forest service does not rest satisfied with the present proportion of woodland, but looks to planting the best forest trees it can find in any country, if likely to be useful and to thrive in Japan.

In India systematic forest management was begun about forty years ago, under difficulties — presented by the character of the country, the prevalence of running fires, opposition from lumbermen, settlers, etc. — not unlike those which confront us now. Of the total area of government forests, perhaps 70,000,000 acres, 55,000,000 acres have been brought under the control of the forestry department, — a larger area than that of all our national parks and reservations. The chief aims of the administration are effective protection of the forests from fire, an efficient system of regeneration, and cheap transportation of the forest products; the results so far have been most beneficial and encouraging.

It seems, therefore, that almost every civilized nation can give us a lesson on the management and care of forests. So far our government has done nothing effective with its forests, though the best in the world, but is like a rich and foolish spendthrift who has inherited a magnificent estate in perfect order, and then has left his rich fields and meadows, forests and parks, to be sold and plundered and wasted at will, depending on their inexhaustible abundance. Now it is plain that the forests are not inexhaustible, and that quick measures must be taken if ruin is to be avoided. Year by year the remnant is growing smaller before the axe and fire, while the laws in existence provide neither for the protection of the timber from destruction nor for its use where it is most needed.

As is shown by Mr. E. A. Bowers, formerly Inspector of the Public Land Service, the foundation of our protective policy, which has never protected, is an act passed March 1, 1817, which authorized the Secretary of the Navy to reserve lands producing live-oak and cedar, for the sole purpose of supplying timber for the navy of the United States. An extension of this law by the passage of the act of March 2, 1831, provided that if any person should cut live-oak or red cedar trees or *other timber* from the lands of the United States for any other purpose than the construction of the navy, such person should pay a fine not less than triple the value of the timber cut, and be imprisoned for a period not exceeding twelve months. Upon this old law, as Mr. Bowers points out, having the construction of a wooden navy in view, the United States government has to-day chiefly to rely in protecting its timber throughout the arid regions of the West, where none of the naval timber which the law had in mind is to be found.

By the act of June 3, 1878, timber can be taken from public lands not subject to entry under any existing laws except for minerals, by *bona fide* residents of the Rocky Mountain States and Terri-

tories and the Dakotas. Under the timber and stone act, of the same date, land in the Pacific States and Nevada, valuable mainly for timber, and unfit for cultivation if the timber is removed, can be purchased for two dollars and a half an acre, under certain restrictions. By the act of March 3, 1875, all land-grant and right-of-way railroads are authorized to take timber from the public lands adjacent to their lines for construction purposes; and they have taken it with a vengeance, destroying a hundred times more than they have used, mostly by allowing fires to run into the woods. The settlement laws, under which a settler may enter lands valuable for timber as well as for agriculture, furnish another means of obtaining title to public timber.

With the exception of the timber culture act, under which, in consideration of planting a few acres of seedlings, settlers on the treeless plains got 160 acres each, the above is the only legislation aiming to protect and promote the planting of forests. In no other way than under some one of these laws can a citizen of the United States make any use of the public forests. To show the results of the timber-planting act, it need only be stated that of the 38,000,000 acres entered under it, less than 1,000,000 acres have been patented. This means that less than 50,000 acres have been planted with stunted, woebegone, almost hopeless sprouts of trees, while at the same time the government has allowed millions of acres of the grandest forest trees to be stolen, or destroyed, or sold for nothing. Under the act of June 3, 1878, settlers in Colorado and the Territories were allowed to cut timber for mining and agricultural purposes from mineral land, which in the practical West means both cutting and burning anywhere and everywhere, for any purpose, on any sort of public land. Thus, the prospector, the miner, and mining and railroad companies are allowed by law to take all the timber they like for their mines and roads, and the forbidden settler, if there are no mineral lands near his farm or stock-ranch, or none that he knows of, can hardly be expected to forbear taking what he needs wherever he can find it. Timber is as necessary as bread, and no scheme of management failing to recognize and properly provide for this want can possibly be maintained. In any case, it will be hard to teach the pioneers that it is wrong to steal government timber. Taking from the government is with them the same as taking from nature, and their consciences flinch no more in cutting timber from the wild forests than in drawing water from a lake or river. As for reservation and protection of forests, it seems as silly and needless to them as protection and reservation of the ocean would be; both appearing to be boundless and inexhaustible.

The special land agents employed by the General Land Office to protect the public domain from timber depredations are supposed to collect testimony to sustain prosecution, and to superintend such prosecution on behalf of the government, which is represented by the district attorneys. But timber-thieves of the Western class are seldom convicted, for the good reason that most of the jurors who try such cases are themselves as guilty as those on trial. The effect of the present confused, discriminating, and unjust system has been to place almost the whole population in opposition to the government; and as conclusive of its futility, as shown by Mr. Bowers, we need only state that during the seven years from 1881 to 1887 inclusive the value of the timber reported stolen from the government lands was $36,719,935, and the amount recovered was $478,073, while the cost of the services of special agents alone was $455,000, to which must be added the expense of the trials. Thus for nearly thirty-seven million dollars' worth of tim-

ber the government got less than nothing; and the value of that consumed by running fires during the same period, without benefit even to thieves, was probably over two hundred millions of dollars. Land commissioners and Secretaries of the Interior have repeatedly called attention to this ruinous state of affairs, and asked Congress to enact the requisite legislation for reasonable reform. But, busied with tariffs, etc., Congress has given no heed to these or other appeals, and our forests, the most valuable and the most destructible of all the natural resources of the country, are being robbed and burned more rapidly than ever. The annual appropriation for so-called "protection service" is hardly sufficient to keep twenty-five timber agents in the field, and as far as any efficient protection of timber is concerned these agents themselves might as well be timber.

That a change from robbery and ruin to a permanent rational policy is urgently needed nobody with the slightest knowledge of American forests will deny. In the East and along the northern Pacific coast, where the rainfall is abundant, comparatively few care keenly what becomes of the trees as long as fuel and lumber are not noticeably dear. But in the Rocky Mountains and California and Arizona, where the forests are inflammable, and where the fertility of the lowlands depends upon irrigation, public opinion is growing stronger every year in favor of permanent protection by the federal government of all the forests that cover the sources of the streams. Even lumbermen in these regions, long accustomed to steal, are now willing and anxious to buy lumber for their mills under cover of law: some possibly from a late second growth of honesty, but most, especially the small mill-owners, simply because it no longer pays to steal where all may not only steal, but also destroy, and in particular because it costs about as much to steal timber for one mill as for ten, and therefore the ordinary lumberman can no longer compete with the large corporations. Many of the miners find that timber is already becoming scarce and dear on the denuded hills around their mills, and they too are asking for protection of forests, at least against fire. The slow-going, unthrifty farmers, also, are beginning to realize that when the timber is stripped from the mountains the irrigating streams dry up in summer, and are destructive in winter; that soil, scenery, and everything slips off with the trees: so of course they are coming into the ranks of tree-friends.

Of all the magnificent coniferous forests around the Great Lakes, once the property of the United States, scarcely any belong to it now. They have disappeared in lumber and smoke, mostly smoke, and the government got not one cent for them; only the land they were growing on was considered valuable, and two and a half dollars an acre was charged for it. Here and there in the Southern States there are still considerable areas of timbered government land, but these are comparatively unimportant. Only the forests of the West are significant in size and value, and these, although still great, are rapidly vanishing. Last summer, of the unrivaled redwood forests of the Pacific Coast Range the United States Forestry Commission could not find a single quarter-section that remained in the hands of the government.

Under the timber and stone act of 1878, which might well have been called the "dust and ashes act," any citizen of the United States could take up one hundred and sixty acres of timber land, and by paying two dollars and a half an acre for it obtain title. There was some virtuous effort made with a view to limit the operations of the act by requiring that the purchaser should make affidavit that he was entering the land exclusively for his own use, and by not allowing any

association to enter more than one hundred and sixty acres. Nevertheless, under this act wealthy corporations have fraudulently obtained title to from ten thousand to twenty thousand acres or more. The plan was usually as follows: A mill company desirous of getting title to a large body of redwood or sugar-pine land first blurred the eyes and ears of the land agents, and then hired men to enter the land they wanted, and immediately deed it to the company after a nominal compliance with the law; false swearing in the wilderness against the government being held of no account. In one case which came under the observation of Mr. Bowers, it was the practice of a lumber company to hire the entire crew of every vessel which might happen to touch at any port in the redwood belt, to enter one hundred and sixty acres each and immediately deed the land to the company, in consideration of the company's paying all expenses and giving the jolly sailors fifty dollars apiece for their trouble.

By such methods have our magnificent redwoods and much of the sugar-pine forests of the Sierra Nevada been absorbed by foreign and resident capitalists. Uncle Sam is not often called a fool in business matters, yet he has sold millions of acres of timber land at two dollars and a half an acre on which a single tree was worth more than a hundred dollars. But this priceless land has been patented, and nothing can be done now about the crazy bargain. According to the everlasting laws of righteousness, even the fraudful buyers at less than one per cent of its value are making little or nothing, on account of fierce competition. The trees are felled, and about half of each giant is left on the ground to be converted into smoke and ashes; the better half is sawed into choice lumber and sold to citizens of the United States or to foreigners: thus robbing the country of its glory and impoverishing it without right benefit to anybody, — a bad, black business from beginning to end.

The redwood is one of the few conifers that sprout from the stump and roots, and it declares itself willing to begin immediately to repair the damage of the lumberman and also that of the forest-burner. As soon as a redwood is cut down or burned it sends up a crowd of eager, hopeful shoots, which, if allowed to grow, would in a few decades attain a height of a hundred feet, and the strongest of them would finally become giants as great as the original tree. Gigantic second and third growth trees are found in the redwoods, forming magnificent temple-like circles around charred ruins more than a thousand years old. But not one denuded acre in a hundred is allowed to raise a new forest growth. On the contrary, all the brains, religion, and superstition of the neighborhood are brought into play to prevent a new growth. The sprouts from the roots and stumps are cut off again and again, with zealous concern as to the best time and method of making death sure. In the clearings of one of the largest mills on the coast we found thirty men at work, last summer, cutting off redwood shoots "in the dark of the moon," claiming that all the stumps and roots cleared at this auspicious time would send up no more shoots. Anyhow, these vigorous, almost immortal trees are killed at last, and black stumps are now their only monuments over most of the chopped and burned areas.

The redwood is the glory of the Coast Range. It extends along the western slope, in a nearly continuous belt about ten miles wide, from beyond the Oregon boundary to the south of Santa Cruz, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, and in massive, sustained grandeur and closeness of growth surpasses all the other timber woods of the world. Trees from ten to fifteen feet in diameter and three hundred feet high are not uncommon, and a few attain a height of three

hundred and fifty feet, or even four hundred, with a diameter at the base of fifteen to twenty feet or more, while the ground beneath them is a garden of fresh, exuberant ferns, lilies, gaultheria, and rhododendron. This grand tree, *Sequoia sempervirens*, is surpassed in size only by its near relative, *Sequoia gigantea*, or big tree, of the Sierra Nevada, if indeed it is surpassed. The sempervirens is certainly the taller of the two. The gigantea attains a greater girth, and is heavier, more noble in port, and more sublimely beautiful. These two sequoias are all that are known to exist in the world, though in former geological times the genus was common and had many species. The redwood is restricted to the Coast Range, and the big tree to the Sierra.

As timber the redwood is too good to live. The largest sawmills ever built are busy along its seaward border, "with all the modern improvements," but so immense is the yield per acre it will be long ere the supply is exhausted. The big tree is also to some extent being made into lumber. Though far less abundant than the redwood, it is, fortunately, less accessible, extending along the western flank of the Sierra in a partially interrupted belt about two hundred and fifty miles long, at a height of from four to eight thousand feet above the sea. The enormous logs, too heavy to handle, are blasted into manageable dimensions with gunpowder. A large portion of the best timber is thus shattered and destroyed, and, with the huge knotty tops, is left in ruins for tremendous fires that kill every tree within their range, great and small. Still, the species is not in danger of extinction. It has been planted and is flourishing over a great part of Europe, and magnificent sections of the aboriginal forests have been reserved as national and state parks, — the Mariposa Sequoia Grove, near Yosemite, managed by the State of California, and the General Grant and Sequoia national parks on the King's, Kaweah, and Tule rivers, efficiently guarded by a small troop of United States cavalry under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. But there is not a single specimen of the redwood in any national park. Only by gift or purchase, so far as I know, can the government get back into its possession a single acre of this wonderful forest.

The legitimate demands on the forests that have passed into private ownership, as well as those in the hands of the government, are increasing every year with the rapid settlement and upbuilding of the country, but the methods of lumbering are as yet grossly wasteful. In most mills only the best portions of the best trees are used, while the ruins are left on the ground to feed great fires which kill much of what is left of the less desirable timber, together with the seedlings on which the permanence of the forest depends. Thus every mill is a centre of destruction far more severe from waste and fire than from use. The same thing is true of the mines, which consume and destroy indirectly immense quantities of timber with their innumerable fires, accidental or set to make open ways, and often without regard to how far they run. The prospector deliberately sets fires to clear off the woods just where they are densest, to lay the rocks bare and make the discovery of mines easier. Sheep-owners and their shepherds also set fires everywhere through the woods in the fall to facilitate the march of their countless flocks the next summer, and perhaps in some places to improve the pasturage. The axe is not yet at the root of every tree, but the sheep is, or was before the national parks were established and guarded by the military, the only effective and reliable arm of the government free from the blight of politics. Not only do the shepherds, at the driest time of the year, set fire to everything that will burn, but the sheep consume every green leaf, not sparing even the young conifers when they are in a starving condition from

crowding, and they rake and dibble the loose soil of the mountain sides for the spring floods to wash away, and thus at last leave the ground barren.

Of all the destroyers that infest the woods the shake-maker seems the happiest. Twenty or thirty years ago, shakes, a kind of long boardlike shingles split with a mallet and a frow, were in great demand for covering barns and sheds, and many are used still in preference to common shingles, especially those made from the sugar-pine, which do not warp or crack in the hottest sunshine. Drifting adventurers in California, after harvest and threshing are over, oftentimes meet to discuss their plans for the winter, and their talk is interesting. Once, in a company of this kind, I heard a man say, as he peacefully smoked his pipe: "Boys, as soon as this job 's done I 'm goin' into the duck business. There 's big money in it, and your grub costs nothing. Tule Joe made five hundred dollars last winter on mallard and teal. Shot 'em on the Joaquin, tied 'em in dozens by the neck, and shipped 'em to San Francisco. And when he was tired wading in the sloughs and touched with rheumatiz, he just knocked off on ducks, and went to the Contra Costa hills for dove and quail. It 's a mighty good business, and you 're your own boss, and the whole thing 's fun."

Another of the company, a bushy-bearded fellow, with a trace of brag in his voice, drawled out: "Bird business is well enough for some, but bear is my game, with a deer and a California lion thrown in now and then for change. There 's always a market for bear grease, and sometimes you can sell the hams. They 're good as hog hams any day. And you are your own boss in my business, too, if the bears ain't too big and too many for you. Old grizzlies I despise, — they want cannon to kill 'em; but the blacks and browns are beauties for grease, and when once I get 'em just right, and draw a bead on 'em, I fetch 'em every time." Another said he was going to catch up a lot of mustangs as soon as the rains set in, hitch them to a gang-plough, and go to farming on the San Joaquin plains for wheat. But most preferred the shake business, until something more profitable and as sure could be found, with equal comfort and independence.

With a cheap mustang or mule to carry a pair of blankets, a sack of flour, a few pounds of coffee, and an axe, a frow, and a cross-cut saw, the shake-maker ascends the mountains to the pine belt where it is most accessible, usually by some mine or mill road. Then he strikes off into the virgin woods, where the sugar-pine, king of all the hundred species of pines in the world in size and beauty, towers on the open sunny slopes of the Sierra in the fullness of its glory. Selecting a favorable spot for a cabin near a meadow with a stream, he unpacks his animal and stakes it out on the meadow. Then he chops into one after another of the pines, until he finds one that he feels sure will split freely, cuts this down, saws off a section four feet long, splits it, and from this first cut, perhaps seven feet in diameter, he gets shakes enough for a cabin and its furniture, — walls, roof, door, bedstead, table, and stool. Besides his labor, only a few pounds of nails are required. Sapling poles form the frame of the airy building, usually about six feet by eight in size, on which the shakes are nailed, with the edges overlapping. A few bolts from the same section that the shakes were made from are split into square sticks and built up to form a chimney, the inside and interspaces being plastered and filled in with mud. Thus, with abundance of fuel, shelter and comfort by his own fireside are secured. Then he goes to work sawing and splitting for the market, tying the shakes in bundles of fifty or a hundred. They are four feet long, four inches wide, and about one fourth of an inch thick. The first few

thousands he sells or trades at the nearest mill or store, getting provisions in exchange. Then he advertises, in whatever way he can, that he has excellent sugar-pine shakes for sale, easy of access and cheap.

Only the lower, perfectly clear, free-splitting portions of the giant pines are used, — perhaps ten to twenty feet from a tree two hundred and fifty in height; all the rest is left a mass of ruins, to rot or to feed the forest fires, while thousands are hacked deeply and rejected in proving the grain. Over nearly all of the more accessible slopes of the Sierra and Cascade mountains in southern Oregon, at a height of from three to six thousand feet above the sea, and for a distance of about six hundred miles, this waste and confusion extends. Happy robbers! dwelling in the most beautiful woods, in the most salubrious climate, breathing delightful doors both day and night, drinking cool living water, — roses and lilies at their feet in the spring, shedding fragrance and ringing bells as if cheering them on in their desolating work. There is none to say them nay. They buy no land, pay no taxes, dwell in a paradise with no forbidding angel either from Washington or from heaven. Every one of the frail shake shanties is a centre of destruction, and the extent of the ravages wrought in this quiet way is in the aggregate enormous.

It is not generally known that, notwithstanding the immense quantities of timber cut every year for foreign and home markets and mines, from five to ten times as much is destroyed as is used, chiefly by running forest fires that only the federal government can stop. Travelers through the West in summer are not likely to forget the fire-work displayed along the various railway tracks. Thoreau, when contemplating the destruction of the forests on the east side of the continent, said that soon the country would be so bald that every man would have to grow whiskers to hide its nakedness, but he thanked God that at least the sky was safe. Had he gone West he would have found out that the sky was not safe; for all through the summer months, over most of the mountain regions, the smoke of mill and forest fires is so thick and black that no sunbeam can pierce it. The whole sky, with clouds, sun, moon, and stars, is simply blotted out. There is no real sky and no scenery. Not a mountain is left in the landscape. At least none is in sight from the lowlands, and they all might as well be on the moon, as far as scenery is concerned.

The half dozen transcontinental railroad companies advertise the beauties of their lines in gorgeous many-colored folders, each claiming its as the "scenic route." "The route of superior desolation" — the smoke, dust, and ashes route — would be a more truthful description. Every train rolls on through dismal smoke and barbarous melancholy ruins; and the companies might well cry in their advertisements: "Come! travel our way. Ours is the blackest. It is the only genuine Erebus route. The sky is black and the ground is black, and on either side there is a continuous border of black stumps and logs and blasted trees appealing to heaven for help as if still half alive, and their mute eloquence is most interestingly touching. The blackness is perfect. On account of the superior skill of our workmen, advantages of climate, and the kind of trees, the charring is generally deeper along our line, and the ashes are deeper, and the confusion and desolation displayed can never be rivaled. No other route on this continent so fully illustrates the abomination of desolation." Such a claim would be reasonable, as each seems the worst, whatever route you chance to take.

Of course a way had to be cleared through the woods. But the felled timber is not worked up into firewood for the engines and into lumber for the

company's use: it is left lying in vulgar confusion, and is fired from time to time by sparks from locomotives or by the workmen camping along the line. The fires, whether accidental or set, are allowed to run into the woods as far as they may, thus assuring comprehensive destruction. The directors of a line that guarded against fires, and cleared a clean gap edged with living trees, and fringed and mantled with the grass and flowers and beautiful seedlings that are ever ready and willing to spring up, might justly boast of the beauty of their road; for nature is always ready to heal every scar. But there is no such road on the western side of the continent. Last summer, in the Rocky Mountains, I saw six fires started by sparks from a locomotive within a distance of three miles, and nobody was in sight to prevent them from spreading. They might run into the adjacent forests and burn the timber from hundreds of square miles; not a man in the State would care to spend an hour in fighting them, as long as his own fences and buildings were not threatened.

Notwithstanding all the waste and use which have been going on unchecked like a storm for more than two centuries, it is not yet too late, though it is high time, for the government to begin a rational administration of its forests. About seventy million acres it still owns, — enough for all the country, if wisely used. These residual forests are generally on mountain slopes, just where they are doing the most good, and where their removal would be followed by the greatest number of evils; the lands they cover are too rocky and high for agriculture, and can never be made as valuable for any other crop as for the present crop of trees. It has been shown over and over again that if these mountains were to be stripped of their trees and underbrush, and kept bare and sodless by hordes of sheep and the innumerable fires the shepherds set, besides those of the millmen, prospectors, shake-makers, and all sorts of adventurers, both lowlands and mountains would speedily become little better than deserts, compared with their present beneficent fertility. During heavy rainfalls and while the winter accumulations of snow were melting, the larger streams would swell into destructive torrents; cutting deep, rugged-edged gullies, carrying away the fertile humus and soil as well as sand and rocks, filling up and overflowing their lower channels, and covering the lowland fields with raw detritus. Drought and barrenness would follow.

In their natural condition, or under wise management, keeping out destructive sheep, preventing fires, selecting the trees that should be cut for lumber, and preserving the young ones and the shrubs and sod of herbaceous vegetation, these forests would be a never failing fountain of wealth and beauty. The cool shades of the forest give rise to moist beds and currents of air, and the sod of grasses and the various flowering plants and shrubs thus fostered, together with the network and sponge of tree roots, absorb and hold back the rain and the waters from melting snow, compelling them to ooze and percolate and flow gently through the soil in streams that never dry. All the pine needles and rootlets and blades of grass, and the fallen decaying trunks of trees, are dams, storing the bounty of the clouds and dispensing it in perennial life-giving streams, instead of allowing it to gather suddenly and rush headlong in short-lived devastating floods. Everybody on the dry side of the continent is beginning to find this out, and, in view of the waste going on, is growing more and more anxious for government protection. The outcries we hear against forest reservations come mostly from thieves who are wealthy and steal timber by wholesale. They have so long been allowed to steal and destroy in peace that any impediment to forest robbery is denounced as

a cruel and irreligious interference with "vested rights," likely to endanger the repose of all ungodly welfare.

Gold, gold, gold! How strong a voice that metal has!

"O wae for the siller, it is sae preva'lin'."

Even in Congress, a sizable chunk of gold, carefully concealed, will outtalk and outfight all the nation on a subject like forestry, well smothered in ignorance, and in which the money interests of only a few are conspicuously involved. Under these circumstances, the bawling, blethering oratorical stuff drowns the voice of God himself. Yet the dawn of a new day in forestry is breaking. Honest citizens see that only the rights of the government are being trampled, not those of the settlers. Merely what belongs to all alike is reserved, and every acre that is left should be held together under the federal government as a basis for a general policy of administration for the public good. The people will not always be deceived by selfish opposition, whether from lumber and mining corporations or from sheepmen and prospectors, however cunningly brought forward underneath fables and gold.

Emerson says that things refuse to be mismanaged long. An exception would seem to be found in the case of our forests, which have been mismanaged rather long, and now come desperately near being like smashed eggs and spilt milk. Still, in the long run the world does not move backward. The wonderful advance made in the last few years, in creating four national parks in the West, and thirty forest reservations, embracing nearly forty million acres; and in the planting of the borders of streets and highways and spacious parks in all the great cities, to satisfy the natural taste and hunger for landscape beauty and righteousness that God has put, in some measure, into every human being and animal, shows the trend of awakening public opinion. The making of the far-famed New York Central Park was opposed by even good men, with misguided pluck, perseverance, and ingenuity; but straight right won its way, and now that park is appreciated. So we confidently believe it will be with our great national parks and forest reservations. There will be a period of indifference on the part of the rich, sleepy with wealth, and of the toiling millions, sleepy with poverty, most of whom never saw a forest; a period of screaming protest and objection from the plunderers, who are as unconscionable and enterprising as Satan. But light is surely coming, and the friends of destruction will preach and bewail in vain.

The United States government has always been proud of the welcome it has extended to good men of every nation, seeking freedom and homes and bread. Let them be welcomed still as nature welcomes them, to the woods as well as to the prairies and plains. No place is too good for good men, and still there is room. They are invited to heaven, and may well be allowed in America. Every place is made better by them. Let them be as free to pick gold and gems from the hills, to cut and hew, dig and plant, for homes and bread, as the birds are to pick berries from the wild bushes, and moss and leaves for nests. The ground will be glad to feed them, and the pines will come down from the mountains for their homes as willingly as the cedars came from Lebanon for Solomon's temple. Nor will the woods be the worse for this use, or their benign influences be diminished any more than the sun is diminished by shining. Mere destroyers, however, tree-killers, spreading death and confusion in the fairest groves and gardens ever planted, let the government hasten to cast them out and make an end of them. For it must be told again and again, and be burningly borne in mind, that just now, while protective measures are being deliberated languidly, destruction and use are speeding on faster

and farther every day. The axe and saw are insanely busy, chips are flying thick as snowflakes, and every summer thousands of acres of priceless forests, with their underbrush, soil, springs, climate, scenery, and religion, are vanishing away in clouds of smoke, while, except in the national parks, not one forest guard is employed.

All sorts of local laws and regulations have been tried and found wanting, and the costly lessons of our own experience, as well as that of every civilized nation, show conclusively that the fate of the remnant of our forests is in the hands of the federal government, and that if the remnant is to be saved at all, it must be saved quickly.

Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed, — chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much towards getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown, in the place of the old trees — tens of centuries old — that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods, — trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time — and long before that — God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools, — only Uncle Sam can do that.

John Muir.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

I.

John Forster, who lived to complete but one of the three volumes in which he had planned to write the Life of Jonathan Swift, speaks in the preface of his hero's correspondence "with his friend Knightley Chetwode, of Woodbrooke, during the seventeen years (1714–1731) which followed his appointment to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Of these letters," Forster goes on to say, "the richest addition to the correspondence of this most masterly of English letter-writers since it was first collected, more does not need to be said here; but of the late representative of the Chetwode family I crave permission to add a word. His rare talents and taste suffered from his delicate health and fastidious temperament, but in my life I have seen few things more delightful than his pride in the connection of his race and name with the companionship of Swift. Such was the jealous care with which he preserved the letters, treasuring them as an heirloom of honour, that he would never allow them to be moved from his family seat; and when, with his own hand, he had made careful transcript of them for me, I had to visit him at Woodbrooke to collate his copy with the originals. There I walked with him through avenues of trees which Swift was said to have planted."

As Forster did not bring down the Life later than 1711, — three years and more before the first of these letters was written, — he made scarcely any use of the correspondence. He refers to it twice, and twice only. On his death, the copy of the originals, with the corrections he

had made, was returned to Woodbrooke. It has lately come into my possession. What wonder would have seized on Swift's mind had it been foretold to him that these letters of his, after lying hidden nearly two hundred years, were first to see the light of day in an American magazine! America, to borrow the words of Edmund Burke, "served for little more than to amuse him with stories of savage men and uncouth manners." For him "the angel did not draw up the curtain, and unfold the rising glories of the country." He rarely mentions the settlements in his writings; and when he does, it is for the most part with ignorance and contempt. He regrets that England's long and ruinous war with France had kept "Queen Anne's care of religion from reaching her American plantations. These noble countries," he continues, "stocked by numbers from hence, whereof too many are in no very great reputation for faith or morals, will be a perpetual reproach to us, until some better care be taken for cultivating Christianity among them." In his Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Themselves, he says, "I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled." His strange ignorance of the natural history of America is shown in one of his papers in The Spectator, where he makes some Indian kings who had visited London say that "whigs and tories engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros."

Of the intimacy of Knightley Chetwode with Swift nothing, apparently, was known to the dean's earlier biographers. He is not mentioned in the more recent Life by Craik. His name is found only once in the twenty-four volumes of Nichols's edition of Swift's works. He was sprung from a family which for some centuries had its seat at Warkworth, near Banbury, where the tombs of many generations of Chetwodes can still be seen. In the reign of James I., the head of the house ruined himself in vainly asserting his claim to the Barony De Wahull. Warkworth was sold. His son went into the Church, became Dean of Gloucester, and died on the edge of the Promised Land, a bishop elect. It was the dean's son who was Swift's correspondent. He married the daughter and heiress of Richard Brooking of Totness, and settled in Ireland, near Portarlington, Queen's County, about fifty miles southwest of Dublin. The house which he built still stands in its main fabric. He called it Woodbrooke, a name compounded of the second syllable of Chetwode and the first of Brooking.

Swift's first letter to Chetwode was written less than two months after the queen's death had broken the whole scheme of his life, and sent him back to Ireland a soured and querulous man. He who had been hand in glove with great ministers of state was now to be bullied by Dublin's archbishop and pelted by its mob. "I'll lay you a groat, Mr. Dean, I don't know you," said an Irishman to him after his fall, with whom, in the days of his prosperity, he had lived in the greatest intimacy. "I'll lay you a groat, my Lord, I don't know you," Swift retorted to him, some years later, when "the whirligig of time had brought about its revenges," and he was the favorite, if not of the crown, at all events of the people. Before those happier days came he had long "to shelter himself in unenvied obscurity." During the seven years which followed the accession of George I., Swift continued, to use his own words, "in the greatest privacy. This manner of life," he added, "was not taken up out of any sort of affection, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal."

"And oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams."

It was in these lines that he mourned the ruin which had come on himself and his friends by the death of a foolish woman. The blow surely was one which a great man should have borne without a lamentation prolonged from year to year. Of Anne no one now thinks without a certain feeling of good-natured contempt. She is the last person whom we associate with her own age. The age of Queen Anne is the age of Marlborough, of Addison and Steele, of Swift and Pope, of Prior and Gay, and not of the weak, silly woman who sat on the throne. In nothing does Swift more show that vein of baseness which ran through him than in his dejection at her death and in his estimate of her character. In his will he described her as "of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, — the real nursing mother of her kingdoms." In his sixty-third year he wrote to Lord Bolingbroke, "I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death." It was the queen's death, he implies, which first turned his thoughts towards mortality. In his lamentations over her we seem to hear "a broken worldling wail." The blow which had fallen upon him was indeed severe. His great friends had lost their places; some of them had fled across the sea, others were in the Tower, while he himself was a suspected man. Nevertheless, why should he have been greatly troubled in mind? Why should he have given way to "reiterated wailings"? He was the proud patriot who boasted that

"Fair liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die."

He was the Christian philosopher

"Who kept the tenour of his mind
To merit well of humankind."

His querulousness never came to an end, not even when he had shaken off the dread of prosecutions, and had gained a high place, not among ministers and courtiers, but in the love of the people among whom his lot was cast.

His correspondence with Chetwode covers both these periods, — his downfall and his dejection, his second elevation and his haughty pride. It covers, too, the rapid growth of that terrible malady which far more even than disappointed ambition clouded his life. In the midst of all his moody discontent and his sufferings he shows that "fidelity in friendship" for which he was praised by one who knew him well. His advice and his aid were for many years at Chetwode's service. It is true that their friendship was at last dissolved in anger, but it seems likely that the chief blame of the rupture did not lie at Swift's door. In the second year of their correspondence he had to rebuke Chetwode for "an ugly suspicion;" as one "who has," he added, "more of punctilio and suspicion than I could wish." It was an ugly suspicion which parted them in the end. The squire of Woodbrooke, as is shown by the last letters which passed between them, was a suspicious man. Swift, moreover, was not an easy man to deal with. "He predominated over his companions with very high ascendancy, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, 'to venture to speak to him.'"

In preparing these letters for publication, I may justly claim some small share of credit for my moderation in sparing my readers most of the learned notes which I had accumulated. Had I only had them at my mercy between the covers of a book, I could have found it in my heart to bestow on them all my tediousness. I could still find it; but let them be of good cheer: they are under the safeguard of an editor who will not tolerate dullness, even though it should come robed in erudition.

So much by way of introduction. It is time to raise the curtain, and to let Swift speak for himself.

I.

[To Knightley Chetwood Esqre at his House near Port-Arlington in the Queen's County.]

[pr post.]

DUBLIN. *Septr* 27–1714.

S^R^ [SIR],—The Person who brought me your Letter delivered it in such a Manner, that I thought I was at Court again, and that the Bearer wanted a Place; and when I received it, I had my answer ready to give him after Pemsall, that I would do him what service I could. But I was easy when I saw your Hand at the Bottom, and then I recollected I was in Irel^d^ [Ireland], that the Queen was dead, the Ministry changed, and I was onely the poor Dean of St. Patricks. My Chapter joyns with me: we have consulted a Lawyer, who (as it is usuall) makes ours a very good Case; my desires in that point are very moderate, onely to break the Lease, and turn out nine Singing men. I should have been with you before this time, if it had been possible for me to find a Horse; I have had twenty sent to me; I have got one, but it is good for nothing; and my English horse was so ill I was forced to send him to Grass.—There is another Evil, that I want a Stock of Hay, and I cannot get any: I remember Prince Butler used to say, By my Soul there is not a Drop of Water in the Thames for me. This is my Case; I have got a Fool to lend me 50 Pounds, and now I can neither get Hay nor Horse, and the Season of the former is going.—However if I cannot soon get a Horse, I will send for my own from Grass, and in two days endeavour to reach you; for I hear Octob^r^ is a very good month.

Jordan has been often telling my Agent of some idle Pretence he has to a bitt of one of my Parishes worth usually about 5^lb^ p. ann. [five pounds per annum], and now the Queen is dead perhaps he may talk warmer of it. But we in possession always answer in those Cases, that we must not injure our Successors. Those idle claims are usual in Irel^d^, where there has been so much Confusion in Parishes, but they never come to anything.

I desire my humble Service may be presented to M^rs^ Chetwood.

I am your most obedient
humble Servt
JON: SWIFT.

Sept. 28. This was writt last night not knowing the Post day; I now tell you that by noise and Bone-fires I suppose the Pacquets are come in with account of the King's arrivall.

The "singing men" of his cathedral gave Swift some trouble. "My amusements," he wrote to Pope, "are defending my small dominions against the archbishop and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir."

His difficulty about getting a good horse lasted at least seven years longer. For providing post-horses he knew of a simple expedient. More than a century later, Miss Edgeworth accompanied Sir Walter Scott and his son the captain on a tour in Ireland. "When some difficulty occurred about horses Sir Walter said, 'Swift, in one of his letters, when no horses were to be had, says, "If we had but a captain of horse to swear for us we should have had the horses at once;" now here we have the captain of horse, but the landlord is not moved even by him.'"

"Prince Butler" was Brinsley Butler. He and his brother Theophilus (afterwards first and second Barons of Newtown) were at Trinity College, Dublin, with Swift. "Brinsley" he cut down to "Prince," "Theophilus" to "Ophy."

The pretense to a bit of one of his parishes he thus humorously mentions in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke: "I would retire if I could; but my country seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides a spiteful neighbour has seized

on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove."

George I. arrived at Greenwich on September 18, ten days before the news reached Dublin.

II.

DUBLIN. *Ocber 6th* 1714.

S^R^, — I acknowledge both your Letters, and with any common Fortune might have spared you the Trouble of reading this by coming my self: I used to value a good Revenue, because I thought it exempted a man from the little subaltern Cares of Life; and so it would if the Master were wise, or Servants had honesty and common Sense: A man who is new in a House or an Office has so many important Nothings to take up his time, that he cannot do what he would — I have got in Hay; but my Groom offended against the very letter of a Proverb, and stackt it in a rainy day, so that it is now smoaking like a Chimny; my Stable is a very Hospitall for sick Horses. A Joyner who was to shelve a Room for my Library has employed a fortnight, and yet not finished what he promised in six days. One Occasion I have to triumph, that in six weeks time I have been able to get rid of a great Cat, that belonged to the late Dean, and almost poisoned the House. An old Woman under the same circumstances I can not yet get rid of, or find a Maid. Yet in Spight of all these Difficultyes, I hope to share some part of October at Wood-brook. But I scorn your Coach — for I find upon Tryall I can ride.

Indeed I am as much disquieted at the Turn of publick Affairs as you or any man can be. It concerns us Spirituall men in a tender temporall Point. Every thing is as bad as possible; and I think if the Pretender ever comes over, the present men in Power have traced traced [*sic*] him the Way — Y^r^ Servant is just come for this, and I am dressing fast for Prayers.

Y^r^ most obed^t^ &c. J. S.

Irish servants Swift attacked from the pulpit. "Are our goods embezzled, wasted and destroyed? is our house burnt to the ground? It is by the sloth, the drunkenness or the villany of servants. Are we robbed and murdered in our beds? It is by confederacy with our servants. . . . Nay the very mistakes, follies, blunders and absurdities of those in our service are able to ruffle and discompose the mildest nature, and are often of such consequence as to put whole families into confusion."

He described his library as "a little one. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best [illegible] or is as much squeezed and as obscure as a porter at a coronation."

He was exact in his daily attendance at the cathedral service. Three weeks before the date of this letter, he wrote, "I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers; and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require." He used to read prayers every evening to his household, but so secretly that a friend had lived with him more than six months without discovering it.

III.

DUBLIN. *October 20th* 1714.

S^R^, — The Bishop of Dromore is expected this night in Town on purpose to restore his Cat, who by her perpetual noise and Stink must be certainly a whig. In complyance to y^r^ observation of old women's tenderness to each other, I have got one as old and ugly as that the Bishop left, for the Ladys of my Acquaintance would not allow me one with a tolerable Face tho I most earnestly interceded for it. If I had considered the uncertainty of weather in our Climat, I should have made better use of that short sunshine than I did; but I was amusing myself to make the Publick Hay and neglected my own — Do you mean my Lady Jenny Forbes that was? I had almost forgot her. But when Love is

gone, Friendship continues. I thought she had not at this time of day been at a loss how to bring forth a child. I find you are ready[er] at kindling other peoples bonfires than y[r] own. I had one last night par maniere d'acquit, and to save my windows.

Your closet of 18 foot square is a perfect Gasconnade I suppose it is the largest Room in y[r] House or rather two Rooms struck out into one. I thank you for your Present of it, but I have too many rooms already, I wish you had all I could spare, tho' I were to give you money along with them. Since you talk of your Cave de brique, I have bought 46 dozen Bottles and want nothing but the Circumstance of Wine to be able to entertain a Friend. You are mistaken, I am no Coy Beauty but rather with submission like a Wench who has made an Assignation and when the day comes, has not a Petticoat to appear in. I am plagued to death with turning away and taking Servants, my Scotch groom ran away from me ten days ago and robbed me and several of the neighbourhood. I cannot stir from hence till a great Vessell of Alicant is bottled and till my Horse is in a condition to travel and my chimney piece made — I never wanted so much a little country air, being plagued with perpetual Colds and twenty Aylments yet I cannot stir at present as things stand.

I am y[r] most obedient &c.

The Bishop of Dromore, Dr. John Sterne, was "the late Dean" of a preceding letter. Swift, in some lines written on a window of the deanery house, describes the change which his promotion had caused : —

"In the days of good John, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine.
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat."

Swift was fond of wine. In his old age he wrote to a London alderman, "My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day." "He was always careful of his money," writes Johnson, "and was therefore no liberal entertainer, but was less frugal of his wine than of his meat. At last his avarice grew too powerful for his kindness ; he would refuse a bottle of wine, and in Ireland no man visits where he cannot drink." "You tell us," Swift himself once wrote to a friend, "your wine is bad and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon as tautology."

In his abuse of the Whigs Swift almost surpassed Johnson, who maintained that the first Whig was the devil, and that "the Whigs of America multiply with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes." Nevertheless, the dean said, and said with much truth, that "he was always a Whig in politics." It was in church matters that he was a Tory.

The bonfire was kindled on account of the coronation of George I. In some towns in England the window-breaking was all the other way. The cry of the Bristol rioters, for instance, was, "Damn all foreign governments." In Dublin the mob was Protestant and Hanoverian.

IV.

[Indorsed, "A *pencil* note fr Wodebrook where he came in K. C's [Knightley Chetwode's] absence dining out."]

Not to disturb you in the good work of a Godfather nor spoil y[r] dinner, I onely design M[rs] Chetwode and you would take care not to be benighted ; but come when you will you shall be heartily welcome to my House. The children's Tutor is gone out and so there was no Pen and ink to be had.

Woodbrook. *Novr* 6[th]
past one in the afternoon.

V.

[Indorsed, "This was my advice to a young Lady."]

I look [*sic*] over the inclosed some time ago, and again just now; it contains many good Things, and wants many alterations. I have made one or two, and pointed at others, but an Author can only sett his own Things right.

Friday.

VI.

[per messenger.]

DUBLIN. *Decbr* 3. 1714.

S^r^, — M^r^ Graves never came to me till this morning, like a vile Man as he is. I had no Letters from Engl^d^ to vex me except on the publick Account, I am now teazed by an impertinent woman, come to renew her Lease, the Baron and she are talking together — I have just squired her down, and there is at present no body with me but — yes now M^r^ Wall is come in — and now another — You must stay; — Now I am full of company again and the Baron is in hast, — I will write to you in a Post or two. Manly is not Commiss^nr^ nor expects it. I had a very ingenious Tory Ballad sent me printed, but receiving it in a Whig house I suddenly read it, and gave it to a Gentleman with a wink, and ordered him to burn it, but he threw another Paper into the Fire. I hope to send you a Copy of it. I have seen nobody since I came. Bolton's Patent for St. Warbraw is passed, and I believe I shall find Difficultyes with the Chapter about a Successor for him. I thought to give the Baron some good Coffee, and they made it so bad, that I would hardly give it to Wharton. I here send some Snuff to M^rs^ Chetwood; the Baron will tell you by what Snatches I write this Paper. I am y^rs^ &c.

My humble Service to Dame Plyant.

Manley was Postmaster-General of Ireland in 1718. Swift, in that year, sending a letter by private hand, wrote by way of explanation, "M^r^ Manley has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him."

The dean prided himself on his skill in making coffee. He once said to a lady who asked for a cup, "You shall have some in perfection; for when I was chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the government here, I was so poor I was obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason." He thereupon made the coffee himself. Lord Wharton, to whom he would hardly have given the bad coffee, had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. "He was," said Swift, "the most universal villain that I knew." His son was scarcely less profligate. "One day he recounted to the dean several wild frolics he had run through. 'My Lord,' said Swift, 'let me recommend one more to you — take a frolic to be good; rely upon it, you will find it the pleasantest frolic you ever were engaged in.'"

"Dame Plyant" was no doubt Chetwode's wife.

VII.

[pr private hand.]

Janry 3d $17\frac{15}{14}$

. . . I believe you may be out of the Peace, because, I hear almost all our Friends are so. I am sorry Toryes are put out of the King's Peace: he may live to want them in it again. My Visitation is to be this day Sennight, after which I soon intend for the county of Meath: I design great Things at my Visitation, and I believe my Chapter will joyn with me: I hear they think me a smart Dean: and that I am for doing good: my notion is, that if a man cannot mend the Publick he should mend old shoes if he can do no better; and therefore I endeavor in the little Sphere I am placed to do all the good it is capable of. As for judicious John, he is walked off: y^r^ cursed good Ale ruined him. He turned such a Drunkard and Swaggerer, I could bear him no

longer: I reckon every visit I make you will spoil a Servant. I shall come with 2 Servants and 3 Horses, but a Horse and a Serv^{t} I shall leave at Trim. I hear an universall good Character of M^{r} Davise; but however I shall have my eye over him and the lads. As for news, the D——l a bitt do I ever hear, or suffer to be told me. I saw in a Print that the K—— [King] has taken Care to limit the Clergy what they shall Preach; and that has given me an Inclination to preach what is forbid: for I do not conceive there is any Law yet for it. My humble Service to Dame Plyant. You talk of ye Hay but say nothing of ye Wine. I doubt it is not so good as at Woodbrook: and I doubt I shall not like Martrey half so well as Woodbrook. . . .

The government, threatened by invasion from without and insurrection from within, had no hesitation in removing Tories from the magistracy. Three even of the English judges lost their places on the king's accession.

Trim, where Swift was to leave a horse and a servant, is a small town twenty miles from Dublin, pleasantly mentioned in Thackeray's lines about the Duke of Wellington: —

"By memory backwards borne,
Perhaps his thoughts did stray
To that old house where he was born
Upon the first of May.

"Perhaps he did recall
The ancient towers of Trim;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did revisit him."

At Laracor, close by, was Swift's vicarage, where he spent some of his happiest days. In his absence it was commonly inhabited by Stella and her companion; when he returned they moved into Trim. The garden which he laid out, the willows which he planted, the winding walk and the pool which he made, have long disappeared. Of the vicarage nothing is standing but the fragment of an old wall. His duties as parish priest were light. "I am this minute very busy," he wrote, "being to preach before an audience of at least fifteen people, most of them gentle and all simple."

VIII.

[private hand.]

DUBLIN *Mar.* 31. 1715.

S^{R}, — I have been these ten weeks resolving every week to go down to Trim, and from thence to Martry; and have not been able to compass it, tho' my Country Affairs very much required my Presence. This week I was fully determined to have been at Trim, but my Vicars hinder me, their Prosecutions being now just come to an Issue, and I cannot stir from hence till the end of April, when nothing but want of Health or Horses shall hinder me. I can tell you no news. I have read but one Newspaper since I left you. And I never suffer any to be told me. I send this by my Steward, who goes to Trim, to look after my Rents at Laracor — Pray present my most humble service to Dame Plyant; I suppose you do not very soon intend to remove to the Queen's County; when I come to Trim I shall after a few days there, stay awhile with you, and go thence to Arthy [Athy]; and thence if possible to Connaught and half round Irel^{d}; I hope y^{r} little fire Side is well. I am with great Truth and Esteem

Y^{r} most obd^{t} humble ser^{t}

J. S.

Is it impossible to get a plain easy sound trotting Horse?

The vicars under whose prosecutions Swift suffered were the vicars-choral of his cathedral, the "singing men" of his first letter. Of his ignorance of public news he protests somewhat too often and too much. Some years later he wrote to Pope: "I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns farther than the prayer-book

informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war."

IX.

DUBLIN. *April 6th* 1715.

S^R^, — Your Messenger brought me y^r^ Letter when I was under a very bad Barbers hands, meaning my own ; I sent for him up, because I heard he was something Gentlemannish, and he told me he returned to-day ; so that I have onely time to thank you for y^r^ letter, and assure you, that bar accidents I will be in Trim in a fortnight — I detest the Price of that Horse you mention, and as for your Mare I will never trust her ; my Grandmother used to say that good Feeding never brings good Footing ; I am just going to Church, and can say no more, but my humble service to Dame Plyant. I believe the fellow rather thinks me mad than is mad himself ; 16^lb^ ? why tis an Estate, I shall not be master of it in 16 years.

I thought that Passage out of Shakespear, had been of my own Starting, and that the Magistrate of Martry would not have imagined it — How can you talk of going a Progress of 200 miles.

I know nothing of any Shoes I left. I am sure they are not p^d^ for and so at least I shall be no loser whatever you may be. Adieu.

Whether the saying that Swift attributes to his grandmother was really hers may well be doubted. "He used to coin proverbs and pass them off for old. One day when walking in a garden he saw some fine fruit, none of which was offered him by its stingy owner. 'It was an old saying of my grandmother's,' he said ; 'always pull a peach when it lies in your reach.' He accordingly plucked one, and his example was immediately followed by all the rest of the company under the sanction of that good old saying." Another day, seeing a farmer thrown from his horse into a slough, he asked him whether he was hurt. "'No,' he replied ; 'but I am woundily bemired.' 'You make good the old proverb,' said Swift, 'the more dirt, the less hurt.' The man seemed much comforted with the old saying, but said he had never heard of it before ; and no wonder, for the dean had made it on the occasion."

X.

[per post.]

DUBLIN. *June* 21. 1715.

I was to see Jordan, who tells me something but I have forgot it, it was, that he had a Letter ready and you were gone, or something of that kind. I had a terribly hot journey and dined with Forbes, and got here by 9. I have been much entertained with news of myself since I came here, tis s^d^ there was another Packet directed to me, seised by the Government ; but after opening several Seals it proved onely plum-cake. I was this morning with the A. Bp : [Archbishop] who told me how kind he had been in preventing my being sent to &c ; I s^d^ I had been a firm friend of the last Ministry, but thought it brought me to trouble my self in little Partyes without doing good, that I therefore expected the Protection of the Government and that if I had been called before them I would not have answered one Syllable or named one Person — He s^d^ that would have reflected on me, I answered I did not value that ; that I would sooner suffer more than let any body else suffer by me — as some people did — The Letter w^ch^ was sent was one from the great L^dy^ [Lady] you know, and inclosed in one from her Chaplin — my Friends got it, and very wisely burned it after great Deliberation, for fear of being called to swear ; for w^ch^ I wish them half hangd — I have been named in many Papers as a proclaimed for 500^lb^ I want to be with you for a little good meat and cold Drink ; I find nothing cold here but the Reception of my Friends. I s^d^ a good

deal more to the A. Bp: not worth telling at this distance — I told him I had several Papers, but was so wise to hide them some months ago. A Gentleman was run through in the Play-house last night upon a squabble of their Footmen's taking Places for some Ladyes. — My most humble Service to Dame Plyant, pray God bless her fireside.

They say the Whigs do not intend to cut of Ld. [Lord] Oxford's head but that they will certainly attaint poor Ld. Bolingbroke.

Twelve years later Swift wrote to the archbishop: "From the very moment of the Queen's death your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me in my whole life one single mark of your favour, beyond common civilities."

The "great L^{dy}" was the Duchess of Ormond, whose husband had fled to France. Though Swift, to use his own words, "looked upon the coming of the Pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found," nevertheless by the Protestant mob of Dublin he was at this time treated as a Jacobite. He never went abroad without servants armed to protect him.

The misconduct of footmen was common enough in those days. In Swift's Directions to Servants, "the last advice to the footman relates to his behaviour when he is going to be hanged." In London, many years later, when an effort was made to put an end to the custom of guests giving servants vails (presents of money), the footmen, night after night, raised a riot in Ranelagh Gardens, and mobbed some gentlemen who had been active in the attempt. "There was fighting with drawn swords for some hours; they broke one chariot all to pieces."

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was attainted of high treason, but after an imprisonment of nearly two years in the Tower he was acquitted. On his way to the coronation "he had been hissed by the mob; some of them threw halters into his coach." On his acquittal "the acclamations were as great as upon any other occasion." Bolingbroke escaped to France.

XI.

DUBLIN. *June* 28. 1715.

I write to you so soon again, contrary to my nature and Custom which never suffered me to be a very exact Correspondent. I find you passed y^{r} Time well among Ladyes and Lyons and St. Georges and Dragons — Yesterday's post brought us an Acc^{t} that the D—— of O—— [Duke of Ormond] is voted to be impeached for high Treason. You see the Plot thickens; I know not the present Disposition of People in Engl^{d} but I do not find myself disposed to be sorry at this news — However in generall my Spirits are disturbed, and I want to be out of this Town. A Whig of this Country now in Engl^{d} has writt to his Friends, that the Leaders there talk of sending for me to be examined upon these Impeachments, I believe there is nothing [in] it; but I had this notice from one who said he saw the Letter or saw somebody that saw it. I write this Post to D^{r} Raymd [Raymond] to provide next Sunday for M^{r} Sub, so I suppose he may be at ease, and I wish I were with him. I hope Dame has established her Credit with you for ever, in the point of Valor and Hardyness — You surprise me with the Acc^{t} [account] of a Disorder in y^{r} head I know what it is too well and I think Dame does so too. You must drink less small beer, eat less sallad, think less, walk and drink more, I mean Wine and Ale, and for the rest, Emeticks and bitters are certainly the best Remedyes. What Length has the River walk to 30 foot bredth? I hope 8 thousand at least. If Sub. had no better a tast for Bief and Claret than he has for Improvemts of Land, he should provide no Din-

ners for me — Does Madam gamble now and then to see it? How is the Dean's field? So it cost a bottle of wine ex^edy [?] to dry poor Sub. I hope he sometimes loses his eyes to please Dame. There is a Collegian found guilty of speaking some words; and I hear they design in mercy to whip or Pillory him. I went yesterday to the Courts on purpose to show I was not run away. I had warning given me to beware of a fellow that stood by while some of us were talking — It seems there is a Trade going of carrying stories to the Govr—t [Government], and many honest Folks turn the Penny by it — I *can* not yet leave this Place but will as soon as possible. Tom this minute brought me up word that the Baron's man was here, and that his master is in Town I hope to see him, and give him half a breast of mutton before he goes back. He is now with a Lawyer. I believe old Lombard Street is putting out money — The Report of the Secret Committee is published. It is a large volume. I onely just saw it Manly [? at Manly's]. It is but a Part, and probably there will be as much more.

I do not believe or see one word is offered to prove their old Slander of bringing in the Pretender. The Treason lyes wholly in making the Peace. Ch. Ford is with L^d Bol— [Lord Bolingbroke] in Dauphinè within a League of Lyons, where his L^dship [Lordship] is retired; till he sees what the Secret Committee will do. That is now determined and his L^dship will certainly be attainted by Act of Parl^m't [Parliament]. The Impeachm^ts are not yet carryed up to the L^ds [Lords]. I suppose they intend to make one work of it.

Dr. Raymond was the vicar of Trim, where Stella often was his guest. He visited Swift in London. "Poor Raymond," the dean wrote to her, "just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London."

"M^r Sub" was the subdean of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The disorder in the head, of which Swift knew what it was too well, marred his whole life. "The two maladies of giddiness and deafness from which he suffered had their common origin in a disease in the region of the ear, to which the name of *labyrinthine vertigo* has been given." "I got my giddiness," he wrote, "by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time." On this Johnson remarks: "The original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get without any great inconvenience." Thinking little, exercise, and wine were Swift's chief remedies. "Vive la bagatelle" was his favorite maxim.

On July 7 of this year the Archbishop of Dublin wrote to Addison: "'T is plain there 's a nest of Jacobites in the college; one was convicted last term; two are run away, and, I believe, bills are found against one or two more." A master of arts was expelled for making a copy of the pamphlet Nero Secundus, and two bachelors of arts and two students paid the same penalty for speaking disrespectfully of the king. Of the whipping or pillory with which Swift's "collegian" was threatened I can find no mention.

The Secret Committee of the House of Commons had examined into the negotiations for the Treaty of Utrecht. As the result, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond were impeached. "You know," Swift wrote to Pope, "how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? 'I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.'" Anne's Tory ministers, he said, had not "designed any more to bring in the Pretender than the Great Turk."

XII.

DUBLIN *July* 7. 1715.

I had y^r^ Letter tother day by M^r^ Foxcroft who was so kind to call on me this morning, but would not stay and dine with me tho' I offered him Mutton and a Bottle of Wine. — I might have been cheated of my Gingerbread for any thing you s^d^ [said] in your letter, for I find you scorn to take notice of Dame's kind Present; but I am humbler and signify to her that if she does not receive by M^r^ Foxcroft a large tin pot well crammed with the D. of Omds. [Duke of Ormond's] snuff, holding almost an ounce, she is wronged. I wish Loughlin had not been mistaken when he saw me coming into your Court, I had much rather come into it than into the Court of Engl^d^ — I used formerly to write Letters by bits and starts as you did when Loghlin thought I was coming; and so now I have been interrupted these 3 hours by company, and have now just eaten a piece of Bief Stake spoiled in the dressing, and drunk a Cup of Sour Ale, and return to finish my Letter; Walls sate by me while I was at my dinner, and saw me finish it in five minutes, and has left me to go home to a much better. . . . Sure you stretch ye Walk when you talk of 5000 foot, but y^r^ Ambition is to have it longer than M^r^ Rochfort's Canal, and with a little Expense it will be made a more beautifull thing. Are you certain that it was Madam's green Legs you saw by the River Side, because I have seen in England a large kind of green Grass hopers, not quite so tall but altogether as slender, that frequent low marishy grounds. The Baron told me he was employd here, by you in an Affair of Usury (of w^ch^ I give you Joy) but did not tell me the particulars. I believe the Affair of y^r^ English Uncle is true, I have had it from many Hands. How is that worse than the B^p^ of London's Let^r^ [Letter] to his Clergy and their Answer, both owning that the Tumults were in order to bring in Popery and Arbitrary Power — a Reproach which the Rabble did not deserve; and has done us infinite hurt. I have not seen the Articles, I read no news and hear little. There is no mercy for the poor Collegian: and indeed as he is s^d^ to have behaved himself, there could none be expected. The Report is printed here but I have not read it. I think of going for Eng^d^ (if I can get leave) when L^d^ Sund—— [Lord Sunderland] comes over, but not before unless I am sent for with a Vengeance. I am not much grieved at y^r^ being out of the Peace; I heard something of it the day I left you, but nothing certain. Major Champignè has hard usage, and I am truly concerned for him and his Lady. I am told here that some of our Army is to be transported for Engl^d^. I had a Letter this Day from thence, from the Person who sent me one from a Lady, with great Satisfaction that hers to me was not seized. That Letter talks doubtfully of the D. Ormd. [Duke of Ormond] that the Parlmt. resolves to carry matters to the highest Extreems, and are preparing to impeach the D. Shrows^b.^ [Duke of Shrewsbury] which the K. [King] would not suffer at first, but at length has complyed with. That Prior is kept closer than Greg, to force him to accuse Ld. Oxfrd [Lord Oxford] tho' he declares he knows nothing; and that it is thought he will be hanged if he will not be an Evidence, and that Ld. Oxf^d^ confounds them with his Intrepidity &c.

I think neither of y^r^ Places is remote enough for me to be att, and I have some Project of going further, and am looking out for a Horse; I believe you will be going for Engl^d^ by the Time I shall be ready to leave this; hasty foolish Affairs of the Deanery keep me thus long here. My humble Service to Dame, pray God bless her and her Fireside. The Baron gave me hopes of doing something about Kilberry — Did he tell you how I pulled Toms Locks the wrong way for

holding a Plate under his Armpitt and what cursed Bacon we had with our Beans?

Adieu.

Swift wrote of snuff: "I believe it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers me their box I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away: I keep to my tobacco still." He never smoked, but "he used to snuff up cut and dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish snuff. He would not own that he took snuff."

On Archdeacon Walls's vicarage Swift wrote some charming verses. It was so small that no one guessed it was for human habitation.

"The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Called to the clerk, in manners mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here 's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat!"

Swift had described the Bishop of London as having "a saint at his chin and a seal at his fob." He was at that time Dean of Windsor and Lord Privy Seal, — one of the last Churchmen in England who held high political office. The "saint," I suppose, was the bands he wore as a priest. He had not in his Letter to his Clergy gone quite so far as Swift says he had. "The disturbances," he had written, "will prove in the end introductive of Popery and Arbitrary Power."

The "D. Shrows[b]" was the Duke of Shrewsbury. Swift's spelling indicates the proper pronunciation of the name of the town. "I hope you say Shrowsbury," an old gentleman who had spent some of his early days there once said to me. At the present time almost everybody makes the first syllable rhyme with "shoes," and not with "shows." The duke was not impeached. He had held high office; nevertheless he said, "Had I a son, I would sooner breed him a cobbler than a courtier, and a hangman than a statesman."

The poet Prior was one of the commissioners by whom the Peace of Utrecht was made.

Gregg (not Greg), who in 1708 was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, was detected in treasonable correspondence with France, and condemned to death. While lying under sentence he was examined in Newgate by "seven lords of the Whig party." It was always said that had he implicated the secretary (Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford) his life would have been spared. He persisted, however, in taking the whole guilt upon himself, and at the end of a month he was executed.

Dr. Johnson was more patient with his black servant Frank than Swift was with his Irish Tom. Miss Reynolds tells us how "one day, as his man was waiting at Sir Joshua's table, he observed with some emotion that he had the salver under his arm." The emotion did not express itself in hostile acts.

XIII.

Aug. 2d 1715.

Considering how exact a Correspondent you are, and how bad a one I am my self, I had clearly forgot whether you had answered my last Letter, and therefore intended to have writt to you today whether I had heard from you or no: because M[r] Warburton told me you were upon y[r] return to Martry. Tho it be unworthy of a Philosopher to admire at any thing, and directly forbidden by Horace, yet I am every day admiring at a thousand things. I am struck at the D. of O—— [Duke of Ormond's] flight, a great Person here in Power read us some Letters last night importing that he was gone to the Pretender, and that upon his first Arrivall at Calais he talked

of the K. [King] only as Elector &c. But this is laughed at, and is indeed wholly unlike him, and I find his Friends here are utterly ignorant where he is, and some think him still in Engl[d] —*Aug.* 4. I was interrupted last post; but I just made a Shift to write a few words to the Baron. The Story of an Invasion is all blown off; and the Whigs seem to think there will be no such Thing. They assure us of the greatest Unanimity in Engl[d] to serve the K. and yet they continue to call the Toryes all Jacobites. They say they cannot imagine why any Tory should be angry, since there never was the least Occasion given: and particularly they cry up their Mercy shown to Bingley. There is no news of any more People gone off: tho' Ld. Shrews[b] was named. The Suspending the Habeas Corpus Act has frightened our Friends in Engl[d]. I am heartily concerned for poor Jo, and should be more so if he were not swallowed up by his Betters.

Give my Service to Dame Plyant, and desire her to let you know what quantity of Cherryes she has for Brandy; you may steep them in just enough to keep them alive, and I will send you some very good if I can and you will tell me how much. But here I want Jo. I hope Dame found the boys well and that she gave them good Counsell upon the Subject of Gooseberryes and Codlings for I hear the eldest had been a little out of order.

I am glad to hear you and the Doc[tr] [Doctor] are grown so well together, and was not M[rs] R. the civilest thing in the world? I find you intend to take some very sudden Resolution, and truly I was like to be as sudden for I was upon the Ballance two hours whether I should not take out a License of Absence immediately upon a Letter I received; but at last I thought I was too late by a week for the Design; and so I am dropt again into my old Insipidness: And the weather has been so bad, that together with my want of a Horse, and my Steward using one Every day about my Tythes, I have not been a Mile out of Town these 5 weeks, except once on foot.

I hear Major Champigny was left half pay; and consequently that he will now have whole: so that he may yet eat bread.

God preserve you and Dame and the fire-side, believe me ever

entirely y[rs] &c.

Swift could not long have doubted that the Duke of Ormond spoke of King George as Elector of Hanover, for on landing in France he joined the Pretender's party. He had in vain urged Lord Oxford to fly with him. "Farewell, Oxford, without a head," he said. Oxford answered, "Farewell, duke, without a duchy." The duke lost his duchy, but Oxford kept his head, and his earldom as well.

Two days before Swift wrote "the Story of an Invasion is all blown off," the Earl of Mar had stolen away from London to raise the Highlands for King James.

"Poor Jo" was Joseph Beaumont, "an eminent tallow-chandler in Trim." He is

"The grey old fellow, poet Jo,"

in Swift's verses on Archdeacon Walls's house. He was a "projector," who hoped to win the government reward for the discovery of a method of ascertaining the longitude. His disappointment, it was believed, turned his brain, and he made away with himself. Swift said that he had known only two projectors, one of whom ruined himself, and the other hanged himself.

George Birkbeck Hill.

A TYPICAL KANSAS COMMUNITY.

FORTY years ago there were on the map of Kansas a few red spots indicating the location of forts, and here and there along the streams near the State's eastern border were little circles indicating towns. Many of the names upon that early map remain, and designate hopeless villages, the scenes of brave deeds and patriotic efforts; and a few of the towns of a generation ago survive, fulfilling in some small measure the bright dreams of their founders. But most of the old names, once familiar to the whole nation, are forgotten. Could some ghost of those stirring times come back to call the roll, how many such towns would fail to respond! Quidaro? Gone! Mariposa? Gone! Sumner? Gone! Tecumseh? Gone! Minneola? Gone!

From 1870, for several years eastern and central Kansas was a battle-ground between man and nature. In those years the desert was finally subdued. During the succeeding decade, men devoted themselves to the occupation of running up and down the newly made garden with surveyors' chains, making squares and parallelograms, and selling them to one another, or to such strangers as were drawn into the game by the enticement of speculation. Fictitious values prevailed. There was a very plague of financial delusions. Men from all parts of the world were victims of the disease, and came to Kansas to satisfy their longing to behave unwisely. Cities sprang up in a month. Men ceased to be business men, and became gamblers, with land as the stakes. Then, nine years ago, the crash came. Since that time, the face of the Kansas town, and the heart of it too, have changed. One might reasonably call the present an era of home-making. The gambler has gone. The speculator finds his market unresponsive. Another generation is reaching maturity. This generation, which is not native to the State, is trying to make home more attractive; indeed, the word "home" has been generally applied to Kansas for the first time during the last five years. The present residents of the State mean to remain. They are no longer in camp. No one now talks of going "back home" when his fortune is made. To mention this condition as remarkable may amuse the outside world, but the experience is a new and delightful one for Kansas.

Chiefly by reason of its newness and of a certain cosmopolitan aspect, the Kansas town differs from villages elsewhere in the United States, and presents a few interesting variations from the common type. The largest town in the commonwealth has hardly forty thousand inhabitants. Most of the county-seats in the eastern half of the State, where the rainfall is copious and where crops are bountiful and regular, contain about three thousand persons each. The county-seat is in the strictest sense a country town. The people live almost entirely upon the tributary country. There are no factories. The money that the farmers of the county spend for food, clothing, fuel, and the comforts of the farm home is the cash capital upon which the town does its business. This capital is passed from the grocers to the clothing merchants, to the druggists, to the furniture dealers, to the hardware sellers, and to professional men. In the older communities of the Eastern and Middle States necessity has developed factories, which convert raw material into finished products, and money from the outside world comes in. But Kansas is yet hardly a generation old, and it has not entered the manufacturing era of industry.

In Kansas towns the streets run at

right angles. The highways are as straight as the surveyor's chain could make them. Set back at regular distances from the sidewalks are the more pretentious residences, built in the obtrusive architectural style of the "boom" days, complacent in their sham magnificence. The paint has been washed from many of them, and their faded appearance is almost tragic. The story of these unpainted houses is written upon the town, and in the leafless season it depresses the stranger; but in early spring, when the grass comes, nature covers up the barren aspect. The smaller houses of the village are less depressing. Perhaps they do not cover such bitter disappointment. They are like modest cottages the world over.

There is in these towns an intense social democracy, such as does not exist in older American States. Class lines are but indistinctly drawn. The term "family," as used to distinguish the old rich from the new rich, is meaningless. There are of course gradations, lines of difference, and distinction between cliques and coteries, in the polite society of any town. There are indeed the upper and the lower crusts in the social formation. But there is no "dead-line." In every Kansas community, society is graded something after this fashion: the "old whist crowd," the "young whist crowd," the "literary crowd," the "young dancing crowd," the "church social crowd" or "lodge crowd," and the "surprise party crowd." It often happens, in a family containing several grown-up children, that one daughter attends lodge socials, where there are spelling-matches, and where she may enjoy what the reporter for the country paper calls "a literary and musical programme." Perhaps the eldest daughter attends the meeting of the Browning Circle, where she is bored for an hour or two; she probably comes home with a married couple who live on her street. The son of the family goes across the railroad track, and dances a noisy quadrille on a bare kitchen floor, to the music of a cabinet organ and a fiddle. It is possible that the parents may be present at the weekly meeting of the Bon Ton Whist Club, where the festivities begin with an elaborate seven o'clock supper. At these stately functions, the awarding of the gilt-edged copy of Ben-Hur and the hand-painted smoking-set to the best players forms an important part of the evening's enjoyment.

This fictitious but typical instance should not be taken too literally, though it is true enough to indicate the utter absence in Kansas society of what in older communities are called class lines. One may almost choose his own companions. Wealth plays a minor part in the appraisal of people. Indeed, the commercial rating of the "lodge crowd" is probably higher than that of the "old whist crowd," although the "lodge crowd" does reverence to the "old whist crowd" by referring to it sneeringly as "society." Since there are no old social standards, and since no one knows anybody's grandfather's previous condition, young people find their own places. The assorting occurs in the high school. An ambitious mother, living on the wrong side of the railroad, is glad to find that her daughter has passed above the "surprise party crowd," has gone around the "church socials," and at the end of her schooldays has planted herself firmly among the "entre-nous" girls. There the young lawyer's wife and the old cattleman's daughter meet. A young woman in this group finds an opportunity to marry into the "young whist crowd." After the children are in school she may be graduated easily into the Bon Ton Whist Club. But if she does not improve the opportunities offered at the "entre-nous" gatherings, in a few years she will begin to cultivate her mind, and will drift naturally into the Browning Circle. Then she will appear occasionally at the quarterly town

dances, when the most exclusive women of the village wear their second-best gowns as a rebuke to the men for inviting such a mixed company.

Generally the church members do not view these semi-public dances with alarm. The Methodists are the strictest of the popular sects in nearly every Kansas community. When the State was safely Republican by enthusiastic majorities, it used to be said that the Methodist church was the Republican church. In the old days of the boom, the Baptist church was often called the Democratic church. Even now the Baptists find their congregations somewhat smaller than those of the Presbyterians. In nearly every town there is a struggling Episcopal church, and in its folds gather the society leaders, and the wives of the traveling men who make their homes there. On the outskirts of every important village are to be found the humble meeting-houses of worshipers after the old fashion, — the Friends, the Free Methodists, the United Brethren, and the Dunkards. These churches gather their congregations from the one-story houses of the town and from the farms near by. Frequently waves of intense religious feeling sweep over these flocks. In winter they hold "protracted meetings," and glow with a fervor all unknown to the dwellers in the upper streets. In summer these simple worshipers hold camp-meetings in the groves along the creeks, and members of the more fashionable churches drive from town in the cool of the evening, and from their buggies watch them with patronizing interest.

It is the occupants of the buggies who give the town whatever intellectual reputation it may have in the State. They are the buyers and the readers of books. Nothing else indicates the exact grade of a town's intelligence so clearly as the books which the people read. The town in which I write is a fair example of Kansas communities; and here all the most interesting new books in popular literature and the best periodicals have a good market. Yet our kinspeople in the Eastern States carefully save their year-old magazines and books to send to us. In every Kansas town there is a group of men and women who read the best books, and who go regularly to Chicago or to St. Louis every year to hear the best music.

During the days of the boom innumerable "real estate" colleges sprang up. They indicated the presence of men and women whose ideals were high, and who, when money was abundant, immediately began to surround themselves with those influences that would soften the hard environments of the Western life, and make "reason and the will of God" prevail. Their zeal led these promoters beyond the limits of sound judgment, but it is to their credit that their intentions were good. The colleges survive, and they are the best things that have outlived the boom. Only here and there has one been abandoned; on the other hand, in many a Kansas town, the little, debt-ridden college that has survived, after a struggle against great odds, is the nucleus around which gathers whatever light the community may have. The children of the adjacent country are sent to these schools; for though they are not the best possible, they are the best now obtainable. One finds, for instance, their instructors on the school boards and in the city councils. They appear as delegates to the state political conventions, indicating by their presence that the voters in the towns bear no grudge against a man for being careful of his "seens" and "saws," whatever men in the country may think of such refinements of speech.

The best manifestation of the influence of the college is found in the security and growth of the town public library. It is worth a ward politician's political life to talk about cutting down library expenses. Generally a public library contains from one thousand to

four thousand books. The schoolchildren, black and white, spend their odd moments in the reading-room. Women from every social circle use the books. E. P. Roe is still the favorite author, as he is the favorite author of the frequenters of libraries in some of the Eastern States. On the other hand, in one public library in Kansas the copy of Emerson's First Series of Essays has been rebound four times. In this village no bookseller finds it profitable to keep the old-fashioned dime novels, so popular among boys ten years ago.

When Kansas goes to the theatre, however, it drops back into the dark ages. Doubtless there are worse theatrical companies than those that visit Kansas, but no one has ever described them. The best people leave the theatre to those who like to hear the galleries echo with merriment when the supernumeraries walk before the curtain to light the gas footlights. The opera-house is not a town gathering-place, except when the graduating exercises of the high school are held there, and when the townspeople come together to hear the terrible annual concert of the silver cornet band. On these occasions one observes the absence of the chaperon, and here, as elsewhere in the town, young men and women meet upon terms of equality.

There are three out-of-doors town gatherings, — football games, baseball games, and political meetings, — whereat men play a more important part than they play in the opera-house, for they are not manacled by decorum. At the political meetings the men predominate; but at the town games it is the women — the younger women — who give the scene the appearance which may have made ancient tournaments so glorious. Here there is a homely familiarity. When one pounds whoever sits beside him on the bench, at the climax of the game, it is with the assurance that one is pounding an old friend. The men take off their coats, but the crowd is decorous. There is no drinking. A drunken boy at a Kansas game would cause nearly as much comment as a drunken girl. The girls join in the college yells, talk across the ropes to the players in the field, surge up and down the line with the boys, and no one sneers.

There are no rich men in these Kansas towns. The men who own a million dollars' worth of property number less than half a score in the whole State. Those who control half a million dollars' worth of property might ride together in a sleeping-car, with an upper berth or two to spare. Every town has its rich man, measured by a local standard, who is frequently a retired farmer turned banker; not one in five of these is rated at $100,000, but each is the autocrat of his county, if he cares to be. The mainspring that moves the town's daily machinery may be found in the back room of the bank. There it is decided whether or not the bonds shall be voted. There it is often determined whether there shall be eight or nine months of school. There the village chronicles are spread upon the great ledgers every day. The town banker supplies the money for every contest. If he is wise, he watches his little corner of the world as a spider watches from its web. The great trust which he keeps requires a knowledge of the details of the game that men are playing around him. Yet with all his power this town banker would be counted a poor man in the city. Seldom is his annual income as much as $10,000. But he lives in the best house in the town. The butcher saves his best cuts for him, the grocer puts aside his best vegetables, and the whole town waits to do his bidding.

Next to the banker in economic importance is the best lawyer. If the town is a thriving one, the lawyer makes perhaps $4000 a year. But he does not receive all his income in cash. Some of it he takes in trade: from the farmer butter and eggs, from the storekeeper

his wares, from the editor printing. There are from three to five lawyers, in each good county town in Kansas, who earn more than $1500 a year. When a lawyer gets in debt to a respectable minority of the influential people, he may be elected county attorney, and during his term of office he is expected to pay his debts. If he fulfills the public expectation, he has another season of waiting, and at the end of it he is made district judge, when the balance-sheet with the town is supposed again to be made up. A district judge, upon retirement, can generally make a living. The town doctor knows so many things about so many people, and so many people owe him money, that he too is always considered a safe man to put on a local county ticket. Be it said to his credit he makes an efficient officer; there is no man in better standing than he.

In a community where there is no large source of outside revenue, where no factory pours its wages into the local commerce, much of the business is done on credit. The storekeepers do so much bartering that they have established a system of currency of their own. A merchant will issue sets of coupons, in one dollar and five dollar books. The coupons are of various decimal denominations, and they read, "This coupon is good for cents in trade at Witherspoon's grocery." When the cash in the drawer is low, and when the creditor will accept them, these coupons pass over the counter for cash. They pass from one hand to another, and are usually accepted at face value. The merchant invests his earnings in local bank-stock, farms, or farm mortgages, and after a while he may retire from business to lend his money: then he is on the way to the presidency of the bank. The real estate agent and insurance broker who lends money in a small way is also in the line of promotion to the banker's desk. But before he reaches the goal he lives many a shabby day, which he hopes the grocer and the coal dealer have forgotten.

The real estate agent's money comes in lumps, and he lacks the peace of mind which the storekeeper's clerk enjoys, whose wages may be $20 or $40 or even $80 a month; for his wages come regularly, and there is always the reasonable hope that some day he may be a partner in the business or have a store of his own. In addition to this hope, the clerk's social position may be as good as anybody's. His wife and daughter may find friends among the most desirable people in the community. If the clerk and his son do not meet their employer at the whist club, it may be only because it is their night "off" and his night "on" at the store. Prices of real estate are so low that many a man earning $50 a month builds a cottage by the aid of the Home Building and Loan Company which flourishes in every town. Instead of paying rent, he pays interest and a few dollars of the principal every month. On his own lot he may grow flowers for the annual sweet-pea contest, and fortune may send him such a bounty of bloom as will give him the right to assume a tolerant air when discussing floriculture with the man who holds his note.

The tenement-house and the flat are unknown in Kansas. Wages are not high, but opportunities for saving are many. The man who, rated by his wages, in another State would be called a poor man, in Kansas is fairly well-to-do. A printer's wages, for instance, are rarely more than eight dollars a week, yet many a printer has made a start in life, and has even bought the paper which employed him. There is a tradition that the Kansas country editor is poor. The truth is, he earns from $1200 to $3000 a year. He lives well; and being a politician, he frequently shares the party loaves and fishes. He is respected and his credit is good at the bank, where he is able, and generally willing, to give the one good turn which deserves another.

It may be said in the editor's favor that he is the only regular employer of skilled labor in the community. The mason and the carpenter work at odd times. The village cobbler does repairing only. There are no great factories that employ hundreds of laborers. Here and there is a town favored with a railroad-shop, where a few score men find irregular work repairing damaged cars. But the dinner-pail is hardly seen in Kansas.

A well-known writer of Western stories, half a decade ago, drew a picture of the hopeless faces of the women who rode in a parade of the Kansas Farmers' Alliance. The type in the story was interesting, but the real Kansas women who rode in the Alliance parade saved it from being a clumsy and stupid affair. By their very presence they made it a cheering, good-natured, color-flecked pageant. They rode on hay-racks covered with patriotic bunting, and they were dressed in white and in yellow at the ratio of sixteen to one, to symbolize their financial creed. In all the parades of any political party the women are an important feature. But their participation in politics practically ends with the parades. They vote only in municipal and school elections. Now and then, at a municipal election in a very small town, it happens that, half in a jocose spirit, the men elect a woman's ticket, when there is absolutely nothing for the woman elected to do. The incident is a neighborhood joke, at which the women laugh; and the thrifty correspondents of Eastern journals sell to their papers "stories" about the "great fight between the men and the women of Kansas, which ended in the overthrow of the men." Women are often elected to clerical positions in the county and in the city. A woman was once successful as assistant attorney-general of the State. When the Kansas woman becomes a bread-winner, her social position is not affected. There is no social circle that the working woman finds it impossible to enter. The stenographer, with her $50 a month, may snub the banker's daughter. The school-teacher finds no door closed to her social advancement.

Yet it is said that Kansas is governed by petticoats. If by this it be meant that women shape the public sentiment of the Kansas town, the saying is true. In most towns in other States, the corners of the principal streets are occupied by dram-shops. In the town where this paper is written, the influence of women has been exerted so forcibly that three of the four corners where the two main streets cross are occupied by banks. Instead of Hogan's Retreat on the fourth corner stands a bookstore. There the boys and the young men of the town find a meeting-place. There they make their appointments. There they browse through the weekly illustrated papers and the magazines, and look through new books. In this bookstore the football games are bulletined, the baseball games are talked over, and politics finds its forum. Among all the men and boys who frequent this resort there is no habitual drinker; there is not one whose name has been stained with scandal. These young fellows are business men, clerks, professional men, real estate brokers, and college students. They are clean, shrewd, active young men, who have been brought up in a town where the women make public sentiment, — in a town of petticoat government, wherein a woman has never held an administrative municipal office. It is a town of eight thousand inhabitants, without a saloon, without a strange woman, without a town drunkard.

Sloping down from a gentle hill toward a creek, the Kansas town shows at a distance its pointed steeples, its great iron water-tower, and its massive school-house, which stands above the elms and cottonwoods and maples. No smoke-stack pours its blackening flood over the natural beauty of the grass and trees. At night, the farmer across the valley

sees the town as a garden of lights. At such a time, one does not recall the geometrically exact angles of the streets and the gray dust upon the unpainted houses; the night softens the garish remnants of the boom. Then the sun-burned Kansas town has a touch of romance.

William Allen White.

A MASSACHUSETTS SHOE TOWN.

Brompton was one of the earlier New England settlements. Its cemeteries contain numerous stones dating back almost to the middle of the seventeenth century, and the town celebrated its bicentennial years ago. Its first meeting-house was burned by Indians. In the Revolutionary era its citizens hurried away to the earliest engagements around Boston; and of that period it preserves many memorials, notably two fine old taverns, in which some of the most famous of the Continental officers are known to have lodged. But we are not now concerned with its history, and I come directly to the time, a decade or so before the civil war, when the town, after having been for more than a century and a half a small farming community, for which all necessary boot and shoe making and repairing were easily done by a few cobblers, was beginning to make shoes on a larger scale, for export.

Brompton has neither water-power nor any of the other natural advantages which would have made it possible to predict a manufacturing community. Indeed, most shoe towns lack natural advantages. The Providence which determined the establishment of the first shoe-shop in a new locality was inscrutable. The first person to make shoes in Brompton for sale elsewhere was a native of the town, who had returned thither with a competence, after several years of experience in the shoe trade in a neighboring town. A very old man, now a hermit on a farm in Maine, who worked in this Brompton shop during his early manhood, recently said to me: "They 're always a-tellin' they 's a powerful lot o' wonderful new machines been invented sence I worked in the shop, nigh fifty year agone, an' I 'm willin' to believe 'em; but I 'll bet anything they 's one thing they can't never make, with all their inventin', an' that 's a machine to peg shoes with." This, from a shoemaker, nearly a generation after the pegging-machine had come into general use, serves better than any detailed statement to illustrate the simplicity of the shoemaking methods of the early time. The shop did not employ more than a dozen men, all acquaintances of the manufacturer. The sons of the resident farmers were quick to take to the new occupation, and several other shops were started before the outbreak of the civil war. A number of them, remodeled into cottages, barns, store-houses, even hen-houses, still stand, reminders of the meagre beginnings of a great industry.

The immigrants to Massachusetts from the northern New England States, — more especially from Maine, — who began to come about this time, found their way to Brompton, as soon as the supply of workmen from the neighborhood became inadequate. The newcomers were for the most part enterprising, unattached young men, of good habits and antecedents. They were cordially received. Although the transformation from a farming town to a manufacturing town was fast taking place, the community was yet essentially homogeneous in race, customs, and religion.

The first foreign immigrants were the Irish, who, though they began work with pick and shovel, speedily found employment in the shops. While not openly maltreated by the native workmen, — Brompton was a dignified and orderly community, — they did not receive a hearty welcome. The ill-omened Know-Nothing movement came to embitter the mutual dislike. Something of a community of feeling was brought about, however, by the later arrival of a common enemy, the French Canadians, to whom, curiously enough, the Irish, in spite of the identity of their religion, were quite as hostile as the native Americans. In some shops, the excitement waxed so fierce that the Canadians were put to work in rooms by themselves. Many devices were employed by the jealous Irishmen to make their lives miserable, one of which was to dangle a big green-headed frog on the end of a line before the windows of their work-rooms; the dangling being accompanied, of course, by loud jeers regarding the traditional frog-eating proclivities of Frenchmen. By a happy chance, the first Frenchman who ventured into Brompton is still living there; by a happier chance, he has a sense of humor. He loves to tell of the mingled curiosity and abhorrence his appearance excited. "They had no notion of what a Frenchman was like," he says. "They stared at me and whispered about me as if I were some strange animal. For a long time they could n't make up their minds whether I had horns under my hat or not, but in the end they decided that I had."

Early in the seventies — to choose a period long enough subsequent to the civil war for the exceptional war conditions to be eliminated — Brompton had grown from a farming town of two thousand inhabitants or less to a shoe town of six thousand or more. A few wooden blocks of business buildings were strung along a central street, which was still bordered in part by dwelling-houses and open fields. There were a new and expensive town hall, the sole brick structure, a creditable soldiers' monument, and a high-school building, lineal descendant of the original academy. On the principal streets were the town pumps. The town had two Catholic churches (for French and Irish respectively), five Protestant churches, graded schools crowded into two large barnlike buildings, the beginnings of a public library — thanks to the generous thought of one of its "forehanded" storekeepers — which was kept in a room of the town hall, lodges of several secret orders, a recently organized post of the Grand Army of the Republic, a single weekly paper, a volunteer militia company, two volunteer fire companies, a brass band, a choral society, a temperance reform club, and the like. But the inner life of Brompton then was in every way significant.

Aside from the ready deference to the ministers, doctors, lawyers, and editors, which was accorded always and everywhere, Brompton was absolutely without social distinctions. The typical American shoemaker was under no social condemnation for the work he did. He was able to associate on equal terms with all the other people, including even the families of his employers; and while the town was already of such a size that it was not literally true that everybody knew everybody else, it was at least true that everybody could know everybody else. The young man went courting wherever his affections led him, and married into whatever family he wished, without question as to social privilege. Then he rented an upstairs tenement, in which his family lived on terms of equality and the greatest intimacy with the family of the landlord, occupying the ground floor, until such time as he could buy or build a house for himself, the upper story of which could in its turn be rented.

The newly married woman, trained in the belief that it was her duty to do her

part in one way or another — either by earning or by saving, or by both — toward the support of the family, kept on working in the shop, if she had been employed there before marriage, until the arrival of children forced her to withdraw. Then she did shoe-work at home; for the development of machinery, considerable as it had been, had not gone so far as to preclude that possibility. If she had not been a shop-worker before marriage, she found some immediately remunerative home-work soon after, — straw-sewing, perhaps; for the regular visitations of the "straw-men" with wages and relays of work were an important part of the daily routine on many streets. She made her husband's shirts and stockings, all the children's clothes, and a large part of her own millinery and dresses, and, except in cases of invalidism or illness, did all her housework, including the washing. How she did all these things without neglecting her children, or breaking down utterly in health, is a mystery that only one of these calculating, hard-working women could explain; and then it would be only another calculating hard-working woman who could understand the explanation. That it meant no end of aches, worries, and self-sacrifice is certain. Indeed, these women were as true pioneers in their way as the wives of the original settlers. There was no great financial risk involved in marrying, in those days. On the contrary, marriage was likely to prove a good investment; for such women saved their husbands far more than they cost them.

The husband was no less devoted and industrious after his fashion. Beside working ten hours a day in the shop, he toiled night and morning over a garden plot. Many other things also he thought he must do: there were ledges to be cleared away; uneven spots to be leveled; cellars to be banked; wood to be sawed and split; grapevines, raspberry, currant, blackberry, and gooseberry bushes, plum, peach, cherry, and apple trees, to be set out and watched and pruned; hens, and sometimes a pig and a cow, to be cared for. These out-of-shop activities assured the family a bountiful supply of fresh eggs, and fruit and vegetables in larger variety than the average farmer had, who devoted his attention to staple crops. Furthermore, there was always a surplus, greater or less, to be bartered for meats and groceries. With an upstairs tenant more than providing for the expense of repairs and taxes, the orchard and garden going a long way towards supplying food, and the thrifty wife saving in a hundred ways, it was possible for the shop-worker who owned his house to put by a considerable part of his wages. A description of the economical devices of these workingmen's households would fill a volume, and be good reading all the way through, so replete would it be with the humor and the pathos of primitive living.

Sunday was scrupulously observed as a day of rest even by those who were not members of the churches, the only labor done being the rather formidable getting ready for church, the preparation of meals, and the putting of the clothes in soak for the Monday washing. This conscientious observance of Sunday is in all likelihood one reason why these men and women did not succumb under the strain of work to which they deliberately subjected themselves.

The pleasures of their lives were of the simplest, most inexpensive sort, so homely as to seem hardly worth mentioning. In the winter, when the days were too short to admit of much work out of doors, and on occasional spare evenings in the summer, the men strolled down town, after supper, to attend their lodges or to gossip in the stores and markets, which still retained the tendency to sociability characteristic of country marts. A curious social feature of the town was the gathering at the post-office, to await the distribution of the

mails, of the business men, who made it a point to be on the ground a full half-hour too early, to chat together the longer. Noteworthy, too, was the social atmosphere of the shop, under the easy supervision then in vogue. Good-natured raillery and capital jokes did much to vary the monotony of labor. There was a healthy helpfulness among the workers that felt no need of the machinery of organization. Financial misfortune falling suddenly on any one of their number evoked immediate and generous subscriptions, and in cases of serious sickness there were many volunteer watchers.

Among the women neighborliness prevailed to the fullest extent, and in this lay a large share of their diversion. There were continuous borrowings and lendings of household supplies, shrill communications from window to window, and exchanges of confidence over the back yard fences. Housewives sallied forth, after the dinner dishes were cleared away, sewing-work in hand, and as like as not baby in arms, to sit and work and rock and gossip with the neighbors. Then there were the formal invitations to "come and spend the afternoon and stay to tea," the acceptance of which involved "fixing up" and the substitution of fancy-work for necessary sewing on the part of both hostess and guest. The church sewing-circle, the hospitalities of which were often extended to non-members, was another large feminine resource, and funerals were still another.

It was the era of croquet, surprise parties, wedding anniversaries, church "sociables" that did not belie their name, baby-shows, singing-schools, school exhibitions, Grand Army of the Republic camp-fires open to the public, exciting religious revivals, pledge-soliciting temperance crusades almost as exciting, political rallies taken seriously, Election Day militia musters, and annual prize exhibitions and parades by the farmers and tradesmen. Thanksgiving Day and Fast Day had still some civil and religious significance; the war was yet near enough for the Decoration Day exercises to provoke real emotion. The rivalry of the two local fire companies with those of the neighboring towns and with each other prompted many challenges, high-colored parades, and thrilling trials of strength. An annual lecture course was directed by a committee of the citizens, and the choral society could be counted on to give at least one concert a winter. Not the least interesting of the events of each year were the regular and special town meetings, which gave to all the men an opportunity of informing themselves and expressing themselves on matters of town policy, and to the few who were ambitious to become proficient in public speaking and debate an excellent opportunity for practice. The town meetings were undoubtedly a strong influence in arousing and keeping eager an enlightened public spirit. In nearly all the events and diversions, even the town meeting, the children shared. Just as they were taken to church long before the age of comprehension, so they were taken to lectures, concerts, and social functions quite beyond them; the family, not the individual, being accounted the social unit.

The limitations of this life are apparent, especially the limitations that come from the narrowness of the church creeds and from a too exclusive attention to the acquisition of money for its own sake. Protestants and Catholics despised one another cordially, not as individuals, but as Protestants and Catholics. Congregationalists and Unitarians were unwilling to forget their ancient disputes and the schism that had caused them to separate. The evangelical denominations, though united in scorn of Universalists and Unitarians, were jealous of one another in the pettiest conceivable ways; and while no one church claimed social superiority over the others, church life was so disproportionate a part of the whole life that

church lines were in too many cases the lines of friendship, and even of acquaintance. Cards, billiards, the dance, and the theatre were held in abhorrence by the members of the evangelical churches, — though, with the humorous inconsistency characteristic of narrowness, they raised no objection to their children's playing the most vulgar kissing-games, — and it made no end of garrulous scandal, especially at the sewing-circles, if a church member was even suspected of indulging in any of these amusements.

Economy often shriveled into pitiful miserliness; and even when it did not turn out so badly, it became a fixed habit which it was impossible to break after the necessity for it had long passed away. Every aspect of existence was somehow, sooner or later, adjusted to a financial standard; even religion, which, translated into the vernacular, meant a hard, methodical, assiduous "laying up of treasure in heaven." Utility was everything; beauty, emotion, were as nothing. Vegetable patches were allowed to invade front yards; hens were permitted everywhere except in the gardens; the grass around the houses was mown only at long intervals because of its value as hay; and if a pet cat, though loved as a child, was detected catching chickens, it had to die, because chickens were worth money, and cats were not. Such a habit of life, while it assured an old age free from danger of the poorhouse, also assured a resourceless, joyless one.

It was a peculiar period, this of the early seventies of Brompton, unfamiliar enough already to most of us, though so near in time. A simple, frugal, industrious, earnest, honest, homely existence, it was also a hard, narrow, sombre one. Did the people take themselves altogether too seriously? Perhaps. At any rate, whatever its merits and defects, Brompton was to all intents and purposes, at that time, a pure social democracy. Because it was a social democracy it has been worth describing in detail.

Let us leap over a quarter of a century. Brompton has to-day more than twice the population it had in the earlier period, and it is governed by a mayor and aldermen instead of by a town meeting and a board of selectmen. The Irish and the French have continued to come in, until they constitute a majority of the population. There has also been a large immigration from the maritime provinces of Canada. Other industries than shoemaking have been introduced from time to time, but, except those that are cognate to shoemaking, they have not been able to gain a permanent foothold. Accordingly, Brompton remains, and for a long time yet is likely to remain, a town of a single industry.

Its streets now have sidewalks, and they are lighted by electric lights and traversed by electric cars. The main street is an unbroken double row of well-constructed brick blocks. There are a hospital, a park, an opera-house, a water supply, a sewerage system, and a mail delivery service. The dwelling-houses are almost pretentious, and their grounds are scrupulously trim with velvety lawns. The public schools are better housed and better equipped than they used to be, and the long-languishing district schools have been happily suppressed; the few children still living in the outskirts are brought into the centre daily at the city's expense. The public library, much increased in size, improved and supplemented by a complete reading-room, in a beautiful memorial building of stone adorned with works of art, is now second in educational influence only to the schools.

The early hostility between the French and the Irish is extinct. Between the Protestants and the Catholics something of the old religious antagonism persists, it is true, but it has ceased to have virulence or any influence in town affairs. It has well-nigh succumbed to the mutual understanding and appreciation produced by long and constant association;

and it is a significant if trifling fact that the first one of the clergymen of Brompton to call upon the rector of a newly founded Episcopal church was the Irish priest. It is no uncommon thing for all the churches to unite in a work of general beneficence.

Sunday, without ceasing to be a day of rest, has become a day of rational and quiet pleasures also; for Sunday is the especial day for bicycling, driving, and social visiting. Church-going has decreased relatively to the growth in population, and the influence of the churches upon the community has been even more than correspondingly lessened. The authority of the churches is but the shadow of what it once was in Brompton. This new independence, however, is a sign of honest personal thinking rather than of indifference to serious things. It is accompanied in many instances by an awakening of intelligent interest in practical charity, philanthropy, or social reform.

In the last twenty-five years, then, Brompton has not only grown rapidly in size and improved greatly in appearance, but it has been "liberalized in theology and life." The element of charm has entered. Life has been softened, sweetened, refined; it has come to touch the big world at more points and enjoy it at more; it is freer, fuller, brighter, more graceful, — in a word, more civilized.

There have been other and more radical changes. Tenement-houses have become numerous; not yet, fortunately, those of the large city type, nor the dreary, monotonous block-houses of mill towns, but houses built to rent solely as a speculation by non-resident as well as resident owners. With the disappearance of the upstairs tenement has disappeared also the old cordial social relation between landlord and tenant, which has been replaced by a purely commercial relation. It is no longer considered respectable to belong to the class of manual laborers. A young man, and even more a young woman, who is employed in a shoe-shop suffers a discrimination which only an exceptional *bonhomie* or social talent is sufficient to overcome. Just as the young men of the farms came to work in the shops of Brompton, years ago, quite as much because they felt themselves disgraced by farm labor as because they hoped to mend their fortunes, so their sons, inflamed by the sanguine circulars of commercial colleges and the braggart talk of "drummers," feel contempt for the *métier* of the fathers, and are seeking positions as clerks and salesmen. And just as the young farmers found the young women of their native places reluctant to become their wives while they continued farmers, so in Brompton the young men find the young women slow to marry shop-workers.

How far the more and more complete subdivision of labor through the multiplication of machines is a reason of the loss of respect for the man who works in the shop it is difficult to say. In the shoe industry, however it may be in other employments, it has probably been a less important influence than it is usually thought to be. It requires as good judgment and as great care, and involves quite as much responsibility, to run most of the machinery of a modern shoe-shop as it did to do the hand-work of former days; the difference between the old worker and the new being not unlike that between the horse-car driver and the electric-motor man.

Women who do their own work, not to mention those who help the family exchequer by earning money after the former fashion, are considered as little respectable as men who do manual labor. Recently married women, no better off financially than their mothers were at the same period of their lives, contract large bills for millinery and dressmaking, and employ servants to do all the work, or outsiders to come in for the harder part of it; while young husbands, no better off than their fathers were, smoke expensive cigars, — whereas their fathers

smoked cheap pipes if anything, — and hire laboring men to shake down their furnaces and to mow their lawns. Summer outings in the country (though Brompton itself is still country enough to be a resort for city people) are regarded as an indispensable part of the yearly programme of families who would be considered *comme il faut.*

In further evidence of the social change may be cited a socially exclusive club for men, housed in a richly appointed club building; a similarly exclusive club for women; a supplanting of the old neighborly running in and out by formal calls; the giving of conventionally stupid afternoon teas and pretentious evening receptions; the entry, very recent, into the latter, of the dress coat for men and the *décolleté* corsage for women; the appearance of the punch-bowl; a general elaboration of dress and house-furnishings, and a decided amelioration of street, drawing-room, and table manners. In a word, the people of Brompton who do not work with their hands imitate the society of the large cities, and hold themselves aloof from those who do work with their hands; and those who work, hoping against hope to secure social recognition, imitate the imitators, whose claims to social superiority they acknowledge only too readily.

More avenues of expense and relatively fewer sources of income mean extravagance, and extravagance means habitual non-payment of debts, which in the end saps integrity, as several firms at Brompton, obliged to go into bankruptcy, not from dearth of custom, but from inability to collect outstanding bills, would feelingly testify. A part of the decrease of integrity may be traced to the deceits practiced in these later days in the making of a shoe. Though the workmen hold themselves no more responsible for these deceits than the machines through whose aid, as well as their own, they are effected, the influence in the long run can hardly fail to be morally deleterious. Under these conditions, cheating comes easily to be regarded as a necessary and legitimate business operation.

Greater extravagance has made marriage a formidable thing, and it is accordingly postponed, with the inevitable bad result on morals. An additional cause of immorality and of other moral disorders is the utter lack of rational evening amusement for the young men and young women who, owing to the insistence on social distinctions, cannot go into "society," and who, feeling that they must go somewhere, frequent the most available place, the street. The presence of a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is at once a confession of this social destitution, and an attempt, not too wisely nor too well directed, to relieve it. Any evening, but especially on Saturday evening, crowds of these young men and young women, arrayed in their "loudest" clothes, promenade up and down the main street, ogling and chaffing and flirting. That the ogling and chaffing and flirting sometimes result disastrously scarcely need be said; that they do not oftener result disastrously is a marvel, to be explained only by the proverbial virtue of the shop-girl.

Yet the transformation of Brompton is far less complete than might appear from these somewhat bald statements. The life of the former Brompton has not entirely disappeared. Such is not the manner of social evolution. Always the old persists within the new. The working men and women who established themselves under the democratic régime are still granted social consideration, however far from the genteel path their course of life may be, and a portion of this consideration is extended to their children, whatever may be their means of livelihood. There are still detached families who have a simple, wholesome, satisfying home life, and many parents who are practicing a rigid, self-sacrificing economy. All classes of citizens patronize the public schools, and in them

social democracy prevails almost as of old, and it abides also in some of the churches. But these and other traces of the past are really exceptions to the rule. Broadly speaking, Brompton has undergone an internal revolution, as a result of which economy, simplicity, and social equality have been superseded by extravagance, display, and social distinctions.

The foreigners of Brompton deserve separate and special consideration. The improvement they have made in their ways of living, particularly in the last quarter of a century, is nothing short of phenomenal. Originally, they were untidy as well as wretchedly poor, and their settlements — for, with the clannishness characteristic of foreigners, they herded together — were veritable slums in aspect. Their unpainted houses, little better than shanties, and their grassless and disorderly yards, swarmed with smutty, frouzly-headed, half-naked children. Now, their houses are so well built and well painted, their grounds so well kept, and their families so well groomed, that it would not be easy for a stranger to distinguish the abodes of the foreigners from those of the American population. Their children are sent to school, and are capable, alert, and ambitious. So far as the foreign young men are concerned, they are more resolute, in appearance at least, and they make more serious attempts at self-teaching and general self-improvement, than the young men of native parents. Indeed, it is not improbable that the young Irishmen of Brompton have to-day, as a class, the fullest portion of the American spirit, as this term used to be understood. It was my own lot — if a single intimate personal reference may be pardoned — to grow up in a shoe town similar to Brompton. When I go back for occasional visits, I find none among the young men of my acquaintance whom I am every way happier to meet than my old Irish playmates and schoolmates, and none taking a keener interest in the larger things of life, or putting forth more honest and earnest efforts to make the most of their opportunities. The foreigners, moreover, have contributed their due proportion of successful manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and school-teachers, as well as of skillful workmen, and they have sent their due proportion out into the world. As citizens they are, in public spirit, the more zealous element, — always ready to appropriate money for the common weal, particularly for the library and the schools. Hardly a public improvement has been carried through, since they came to be an important factor in the population, that has not encountered more active and serious opposition from the native element than from them.

In view of the race and religious prejudices current at the time, the entry of the foreigners, first into unskilled and later into skilled labor, was one of the influences which brought manual work into disrepute with the native population. That it was not the only influence, however, is shown by the fact that farm labor fell into a similar disrepute a full generation before foreigners began to take up the farms. Brompton has unquestionably done great things for its foreign population; and its foreign population, if it cannot as yet be said to have done great things for Brompton, has at least a lively sense of gratitude for benefits received, and the desire, and it is to be hoped the capacity, ultimately to repay them. On the other hand, there are two or three things much to the discredit of the foreigners, which in all fairness should be mentioned. In politics, they have always given the blindest, most unthinking, most servile allegiance to a single party. A great part of the drunkenness with which the town has been cursed has occurred among their number. They have also furnished a large proportion of the saloon-keepers, — a fact which would not of itself be so much to their disgrace, perhaps, if it

were not true also that the saloon-keepers have carried on their business badly.

The trade union is another factor of the life of the community with which it is hard to deal fairly. It is not too much to say, however, that in the shoe-shops of Brompton, as wherever the trade union exists, notably in England, the ripe result of the organization of labor has made just as surely for industrial peace as the groping, feeble beginnings of its organization made for industrial disturbance. This is a peace like the armed neutrality of Europe, it is true, based on the fear which the strength of each party inspires in the other; nevertheless it is a peace to be counted on. Thus, in the later seventies, during the days of the raw and badly organized Knights of St. Crispin, there were serious labor troubles at Brompton, leading to riot and to personal violence; but since the genuine, closely organized trade union has become powerful enough to be feared, labor adjustments have been achieved without strikes, as a rule, and when strikes have occurred, they have been of short duration and free from violence. Under the present régime of factories so large that employers cannot have personal knowledge of their employees and take a personal interest in them even if they wish; of indifferent, non-resident employers who would not take notice of their employees even if they could; and of a rapidly growing contempt for labor, and social ostracism of the laboring man, the trade union is for the Brompton shop-worker an absolutely indispensable weapon of self-defense.

In illustration of the changes taking place in manufacturing New England, I have chosen to present a shoe town, partly because the shoe town employs a comparatively high grade of labor, and partly because I am familiar with its life and growth. The history and present status of Brompton are typical, however, not only of the shoe towns, but, *mutatis mutandis*, of all the manufacturing communities of New England; the only important difference between them and the mill towns, for instance, being, that in the mill towns the social changes have been effected more rapidly, and are consequently more complete.

The social stratification of the large cities admits of no question. Now, if it be true that the tendency in the rural districts is towards the development of an "aristocracy" attached to the land, through the gradual transformation of the summer visitor into the permanent resident; and if it be true also that the manufacturing communities, which practically constitute the residue, are, like Brompton, in a process of social stratification, is it too bold to suggest that for New England as a whole — which, after all, is not greater in extent than many a single State, nor greater in population than the city of London — a highly civilized society, so clearly stratified as to have pronounced types like the civilizations of the Old World, may be the final and not too remote outcome?

Why not? Is there any good reason why such an outcome should be deplored? May it not be that class distinctions are an inevitable product of civilization? Surely, social democracy, except in new, raw pioneer communities such as Brompton once was, is as yet a pretty dream which has never been realized. One must needs be doctrinaire indeed to be sure that a clearly stratified, highly civilized society is necessarily inferior — unless too much virility be lost in taking on the graces — to a socially democratic but unlovely pioneer society, if the two be measured in all their bearings. Each may be the best for its time. It may be a question simply of age, after all. Stratification is among the marks of maturity, and New England is getting old enough to have some of the characteristics of maturity.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

BUTTERFIELD & CO.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

For nearly a hundred years "Butterfield's" was as well known in the town of Slumborough as the post-office, and almost as much frequented. Before the war the firm was represented by Joseph Butterfield, a most comfortably prosperous, mild man, who had succeeded to the honors of his house as hereditary grocer there. Nominally a grocer, but if any feminine stranger had chanced to be in pressing need of, say, a hoopskirt, of the kind in vogue then, she would probably have been directed to Butterfield's, where she would have found some of these elegant and indispensable articles of dress swinging gracefully from hooks in the doorway of the store. For "Hang the hoops in the do' of the sto'" was one of the orders of the head of the firm, given as regularly as the day came and the "sto'" was opened. Had any masculine stranger wished to provide himself with a book, it was to Butterfield's that he would have been sent by almost anybody in the town, — either there or to the chemist's; and he would have found, on a shelf flanked by ginger jars and all the spices of Arabia, perhaps, or above a meal-bin, very likely, his Bunyan, or his Doddridge, or his Shakespeare, or even the last elegant Book of Beauty or annual in the time of the third Joseph, who had a fondness for books, — or rather, affected one, — and wore a velvet ribbon above his queue on Christmas Day and at Michaelmas and Easter, in imitation of the local gentry. Did any child, native or foreign, need a doll, a whip, a pair of skates, a top, or a ball, it was still Butterfield who supplied it, and threw in one of the large, yellow, toothsome squares of gingerbread baked every Saturday by Mrs. Butterfield in the seclusion of the back premises.

From this it will be seen that Butterfield's had a scope and range that made it of far more value to a country town than if it had confined itself rigidly to what Mr. Butterfield called "its prime line;" and it must be further recorded that the business was conducted not only "on the fair and on the square, let angels say to the contrary," again to quote Mr. Butterfield, but in a spirit of generosity which was uncalculating and genuine, and the best advertisement that could have been framed. It was the only one, too; for if there was a thing that Mr. Butterfield was violently opposed to, it was advertising. Ordinarily as soft and yielding as his own butter in the month of July, he became adamant the moment the question of advertising was brought up. "It ain't respectable, to begin with," he said. "We ain't never done it. We ain't never going to do it. And it ain't no use, either. Everybody knows what we 've got in the sto'; and if they don't, they can find out mighty quick by asking; and when they want anything they are going to ask for it, — they ain't too modest for that."

Mr. Butterfield's family was made up of his wife — whose gingerbread has been mentioned already, and whose principal claim to his affection lay in her having borne him a son "to carry on and hold up and be ekil to Butterfield's," as he put it — and that son. Kind and affectionate in his ordinary relations with his "Jinny," he petrified into the head of the firm, and instantly ceased to be merely the head of the family, when it came to the "sto'." Anything in her conduct that militated against or injuriously affected that institution was sternly rebuked. She was up long before the sun rose every day, reprinting butter, right-

ing the "sto'," scrubbing, dusting, making ready for "the opening," of which she spoke and which she regarded as a great and solemn function, although it consisted only of taking down a wooden shutter and opening a small green door, hanging the hoopskirts, and arranging a tasteful heap of tomatoes, potatoes, and the like beneath, — always excepting the window. This Mr. Butterfield would not have trusted her, would not have trusted any living person but himself, to arrange.

It is not too much to say that all his life long he had seen everything around and about him through the medium of that window's dozen green panes. What would look well in it, what would never do for it, what might be adapted for it, what disfigured and spoiled it, — these were the questions into which most other questions resolved themselves in the alembic of the Butterfield mind; and the only time in all his life that his wife ever saw him "turrible" was when he marched into her kitchen, one morning, and passionately flung down a loaf of her baking, saying, "I found this here thing in Butterfield's winder! Do you call it fit to set there? Give it to the pigs, and never do you put the like there agin, the longest day you live." She had profaned a hallowed spot with her bad bread, and it was not until she had invented and popularized a bun that Judge Barton (the gourmand of the little community) declared to be the best he had ever put into his mouth that she was quite forgiven.

A flourishing institution, too, was Butterfield's; that is, for Slumborough. "We 've ordered from Baltimore as often as twict in one week," said the head of the house. "We 've sold imported pickles over that counter, and sugar by the barrel, without a grain of sand in it from head to bottom. Before I would let a pound of sugar leave Butterfield's mixed with anything, if it was gold-dust, Jinny, I 'd starve, and let the boy starve, which is more."

The business methods of the firm, however, were not those generally adopted at present throughout the country. They would be considered remarkable, nowadays, I am afraid, not to say eccentric. Mr. Butterfield knew every creature in Slumborough, black and white, to begin with. He was full of the milk of human kindness. He did not so much buy and sell as sit in his gates, like a Spanish alcalde, and adjudicate upon the claims and demands presented to him. Did Miss Sally Brown, who was sixteen, and kept house, after a fashion, for an invalid mother, come in and want to buy five pounds of candles, Mr. Butterfield would say, "Why, Miss Sally, what kind of a housekeeper are you, anyway? Your ma 's got a whole box of candles down from Baltimore. I saw them in the cart in front of her do' last Saturday. You don't want no candles; you go home and look in the storeroom, and I reckon you 'll find them there," — which would end the transaction, certainly, but was not likely to make a "corner" in spermaceti. Did Widow Lester come in, and, after casting a hungry, humble look about the place, deprecatingly ask for "rice, two pounds, and never mind about the weevil," or the red herrings and corn meal on which she chiefly nourished her orphan brood of six, what did Mr. Butterfield do but give her four pounds of the best "Carolina," and perhaps a string of fresh fish, and always a parcel of something as "a little extry." But when the judge bought his month's stores of "goodies" of all kinds, Mr. Butterfield was severe with his weights and balances, though always careful to stick to market prices in his charges. "The rich is them that ought to pay, mother, for the poor's victuals, and I know when and where to skimp, — well, not *skimp*, either, but *even up*, — and when and where to throw in and not see good," he would say to his wife, his head on one side and his mouth rigidly focused over his scales.

As to children, it was preposterous, or would have been to the hard-fisted, to see Mr. Butterfield's dealings with them in the guise of a business transaction. "Take this box of figs and go 'long, honey, go 'long home; your ma 's done sent here twict already this morning fur yer. Take your five cents, too, Looisy; there ain't room in the till for no more silver." Some inveterate youthful habitué of the place falling asleep here or there, on bale or box, on warm days, Mr. Butterfield would carry the child into the back bedroom and lay him on his own bed, put a net over him to keep the flies from "pestering" him, and tip back to the store, leaving him to enjoy a comfortable nap. Several times in every season, when the skies were cloudy and the weather "just right," Mr. Butterfield, who loved a boy and loved to fish, would shut up the store, and go off with "the youngsters" down the valley to catch bass; and customers, coming to the shop door to buy something much needed, would find the stout green planks adorned with no weak explanation of that gentleman's defection. Butterfield's belonged to Mr. Butterfield, and not to the public; to go or to come was the inherent right of a citizen generally public-spirited enough to be a fixture behind his counter, but quite at liberty to leave it if he were so disposed.

Somehow nobody ever dreamed of taking offense, much less of resenting these commercial eccentricities. Mrs. Perkins, one of the first ladies of the place, would cheerfully wait two weeks for something that Mr. Butterfield was "out of" rather than buy elsewhere; and all the "regulars," to a woman, showed the most delicate consideration for Mr. Butterfield's feelings. When his jars and boxes began to run low, they would apologetically ask for "barely enough to get along with" until his supplies should be replenished, and would actually blush if, by some thoughtless order, the very last fig was torn from the drum, and the bareness of Butterfield's stood revealed to the scoffer of the opposition, a patron of Lecky's.

Little Miss Bradley, whose grandmother had "bought everything at Butterfield's," always got near-sighted when anything went wrong there, and turned her back on empty barrels as if they had been so many parvenues, and "would not lower herself so far" as to try in tea the molasses bought there, as her friend Miss Mastin (of the opposition) strongly advised. Both these ladies lived at the other end of the town, and usually came down together in the car, a lumbering ex-omnibus, that crawled down the main street at somewhere about the same time every day. There were people who complained that it did not run oftener and faster, but they were strangers, and mostly from the North. Slumborough folks were quite content with it. Its pace was the pace of Slumborough, indeed, and suited them perfectly; for it would certainly have been most disconcerting to go rushing along on general and absurd principles, simply in order to get over so much ground in a given time. It was altogether more convenient for Miss Bradley to doze comfortably on through the outskirts, and when the principal thoroughfare was reached to call out to the driver, "Are those sweet potatoes at Finlay's? Get off, will you not, if you please, Hobson, and let me know the price?" When he returned she would quietly make up her mind about the potatoes, and either get off with Cynthia (a small maid with a big basket, and a very long and very white pinafore buttoned up the back, the sole attendant of Miss Bradley) and make her purchases (the car waiting the while), or decline to do so, saying, "Hobson, they look frost-bitten; you can go on, thank you." It often happened that Cynthia would waylay the car, as it were, later in the day, on a return trip, and would shake her kinky locks at Hobson threateningly if he showed symptoms of moving on after fifteen minutes' or so vain attendance on

Miss Bradley, protesting, "You ain't goin' widout Miss Ellen, is you? Don't you know she takes dis here car always? She 's just gone round home a minute to see her ma, and den to see 'bout gittin' my shoes and to buy some sponge cake for supper; she 'll be along presently." And sure enough, presently Miss Bradley would come in sight, and advancing at her usual pace would climb up the step with Hobson's assistance, saying, "I 'm afraid I have kept you waiting, Hobson. I am obliged to you." To this he would reply, "Lor', no, ma'am, you ain't! I give Bill and Bob [the horses] a bite, and I ain't pressed for time;" while the passengers would all hasten with one accord to assure the dear little lady that they also had not minded in the least, and were not pressed for time either. It was one of the beauties of Slumborough that everybody had as much time as the patriarchs, and had nothing to do that interfered with everybody's being always perfectly courteous to everybody else.

There were occasions when Mr. Butterfield's views as to times and seasons were fully as placid, and opposed to anything like slavish observance of routine or unseemly haste. In the spring, for instance, when he was deeply interested in a small garden at the back of his lot, which he cultivated himself, nothing made him so angry as to be summoned by his wife to wait on a customer; and if it turned out to be a man, he would say, "What kind of a sort of a feller air you, anyway, to come asking for herrings, with my peas waiting to be stuck?" or (after ascertaining his sex) would keep him waiting for half an hour, while he transplanted his tomatoes in a leisurely fashion, and shaded them from the sun. Everything planted in "Uncle Jo's" garden throve and flourished. (It was as "Uncle Jo" that he was known to half of Slumborough.) Everything that he touched succeeded, during these years of plenty, and trouble or want of any kind seemed only the shadow, seen in other lives, of a brilliant prosperity attending everybody connected with Butterfield's.

Yet trouble there was, and to spare, ahead of them all; though on the surface it would have appeared that hearts and lives like theirs, so innocent, so kindly, so useful, would present no target for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It came with the war, that fruitful source of all manner of woes for all manner of people. Mr. Butterfield had no more military spirit or fire in him, to begin with, than one of his own firkins. The whole political situation, indeed, with him, resolved itself into saving Butterfield's, not the country. For six months the milky sweetness of Uncle Jo's thoughts was curdled by a grave and painful doubt. Ought he to go into the army, or ought he to stick to the "sto'"? That was the question. But when man after man of his acquaintance, friend after friend, neighbor after neighbor, caught the fever; when people took to hinting that he was "able-bodied," and talked scornfully of "stay-at-homes," and wanted to know what he gave his substitute "to get killed for him;" when his minister asked him earnestly if he was doing his duty by his home and his country, this doubt became a sad burden, and assumed every shape that a question could. Was he letting other men give their lives for Jinny and little Jo and Butterfield's, while he stayed at home and made money? Was he a coward? Was he doing his duty? At last this mildest and least bloodthirsty of men could stand it no longer. He shut up the store for a day, and gave out that he had gone fishing. He went out into the country, and lay down behind a haystack flat on his back, looking up into the sky for more hours than he ever realized; and when he arose and dusted himself off, that afternoon, and removed telltale straws lest they should show which way the wind had blown, he had come to a conclusion. He announced it that even-

ing to his wife, in tones not in the least like those of Boanerges, Son of Thunder.

"Mother," said he, "don't you say a word. It won't be no use. I'm settled, and bent, and determinated. I'm going to this here war, though I ain't no soldier, and you 've got to carry on Butterfield's."

"My sakes alive! have you gone plum crazy, Jo? *Me* carry on Butterfield's!" she shrieked, feeling as if the universe had suddenly been handed over to her to "carry on."

But that was just what he had meant, and he declined to discuss the subject of his plans with her. That very night he drew up a sort of Code Butterfield for the regulation and continuation of the business, and two days later volunteered to go with the Slumborough Guards to the front, before his wife had sufficiently recovered from her amazement to combat vigorously such an extraordinary resolution. His last words to her were not much like those accredited to the world's heroes, but they would have done no discredit to any of them, for they were the words of an honest man.

"Mother," said he, with his arms around his boy, while his comrades waited at the door, "do you always give 'em the worth of their money every time. Good goods at fair prices is what it 's always been at Butterfield's; and *ef* I was to die, I could n't rest in my grave if I thought there was a mite of sand in a single pound of sugar sold over this counter, or a bar'l of flour wheeled over that there doorsill that warn't sugar-house Looisiany. And don't you never go distressing of the poor, — remember; nor troubling them that ain't got it to pay, — that ain't Butterfield's; nor keeping open on Sundays, — that ain't Butterfield's; nor falling low in qualities, nor skimping in quantities, — that ain't Butterfield's. And if I never come back, bring up Jo, here, to know what Butterfield's has been, and always was, and always has got to be. . . . Good-by, now, Jinny. I 've got my orders, and you 've got yours. Go 'long with your ma, now, Jo."

To this his wife made copious answers, weeping the while, and vowing fidelity and obedience as solemnly as she did on the day of her marriage.

With Mr. Butterfield's career as a soldier we have nothing whatever to do, except to say that he did his duty in a way scarcely to have been expected of a man of his peaceful character, training, and occupation. And his wife did hers. She bought, and sold, and baked, and cooked, and cleaned, like the faithful, industrious creature that she was, and would have held it a shameful thing not to keep in spirit and letter to the instructions left by her husband. It was not so much the business as the religion of her life to carry them out. She showed tact and skill in her management of things and people, judgment and shrewdness in her purchases, — a whole host of qualities that had lain dormant in her character, overshadowed by the authority of her spouse. If anybody could have "carried on," made, saved, extended, and perfected Butterfield's, it would have been Jane Eliza, the devoted and indefatigable. But alas! and alas again! Eighty-seven times was Slumborough captured and recaptured during the next four years! Five times was Butterfield's raided by friend and foe. The sixth time, Jane, cowardly woman creature that she was, stood in the door with an axe and successfully warded off ruin. Three times was the store set on fire, with other houses in that part of the town, and it was Jane who got help and put out the flames. Over and over again she bolted and barricaded herself and little Joseph in for ten days at a time, until it was safe to take down the shutters.

But luck and pluck, — though they do a great deal and wear through many a rough day, — and even experience hardly

learned, cannot do everything, and so it happened that a soldier succeeded in putting the torch to Butterfield's, one bitter winter's night, and utterly consuming it. Jane, seizing her son by the hand, had barely time to escape before the house fell with a crash that to her was more awful than the fall of an empire. Butterfield's was no more! Half distraught with grief and rage, the poor soul haunted the spot for weeks afterwards, staring at the charred beams and timbers and bricks, poking in the ashes in a vain hope of recovering some of the money that she had left in the till, — something, anything, that might have escaped the flames. The neighbors, many of them oppressed by woes of their own, took pains to draw her from the spot, gave her and her son a shelter, and did what in them lay to soothe and comfort her. But trouble was to be the worthy woman's portion for many a day, for Joseph (now grown a tall lad) was given employment in a cloth-mill, and shortly after was caught in the machinery and killed. His mother never held up her head after this, but was always pitifully repeating, "He left the business and the boy to me, and they are both gone! gone! gone!" Three months later she sickened and died.

So it came about that a battered and tattered veteran, returning with other veterans in no better case to Slumborough after Appomattox, was to find how much harder it is to have a bleeding heart than feet that "track" the snow. He had hopefully, if painfully, hobbled for many a weary mile with blood oozing from the strips of old carpet that served him for shoes, without uttering such a groan of despair as burst from him when he again stood upon the spot that had once been home. Communication between himself and his wife had been interrupted, and he had no knowledge of what had happened. Good husband though he was, and good father, I am bound to say that the thing which brought a sickening sense of collapse, that made his head reel and the world seem as unreal as the smoke of a battlefield, was the fact that Butterfield's was no more. For domestic bereavements his simple mind had perhaps been prepared, but this was Night, Chaos, Anguish!

Honest tears did Mr. Butterfield shed over his wife and son in the Slumborough churchyard, but the bitterest came one day when he stumbled upon a blackened tomato-can among the débris of what had once been the "sto'." Habit, affection, regret, the hopes, pride, illusions, honorable ambitions, and hereditary prejudices of his whole life and the lives of his father and grandfather before him, were all in that can, and his hands shook as he picked it up and looked at it with tragic intentness, then flung it from him, and fell upon the earth, with his face in the ashes of what had constituted his world. He was still lying there, when old Mrs. Nicodemus, leaning on her stick, came slowly by, and stopped to see what such a sight might mean.

"Get up, Joseph, get up from there, and come along home with me; I 'm feeble and need help," she said, with her woman's wit in such matters not in the least dulled by age. "I don't know what 's come to me; I 've very near fell twice this week, and three times last. People are always telling me to give over going about; but how 'd they like it, is what I say. Give me your arm; no, not this side, the other side, man!" And pretending to make of him a prop, this artful, kindly old granny bore off the defeated and despairing one to her tiny cottage, and forthwith announced one thing: "You 're to live here with me, Joseph, and take care of me, till my son that you was brought up with, and has been friends with you all your life, comes home. And I don't mean to keep you long; mercy, I ain't a fool! You 'll get the money somehow, and build the sto' up again before long, and have to mind it, of course; but not too soon, if I am

asked to give my say, for I won't be left alone, and I tell you that flat, with no pardons asked. Why don't you get me a chair? Don't you see me standing here? When I was young, old people did n't have to beg and pray for chairs to be given them; they was offered. Hang up your hat on that nail, Joseph, and make up the fire, and we 'll have a bite of something together; and that little place next ain't much more than a cupboard, but I reckon you 've slept in worse in the army, now ain't you? And I 'll make you comfortable."

Thus taken possession of, and comforted, and bullied, and encouraged, as a man never is or can be except by a woman of the right sort, poor Uncle Jo gave a meek sigh and did as he was bid; and presently he was drinking some coffee, — yes, and enjoying it, too, — and the despairing mood of the morning was gone, and life had again become — possible. A new motive power had been put into him: Butterfield's should be rebuilt. All was not lost, and he had still something to live for; consideration of ways and means he left to the future.

After this came a short season of healing quiet and comfort, in which it often seemed to the old soldier as if he were again a child, and Mother Nicodemus, peremptory, benevolent, full of all kindly care and thought for him, the mother whom he dimly remembered. He called her "Mother Nicodemus," and for her he never was or could be more than six years old, — the age at which she had first made his acquaintance. But all the same he had no better friend, and kinder treatment of a different sort would not have been half as good for him; her bark was indeed just the tonic that he most needed, mixed as it was with a real tenderness for him. Her bright old eyes were not long in discovering that he would relapse into his melancholy if he long remained dependent upon her bounty. So after much thought she concluded, one day, to consult her lifelong patron, Miss Bradley. The very next time that Miss Bradley came to see her, therefore, she essayed to speak, although it was not an easy task. Fluent and even aggressive with her equals, she had a respect so great for her "betters" that, beyond rising and curtsying repeatedly and receiving their orders, she generally preserved a silence that made them consider her "a most respectful and self-respecting quiet creature." She was just tying on her plain poke bonnet (guiltless of plumes and flowers) to go to Wednesday afternoon service, when Miss Bradley came to the door.

It was while they were discussing a new set of caps for Miss Bradley, which were to have rosettes in front, but "not too high, for that would look positively fast, I fear," that Mrs. Nicodemus introduced the matter of Butterfield's; for she had it in mind to resurrect that commercial Phœnix somehow through Miss Bradley's influence. That lady was now in an enviable position, for Slumborough; that is, a few thousand dollars had been invested for her before the war, in Baltimore, and she was consequently enjoying a small but fixed and fairly comfortable income.

"Something must be done, I quite agree with you, Mrs. Nicodemus; it will never do to let Butterfield's be wiped out by the Federals," she answered, as if "the late unnatural and fratricidal" had been inaugurated and pursued solely with a view to the annihilation of that establishment. "Yes, something shall be done. It shall indeed, I assure you. I have no control of my money; my nephew in Baltimore manages everything for me. But there must be something that I can do, and I shall most certainly take the matter up, and see if I cannot put it before our leading families in a way that will insure action. Make the frills full at the back, if you please, Mrs. Nicodemus. Cynthia does not mind the trouble of getting them up, and is quite vexed if they are so plain as to be unbecoming.

And she thought two lilac ribbons of different shades for the morning-caps would look well."

The little old lady pattered away home, her mind full of her new mission; and for many a day afterward she found pretty employment in it. But just then the leading families were having very hard work of it to restore their own waste places and altars. After much correspondence with the hard-headed nephew in Baltimore, who would not let her give any of her own money, she one day bethought herself of a certain Colonel Jackson. Miss Bradley was a good Southerner and a loyal one, but she was a better Christian, and this had led her to take into her house and nurse a wounded Federal officer, of whom she was wont to say, "Of course it is very sad, his being a Federal, but we should remember that our place of birth, our youthful associations, and the prejudices of a whole community will affect any man's nature, however just and upright, and warp it from the truth. I have no doubt that Illinois is a highly respectable State; it was once a part of Virginia. And I will say that he has, under trying circumstances, ever comported himself like the true gentleman. And so he has become my valued Friend." Miss Bradley seemed always to talk in capitals, like one of Bulwer's essays.

To the misguided colonel, then, with whom she had preserved an affectionate relation, Miss Bradley poured out her plaint, in spite of Cynthia, grown the real ruler of the house, a benevolent despot, who interested herself in all that her *soi-disant* mistress did.

"He ain't gwine give you nothin' for no white man, Miss Ellen," said Cynthia. "He 's one er dem Bobolitionists. You tell him it 's to edgercate *me*, and den you 'll git some *sure;* and den you kin spend it to suit yerself. You ain't smart, Miss Ria!"

"I, a Bradley, tell a deliberate falsehood! I get money under false pretenses!" exclaimed Miss Bradley, aghast at this result of all her efforts to make Cynthia "respectable" and "high-principled." "Leave my presence, Cynthia! Go!"

"If she had set her heart on restoring Kenilworth, the dear old lady could not write in a more historical, poetical, plaintive vein," thought the colonel, when he got Miss Bradley's lengthy appeal. "But since she has asked a kindness of me — for the first time" —

Well, Miss Bradley got her checque; and upstairs, in a secret compartment of an ancient chest of drawers, though no one knew it, Miss Bradley had some gold that helped matters on. In a month, a little building, half house and half shanty, fitted for a store and having a sort of shed attachment at the back, was put up. It is hard to say whether Miss Bradley, or Mrs. Nicodemus, or Uncle Jo was the happiest for seeing it there! Butterfield's *redivivus!* It was a great, a delicious moment for them all. Miss Bradley was so afraid of being thanked that she scuttled off home as soon as she had given up the key. Cynthia was not so precipitate. She stayed behind and filched a basket of eatables from the counter.

Mrs. Nicodemus talked over the great possibilities of the place, seated on an inverted lime-bucket left by the workmen, and Uncle Jo laughed out for the first time since Appomattox. They sang Miss Bradley's praises, antiphonally, with all their hearts, to Cynthia's Selah, "Dat's so!"

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

STRIVINGS OF THE NEGRO PEOPLE.

Between me and the other world there is ever an unasked question: unasked by some through feelings of delicacy; by others through the difficulty of rightly framing it. All, nevertheless, flutter round it. They approach me in a half-hesitant sort of way, eye me curiously or compassionately, and then, instead of saying directly, How does it feel to be a problem? they say, I know an excellent colored man in my town; or, I fought at Mechanicsville; or, Do not these Southern outrages make your blood boil? At these I smile, or am interested, or reduce the boiling to a simmer, as the occasion may require. To the real question, How does it feel to be a problem? I answer seldom a word.

And yet, being a problem is a strange experience, — peculiar even for one who has never been anything else, save perhaps in babyhood and in Europe. It is in the early days of rollicking boyhood that the revelation first bursts upon one, all in a day, as it were. I remember well when the shadow swept across me. I was a little thing, away up in the hills of New England, where the dark Housatonic winds between Hoosac and Taghanic to the sea. In a wee wooden schoolhouse, something put it into the boys' and girls' heads to buy gorgeous visiting-cards — ten cents a package — and exchange. The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card, — refused it peremptorily, with a glance. Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different from the others; or like, mayhap, in heart and life and longing, but shut out from their world by a vast veil. I had thereafter no desire to tear down that veil, to creep through; I held all beyond it in common contempt, and lived above it in a region of blue sky and great wandering shadows. That sky was bluest when I could beat my mates at examination-time, or beat them at a foot-race, or even beat their stringy heads. Alas, with the years all this fine contempt began to fade; for the world I longed for, and all its dazzling opportunities, were theirs, not mine. But they should not keep these prizes, I said; some, all, I would wrest from them. Just how I would do it I could never decide: by reading law, by healing the sick, by telling the wonderful tales that swam in my head, — some way. With other black boys the strife was not so fiercely sunny: their youth shrunk into tasteless sycophancy, or into silent hatred of the pale world about them and mocking distrust of everything white; or wasted itself in a bitter cry, Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The "shades of the prison-house" closed round about us all: walls strait and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall, and unscalable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly watch the streak of blue above.

After the Egyptian and Indian, the Greek and Roman, the Teuton and Mongolian, the Negro is a sort of seventh son, born with a veil, and gifted with second-sight in this American world, — a world which yields him no self-consciousness, but only lets him see himself through the revelation of the other world. It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his two-ness, — an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder.

The history of the American Negro is the history of this strife, — this longing to attain self-conscious manhood, to merge his double self into a better and truer self. In this merging he wishes neither of the older selves to be lost. He does not wish to Africanize America, for America has too much to teach the world and Africa; he does not wish to bleach his Negro blood in a flood of white Americanism, for he believes — foolishly, perhaps, but fervently — that Negro blood has yet a message for the world. He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American without being cursed and spit upon by his fellows, without losing the opportunity of self-development.

This is the end of his striving: to be a co-worker in the kingdom of culture, to escape both death and isolation, and to husband and use his best powers. These powers, of body and of mind, have in the past been so wasted and dispersed as to lose all effectiveness, and to seem like absence of all power, like weakness. The double-aimed struggle of the black artisan, on the one hand to escape white contempt for a nation of mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, and on the other hand to plough and nail and dig for a poverty-stricken horde, could only result in making him a poor craftsman, for he had but half a heart in either cause. By the poverty and ignorance of his people the Negro lawyer or doctor was pushed toward quackery and demagogism, and by the criticism of the other world toward an elaborate preparation that overfitted him for his lowly tasks. The would-be black savant was confronted by the paradox that the knowledge his people needed was a twice-told tale to his white neighbors, while the knowledge which would teach the white world was Greek to his own flesh and blood. The innate love of harmony and beauty that set the ruder souls of his people a-dancing, a-singing, and a-laughing raised but confusion and doubt in the soul of the black artist; for the beauty revealed to him was the soul-beauty of a race which his larger audience despised, and he could not articulate the message of another people.

This waste of double aims, this seeking to satisfy two unreconciled ideals, has wrought sad havoc with the courage and faith and deeds of eight thousand thousand people, has sent them often wooing false gods and invoking false means of salvation, and has even at times seemed destined to make them ashamed of themselves. In the days of bondage they thought to see in one divine event the end of all doubt and disappointment; eighteenth-century Rousseauism never worshiped freedom with half the unquestioning faith that the American Negro did for two centuries. To him slavery was, indeed, the sum of all villainies, the cause of all sorrow, the root of all prejudice; emancipation was the key to a promised land of sweeter beauty than ever stretched before the eyes of wearied Israelites. In his songs and exhortations swelled one refrain, liberty; in his tears and curses the god he implored had freedom in his right hand. At last it came, — suddenly, fearfully, like a dream. With one wild carnival of blood and passion came the message in his own plaintive cadences: —

> "Shout, O children!
> Shout, you 're free!
> The Lord has bought your liberty!"

Years have passed away, ten, twenty, thirty. Thirty years of national life, thirty years of renewal and development, and yet the swarthy ghost of Banquo sits in its old place at the national feast. In vain does the nation cry to its vastest problem, —

> "Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble!"

The freedman has not yet found in freedom his promised land. Whatever of lesser good may have come in these years of change, the shadow of a deep disappointment rests upon the Negro people,

— a disappointment all the more bitter because the unattained ideal was unbounded save by the simple ignorance of a lowly folk.

The first decade was merely a prolongation of the vain search for freedom, the boon that seemed ever barely to elude their grasp, — like a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp, maddening and misleading the headless host. The holocaust of war, the terrors of the Kuklux Klan, the lies of carpet-baggers, the disorganization of industry, and the contradictory advice of friends and foes left the bewildered serf with no new watchword beyond the old cry for freedom. As the decade closed, however, he began to grasp a new idea. The ideal of liberty demanded for its attainment powerful means, and these the Fifteenth Amendment gave him. The ballot, which before he had looked upon as a visible sign of freedom, he now regarded as the chief means of gaining and perfecting the liberty with which war had partially endowed him. And why not? Had not votes made war and emancipated millions? Had not votes enfranchised the freedmen? Was anything impossible to a power that had done all this? A million black men started with renewed zeal to vote themselves into the kingdom. The decade fled away, — a decade containing, to the freedman's mind, nothing but suppressed votes, stuffed ballot-boxes, and election outrages that nullified his vaunted right of suffrage. And yet that decade from 1875 to 1885 held another powerful movement, the rise of another ideal to guide the unguided, another pillar of fire by night after a clouded day. It was the ideal of "book-learning;" the curiosity, born of compulsory ignorance, to know and test the power of the cabalistic letters of the white man, the longing to know. Mission and night schools began in the smoke of battle, ran the gauntlet of reconstruction, and at last developed into permanent foundations. Here at last seemed to have been discovered the mountain path to Canaan; longer than the highway of emancipation and law, steep and rugged, but straight, leading to heights high enough to overlook life.

Up the new path the advance guard toiled, slowly, heavily, doggedly; only those who have watched and guided the faltering feet, the misty minds, the dull understandings, of the dark pupils of these schools know how faithfully, how piteously, this people strove to learn. It was weary work. The cold statistician wrote down the inches of progress here and there, noted also where here and there a foot had slipped or some one had fallen. To the tired climbers, the horizon was ever dark, the mists were often cold, the Canaan was always dim and far away. If, however, the vistas disclosed as yet no goal, no resting-place, little but flattery and criticism, the journey at least gave leisure for reflection and self-examination; it changed the child of emancipation to the youth with dawning self-consciousness, self-realization, self-respect. In those sombre forests of his striving his own soul rose before him, and he saw himself, — darkly as through a veil; and yet he saw in himself some faint revelation of his power, of his mission. He began to have a dim feeling that, to attain his place in the world, he must be himself, and not another. For the first time he sought to analyze the burden he bore upon his back, that dead-weight of social degradation partially masked behind a half-named Negro problem. He felt his poverty; without a cent, without a home, without land, tools, or savings, he had entered into competition with rich, landed, skilled neighbors. To be a poor man is hard, but to be a poor race in a land of dollars is the very bottom of hardships. He felt the weight of his ignorance, — not simply of letters, but of life, of business, of the humanities; the accumulated sloth and shirking and awkwardness of decades and centuries shackled his hands and feet. Nor was

his burden all poverty and ignorance. The red stain of bastardy, which two centuries of systematic legal defilement of Negro women had stamped upon his race, meant not only the loss of ancient African chastity, but also the hereditary weight of a mass of filth from white whoremongers and adulterers, threatening almost the obliteration of the Negro home.

A people thus handicapped ought not to be asked to race with the world, but rather allowed to give all its time and thought to its own social problems. But alas! while sociologists gleefully count his bastards and his prostitutes, the very soul of the toiling, sweating black man is darkened by the shadow of a vast despair. Men call the shadow prejudice, and learnedly explain it as the natural defense of culture against barbarism, learning against ignorance, purity against crime, the "higher" against the "lower" races. To which the Negro cries Amen! and swears that to so much of this strange prejudice as is founded on just homage to civilization, culture, righteousness, and progress he humbly bows and meekly does obeisance. But before that nameless prejudice that leaps beyond all this he stands helpless, dismayed, and well-nigh speechless; before that personal disrespect and mockery, the ridicule and systematic humiliation, the distortion of fact and wanton license of fancy, the cynical ignoring of the better and boisterous welcoming of the worse, the all-pervading desire to inculcate disdain for everything black, from Toussaint to the devil, — before this there rises a sickening despair that would disarm and discourage any nation save that black host to whom "discouragement" is an unwritten word.

They still press on, they still nurse the dogged hope, — not a hope of nauseating patronage, not a hope of reception into charmed social circles of stock-jobbers, pork-packers, and earl-hunters, but the hope of a higher synthesis of civilization and humanity, a true progress, with which the chorus "Peace, good will to men,"

> "May make one music as before,
> But vaster."

Thus the second decade of the American Negro's freedom was a period of conflict, of inspiration and doubt, of faith and vain questionings, of *Sturm und Drang*. The ideals of physical freedom, of political power, of school training, as separate all-sufficient panaceas for social ills, became in the third decade dim and overcast. They were the vain dreams of credulous race childhood; not wrong, but incomplete and over-simple. The training of the schools we need to-day more than ever, — the training of deft hands, quick eyes and ears, and the broader, deeper, higher culture of gifted minds. The power of the ballot we need in sheer self-defense, and as a guarantee of good faith. We may misuse it, but we can scarce do worse in this respect than our whilom masters. Freedom, too, the long-sought, we still seek, — the freedom of life and limb, the freedom to work and think. Work, culture, and liberty, — all these we need, not singly, but together; for to-day these ideals among the Negro people are gradually coalescing, and finding a higher meaning in the unifying ideal of race, — the ideal of fostering the traits and talents of the Negro, not in opposition to, but in conformity with, the greater ideals of the American republic, in order that some day, on American soil, two world races may give each to each those characteristics which both so sadly lack. Already we come not altogether empty-handed: there is to-day no true American music but the sweet wild melodies of the Negro slave; the American fairy tales are Indian and African; we are the sole oasis of simple faith and reverence in a dusty desert of dollars and smartness. Will America be poorer if she replace her brutal, dyspeptic blundering with the light-hearted but determined Negro humility; or her coarse, cruel wit with lov-

ing, jovial good humor; or her Annie Rooney with Steal Away?

Merely a stern concrete test of the underlying principles of the great republic is the Negro problem, and the spiritual striving of the freedmen's sons is the travail of souls whose burden is almost beyond the measure of their strength, but who bear it in the name of an historic race, in the name of this the land of their fathers' fathers, and in the name of human opportunity.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

WITHIN THE WALLS.

On the green lawn in front of the white stone hospital a man stood leaning against a tree. Beside him, on the grass, stretched out in one of the cradle-like couches used for sunning the patients, lay a white-robed figure, which might have belonged to either sex, had it not been for the smoothness of the pallid cheeks and the long black hair spread tangled on the pillow.

"So you are all well again," the woman said languidly. "Does your knee hurt you at all?"

"Not much," the man answered lightly; "and it would n't be well even by now," he continued, smiling, "if you had n't been here to put me in such excellent spirits when we enjoyed the sun together."

"It has been a very pleasant time for me also," the woman said. "I don't think I shall ever have as pleasant a one again. The doctor does n't give me very much time, so if it does come, it will have to be soon."

She spoke despondently, in even tones, as though what she said had been so often the subject of her thoughts that it had ceased to retain her interest, and remained merely the cold, inevitable fact against which, she had learned long ago, it did no good to complain.

"Oh, come, come," he said cheeringly, "it is n't as bad as that. You 'll be out of here in less than six weeks."

"No, I 'm afraid not," the woman answered, slightly shaking her head. "But thank you all the same." She stopped as she looked up at him, and saw in his eyes the expression of deep concern. "Don't bother about me, please," she continued quickly; "there are other things outside — those things you told me about — that will need all your attention. So tell me, when do you go?"

"This afternoon."

"This — Why, how glad I am!"

She tried to laugh, to make him think she was; and in its purpose the laugh succeeded, for the man, suddenly aroused to interest in the active life he was soon to resume after his two months' idleness, rushed eagerly ahead in his plans and prospects away to an after-life. The woman listened dejectedly, running her finger in a careless way along a fold in the covering sheet. The man broke off abruptly in the midst of his grand career.

"There," he said, "I tire you; and besides, it is time for me to be going."

He reached down and held her hand for a moment.

"I — I wish you luck," she said slowly.

When he had walked away a few steps, he turned with a sudden impulse and came back to her.

"I thought you might like these. My brother brought them to me this morning."

As he spoke, he took from his buttonhole a small bunch of violets and handed them to her with a bow of laughing gallantry. A light tinge of color showed in her cheeks as she took them from him,

and again he started to walk across the grass toward the gate.

And she, lying behind in her narrow wooden bed, looked sadly over the curve of her pillow at the slow-moving figure of the man. When at last he disappeared through the gateway, she still gazed after him for several minutes, as though he were yet there; then she turned her eyes to the bunch of purple flowers she held, and brushed their heads back lightly with her hand.

Not until then, with the lonesomeness of her own poor existence fresh upon her, did she realize that he had gone, — gone into that outer world where she would never follow. During the last few weeks, with him to talk to and amuse her, she had at times almost forgotten her pitiful condition in the little pleasure it afforded, and had grown to regard her afternoon sunning as the one bright spot in the weary day. He had so often lain beside her there in the sun, and sat beside her when he was better, that half involuntarily she moved her head, as if to nod back her appreciation of some bright jest or compliment, only to see the empty lawn stretching clear to the hospital wall.

But even in its emptiness it was yet the place where she had laughed with him from pure happiness alone, and she smiled faintly at the leaves above her as she thought of being brought out here day after day, until — until that time, so near at hand, when it would be necessary no longer.

"Come," said a soft voice, "it is time for you to go in."

The woman looked up quickly into the nurse's face.

"Can't I stay here a little longer?" she asked. "I should like to very much."

"But it 's growing damp, and it 's bad for you."

"Bad for me?" the woman said slowly. "Why should that make any difference? It 's all the same in the end, and I want so much to stay."

The nurse seemed puzzled for an instant, but seeing the flowers in the wasted hand she nodded her head quietly as though thinking to herself, and then moved silently away.

So he had gone. The woman wondered if he would ever think of her, now that he was outside the walls: two or three times to-day, perhaps, once to-morrow, and then no more. But to her these last few weeks had been so great a part of the short time she had yet to live, that whereas formerly in her sickness her memories were all of her earlier life, now she would look no farther back than the time when he was there. And so she thought whilst the remembrance lived vivid in her mind, and the long, distorted shadows crawled across the lawn as the sun dropped down behind the hospital.

Then as the afternoon drew to a close she was carried in, and put to bed in her room in the quiet ward.

"I think," she said wearily to the nurse, "I 'll go to sleep. I don't care for any supper to-night." She finished speaking with her eyes already closed, and as unconsciousness stole upon her and her breathing softened down, the hand that was holding the violets relaxed, letting the flowers fall scattered to the floor.

When the nurse, a half-hour later, came in and saw them lying there, she gathered them deftly, and stuck them, one by one, in the grasp of the half-closed, sleeping fingers.

Guy H. Scull.

OUT OF BONDAGE.

I.

Friend Lemuel Varney urged his well-conditioned but tired mare along the highway with a more impatient voice than he was wont to use; for the track was heavy with the deep, unbeaten snow of a recent storm, and Lemuel was in a hurry to deliver an article of value which had been entrusted to his care. Except that the article was somewhat bulky, nothing could have been guessed of its character from the irregular rounded form vaguely shown by the buffalo skin which covered it and the legs of the driver, — and for the latter it left none too much room in the ample bread-tray-shaped body of the sleigh. The high back of this conveyance hid from rearward observation all the contents except Lemuel's head, over which was drawn, for the protection of his ears, a knit woolen cap of un-Quakerly red, — a flagrant breach of discipline which was atoned for by the broad brim and the hard discomfort of the drab beaver hat which surmounted and overshadowed it.

The light of the brief winter day, further abbreviated by a cloudy sky, was fading, and the pallid dusk of the longer night was creeping over the landscape; blurring the crests of woodlands against the sky, blending their nearer borders with the dimmed whiteness of the fields, and turning stacks, barns, and isolated groups of trees to vague, undistinguishable blots upon the fields, whose fences trailed away into obscurity.

Friend Lemuel carefully scanned the wayside for landmarks by which to note his progress, but looked more anxiously behind when the jingle of sleigh-bells approaching from that direction struck his ear. It was a pleasant and cheerful discord of high and low pitched tones of Boston bells, but it seemed to have a disquieting effect upon his accustomed placidity.

"There comes the stage, sure enough. I did hope I could git tu where we turn off tu Zeb'lon's afore it come along," he said, with some show of irritation, and not quite as if speaking to himself or to the mare, which he now addressed as he vigorously shook the reins: "Do git up, thee jade, why don't thee? I say for it, if I had a whip, I should be almost tempted tu snap it at thee. But I know thee 's tired, poor creatur', and I had n't ort tu blame thee, if I be tried."

In response to the threat or the expression of sympathy the mare mended her pace, as Lemuel cast another glance behind and saw the stage and its four horses, vaguely defined, moving briskly down the descending road. He slightly raised the edge of the buffalo, and, bending toward it, said in a low voice, "Thee 'd better fill thyself up with fresh air as quick as thee can, for the stage is comin', and I shall have tu cover thee pretty clust till it gits past."

There was a slight movement under the robe, but nothing became visible except some quickly recurring puffs of vapor steaming out upon the cold air. After a moment Lemuel replaced the robe and gave it a cautionary pat. "Now thee must keep clust, for there 's no tellin' who may be a-lookin' at us out o' that stage."

The stage-sleigh, roofed and curtained, was close behind him, the muffled driver shouting imperative orders to the private conveyance to get out of the road. Lemuel pulled his mare out of the track at some risk of a capsize, for the packing of successive snowfalls had raised the beaten path considerably above the general level of the road.

"Git aout o' the road, ol' stick-in-the-mud!" the driver called, as his horses

came to a walk and the merry jangle of the bells fell to a soberer chime.

"Thee 'll hafter give me a little time," Lemuel urged mildly; "it 's consid'able sidelin', an' I dare say, if thee had a bag of pertaters in thy sleigh, thee would n't want 'em upsot in the snow, this cold night."

"Oh, blast your 'taters!" the other said. "What 's 'taters compared tu the United States mail I 've got under my laigs?" And then, in better humor as the bread-tray sleigh, after a ponderous tilt, regained its equilibrium, "There, I c'n git by naow, if ye 'll take off your hat an' turn it up aidgeways. Say," continuing his banter in a tone intended only for the Quaker's ear, as he leaned toward him from his lofty perch and cast a scrutinizing glance upon the sleigh, "your 'taters hain't niggertoes, be they?"

Lemuel gave an involuntary upward look of surprise, but answered quietly, as the driver touched the leaders with his long lash and the heavy passenger sleigh swept past, "No; long Johns."

He was chuckling inwardly at the hidden meaning of his ready answer, as the mare climbed the bank to regain the track at a steeper place than she had left it, when the lurching sleigh lost its balance and turned over upon its side, tumbling out all its contents into the snow. Lemuel was upon his feet almost instantly, holding up the frightened mare with a steady hand and soothing her with a gentle voice, while the buffalo robe seemed imbued with sudden life, tossing and heaving in strange commotion as a smothered, alarmed voice issued from it: "'Fore de Lawd, marse, is we done busted?" and then the voice broke in a racking cough.

"Keep quiet, John," Friend Lemuel said in a low tone, "an' git behind the sleigh as quick as thee can. The stage hain't out o' sight." As he righted the sleigh, a tall, stalwart negro, creeping from under the robe, took shelter behind the high back till the path was regained, and then resumed his place and was again covered by the robe.

"'Fore de Lawd, Marse Varney," he whispered hoarsely, venturing his head a little above the robe, "I was dat skeered I 's jus' shook to pieces."

"John," exclaimed Lemuel, with severity, "thee must n't call me or any other man 'master,' as I 've told thee more than once. I am thy friend and brother, and thee must n't call me anything else."

"'Pears like I could n't get useter dat away, nohow, Marse Frien' Varney."

"But thee will," said Lemuel decidedly, "when thee gets used tu the fact that thee is thy own master, with no one over thee but thy heavenly Father, the Lord and Master of the highest and the lowest of mortals. Now take a doste of this hive surrup an' cover up thy head, for this cold air won't help thy cough a mite." So saying, he drew forth a vial from the inner breast pocket of his tight-fitting surtout and held it to the negro's lips, then covered his head carefully, and urged forward the tired mare.

II.

"What was it you were saying to that old chap about niggahs?" asked a dark, keen-eyed man who shared the box with the stage driver.

"Niggers? Oh, niggertoes was what I said," the driver laughed, and went on to explain: "That 's the name of a kin' o' 'taters they hev raound here. Pooty good kind o' 'taters they be, tew, — good yielders, an' cook up mealy; but some folks spleen agin 'em 'caount o' the' bein' black, but I don't. I 've knowed some tol'able dark-complected folks — yes, rael niggers — 'at was pooty good sorter folks."

"Co'se," assented the passenger. "Niggahs are all right in their place. I would n't object to ownin' a hundred likely boys."

"Wal," considered the driver, "I do' know ezackly 'baout ownin' so many folks. One 's 'baout all I c'n manage, an' he 's gin me consid'able trouble sen I come of age. Ownin' other folks kin' o' goes agin my Yankee grain." Hearing no answer, he recurred to the opening of the conversation: "That was ol' Uncle Lem Varney, an' I was jes' a-jokin' on him a leetle. They say 'at he hes dealin's wi' the undergraoun' railroad, an' I was tryin' tu make him think 'at I s'mised he hed a runaway nigger 'n under his buffalo, but I hed n't no sech a idee."

The traveler turned in his seat and looked back interestedly, while the driver continued: —

"I do' know 's I should keer if he hed, fer kerryin' that kind o' passengers don't interfere much wi' my business. The' was tew on 'em, though, on my stage las' summer, jest the cutest. One on 'em was as light-complected as what you be, an' a turrible genteel lookin' an' actin' feller, an' he made b'lieve he was master tu t'other one, which he was so black a coal would make a white mark on him; an' they rid right along as grand as Cuffy, nob'dy s'pectin' nothin' till a week arter. Then they was arter 'em hot-foot f'm away daown tu Virginny; but Lord! they was safe beyund Canerdy line days afore."

"And you people gen'ally favor that sort o' thing?" the stranger asked.

"Wal, no, not tu say favor. The gen'al run don't bother 'emselves one way ner t'other, don't help ner hender; an' then agin the' 's some 'at 's mean 'nough tu du anythin' fer pay."

"And they help the niggahs?" suggested the traveler.

"Bless ye, no. They help the ketchers; the' hain't no money in helpin' niggers."

The other only said "H-m-m" in a tone that might imply doubt or assent, and seemed inclined to drop the conversation, and the driver, after mentally wondering for some time, commented, "One of them blasted Southerners." The stranger's speech was unfamiliar, softening the *r*'s too much for a Yankee of the Champlain Valley, and not as deliberately twisting the vowels as a Yankee of any sort does, but giving them an illusive turn that type cannot capture, midway between the nasal drawl of the New Englander and the unctuous roll of the New Yorker.

The lights of a little hamlet began to glimmer along the dusky road, and presently the steaming horses were haloed in the broad glare of the tavern bar-room and came to a halt before the wide stoop, where the bareheaded landlord and lantern-bearing hostlers bustled forth, with a more leisurely following of loungers, to welcome an arrival that lost nothing in interest or importance through semi-daily occurrence.

The driver threw down the mail-bag, tossed the reins to a hostler, and, clambering from his seat, stamped straightway into the bar-room. The landlord opened the door of the coach, and invited the passengers to alight while the horses were changed, — an invitation which was accepted with alacrity by all. He ushered them into the welcome indoor warmth, closed the door behind the last guest, and fell to feeding the fire within the huge box stove with a generous supply of wood. With this clatter and the roar of the opened draught he mingled comments on the weather and words of hospitable intent, and then made the most of the brief time to learn what he might of his guests, whence coming and whither going, according to the custom of landlords in those days, when the country tavern had neither the name nor the register of a hotel.

The outside passenger invited the company to drink at his expense, and every one accepted save a stalwart Washingtonian; for it was before the days of prohibition, when many otherwise goodly people drank unadulterated liquor publicly in Vermont inns, without shame or

fear of subpœnas. The stranger called for Bourbon, to the bewilderment of Landlord Manum.

"Borebone? That must be some furrin drink, suthin' like Bord O, meb-by?" he queried, with a puzzled face, half resentful of a joke.

"Never heard of Boobon whiskey, sir, the best whiskey in the wauld, sir?" asked the stranger.

"Wal, if it 's good whiskey you want, I 've got some Monongerhely 'at 's ten year ol';" and the stranger accepted the compromise with a look of approval, while each of the others, according to taste or predilection, warmed his interior with Medford, Jamaica, gin, brandy, or wine.

Then the driver began to muffle his head in a voluminous comforter and slowly to draw on his gloves, and when he announced, "Stage ready, gentlemen," there was a general exodus of the company, but the outside passenger did not remount to his place.

"Just chuck me my valise. I reckon I 'll stop heah a day or so."

A cylindrical leathern portmanteau, such as was in common use by horseback travelers, was tossed down upon the stoop. The driver tucked himself in, gathered up the reins, cracked his whip, and with a sudden creak the sleigh started on its course and went jangling away into the dusk. The landlord and the hostlers watched it intently, as if to assure themselves of its actual departure; then of one accord retreated from the outer chill into the warmth of the bar-room. The host helped the guest to rid himself of his overcoat and hung it on a hook, where it impartially covered the last summer's advertisements of the Champlain steamers and of a famous Morgan stallion. The three or four remaining idlers resumed their accustomed places. The hostlers diffused an odor of the stable as they divested themselves of their coats and began their ablutions at the corner sink, where a soiled roller towel and the common comb and brush, attached to a nail by a long string, hung on opposite sides of a corrugated little looking-glass. The landlord closed the draught of the stove, subduing its roar to a whisper, and then blew out one of the lights. The other two seemed to burn more dimly, the smoky atmosphere grew heavier, and the room took on again its wonted air of dull expectancy that rarely received a higher realization than the slightly varied excitements of the stage arrivals.

Having performed all other duties, the landlord, who was also postmaster, now took the mail-bag from the floor where it had been tossed and had remained an object of secondary interest, carried it into the office adjoining the bar, and began a deliberate sorting of the mail, curiously watched through the narrow loopholes of the boxes by several of the loungers. The Washingtonian drummed persistently on the window of his box till he was given his copy of the county paper, which he at once began reading, after comfortably seating himself, with legs at full length, on the bunk which was a table by day, a bed by night. Others receiving their papers pocketed them to await more leisurely digestion at home. One who was given an unexpected letter studied the postmark and address a long time, trying to guess from whom it came, and then putting it in his pocket still sat guessing, oblivious of the conversation going on about him.

A traveler who "treated" was one whose acquaintance was worth cultivating by the bar-room loungers, and they had already made some progress in that direction when the landlord's announcement of supper dispersed them reluctantly to their own waiting meals, from which they returned as soon as might be, with reinforcements.

The free-handed stranger gave them to understand that he was a Pennsylvanian, making a winter tour of the North-

ern States and Canada for his own pleasure and enlargement of information, and he quite won their hearts by his generous praise of their State, its thrift, its Morgan horses, its merino sheep, and especially the bracing sub-arctic atmosphere, in which all true Vermonters take pride.

The Washingtonian, still sitting on the bunk, was so absorbed in the county paper, read by the light of the small whale-oil lamp, that he took no part in the conversation till he had finished the last item of news and glanced over the probate notices. Then he laid the paper across his outstretched legs and took off his spectacles, but kept both in hand for the contingency of immediate need, as he remarked, with an inclusive glance of the company, "Wal, it does beat all haow they be a-agitatin' slav'ry, an' what efforts they be a-makin' to diabolish it. They 've ben a-hevin' a anti-slav'ry convention up to Montpelier, an' they raised a turrible rookery an' clean broke it up. I jest ben a-readin' a piece abaout it here in the paper."

"Sarved 'em right," declared a big, burly, red-faced fellow who occupied a place by the stove opposite the stranger. "Blast the cussed Aberlitionists, they 'd ort tu be 'bleeged tu quit meddlin' wi' other folks' business."

"Wal, I do' know," said the reader, laying aside the paper and putting his spectacles into his pocket as he swung his legs off the bunk. "It 's a free country, an' folks has got a right to tell what they think, an' to argy, an' hev the' argyments met wi' argyments. Rotten aigs hain't argyments, Hiel."

"Good 'nough argyments fer cussed nigger-stealin' Aberlitionists," Hiel declared, "a-interferin' wi' other folks' prop'ty."

"Sho, Hiel, they hain't interferin' wi' nobody's prop'ty. They b'lieve it hain't right to hol' slaves, an' they say so, — that 's all," the other replied.

"Don't they?" Hiel sneered. "They 're al'ys a-coaxin' niggers tu run away, an' a-helpin' on 'em steal 'emselves, which is the same as stealin'. Look of ol' Quaker Barclay over here, Jacup Wright. I 'll bet he everiges a dozen runaway niggers hid in his haouse ev'y year 'at goes over his head. Damn him! he don't du nothin' else only go tu nigger-huggin' Boberlition meetin's."

"Exceptin' when he 's a-raisin' subscriptierns to git caows fer folks 'at 's lost theirn," said Jacob quietly.

"I never ast him tu raise no 'scriptierns fer me, a caow," said Hiel James quickly.

"He done it jest the same, a-headin' on 't wi' five dollars," Jacob replied.

"Wal, if folks is a mineter gi' me a caow, I hain't fool 'nough tu refuse it," Hiel said, dismissing the subject with a coarse laugh. "Blast the runaway niggers! Let 'em stay where they b'long. I 'd livser help ketch 'em an' take 'em back 'an tu help 'em git away."

"Oh, sho, Hiel! No, you would n't nuther, Hiel! That would be pooty mean business fer a V'monter. 'T hain't never ben in their line to send slaves back to the' masters."

During the conversation a stalwart young man had entered the room, and after including the company in a common salutation, he got his mail from the office, and stood at the bar to read a letter. He had a brave, handsome face, and his well-formed figure was clad in garments of finer fashion, more easily worn, than was the wont of young farmers. Yet a shrewd guess would place him as a prosperous member of that class. He took no part in the conversation nor gave it apparent heed, yet joined in the general murmur of approval with which Jacob's remark was received by all but the non-committal landlord, the silent stranger, whose keen, deliberate eyes roved over the company, and Hiel, who stoutly asserted, "I 'd jest as soon du it as send a stray hoss er critter back tu the' owner. Yis, sir, jest as soon airn a dollar

a-ketchin' a nigger as any other sort o' prop'ty."

"I think you would, Hiel," said the newcomer, in a tone that for all its quietness did not conceal contempt; and then he went out, and his sleigh-bells were already jingling out of hearing when Hiel's slow retort was uttered: —

"That 'ere Bob Ransom cuts consid-'able of a swath, but he 'll be consid'able older 'n he is naow 'fore he gits ol' Quaker Barclay's darter. Ketch him lettin' his gal marry anybody aoutside o' the Quaker an' Boberlition ring."

In some way, the brawny, coarse-featured Hiel seemed more than others to attract the regard of the stranger, who held him in casual conversation till the rest had departed, and warmed his heart with a parting glass of the landlord's most potent liquor.

III.

The stage-coach had left Lemuel far behind when he turned into a less frequented road, which led him, after a mile of uninterrupted plodding, to a group of farm-buildings that flanked it on either side, and clustered about a great square unpainted house. From the unshuttered lower windows broad bands of light shone hospitably forth into the dim whiteness, revealing here the furrows of a newly beaten track, there a white-capped hitching-post, and above, a shining square of snowy shed-roof, beneath which the mare made her way without guiding. Lemuel, disembarking noiselessly, looked cautiously about before he uncovered his passenger, and whispered to him to follow into the stable, whither he led as one familiar with the place even in the darkness. Opening the door of an inclosed stall, and assuring himself by feeling that it was filled with straw, he gently pushed the negro in.

"Now thee cover thyself up an' keep still till thee hears thy name called. Put this medicine in thy pocket, and don't let thyself cough. Thee 'll be made comfortable as soon as possible, but thee must be patient."

With these whispered injunctions Lemuel silently closed the door upon his charge, and, after blanketing the mare, entered the house without other announcement than the stamping of his snowy feet. The family were at supper in the large kitchen, which was full of the light and warmth of a wide fireplace, and the savor of wholesome fare that the chilled and hungry guest sniffed with appreciative foretaste.

Zebulon Barclay, a man of staid, benevolent mien, with kindly keen gray eyes, sat at the board opposite Deborah, his wife, a portly woman, whose calm face, no less kindly than his own, wore the tranquil dignity of self-conquest and assured peace of soul. Beside her sat their daughter Ruth, like her mother in feature, and with promise of the attainment of the maternal serenity in her bright young face, yet with some harmless touches of worldly vanity in the fashion of her dress. There were also Julia, the hired girl, a brisk spinster of thirty-five, and Jerome, the hired man, a restless-eyed Canadian, both of whom were of the world's people; the one shocked their employers by her levity, and the other with his mild profanity.

"How does thee do, Deb'ry?" said the visitor, advancing straight to the matron with outstretched hand, as she turned in her seat and recognized him. "Keep thy settin', keep thy settin'," he protested against her rising to greet him, and then bustled around to Zebulon, who arose to give him welcome, and a glance of intelligence passed between him and his wife which the daughter caught and understood.

"Why, Lemuel," said the host heartily, "how does thee do? And how are Rebecca and the children?"

As Lemuel replied he mumbled in an

undertone, "I left a package in the stable for thee."

"Oh, Rebecca is well, is she?" Zebulon remarked with satisfaction, and without apparent notice of the other information. "And is it a general time of health among Friends in your Quarter? Well, lay off thy greatcoat, and have some supper as soon as thee 's warm enough. Jerome will put out thy horse directly."

Lemuel hesitated, but began the arduous task of getting off his tight surtout as the Canadian arose from the table and took the tin lantern from its hook.

"I b'lieve I hain't seen thee afore, Jerome. Is thee tol'able well? And I say for it, if that hain't thee, Julia! Thee stays right by, don't thee? Wal, that 's clever." He paused in the struggle with his surtout, when the Canadian went out, to ask, with a nod toward the door that had closed behind him, "Is he a safe person, Zeb'lon?"

"I 'm not quite clear, but I fear not," said Zebulon, laying hold of the stubborn coat. "We 'll be on our guard. While he 's out, Ruth, thee 'd better carry some victuals up to the room, and when he comes in I 'll get him out of the way till we get our package upstairs. Has thee had it in thy keeping long, Lemuel?"

"Goin' on a week, an' would ha' ben glad tu a spell longer, for he 's got a turrible cold an' cough; but we 'spected they was sarchin' for him, an' we dassent keep him no longer, an' so I started at four o'clock this mornin'; an' I tell thee, I found tough travelin' most o' the way."

"Well, I 'm glad thee 's got here safe, Lemuel. Now sit right down to thy supper. Thee 'll have a chance to step out and bring in thy goods."

The Canadian entered hastily and in evident trepidation. "Say, Mésieu Barcle," he burst out, "you s'pose ghos' can cough, prob'ly?"

"What 's thee talking about, Jerome?" Zebulon asked in surprise.

"Yas, sah, bah jinjo, Ah'm was hear nowse in de barn zhus' sem lak somebody cough, an' Ah b'lieve he was ghos' of dat hol' man come dead for 'sumption on de village las' week 'go."

"Nonsense, Jerome; it was a cat sneezing that thee heard. Don't put out the lantern, but come down cellar with me and get some small potatoes for the sheep."

"Cat? Bah gosh, you 'll got cat sneeze lak dat, Ah'm ant want for hear it yaller, me," Jerome retorted, as he led the way down cellar.

Lemuel's hand was on the latch, when there was a sound of arriving sleigh-bells.

"What be we goin' tu du?" he asked, turning a troubled face to the women. "That poor creatur' must n't stay aout in the cold no longer. Who 's that a-comin' in, wi' bells on the' horse?"

"Let me go," said Ruth, blushing red as a rose. "I can bring the man in safe."

"Oh, it 's some friend of thine that 's come?" Lemuel asked; but the shrewd twinkle of his eyes showed that he needed no answer. "Well, go intu the box stall and call for John, and bring in the one who answers."

Ruth hastily put on a hood and shawl and went out. A tall figure advanced from the shed to meet her with outstretched hands, which she clasped for an instant as she said in a low voice, "Don't speak to me. Don't see me, nor any one I may have with me; and wait a little before thee comes in, Robert," and she disappeared in the dark shadows of the building.

Presently she came out with the shivering negro almost crouching behind her, and led him into the house. In the kitchen her mother met him with an assuring word of welcome, and guided him from it so quickly into a narrow staircase that it seemed to the others as if they had seen but a passing shadow, gone before they could catch form or feature.

When Zebulon Barclay returned from the cellar, Lemuel was quietly eating

his supper, waited upon by the nimble-handed Julia, Ruth sat by the fireplace in decorous, low-voiced conversation with Robert Ransom, and the quiet room gave no hint of a recent unaccustomed presence. Lemuel pushed aside his plate and supped the last draught of tea from his saucer with a satisfied sigh before he found time for much conversation.

"I s'pose thee 's heard what turrible goin's-on the anti-slavery meetin' hed tu Montpelier, Zeb'lon?" he asked.

"Heard?" his friend replied, his calm face flushing and his eyes kindling. "I saw it with my own eyes, and a shameful sight it was to see in the capital of this free State. Deborah and I were there."

"Thee don't say so! And was it as bad as the papers tell for?"

"Even worse than any papers but our own report it. The Voice of Freedom and the Liberator tell it as it was. Several of the speakers were pelted with rotten eggs, and there were threats of laying violent hands upon some."

"But the' wa'n't nobody r'ally hurt?"

"No, but Samuel J. May was seriously threatened; and I don't know what might have happened if Deborah, here, had n't taken his arm and walked out through the mob with him. That shamed them to forbearance."

"Thee don't say so!" Lemuel again ejaculated. "But I guess if Jonathan Miller was there, he was n't very docyle?"

"Well, no," rejoined Zebulon, "Jonathan is not a man of peace, and he called the rioters some pretty hard names, and faced them as brave as a lion."

Lemuel rubbed his hand in un-Quakerly admiration of this truculent champion of the oppressed, and said, with a not altogether distressed sigh, "I 'm afeard he would n't hesitate tu use carnal weepons if he was pushed tew fur. He has been a man of war, an' fit in Greece."

"W'at dat?" asked Jerome, who had been listening intently as he slowly cut the sheep's potatoes, and now held his knife suspended and stared in wide-eyed wonder. "He was faght in grease? Ah'm was hear of mans faght in snow, an' faght in water, an' faght in mud, but bah jinjo, faght in grease, Ah ant never was hear so 'fore, me."

"Why, Jerome," explained Zebulon, with an amused smile, "thee don't understand. Greece is a country, away across the sea, where this brave man went, according to his light, to help the people war against their oppressors, the Turks."

"Bah jinjo," said the Canadian, resuming his occupation, "dat mus' be w'ere de folkses leeve on de fat of de lan', sem Ah'ms hear you tol' of sometam. An' dey got turkey too, hein? Ah'ms b'lieve dat was good place for go, me."

"When it is quite convenient, Zeb'lon," Lemuel said, after some further talk of anti-slavery affairs, diverging to the most economic means of procuring free-labor goods, "I want an opportunity tu open my mind tu thee an' Deb'ry consarnin' certain weighty matters."

"Come right in the other room," responded the host, rising and leading the way. "I think Deborah is there."

The Canadian, presently finishing his task and his last pipe, lighted a candle and climbed the stairs to his bed in the kitchen chamber, and Julia, having set the supper dishes away and hung her wiping-cloths on the poles suspended from the ceiling by iron hooks, with a satisfied air of completion, discreetly withdrew, and the young people had the rare opportunity of being alone.

"Ruth, you must give me a glimmer of hope," Robert Ransom pleaded.

"How can I when it would grieve father and mother so to have me joined to a companion who is not of our faith, and has so little unity with us on the question of slavery? If thee could but have light given thee to see these matters as they are so clearly shown to us!"

"If I would pretend to be a Quaker, and meddle with affairs that don't con-

cern me," he said bitterly, "I should be all right, and they would give me their daughter. But I can't pretend to believe what I don't, even for such a reward. As for the other matter of difference, you know, Ruth, that I would n't hold a slave or send one back to his master; but slavery exists under the law, and we have no more business to interfere with the slaveholders' rights than they with ours."

"There can be no right to do wrong, and it is every one's business to bear testimony against evil-doing. Thee knows, Robert, I would not take thee on any pretense of belief. But if thee could only have light!"

"Oh, Ruth, you will not let these differences of belief keep us apart? What are they, to stand in the way of our love?"

"It would not be right to deny thee is very dear to me, Robert, and that I pray the way may be opened for us, but I cannot see it clear yet." Ruth's eyes met his with a look that was warmer than her calm words.

"But you will, Ruth," he said, with suppressed earnestness; and then a stir and louder murmur of voices were heard in the next room. "The Friends have 'broke their meeting,' as your people say, and it 's time for me to go. I want to caution you, though, to keep a certain person you have in the house very close. I 'm afraid there are parties on the lookout for him not far off."

"Oh, thank thee, Robert. Why does thee think so?" she asked in some alarm.

"From something I heard in the village to-day, I think there 's a party of slave-hunters prowling around in this part of the State, and I saw a stranger at Manum's to-night who is likely enough to be one of them. It 's an odd season for a man to be traveling for pleasure here. There may be nothing in it, but tell your father to be careful. Good-night."

Under cover of the noise of Ransom's exit Jerome closed the disused stovepipe hole in the chamber floor, at which he had been listening, crept into bed, and fell asleep while puzzling out the meaning of what he had overheard.

Ruth Barclay lost no time in imparting the caution to her parents and their trusty friend Lemuel, and her father's thoughtful face was troubled as he said, "Our poor friend must have rest. Thy mother has been ministering to him, and says he is a very sick man. He cannot go farther at present, but I wish he was nearer Canada. Well, we will watch and wait for guidance. Perhaps to-morrow night I can take him to thy uncle Aaron's, and then we can count on his safety. I hope thee has not been indiscreet in letting Robert into our secret, my child?"

"Thee need not fear, father," Ruth answered, with quiet assurance. "Robert is faithful."

"I am not quite clear," and the father sighed. "Robert is not light or evil-minded, but his father is a Presbyterian and a Democrat, and very bitter against Friends and anti-slavery people. I am not quite clear concerning Robert."

IV.

The next morning Jerome was encouraging the fire newly kindled from the bed of coals on the hearth, and tiptoeing between it and the wood-box in his stockings, when Julia made her appearance in the kitchen, holding between her compressed lips some yet unutilized pins while she tied the strings of her check apron.

"Morny, Julie," he saluted cheerily. Her speech being restrained by the pins, she nodded, and he went on interrogatively, as he seated himself and began mellowing his stiff boots with thumb and fingers: "Ah'ms tol' you, Julie. W'at you s'pose kan o' t'ing was be raoun' dese buildin' for scairt me so plenty?"

"Why, J'rome?" Julia, like a true Yankee, answered with a question, when she had found a place in her dress for

the last pin. "What hes ben a-scarin' of you, I sh'd like tu know?"

"Ah'ms can' tol' you, 'cause Ah'ms can' see; Ah'ms only zhus' hear. Las' naght w'en Ah'ms go on de barn, Ah'ms hear some nowse lak somebody cough, cough, an' dere ant not'ing for see. W'en Ah'ms go on de bed, Ah'ms hear it some more upstair, cough, cough, zhus' de sem. Ah'ms b'lieve it was ghos'."

Julia searched his face with a quick glance, and compelled her own to express no less fear and wonder. "Good land o' massy! You don't say!" she exclaimed in an awed undertone. "Where did it 'pear tu be, J'rome?"

"Ah don' know if it be in de chimbley or behin' de chimbley, me. Ah'ms 'fraid for ex-amine."

"Examine! Ketch me a-pokin' behind that 'ere chimbley, if I c'd git there, which it 's all closed up these I do' know haow many year. No, sir, not for all this world, in broad daylight, I would n't!" Julia protested, with impressive voice and slow shakes of the head.

"Bah jinjo! W'at you s'pose he was?" Jerome asked, under his breath.

"I 've hearn tell 't the Injuns er the British killed some hired man there, 'way back in Gran'f'ther Barclay's day," Julia whispered; and then, in a more reassuring tone, "But you may depend it hain't nothin' 'at 'll hurt us, if we let it alone, J'rome."

"W'at for Zeb'lon try foolish me wid cat-sneeze w'en he know it was be ghos'? Ah'ms ant s'pose Quaker mans was tol' lie, prob'ly. Ah'ms hear dat Ramson tol' Rut' he 'fraid somet'ing. Ah don' know, me." And having pulled on his boots after a brief struggle, he lighted the lantern and went out to his chores.

"I wonder haow much the critter heard," Julia soliloquized, as she leaned on the broom and looked with unseeing eyes at the door which had just closed behind him, "an' if he mistrusts suthin'? I would n't trust him no furder 'n I 'd trust a dog wi' my dinner."

When Deborah Barclay came into the kitchen her usually placid face was troubled, and it was not lightened when Julia told her suspicions, ending with the declaration, "You can't never trust a Canuck, man or womern, an' this 'ere J'rome loves colored folks as a cat loves hot soap. He 's al'ys an' forever a-goin' on abaout 'em."

"Ah me!" Deborah sighed. "The way seems dark this morning. Zebulon was taken with one of his bad turns in the night and is n't able to get up, and Lemuel is obliged to go home at once. We heard last night that there are slave-hunters about, and if it is needful to remove our poor friend upstairs to a safer place we have no one that we can trust to do it, — if indeed he can be removed without endangering his life; for he 's in a miserable way, and needs rest and nursing. But perhaps the way will be made clear to us. It always has been in these matters."

Friend Lemuel reëmbarked on his homeward voyage, in the huge bread-tray, soon after the early breakfast, and the Quaker household fell into more than its wonted outward quiet. This was scarcely disturbed when, in the afternoon, Jehiel James drove past, and halted a little for a chat with Jerome to discuss the merits of the colt the latter was breaking. It did not escape Julia's sharp eyes that the two had their heads together, nor did her ears fail to catch Hiel's parting injunction: "Come over tu the tarvern in the evenin' an' we 'll strike up a dicker for the cult."

"I guess suthin' 'll happen so 's 't you won't go tu no tarvern tu-night," she said to herself. "I b'lieve there 'll be a way pervided, as aour folks says, tu hender it," and she went about her work considering the possible ways of Providence.

Not long afterward Jerome came in, and on some pretext went up to his sleeping-room. Julia, listening intently while he moved stealthily to and fro, or

maintained suspicious intervals of silence, thought she detected once the cautious opening of a door. When he reappeared there was an ill-concealed gleam of triumph in his beady black eyes, and they furtively sought hers as if to read her thought.

"Ah'ms t'ink Ah'ms ant mos' never goin' fan mah tobac," he said, ostentatiously biting off a corner of a plug, and then asked, "Haow was be Zeb'lon? He ant goin' be seek, don't it?"

"I do' know, J'rome. He 's putty bad off. He 's got a burnin' fever an' a turrible pain acrost him. I should n't wonder if you hed tu go arter the darkter this evenin'."

"Ah'ms can' go dis evelin'," he answered hastily. "Ah'ms gat some beesinees, me. W'at for Ah can' go gat docter 'fore de chore, hein?"

"You 'll hafter go right past the tarvern tu git the Thompsonian darkter, which aour folks won't hev no other," she answered irrelevantly.

"More Ah'ms t'ink of it," Jerome said, after a little consideration, "more Ah'ms t'ink Ah'm could go."

"If I only hed sperits enough," Julia communed with herself meantime, "I 'd git you so all-fired minky, you would n't know where tu go, an' would n't git there if you did. But Mis' Barclay would n't le' me hev enough tu du that, not tu save all Afriky. Mebby, though," with a flash of inspiration, "she 'd le' me hev a good doste for medicine."

"J'rome," she said aloud, "what 's the motter ails ye? Ye hain't a-lookin' well."

"Me? Ah'm was feel fus'-rate."

"But you hain't well, — I know you hain't. You look pale 's you can, complected as you be, and you 're dark 'n under your eyes. I must git you suthin' tu take. Mebby I c'n git a doste o' hot sperits f'm Mis' Barclay."

Jerome's face was comical, with its mixed expression of satisfaction and simulated misery. "Bah jinjo, Julie, Ah'ms ant felt so well Ah'ms t'ink Ah was. Ah'ms gat col' come, w'en Ah'ms chaupin'. Dey ant not'ing cure me so fas' lak some whiskey."

"Don't you say nothin', an' I 'll see if I c'n git you a doste afore supper."

Ruth was in close attendance upon her father while her mother ministered to the hidden fugitive, so the handmaiden had little opportunity for speech with either till toward nightfall. At the first chance, in a beguiling tone, she besought Deborah: "I du hate tu ask you, but I be so tuckered an' kinder all gone, I wish 't you 'd gi' me a rael big squilch o' sperits."

"Why, surely, thee poor child, if thee needs it, thee shall have it. I 'll give thee the bottle, and thee can help thyself. I know thee 'll be prudent," and Deborah passed up the narrow staircase with a steaming bowl of gruel.

When possessed of the spirits, Julia fortified herself with a moderate dram, "jest tu keep my word good," she said to herself. "Now I 'll see what I can du for the benefit of your health, Mr. J'rome," and she poured out a bountiful draught of the ripe old Jamaica, and added to it, from a vial, a spoonful of a dark liquid, carefully stirred the mixture, and tasted it with critical deliberation.

"That tinctur' o' lobele does bite, but my sakes, he won't never notice. There you come," as she heard Jerome stamping at the threshold. "I hope this 'ere won't kill ye, not quite, but you 'll think it 's goin' tu if you never took no lobele afore. My senses!" and she made a disgusted face as she recalled her own experiences of Thompsonian treatment. A few minutes later she covertly handed Jerome the glass, and with a sense of righteous guilt watched his eager draining of the last drop.

"Oh, Julie," he whispered hoarsely, with resounding smacks of satisfaction, "you was good womans. Dat was cure me all up."

"I du hope it 'll du good," she responded, and mentally added, "an' keep you f'm tellin' tales out o' school."

Warmed by the potent spirits, and without the calm restraint of his employer's presence, Jerome was more than usually garrulous at the supper-table, till suddenly his tongue began to falter and a ghastly pallor overspread his dark face.

"Oh!" he groaned, as his glaring eyes sought imploringly the alarmed countenances of the women, lingering longest upon Julia's, "w'at you s'pose hail me? Oh, Ah'ms goin' to dead! Mah hinside all turn over! Oh, Julie, was you pazzin me wid bugbed pazzin?" He pushed himself from the table and staggered toward the door, whither he was anxiously followed by Deborah and Ruth.

"What is it, Jerome? Is it a sickness or a pain?" Deborah inquired with concern. "Shall I give thee some pepper tea, or salt and water? Thee 'd better go upstairs and lie down."

"Oh, sacre, mon Dieu!" he groaned. "All Ah'ms want was for dead, so quick Ah can! Oh, Ah'ms bus' open! Ah'ms bile over! Ah'ms tore up! Dat damn hol' gal Julie spile me all up!" and he floundered out of doors, retching and groaning.

Deborah was about to follow him, when she was withheld by Julia. "Don't you stir a step arter him, Mis' Barclay. He 'll come all right plenty soon 'nough. I know what ails him. I only give him a little doste o' medicine."

"Julia Peck," said Deborah severely, "what has thee been doing?"

"I 'll tell ye the hull truth, Mis' Barclay, as true as I live an' breathe. I was jes' as sure as I stan' here that him an' that 'ere Hiel James was a-connivin' tu help take that man we 've got in aour chamber, an' Jerome was a-peekin' raoun' this very arternoon tu find aout if he was here; an' I know by the look of him he did find aout, an' he was a-goin' tu the tarvern tu-night tu let 'em know, an' I jest put a stop tu it; for what was we a-goin' tu du, with Mr. Barclay sick abed, an' nob'dy but us women? Naow, I don't think he 'll go jest yit."

Deborah smiled while she tried to express a proper degree of severity in her words and voice. "Julia, I fear thee has done wrong. I do hope thee has n't given the poor misguided man anything very injurious?"

"As true as I live an' breathe, it hain't nothin' but tinctur' o' lobele, an' it 'll clear aout his stomach an' du him good."

"We will hope for the best. But ah me, we are sore beset. We have no way to get our friend to a place of safety to-night, and to-morrow the slave-hunters may be here, and they will search the whole house. Besides, the poor man's cough would betray him wherever we hid him. What can we do?"

"Would n't Mr. Weeks help, if we c'd git him word? I c'd cut over there in no time, if you say so," and Julia made a move toward her hood and shawl behind the door.

"Thee 's very kind. I 've thought of him, but he 's gone across the lake to visit Friends, and won't be back till Seventh Day. And he 's the only Friend here that 's in full unity with us in these matters," and Deborah sighed.

"Could n't I take Tom and get the man to uncle Aaron's before morning, mother?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, my child, if thee could, he is not able to ride so far. No, dear; yet I know not what to do or which way to turn," said the mother, and she walked to the window, and stood looking out, as if some guidance was to come to her out of the growing shadows of evening.

"Mother," said Ruth earnestly, after an unbroken silence of some length, "I will get some one to help us. Julia, will thee help me harness Tom? Don't ask me any questions, mother, but thee trust me."

"I do trust thee, my child. But I can't think who thee can get."

"I 'll harness or du anything, Reuth; but if that Canuck does turn hisself wrong side aout an' die, don't you tell of me. But I guess he wa'n't borned tu die of Thompsonian medicine; an' there he comes. I 'm glad, for I al'ys did spleen agin findin' corpses layin' raoun' permiscus."

Jerome came into the room, and, woe-begone of countenance and limp of form, too sick to notice any lack of sympathy, he crept ignominiously on all fours up the stairs to bed. Julia gave a sigh of relief as she closed the door behind the abject figure.

"There, thanks be tu goodness and lobele, he 's safte for this night. Naow, Reuth, we 'll harness the hoss."

V.

The faithful old family horse seemed to understand the necessity of a swifter pace than was employed in his jogging to First Day and Fifth Day meetings, and he took a smart trot with little urging by his young mistress. The half-buried fences and the trees drifted steadily past, and the long shadows cast in the light of the rising moon swung slowly backward, while the jagged crests of the distant hills marched forward in stately procession; yet in her anxiety the progress was slow to Ruth, the way never so long. It was shortened by the good fortune of meeting Robert Ransom a half-mile from his home, and she counted it no less a favor to be saved the awkwardness of seeking an interview with him.

She was not disappointed in his response to her appeal, and it was not long before he was at her father's bedside. A short consultation was held concerning the best means of baffling the slave-hunters whose descent upon this suspected hiding-place of the fugitive might occur at any time.

"I 'll carry the man anywhere you say, Mr. Barclay. Mrs. Barclay says he 's too weak to go far, and I 'll tell you my plan. It 's to take him to our sugar-house. No one ever goes there till sugaring-time, after the wood is hauled, and that 's just finished. It 's warm and there 's a bunk in it, so that by carrying along some buffaloes and blankets he can be made almost as comfortable as in any house."

"I don't know a safer place, for no one would ever think of looking for a runaway negro on thy father's premises," said Zebulon, with due deliberation, yet with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and then added, "My! what would he say?"

"I don't think it necessary to ask him, and I 'll take the man there at once, if you say so." The young man's kindly face expressed an earnestness in which there was no guile.

"I think thy plan is the only one we can adopt, and the sooner we do so the better. The women folks will provide thee with blankets, and there must be food and medicine. Deborah, does thee think he will be able to keep his own fire and wait on himself?"

"He is not fit to leave his bed," she answered; "but he must, long enough to get to a place of safety. Does thee think I should go with him, Zebulon? I don't see the way clear to leave thee, my dear, nor to let Ruth go, though she would not shrink from it if it seemed best."

Robert's face flushed, and he hastily said, "Ruth go to nurse a sick" — The offensive name "nigger," forbidden in that household, though familiar enough in his own, was barely withheld. "No, it would n't be right for either to go, Mrs. Barclay. I will take care of the man."

Zebulon bestowed a grateful look upon him, and stretched forth his hand to clasp that of the young man. "Robert, I never thought to look to thee for help in such a case. Thee is very kind, and

I shall not forget it in thee. If it is ever in my power to serve thee, thee must feel free to call on me."

Robert blushed almost guiltily as he silently thought of the reward he most desired, and quietly thanked the sick man for his kindly expressions.

"Now, I think thee would better be about the matter at once. Look out for Jerome, and be sure that no one is watching the house when thee starts, Robert. Farewell."

Deborah stayed a moment to administer a dose of Thompsonian medicine known as "No. 6," when Zebulon said, getting his breath after the fiery draught, "Well, help has come in an unexpected way. I did not expect so much from Neighbor Ransom's son."

"It is indeed a favor," and there was a hope in the mother's heart that the way might also become clear for her daughter's happiness.

The Canadian had fallen into such a deep sleep from the reaction of Julia's heroic treatment that he was not aroused by any stir around the house. The fugitive was taken from his hiding-place, a snug little chamber back of the great warm chimney, which had given safe and comfortable shelter to many escaping slaves, a use to which it was devoted. With the help of his ready-handed female assistants Robert soon had his charge in the sleigh, with bedding, provisions, and medicines.

When the sick man was carefully wrapped in blankets and hidden under the buffalo, Robert drove along the highway, swiftly and silently, till at last he turned through a gap into a pathless field, across which he made slower progress to the dusky border of the woods. Guided by familiar landmarks, he came to the narrow portal of a wood-road that wound its unbeaten but well-defined way among gray tree-trunks, snow-capped stumps and rocks, and thick haze of undergrowth. Inanimate material forms and impalpable blue shadows assumed shapes of fearful living things to the strained imagination of the negro, who was now permitted to free his head from the robe. He shrank as if struck when a tree snapped under stress of the cold, — a noise unaccountable to him, but like the click of a gun-lock, or the shot of a rifle, or the crack of a whip.

With calm manner and reassuring words Ransom again and again quieted the often reawakened fears of the fugitive, till at last they reached the sugar-house. It was a picture of loneliness and desertion, with smokeless, snow-capped chimney and pathless approach. When they entered, the bare interior revealed by the light of a candle was dismal and comfortless. The blankets and pillows were soon arranged upon the bunk, and, having made his guest as easy as possible, Ransom kindled a fire in the great arch over which the sap was boiled, and put the stock of provisions into the rude corner cupboard.

The yellow light of the candle and the red gleams of the fire were reflected by some tin utensils that hung on the wall, by an old musket leaning in a corner, and by the piled tier of sap-buckets; the dancing shadows tripped to a less solemn measure; a genial warmth began to pervade the room, and soon the place assumed the cheerful homeliness of a snug winter camp.

The troubled face of the negro brightened as he looked around, watching his companion's preparations with languid interest.

"Dis yere 's a mighty nice place fur layin' low," he said in a hoarse voice. "You 's powerful good to fetch me here, marster, an' I 's 'bleeged to ye."

"That 's all right, my man," Robert replied, as he set an inverted sap-tub by the bunk and placed a bottle of medicine upon it. "Now here 's the medicine for you to take, and my watch to show you when to take it. Keep quiet, and I 'll be back in a couple of hours;" and after replenishing the fire, he departed to take

the horse home, and finally returned on foot to his self-appointed post.

Perhaps the secrecy of the service, the relish of baffling eager search, and the possible chance of adventure made Ransom's task more congenial than the mere sense of duty could have done, and he plodded his way back over the snowy road with a cheerful heart. When he had ministered to his patient's needs and fed the fire, he rolled himself in his blankets and fell asleep.

VI.

Morning found Jerome recovered from the last night's illness, but not restored to good humor. He had satisfied himself that the negro had been removed from the house, but how or where he could not conjecture, and he was savagely disappointed that the chance and reward of betrayal had slipped beyond his reach. As he plied his axe in Zebulon Barclay's woodlot, the strokes fell with spiteful vigor; and when a great tree succumbed to them and went groaning to the final crash of downfall, he gloated over it as if it were a personal enemy. As the echoes boomed their last faint reverberation and left him in the midst of silence, his ear caught the sound of distant axe-strokes; and when, across the narrow cleared valley that lay between him and the next wooded hillside, he saw a column of smoke rising above the tops of the maples, after a long, intent look he asked himself, "W'at you s'pose somebodee was do on hol' Ramson sugar-place, dis tam de year?"

Unable to answer except by unsatisfactory guesses, he resumed his chopping; but the itch of curiosity gave him no rest, for he was as inquisitive as any native of the soil; and when it could no longer be endured, he struck his axe into a stump, and set forth in quest of the certain knowledge which should be its cure. As he cautiously drew near the sugar-house, in its rear, under cover of the great maple trunks that stood about it on every side, he heard low voices in broken conversation, and a moment later a racking, distressful cough which excited his suspicions.

Stooping low, he crept from the nearest tree to the one window, whose board shutter was swung open for the admission of light, and peered stealthily in. The brief survey revealed Robert Ransom looking anxiously down on the ghastly face of the negro. There was no softening touch of pity in the malignantly triumphant gleam of the Canadian's snaky eyes as he returned to the cover of the trees, gliding from one to another till he regained the valley, and then resumed his chopping.

Throughout the day, at the sugar-house, the winter stillness was unbroken save by the small voices of the titmice and nuthatches and the subdued tapping of the industrious woodpeckers, sounds that harmonized with it and but intensified it. The place seemed as secure from enemies in its complete isolation as it was remote from the reach of medical aid, which Ransom felt was needed, and of which he was often on the point of going in quest. The sick man was racked with pain at times, his mind wandered, and he talked incoherently.

"It 's mighty good to be free, Marse Ransom, 'deed it is dat. Oh, but it 's col' up dis away. Oh, de snow! I 's wadin' in de snow de hull endurin' time! It 's freezin' on me! I 's comin to de sunshine! I kin feel it a-warmin'! I 's in de eberlastin' snow, an' de dogs is arter me! I can't git ahead none! Fur de Lawd's sake, don' let 'em kotch me!"

"Don't be afraid. Nothing shall harm you. We 're safe here," Ransom would repeat again and again in reassuring tones, while great beads of perspiration gathered on the dusky face, ashen gray with sickness and terror, and the stalwart form would now be shaken with ague, now burned with fever.

"Take a drink of hot stuff, John, and let me cover you up warm and good," Ransom urged, bringing a steaming cup of herb tea from the fire, saying to himself, "It 's old woman's medicine, but it 's all I have."

In the afternoon the sick man became easier, and fell into such a quiet sleep that his nurse began to think the rest and the simple remedies were working a cure. When night fell and the multitude of shadows were merged in universal gloom, he closed the window shutter, lighted the candle, and made needful preparations for the lonely night-watch. As he sat by the bunk, ready to attend to any want, there was no sound but the regular labored breathing, the crackling fire, the fall of a smouldering brand, and the slow gnawing of a wood-mouse behind the tier of tubs. He felt a kind of exhilaration when he realized that he was so interested in the welfare of this poor waif that he thought nothing of his own weariness or trouble, but only how he could best serve the forlorn stranger.

After the passing of some hours, his charge still sleeping peacefully, Ransom thought he himself might take a little rest. He noiselessly replenished the fire with the last of the wood, and quietly stepped outside for more. He paused on the log step a moment, listening for one pulse of sound in the dead silence of the winter night. Not a withered leaf rustled in the bare treetops, not a buried twig snapped under the soft footfalls of wandering hare or prowling fox. Ransom loosed his held breath and was about to step into the moonlight, when he detected a stealthy invasion of the silence, and recognized the sharp screech of sleigh-runners and the muffled tread of horses. His heart leaped at the probability of coming help, for it could hardly be aught else. Yet he would not be too sure, and, reëntering the house, he closed the door softly.

He slipped aside the covering of a small loophole in the door, made to afford the sugar-maker the amusement of shooting crows when time hung heavy on his hands, and looked out upon the scene. The full moon had climbed halfway to the zenith, and its beams fell in broad bands of white between the blue shadows of the tree-trunks and full upon the open space in front of the sugar-house. Presently a sleigh came into the narrow range of his vision. It halted, and three men alighted. He started back in dismay, for at the first glance he recognized the burly form and coarse features of Hiel, and the dark-visaged traveler whom he had seen at the tavern, while the third figure was unknown. He hurriedly fastened the door, for there could be no doubt as to the purpose of the visitors.

Who could have betrayed the fugitive's hiding-place? Escape was impossible, and successful resistance no less so. What could he do? As the unanswered questions rapidly revolved in his mind, his heart grew suddenly sick with the thought that the Barclays might suspect him of treachery. The fugitive's safety had been entrusted to him on his own offer. He was sharply recalled from these swift thoughts by a stir in the bunk. Aroused by the noise and instinctively divining danger, the negro had started up in terror and was staring imploringly at Ransom.

"Dey 's arter me, marse. Don' let 'em git me. Dey 'll wollup me. Dey 'll jes' cut me to pieces. Don' let 'em kotch me."

"No, they shan't get you. Lie down and keep quiet," said Ransom in a low, reassuring tone, still engaged with watching the movements of those outside.

The negro sank back submissively, with deep sighs and incoherent mutterings.

The door was now violently tried and loudly beaten upon, and a voice demanded that it should be opened.

"Who 's there?" asked Ransom.

"Never mind. You jest open the door an' let us in," Hiel's voice answered.

"What do you want?"

"We want the nigger. Open the door, or we 'll bust it. Come, naow, no foolin'."

"I won't open the door," said Ransom firmly; "break it in if you dare."

As his eyes searched the room almost hopelessly for some means of defense or deliverance, they fell upon the old musket in the corner, and in the same glance he saw that a great and sudden change had come upon the face of the negro. The shock of fright had been too great, and the stamp of death was already set upon the drawn features. After the first instant a strange exultation sprang up in Ransom's heart. An invisible ally would snatch the prey from their grasp, if he could but hold the hunters at bay for a while. He seized the musket and ran to the door. Looking out from his coign of vantage, he saw the three men advancing, carrying a heavy stick from the woodpile with the evident purpose of using it as a battering-ram. He thrust the rusty gun-muzzle through the loophole and called out, "Drop that, or I 'll send a charge of shot into you!"

The assailants hesitated only a moment when they saw the threatening muzzle, and then Ransom heard the log drop in the snow. Soon, after some consultation, there was a sound of stealthy footsteps in the rear of the shanty, as of some one reconnoitring in that quarter; then the silence was broken by the gasping breath and whispers of the dying man. Ransom set the gun by the door and went to him.

"I 's mos' ober de ribber — de dogs can't kotch me. De sun shinin' — de birds singin' — de bees hummin'. Good-by, marse, I 's gwine."

The massive chest ceased its labored heavings. The look of terror faded out of the face, to give place to that expression of perfect rest which is the hopefulest solution to the living of the awful mystery of death.

Suddenly there were heavy blows on the shuttered window, which crashed in at once. At the same moment with this diversion in the rear came an assault upon the door. Ransom undid the fastening and threw it open. "You can come in," he said quietly.

Hiel and the stranger whom Ransom had first seen at the tavern entered cautiously, as if suspecting a trap, the latter with a cocked pistol in his hand.

"Don't be afraid, Hiel," Ransom said contemptuously; "the gun has n't been loaded for a year."

"Damn putty business fer Square Ransom's son, stealin' niggers is," Hiel declared. "Where 's yer nigger, anyway?"

Ransom pointed to the bunk, and the stranger, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, advanced toward the motionless figure. "Come, boy," he said sharply, "the little game is up, an' it 's no use playin' 'possum. Hold out your hands." He roughly seized one of the lifeless hands. "What the hell!" he exclaimed, recoiling from the icy touch. After an intent look at the quiet, peaceful face of him who had escaped from all bondage, he turned to Ransom, who stood calmly regarding him. "Well, Mr. Ransom, I reckon you 've played it rather low down on us, but you 've won the game and the niggah 's yours. I reckon I don't want him. Come, boys, let 's be off."

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE HOLY PICTURE.

It is most curious how many untold stories go to make up the sum of a single story told, a single song sung, a single painting completed. I was thinking of this the other day as I stood before a certain picture in the gallery of an art exhibition. It was a very gentle, quiet picture, and yet, after they had gone the rounds of the rooms, people were quite sure to turn back for another look; and often as they stood before it tears rose unbidden to their eyes, not because the picture was sad, but because it was beautiful.

The title given in the catalogue read, "And our Lord came to the Gateway of the Little Garden."

"Whose little garden?" I heard some one ask; and some one else replied, "Oh, don't you know? That is a quotation from a poem." And the second speaker added she was quite sure she should be able to find the poem, and they would look for it that evening.

I could have spared the vain search, only what I knew about the picture was altogether too much to tell in a public place and at a moment's notice; its story being made up of three others, — that of my brother Edward, that of his friend Janet, and that of Mary Morrison, "the Winsome Lady."

Edward has his studio on the upper floor of an old brick house halfway down a crooked street: a most respectable street, having only one saloon to its four corners; a picturesque street, on account of the bend and of the curious collection of carts drawn up along the sidewalk toward evening and on Sundays and holidays; a merry, amusing street, always something going on, — little boys and girls playing, older boys and girls dancing to the music of a hand-organ, scissors-grinders, fishmongers, buyers of old rags, venders of fruit, vegetables, small wares, and plants in bloom, continually passing and repassing.

On specified occasions the little girls and boys climb the stairs to my brother's studio, and look through the portfolios of prints and photographs kept for their especial entertainment. On other occasions the men and women of the neighborhood come, and the older children: more pictures are shown and discussed, light refreshments are passed, perhaps a lantern-slide exhibition is held, or it may be a concert is improvised by the guests.

Edward is poor, naturally, being a painter; still, he is rich enough to do as he pleases, which, all things considered, is wealth indeed, and it pleases him to paint in a manner as refined and delicate and out of date as that of a Raphael Madonna, and to live in what he calls a "studio settlement."

His friend Janet occupied, until the other day, two back rooms on the floor below, and, as part of her busy life, took charge of my brother's domestic concerns. By profession, according to her own definition, she was a "poor old scrub;" otherwise expressed, a washerwoman. Edward had a habit of alluding to her as a washerwoman by mistake, and of insisting that her position admirably illustrated the general upside-downness of the world; that nothing made him more uncomfortable than to see such a dainty little old lady trudging abroad with her heavy bundles, whatever the wind or the weather; and that it was his fixed intention to offer, on stormy nights, his personal assistance in carrying home the wash, — an intention which, I believe, at various times he attempted to put into execution, thereby causing himself to be seriously reprimanded for what Janet termed a lack of sense of propriety.

To go back half a century and more in the little Scotchwoman's history, there

was then, twenty-four miles out from Glasgow, a wee whitewashed cottage looking toward Ben Lomond; and by the kitchen window, within, the mother's wheel went humming, and under the window, without, a little brook went rippling. Here Janet was born, and having grown up to "a bonnie lassie O," she wandered away and across the sea; met Robin with the blue eyes, the fair hair, and the smile and bow that made one feel as if it were a May morning and some one had brought in a nosegay; and in due course of time Janet promised to marry Robin for richer for poorer, it proving to be always for poorer.

Once married, they built them a nest in the old brick house of the crooked street, and there lived bravely on through many a toilsome year, until, in the home country, the mother's wheel had long been silent, the little brook had run dry, a railroad was speeding its way over the spot where the whitewashed cottage had stood, and their own youth and middle life had been spent; until a moment came when Robin was taken ill and carried to a hospital, where he died, and in the early afternoon before New Year's Day the church gave him his burial, he having neglected to follow Janet's prudent advice and example, and having made no previous provision for this last emergency.

On the evening of New Year's Day Mary Morrison knocked at Janet's door, bearing in her hand a jar of marmalade, which she had brought on the general principle that it is easier to make a visit of condolence if one carries some offering. She found Janet seated by the table, the lamp lighted. Behind the latter, neatly piled against the wall, were her Bible, Prayer Book, Hymnal, and a little gilt-clasped, gilt-edged, morocco-bound copy of the New Testament, a souvenir of girlish days in Scotland, with time-tinted pages, and having in the back the Psalms of David in metre "more plain, smooth, and agreeable than any heretofore," and a collection of such old tunes as Kilmarnock, New Lydia, St. Mirrins, Tranquillity, and Stroudwater. On top of the little old book lay a rose. Edward had placed it there that the room might seem less sorrowful, toward which purpose the rose helped, perhaps, in some slight degree, and the jar of marmalade assisted.

Janet was gazing toward the wall above the books on the table. "I am thinking of death and the judgment," she said to her visitor. "I am peering, as it were, into eternity. I strain and I strain my eyes, and I discover nothing."

Then she told of a custom inherited from parents and grandparents through many generations, — that of opening the Bible at midnight on the eve of such great festivals as Christmas, New Year's, Easter, and Whitsunday, preceding the opening of the book by repeating, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen," — fervently believing that the verse on which the eye first rested would be one of especial significance. The verse to which she had turned on the night before had been, "In my Father's house are many mansions." And she said she feared Robin would never be content in a mansion; he was used to having things compact and cosy.

"If there are many of them," observed Mary Morrison, "they are probably of many kinds, some large and some small."

"A wee whitewashed cottage is what I should prefer," said Janet, brightening for a moment; "and it must be overgrown with roses, and on the hearth a turf fire and a cricket to sing."

"And outside," suggested Mary Morrison, "a little garden with bluebells and heather."

"And a hawthorn hedge," Janet added, "and a sweetbrier bush, and a bed of mignonette. Robin was always fond of a sprig of mignonette for his buttonhole. And there must be cabbages and onions."

Mary Morrison said she hardly thought there would be cabbages and onions in heaven, though of course there might be.

"Nor shall I need them there," returned Janet. "The spirit does not eat." She spoke in a tone of severity, like one suddenly realizing and rebuking an irreverent turn in conversation, and, folding her hands, seemed trying to again concentrate her mind on the subject of her interrupted reflections.

This attempt she repeated evening after evening, thereby growing more and more thought-entangled, helpless, and bewildered, until, notwithstanding the fact that she considered Mary Morrison wholly unreliable in her views touching a future state, she came at last to seek moments of refuge and distraction in the fancy presented, and to talk of the pretended existence of the little garden in heaven, — disapprovingly, to be sure, but still with evident interest: and in this way she spoke of it to Edward, at the same time telling him something of Mary Morrison herself, — that she was always putting the most foolish ideas into one's head, and that one could never be quite sure whether she half believed what she was saying, only, being such a winsome lady, one was obliged to listen to her.

Shortly after this, in an idle moment, Edward painted a picture of the Little Garden with the hawthorn hedge about it; and within, the wee cottage, with its roses and a sweetbrier bush growing by the doorway, and under the window a touch of green which he said was mignonette. He made the picture purposely of some size, that it might cover as much as was possible of that portion of the wall toward which Janet was accustomed to gaze when she sat down, after the day's work, and attempted to peer into eternity.

But when he proposed to hang it above the table, Janet answered quickly, "Not there, — that place is reserved; hang it to one side."

Then it appeared that Janet had a long-cherished plan concerning this particular place, and had for years coveted, and still hoped to possess, a holy picture that should hang above her holy books, thus converting the back of the table into a sort of altar; and that for this purpose she had once been given a head of Christ, which she had returned, not finding the expression agreeable. "The face of our Lord," said Janet, "should always be a pleasant one."

The front of the table served as a humble board from which were dispensed the loving sacrifices of a never failing and never lessening hospitality. At present the guests especially favored were, first, pretty Barbara, a young orphan girl, getting along as best she could, with no one of her own to watch over and mother her; secondly, Sarah Milligan, to whom the occasional use of a corner of Janet's table offered a highly desirable change in conditions of light and air at meal-times, Sarah's abode being a small dark bedroom, — in Janet's words, no better than a clothes-press, and she did n't know what Sarah meant by treating herself in such an un-Christian manner; thirdly, Mrs. McNulty, who occupied a portion of the basement, and was in most necessitous circumstance, made still more complicated by the possession of what Janet described as a "noble spirit," every effort to keep her from the verge of starvation having to be conducted with extreme discretion and delicacy. Then there were numberless others, all wanting something: it might be a little washing and ironing for which they were unable to offer remuneration, or perhaps a little sympathy, a little advice, a friendly word, a welcome by a warm fireside.

"Why do they all come to you?" I asked one day, having discovered pretty Barbara, and Sarah of the dark bedroom, and Mrs. McNulty of the noble spirit, socially partaking at Janet's table of tea and toast and herring.

"Possibly," was the reply, "because I am good to them. When you are good to

people, it is likely to keep them coming as long as grass grows and water runs."

It was a hard winter, — little to do and little money. Janet had work, it was true, and pretty Barbara, who pasted labels on bottles; also Mary Morrison and Sarah Milligan in their respective professions, of whose nature we were ignorant, they being silent on this subject. It was surmised, however, by Edward and myself, that Mary Morrison had work of some literary character, and it was surmised by Janet that her friend Sarah was connected with a certain down-town theatre in the way of either mending or cleaning. Mrs. McNulty had no work, and Mrs. McNulty's case represented one in thousands.

A sad state of things, verily! Through dying Robin had escaped much that was pitiful.

There were two experiences in that dreary winter which, as I now recall them, stand out by themselves with the fairness of mountain harebells growing in some rocky crevice. They were very simple experiences, things to feel rather than to tell, to love rather than to show. One was more particularly Edward's, the other more particularly mine. Edward's was a discovery. After hanging the Little Garden in Heaven on old Janet's wall, he began to stroll unconsciously and always farther and farther into old Janet's heart, until he chanced upon a nook where no one had been for many a year, not even the owner herself, and there found safely stored a treasure of old tales, old songs, superstitions, reminiscences, and border ballads, fresh and ready for his coming, — quite as if he had brushed away a weight of dead leaves, and beneath a sonsie brook ran rippling, having its own violets to bend over it, its own mavis to sing.

And now, when professional duties or neighborly kindnesses brought my brother and Janet together, they were sure to forget in a twinkling the weal and the woe of the world about them, to forget who was who and what was what; and Janet would call Edward "dearie" and "darling" without the slightest suspicion of thus addressing him, since they were both in their thoughts off and away, perhaps in the Highlands, perhaps in the Lowlands, perhaps remembering Robin, as far even as there where "the day is aye fair in the Land o' the Leal," — off and away following Prince Charlie, he of the fair yellow locks flowing over his shoulders; or else it might be in Rob Roy's cave at a gathering of the clans, or listening to the good Presbyterians singing psalms in their hiding-places, or parting with Highland Mary, or assisting at the episode of Lord Ullin's daughter, and Janet would exclaim, exactly as if she had been present, "Oh, what a terrible night it was! how it thundered and lightened!" and then very likely they would repeat in concert: —

> "'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
> This dark and stormy water?'
> O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
> And this Lord Ullin's daughter.'"

Like the music of old Scotch melodies, the sound of their voices comes back to me across the recollection of that sorrowful winter, and closely following is the memory of my own experience, the meeting and learning to know Mary Morrison, Janet's Winsome Lady.

On evenings when it best suited our convenience Edward and I were in the habit of dining together at some pet Bohemian restaurant; on other evenings I went alone to the pleasant little hotel of St. Margaret, a sort of worldly convent, being intended only for women, the tables of whose dining-room were daintily spread, each for four persons. As a more or less frequent guest I soon appropriated to myself an especial corner, and before long noticed that another guest as regularly occupied the seat opposite. She was a slender, girlish woman, having a face of singular grace and tenderness. Our companions at the ta-

ble varied with every meal. They were strangers engaged in shopping and sight-seeing, or college girls enjoying the freedom of a too brief vacation, or dressmakers from out of town unfolding across the table the merits of sundry establishments where one might behold the most modern creations of feminine attire; or they were artists full of comment and criticism, or teachers, authors, musicians, journalists, or now and then women in the picturesque garb of some sisterhood, or followers of the Salvation Army in the brave red and blue.

Thus incidentally, my opposite neighbor and I found ourselves attaining a mutual store of most varied and extensive information. The next development of our acquaintance came through the Torrey Botanical Society, to one of whose meetings Edward had invited me to accompany him. We were a little late, and as we entered heard the name of a new member voted upon and accepted, the name being Mary Morrison. The paper that evening treated of rhododendrons, and in its discussion the question was asked how far north they grew, whereupon some one directly behind us replied that she had found them on the shores of Lake Sebago in Maine. The speaker proved to be Mary Morrison, the new member; proved likewise to be my opposite neighbor at dinner, and also Janet's Winsome Lady, as Edward discovered in the social period after the discussion.

And now when Mary Morrison and I met at St. Margaret's we fell into a way of prolonging our dinner hour to a second hour of rambling through favorite streets, or of viewing the world from the amusing position afforded by the top of a Fifth Avenue stage; or, taking a trolley to the Battery, we watched the lights in the ferry-boats, for the spring days were at hand, and the twilights long and tempting; and we talked of the books we had read, the places we had seen, the people we had observed in the dining-room of the little hotel, — talked of the Torrey Botanical Society, and of the shores of Lake Sebago in Maine; and perhaps for lack of time, perhaps for some other reason, we did not speak of Mary Morrison herself.

Sometimes Edward joined us, and we took longer rambles. On one of these occasions — it was our last of the season — we were just starting forth from the old brick house in the crooked street, which happened that day to be the rendezvous, when on the steps we found Alice and Josephine, two of the neighborhood children, bending over a dead canary. Alice, the younger, was weeping bitterly.

"She wants it to sing again," said Josephine. "You can't sing again if you are dead. My grandfather died the other day. I went to the funeral."

Mary Morrison sat down by the chief mourner, explaining how the song had gone away, how the bird in the child's hand was only something which had held the song. There was a sound in her voice that brought comfort and conviction. Alice, being in sore need, accepted both, although not immediately.

In the mean time, at Mary Morrison's suggestion, Edward had gone up to his studio, and returned with a small box and a bit of cotton-wool, to which he had added a violet bloomed out that morning in a diminutive fragment of country field which he was cultivating on the balcony of his fire-escape; it being my brother's custom, as soon as the spring appeared in New England, to send thither for a yard square of native earth stocked with sample specimens of hepaticas, violets, ferns, grasses, buttercups, — all for the joy and enlightenment of the children in the crooked street, who were for the most part unknowing of wild flowers. We made a soft bed and laid the canary upon it, the little head nestling against the New England violet. Then we took a last look, this being Josephine's suggestion. At her grandfather's funeral

every one had taken a last look. After this Mary Morrison led us away from Edward's street for the length of a block or two; at a corner drug-store she went in, and reappeared with a key. Just beyond, in a low stone wall, was a door, which Edward and I had passed hundreds of times without suspecting that it concealed what was left of a long-forgotten graveyard, — a door to which few came now, and behind which nothing happened except the flitting of light and shade, and the fall of the rain and snow.

"Very conveniently for us," said Mary Morrison, unlocking the door in the wall, "I was sent this way once to look up some old inscriptions; and so, in our present need, I knew about the place and where the key was kept."

We went in, and Edward dug a little grave under a rose-bush.

"They say things at funerals," observed Josephine, when the box had been hidden from sight.

"Listen," said Mary Morrison, as a bird alighted on the wall and began to sing, "listen; things are being said now. It 's a thrush; it 's on its way to the woods in the North. I think it must have stopped to sing at the canary's funeral."

The children thought so, too, and Josephine wished to know where North was.

"North is Maine," replied Edward. "Rhododendrons grow there on the shores of Lake Sebago."

Then it became necessary to explain at some length about Maine, and about rhododendrons, and about the shores of Lake Sebago; and thus pleasantly conversing we conducted the children to within sight of their doorway, and left them wonderfully cheerful considering the circumstances, the chief mourner being able to kiss her hand to us with a smile.

Summer was at hand now, with its changes of abiding-places. We did not see Mary Morrison again until the following November, when the irregular dining together at the little hotel was renewed; and now and then we met at the Torrey Botanical Society or had a cup of tea in Edward's studio.

On one of the easels, generally covered from sight, being unfinished, was a study of the man Christ Jesus. As we were looking at it one day, Mary Morrison said she always wondered over a work of art in the same way that she wondered over a flower, and she thought a true painter must be very much like a true gardener, — a man who worked industriously, waited patiently, lived honestly, kindly, lovingly, until at the proper season he would produce again and again things so beautiful that no one could look upon them unmoved; and it would be said they were done in a moment of inspiration, whereas they were the result of an unfolding as gloriously natural and as gloriously mysterious as the blooming of a flower.

"And suppose you were a painter," said Edward, "waiting for the blooming of your flower, — to use your own little simile, — and suppose you had attempted, as I have, the subject on the easel, how would you think it out? What would be your conception of it?"

"First of all," said Mary Morrison presently, "I should try to make my mind realize some very simple circumstance into which our Lord might come, — as for instance he might come to the gateway of Janet's Little Garden in Heaven to welcome her, perhaps, after her toilsome journey; and as I painted I should think of him familiarly, as of one who would enjoy the hawthorn hedge, and the sweetbrier bush, and the mignonette."

"And after that?" said Edward.

"And after that I should think of various sorrowful things connected with Janet's life, — things which she has often tried to tell me, but could never finish to the end, they being too full of bitterness for utterance; and I should think that when our Lord came to the Little Gar-

den, it would be like the coming of One who knew all that one had ever feared and suffered, all that had been in one's heart since the beginning, and there would be perfect understanding with no pain of explanation. Of course you don't believe in any Little Garden in Heaven," Mary Morrison went on more lightly, — " you are too intelligent; and Janet does n't believe in it, either, though she does believe in the judgment-seat; and I suppose we all believed once, more or less, in golden crowns, and harps, and girdles, and candlesticks, and never fading flowers, and fields of living green."

" But I do believe in the Little Garden," said Edward obligingly; " that is, in a general way. I believe in something pleasant, and what is there pleasanter than a garden? Moreover, I believe it 's a great mistake to be what you call intelligent in these matters. One loses too much. Besides, how can one be intelligent about that ' which passeth all understanding ' ? It is n't possible, any more than that a child should think the thoughts of a man."

The winter went by, and still no more than Janet knew of her friend Sarah Milligan's private life did we know of our friend Mary Morrison's. Indeed, we had long ceased to consider that she had any life other than that which we in our minds had bestowed upon her. Chance, however, was now to enlighten us. My brother happened to be passing through a street, one of whose houses stood sadly silent, its curtains drawn and a sign of mourning on its door. As he approached the house a woman came out, in whom he recognized Mary Morrison. Two other women followed. Edward was nearer now, and heard one of them say that never before had she seen things done with such thoughtful and tender appreciation of every circumstance; that it was like having a very dear friend appear unexpectedly in a moment of sorrow.

" It was more like an angel sent from heaven," the other woman answered.

The words awakened a train of thought in my brother's mind, vague at first, but gradually assuming shape until it reached back as far as the canary bird's funeral. He went into a shop and consulted a directory, and a little later found his way to a door bearing the names " Morrison & Morrison," and which Janet's Winsome Lady had entered just before him.

" I have been hearing about you," he said to her, " and I have come to hear more. Have you time to tell me now, and will you begin at the very beginning? "

" Then I must tell you first about father and uncle," Mary Morrison replied, offering him a chair, and seating herself in the one opposite. Briefly narrated, this is the account she gave: —

" Father and uncle and I lived in a little village not far from the shores of the lake where the rhododendrons grow. Father and uncle kept the village store, put on the village double windows in the autumn, took them off in the spring, mended people's furniture and furnaces, — mended everything, in fact, except the people themselves: the village doctor did that when he could; when he could n't, and the minister had said what he had to say, father and uncle did what was left to do, they being the village undertakers, — notwithstanding which no one ever thought of connecting them with things sad and gloomy, but rather with a sense of security and peace.

" I had a curious childhood as far as surroundings were concerned. I kept my dolls in a large roomy box acquired by way of business, and marked in staring letters ' Bon Jour Shrouds.' From that inscription I learned my first French lesson. Back of the store stood an old abandoned Methodist meeting-house, bought and moved thither by father and uncle, and adapted by them as a place of storage for the hearse and coffins. To us village children the coffins meant going to bed to sleep until the coming of the angel of the resurrection.

"I remember asking father what the angel would say, and father asked uncle, and uncle said it might be, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' We children thought it would be very beautiful to have that said to us, only it seemed a pity to be obliged to sleep so long; we felt that we had hardly time to sleep at all, there was so much to do. Consequently, we were not particularly interested in the coffins, but we were delighted with the hearse. It made such a capital place in which to play hide-and-seek.

"When I grew older I went to the academy of the neighboring town, and from there to college, and then accompanied a family abroad to take charge of the studies of two young girls. With the latter I spent a number of pleasant years, at the end of which father and uncle both fell asleep, to wait, as they were accustomed to say of others, for the coming of the angel. I returned home shortly after this, feeling very sad and lonely. One day I met John Morrison, a cousin of father's and uncle's, who was also an undertaker. He told me, among other things, of the death of his partner, and how he was looking for some one to replace him, and he asked, half seriously, how I would like the position.

"I thought hard for a moment. I knew the world to be filled to superfluity with women teachers and women in almost every occupation, but I had never heard of a woman following John Morrison's profession. I remembered, too, how once, when a little English child had died in a foreign hotel, and I had been able to render the mother assistance in the spirit of father and uncle, she had said what a comfort it would be if always at such a time there were some woman upon whom one might call, whose presence would be like that of a friend. And so I accepted John Morrison's offer. That was five years ago.

"And now I have told you everything, just as you asked me."

For the first time in her long life old Janet was very ill; "almost ready to go to the Little Garden in Heaven," she observed, as she lay down apparently to die.

The doctor and the minister, speedily summoned, arrived, and administered each according to his profession. Mrs. McNulty gave up such desultory occupation as she was able to procure, and, assuming the vacant place at the wash-tub, saved inconvenience to every one concerned, and to the little household in particular any diminution of income; for not one penny would Mrs. McNulty accept in recognition of services rendered. Sarah of the dark bedroom saw to it that Mrs. McNulty was supplied with nourishing food, and Edward that the basement rent was paid; pretty Barbara and the Winsome Lady appeared regularly and helpfully, as did other people; in short, the world, notwithstanding its well-established reputation for ingratitude, conducted itself in a thoroughly commendable manner.

Thus two weeks went by, and in the little inner room old Janet awaited the coming of that supreme moment when she should straighten her own limbs and close her own eyes, according to a previously announced determination; which latter, being generally known, kept those about her in constant apprehension, and some one continually stealing into the room to see if anything had happened, until Janet herself most unexpectedly relieved the strain of the situation by saying, "I will inform you, children, when the end is at hand."

During the two weeks she remained for the most part in a sort of stupor, seldom speaking or rousing of her own accord, except when my brother entered the room. Then she generally had some dream to relate, — of once upon a time in Scotland. One was of losing some money at a fair, the sum of a year's economies, saved it may have been to buy some longed-for trinket or a bunch of blue ribbons.

"A basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a gift of red roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons."

Another dream — and this one had the peculiarity of repeating itself — was of a pair of wee shoes made for the child Janet by her father, he being a shoemaker, from a bit of the finest of fine kid left over after making the Sunday shoes of the six young ladies at the "grand house." We had long known about the six young ladies: that their names were Mary and Flora and Jessie, and Charlotte and Ellen and Elisabeth; that when their fortunes were dissipated by the wild young men of the family, they had been obliged to go out as governesses; and we had often deplored their fate, but never before felt so near them as now through this frequent mentioning of their Sunday shoes. In Mrs. McNulty's words, "it was as if Janet had shoes on the brain."

On the evening before Good Friday, my brother had come in to make his usual visit, and Mrs. McNulty, taking advantage of his presence, had run down to the corner grocery for some needed article.

Janet seemed to be sleeping. Suddenly she opened her eyes and said in quite the old voice that she believed she was improving, that she should like a good bowl of barley broth, and that she felt as if the swelling had gone out of her feet.

"Then you will soon be able to wear your new shoes again," returned my brother, referring, not to the wee ones of her dream, of course, but to another pair, the immediate need of which, and whose intended purchase, supposed by every one to have been successfully accomplished, had been discussed among us just before Janet's illness.

"I have no new shoes," said Janet, in rather a reluctant and shamefaced fashion.

"But I met you going out to buy them," insisted Edward, — "don't you remember?"

Yes, Janet remembered. She also remembered having met Mrs. McNulty a few moments later; and Mrs. McNulty being in great need, she had given her a portion of the sum she had gathered, and the next day a trifle more, and the same the next, and the next, until the wherewithal for the purchase of new shoes had completely vanished. "And never shall I forget," continued Janet, "how my feet ached with the cold the last time I went out, although I walked on the sunny side of the street, and how when I came where there was a fire I stood so close as to burn the leather of the old things I was wearing without once perceiving the heat; and I am quite well aware that I have fallen ill and made great trouble on account of having been too accommodating. Still, what is one to do? Has not our Lord enjoined upon us to be kind to one another?" And then she added, commentingly, one could be kind, but it was not necessary to overstep.

When Edward went back presently to his studio, he had in his hand the picture of the Little Garden. He had taken it from the wall as he passed through the outer room, with a vague idea of making some tall white lilies to bloom in it for Easter morning. But the next day, as he sat down before it, thinking half consciously of Janet's gentle life, its courage, its absence of bonnie things, its fullness of weariness, its sweet consistency with one of her own quaint sayings, — that trouble is sent to us to see how gracefully we can bear our cross, — instead of the lilies he commenced the outline of a figure standing at the gateway; intending to make the figure that of an angel bringing it might be a message, and to give it a certain resemblance to Mary Morrison. The thought of the latter suggested other thoughts. Words drifted through his mind, spoken that day in the studio before the still unfinished study of the man Christ Jesus: "I should think of him familiarly, as of one who would enjoy the hawthorn hedge, and

the sweetbrier bush, and the mignonette. . . . I should think that when our Lord came to the Little Garden, it would be like the coming of One who knew all that one had ever feared and suffered, all that had been in one's heart since the beginning."

My brother put aside the picture taken from Janet's wall and began another, and, forgetting himself in his work, painted all day until the light faded. When he carried what he had done to Janet, she asked how it was that he could paint our Blessed Lord just as one would think he must have looked, having never seen him, and said her room was no place for a picture like this, — it should rather hang in a church; only then there would be the danger of distracting the attention of the worshipers, who would be always wondering about it, no mention being made in the sacred Scriptures of a Little Garden with a hawthorn hedge and a bonnie wee house half hidden under roses.

My brother, however, left it hanging over the table, above the holy books, where, for fear of injury, it was always kept carefully covered except on Sundays and in the evening.

Janet was right when she said she believed she was improving. Not many weeks after Easter she found herself able to put on the strong new shoes which had been provided for her recovery, and to resume her customary calling. And life went on as before in the old brick house of the crooked street, except that after a little the painter's studio was closed, it being the time of summer holidays, — the time when, according to popular parlance, every one is out of town and no one in town, which really means, when one counts numbers, that two or three people are away and millions are left behind.

Mary Morrison took her vacation, this year, in late September and early October. On one of these early October days she and Edward were straying together along a wooded road, — my brother having wandered so far north as the shores of Lake Sebago in Maine, — when a boy came running toward them with a message sent by Mrs. McNulty; entirely on her own responsibility, as she explained later, because she felt, if any one ought to be notified, it was the painter.

The painter read the message, and Mary Morrison read it. Then they turned back to the village, breaking off as they went along little branches of fir and pine and bay with leaves turned crimson, and stalks of goldenrod and purple asters. In the village they found a bed of lady's-delights, from whose flowers Mary Morrison made a bonnie bunch by themselves.

There had been no particular illness; "a general breaking up" was what the doctor had pronounced it; when one has worked early and late for nearly seventy years, there naturally comes a time when all things wear out together. Janet's own diagnosis was given in the quiet remark, "The oil has gone out of my joints, and I know of no place to get more."

Her last words had been to call Mrs. McNulty a foolish woman, advising her to lie down and have a good night's rest: this was when the latter declared her intention of sitting up to watch. "In fact," said Mrs. McNulty, "she appeared quite displeased with me, but I was well enough acquainted with her to know that the displeasure was only outward." The day before her death she had partaken of the Blessed Sacrament, and also given certain directions. The Holy Picture was to be returned, carefully covered, to the painter's studio, and with it her copy of Robbie Burns's poems, Janet's one worldly book, which she hoped the painter would be pleased to accept as a keepsake. For the painter's sister was to be set aside the little New Testament with the old tunes in the back, and for the Winsome Lady a rosewood work-

box containing various girlish trinkets, souvenirs of more prosperous days, preciously kept through days of poverty. Then, after suitable disposition had been made of Bible, Prayer Book, Hymnal, flat-irons, articles of clothing, and furniture, came the final bequest, — that the sum of five dollars and seventy-five cents, gathered toward the next month's rent, be entrusted to the painter, and by him bestowed on some needy and religious old woman.

This last will and testament, faithfully recorded in Mrs. McNulty's mind, and from there transmitted to my brother as he laid the bonnie bunch of lady's-delights on his old friend's heart, and above her feet the goldenrod and purple asters, the little branches of fir and pine and bay with leaves turned crimson, was duly reported to Mary Morrison that night, with the amendment, "The Holy Picture is yours. It was always yours, painted by me in translation of your thought, lent to Janet for a season."

These are the three stories of three lives which go to make one story, and which passed through my mind as, that day at the art exhibition, standing before the picture whose title in the catalogue read, "And our Lord came to the Gateway of the Little Garden," I overheard some one ask, "Whose little garden?" and some one else reply, "Oh, don't you know? That is a quotation from a poem."

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

THE PAUSE IN CRITICISM — AND AFTER.

We are most of us conscious of an insufficiency in literary criticism to-day. Never were more opinions printed about books than now; the publishers' lists swarm with the titles of manuals, essays, compendiums; our schools, our colleges, pride themselves on providing instruction in literature; even the daily press rescues an occasional column from the chronicles of crime and politics, and devotes it to notices of current publications. And yet, despite all these evidences of apparent critical activity, we are conscious of a lack, which few of us define. Amid a babel of conflicting utterances, we listen for an authoritative voice, but we hear none. Why is this?

One might dismiss the question with the remark that great critics, like masters in any sphere, are rare, and that this happens to be a time when none flourish; but it may be possible to indicate a reason, more general in its nature and less dependent on chance, which accounts in part for the present condition of criticism, without reference to the dearth of great critics. Genius regarded singly can never be explained, but from the principles which guide workers we can often deduce helpful conclusions as to the success or failure of their work.

About the middle of this century, men began to apply the methods of the evolutionist to the study of literature. That application gave a most salutary impetus to criticism, but the time has come when the stimulus has about spent itself. The change wrought by the evolutionist method can be understood at a glance, if we remember that fifty years ago critics were disputing over the relative rank of authors, — whether Homer were superior to Dante, Wordsworth to Byron, Molière to Calderon; and in the long run it appeared that the verdict rested, not on established laws, but on the taste of the individual critic. "Is it not wonderful," asks Fitzgerald, after reading the Life of Macaulay, "how he, Hallam, and Mackintosh could roar and bawl at one an-

other over such Questions as Which is the Greatest Poet? Which is the greatest Work of that Greatest Poet? etc., like Boys at some Debating Society?"

The evolutionist treatment put an end to such questions, and busied itself in tracing the historic development of literature, and in discovering the heredity and environment of individual authors. It inquired where a man belonged in the historic series, whom he came after, whom he preceded, — quite unconcerned as to his standing on an arbitrary rank-list. It compiled literary pedigrees, — works which have a value similar to that of herd-books and stud-books. Its investigations have been immensely profitable, leading to the classification in proper chronological order of the various world-literatures, — a classification in which both the serial interdependence of individual authors and the mutual relations between different literatures are clearly set forth. To such good purpose has a generation of scholars devoted itself to this task that now the thinnest manual suffices to contain the chief literary pedigrees, and the formulas which were strange and hard only a little while ago are the commonplaces of our schoolrooms to-day. A Freshman can tell you just where each poet or novelist fits into his sequence; how Tennyson derives from Keats and Wordsworth, and Aldrich from Tennyson; how Realism in fiction descends from Stendhal to Zola; how the Italian Renaissance inspired first Wyatt and Surrey, who communicated the inspiration to Sidney and Spenser, through whom it kindled one Elizabethan after another, until its last bright glow in Ben Jonson's Faithful Shepherdess and in Milton's Comus.

Thus have the masterpieces of literature been reëdited, the annals rewritten, the conditions of production carefully surveyed. A latter-day tyro can visualize the skeleton over which each literature has worn a body; nay, with the evolutionist formula to direct him, he can take the skeleton apart, and mount it again, bone by bone, in exact articulation. Cuvier confidently reconstructed an extinct animal from a single fossil vertebra; the archæologist will deduce a vanished civilization from two fingers and a toe of an otherwise destroyed statue: not less skillful than these, the literary anatomist would not despair of reconstructing the entire literature of a bygone race from but one of its books. Skeptics, indeed, — men who perceive that "our knowledge is as a drop, and our ignorance is as an ocean," — may be surprised that any one can be so learned in details where every one must be so ignorant of ultimates; but even skeptics heartily recognize the great benefit which the application of the evolutionist method to literature has brought. The gain has been precious; it will be permanent; for it has reduced to convenient form many facts which criticism may use for a further advance.

But progress never long pursues a straight line. After going a certain distance in one direction, it turns and moves in the opposite. The curve not more exactly typifies beauty than the zigzag represents progress. The course changes from generation to generation, but the men of all generations have a common characteristic in that they believe their own course to be all-important. Theology and science, classicism and romanticism, authority and self-government, — these are some of the ideals towards which the ship of Progress has steered on its tacks over the sea of life, yet not one of them has led to the final haven. After a while, it may be centuries, the wind changes, the helm must be put about, and again all on board thrill with the belief that this new course surely will bring them into port.

To apply this figure to criticism, can we not discern in the present conditions a sign that the evolutionist method has sped us almost as far as it can, and that we must soon look for a favoring breeze from another quarter? Is it not evident

that a process which seeks to prove the continuity of a long series will pay greater heed to those points of resemblance which enable each part to be fitted into the series than to those qualities by which each part differs from the rest? If you give an anatomist a heap of bones to mount, he exerts himself to find where the humerus joins the scapula or the tibia the femur, without regard to their special functions. In like manner, the evolutionist critic not only emphasizes the lines of junction or blending, whereby he hopes at last to show the structural continuity of literature, but he also magnifies resemblances, and takes as little note as may be of differences. He even supplies missing links, hot from the forge of analogy. And he labors so successfully that his system, emerging out of the mists of theory, stands visible to us all.

When knowledge has reached this stage, where it can be packed into formulas, one of two things happens: either the formulas are easily learned and repeated mechanically, which leads to petrifaction, or they serve as new points of departure from which the untrammeled spirit sets out on a higher quest.

Of the former case we need no better example than rhetoric. I do not recall that a single master in literature mentions his obligation to the rhetoric books as aids by which he moulded his style; yet the biographies of men of genius are full of acknowledgments of their indebtedness to the poets and thinkers, the romancers and essayists, who fired their imagination, spurred their ambition, or taught them by example the art of utterance. Is there in the non-professional works of the expounders of rhetoric a single passage, except perhaps a page here and there in Whately, which rises above self-conscious mediocrity? Read but a little in any of them, and presently the vision of an egg-dancer, painfully, cautiously, picking his intricate way, will float before your eyes. Take up Longinus, and you will soon perceive that here is the undertaker come to measure the corpse of classic literature for its coffin. Could you set Rudyard Kipling at one table, and a coalition of all the rhetoric teachers extant at another, from which should you expect, at the end of a given time, a vigorous, clear, charming, original sketch? Assuredly, all this does not mean that the facts or laws of rhetoric may not, conceivably, be of some use, or that the rhetoric teacher may not be a worthy member of society, — no one denies the respectability or the usefulness of the undertaker, — but it illustrates how, when the laws of an art or of a science have long been formulated, petrifaction is likely to supervene. And in passing be it remarked that the rhetoric teacher can no more impart the secret of living literature than can the dissector who operates to such good purpose on a cadaver create a living soul. The dissector, indeed, never pretends that he can create living beings, but nearly all rhetoric teachers harbor the delusion that they possess not only the art of dissection, but also the secret of creation.

How different is the aspect of those sciences and arts in which classification neither implies arrested development, nor marks the limit beyond which progress cannot be made! We need cite as an illustration only the mathematics, one of the branches of knowledge in which fixed laws were earliest formulated, and the science above all others in which absolute accuracy can be attained at every step: age for it does not mean senility; rules are not shackles. The laws of his science lift the mathematician into the very empyrean of knowledge. They enable the physicist to bridge the Mississippi and to harness Niagara. They give the astronomer wings wherewith he follows comets in their courses, tracks the constellations weaving their patterns on the floor of heaven, and moves a freeman among the wonders of sidereal space and through the vistas of incalculable time.

Let us ask, now, to which of these examples the evolutionist study of literature should be likened. Can there be any doubt that, having demonstrated the process of development, the structural growth, the serial continuity, of literature, the evolutionist has accomplished nearly all that his method is fitted to accomplish in this field? Evolution led us out of the old and sterile formalism; but what will that avail us if it leaves us in a formalism of its own? Merely to go on repeating results which nobody denies cannot help us, — that is petrifaction, not growth. Along which road, then, can we advance? One way beckons very clearly, and it is this. Equipped with the knowledge of the general growth of literature which the evolutionist supplies, let us proceed to the interpretation of representative masters as individuals. Instead of laying chief stress on the analysis of externals, — of form, of structure, of the accidents of time and place, — let us seek to penetrate the inner meaning, the spiritual significance, the absolute value, of authors.

Many persons will doubtless urge that the interpretative method has never been abandoned; they will assert that teachers and critics of literature employ it at least as often as the evolutionist method, and they will quote one contemporary writer or another to fortify their assertion. But the evidence is against them: the evidence, first, of the literary manuals and commentaries, which are always valuable indications of prevailing, accepted methods, because orthodoxy alone is permitted in the schools; next, the evidence of such recent critical essays as may be regarded as typical; and finally, the evidence furnished by the very lack of an authoritative voice, the tone of uncertainty, and the inharmonious mingling of various methods, observable in a great part of our current criticism. Moreover, the way in which men trained in one school practice the principles of an opposite school can never do full justice to the latter. The quality of the interpretation in recent works must, accordingly, have been affected by the evolutionist sources from which it sprang. But in truth, since Lowell and Arnold died, what great interpreter, writing in English, has arisen? In France, — unless we except M. Brunetière, — have the successors of Taine, the man of letters who, it seems to me, got the richest possible results from the evolutionist method, turned away from his brilliant example? Long is it since Germany has bred a critic of international reputation, but you need examine only a small fraction of the commentaries poured out each year by the painstaking German scholars in order to detect the methods which dominate them. The heredity and environment of an author, and his place in his series, are still the chief concern of criticism.

Interpretation, — that, then, to state much in a single word, is the means by which advance is to be sought. The evolutionist, aspiring to formulate general laws, rightly investigates the common characteristics of great masses, and extends his scrutiny over long periods. But literature is the expression of individuals, — the domain where masses do not count, the highest example of an undebased aristocracy. By no addition or multiplication of masses can you produce the equivalent of Shakespeare. To understand him, you must approach him as an individual, and not merely as a writer occupying a certain place in the development of the Elizabethan drama. To know his structural significance is interesting, and may be important, but it is not indispensable. Only by treating him absolutely, as a poet of individual utterance, who produces a different effect on you than any or all others produce, can you interpret him. Your interpretation, moreover, will measure yourself not less than him: it will reveal to us how much of Shakespeare you are capable of holding. After all,

the test of utterance is, How does it affect us? The academic world is populous with men who can assign his proper place to every author from Homer to Hugo, but who have been stirred by none, — a barren erudition! For to know where Burns belongs in the pedigree of literature is as irrelevant to the effect his songs produce on you as to know the ornithological pedigree of the oriole who showers his inimitable lyrics from the elm by your roadside. Who will deny that this absolute treatment is the natural treatment? You do not look upon yourself, and your father, and your friends as simply units in a sequence, but as distinct persons, each possessing qualities which create for him an absolute individuality. Neither can the great companions to whom literature introduces us be comprehended until they mean more to us than mere links in a chain.

It follows, therefore, that to the two objects of criticism promulgated by Taine, and still pursued by most of the critics of literature, we must add a third: besides the *moment* and the *milieu*, we must seek to understand the *message*. Otherwise we cannot rise from the plane of classification to that of interpretation.

The models left by the best critics admonish us that this is the true method. Goethe and Coleridge, Carlyle and Lowell and Arnold, were interpreters: some of them lived and died before the doctrine of the milieu and the moment had been broached, and yet their criticism still stands. To Goethe, bent on penetrating to the very heart of Hamlet and drawing out its message, such questions as Shakespeare's place in the development of the English drama, or who were his ancestors, or what he ate and wore, had but a casual interest, — such an interest as he might have felt, when he listened to a violoncello concerto, in knowing what wood the instrument was made of, or the maker's name and date. In like manner, the interpretative critic chooses to expound for us Dante's theology, rather than to add another to the many discussions of how much of his theology Dante borrowed from Thomas Aquinas. To this method, also, we owe Carlyle's wonderful essay on Samuel Johnson, and Emerson's transcendental exposition of Plato and Montaigne; out of this came Arnold's revelations — for such, indeed, they are — of Marcus Aurelius and Joubert and Heine. Criticism of this supreme sort is as the rod wherewith Moses smote the rock in Horeb and living waters gushed forth.

I need not dwell here upon the rare qualities demanded of the critic as interpreter. Like every one who pierces beneath the outer shows of things, he must have insight. The evolutionist's most necessary faculty is observation; the interpreter requires imagination. Scanning the masters of literature face to face, dwelling with them as an individual among individuals, he cannot regard them impassively, as he might count so many telegraph-poles or links in a chain; neither will he see in them only illustrations of abstract laws, — formulas ill concealed behind a thin veil of flesh; but he will recognize that they are the highest embodiments of varied human nature. Accordingly, his criticism will be personal, human, concrete. Evolutionist critics, on the contrary, end with a mechanical classification; they establish the series they had in view; they pay their tribute to logic; and yet they leave us conscious of the lack of creative genius in themselves, and in their system of the complexness and elasticity and surprise of life. We may be nothing but automata, society may be only a colossal mechanism operated by inflexible laws, but nature at least hides this from us in an illusion of spontaneity. Critics of the moment and the milieu, in making too visible the boiler and piston and rods, too audible the roar of wheels and the hissing of valves, fall far short of nature.

Whenever a system arrives at the conclusion that man is a machine, we may

be sure that the system itself is mechanical. For man is a spirit, and literature, the supreme form of his self-manifestation, must be interpreted spiritually. When we appeal, therefore, for a return to the method of interpretation, we do not counsel a retreat; we point to the surest road for advance. The knowledge acquired in other schools will not be wasted, but will contribute whatever it can towards a higher interpretation. We can foresee, of course, that among a large number of interpretations few will have value, and that there will seldom be unanimity, even among the best. But what of that? Every so-called law was originally only the opinion of one man. I doubt whether any universal laws will ever be deduced for literary criticism. I suspect the critic who so confidently trusts to a foot-rule. The utmost that the best critic can do for me is to show me the utmost he has found in a given author; I shall agree with him or not according as my understanding and insight and needs correspond to his. Voltaire saw little in Shakespeare; consequently his opinion of Shakespeare carries no weight among those who see much. Many readers think Don Quixote only an amusing satire on books of chivalry; Coleridge discerned in it an allegory of the conflict of the idealist with a matter-of-fact world, — and his interpretation will endure until somebody shall suggest a better. The man who tells us that Dante wrote the Inferno in order to have the satisfaction of taking vengeance on his enemies furnishes valuable elucidation — about himself.

That the interpretative method may bear a large crop of extravagances and absurdities argues nothing as to its validity. We do not judge a system by its worst representatives. We do not declare evolutionist criticism inadequate because it bears such works as Düntzer's Life of Goethe, in which the biographer, patiently striving to "explain" Goethe by his moment and his milieu, gravely records the poet's bills of fare, and would fain describe, if space permitted, the mine which supplied silver for the poet's shoe-buckles; but when evolutionist criticism, as practiced by a genius so clear and learned and alert as Taine, constructs a vast machine and assures us that this is life, — life, which is so plastic, so immeasurable, so full of surprise and mystery, — then we may well pronounce it inadequate. And we need not fear lest, having bidden forth interpreters, we have in reality hastened the coming of chaos in criticism. Better even the whims and puerilities of a method which may lead to the highest results than the orderliness of a method which does not aim at the highest.

If literature be no more to you than amusement, then will you regard its Shakespeares and Dantes as but toy-makers; if it be but a verbal quarry, you will work in it, like the philologist or the grammarian, for material to construct a schoolhouse; if it be but the record of serial development, then you will make of it a museum like that wherein the naturalist exhibits specimens, fossil or recent, showing the growth of organisms. But literature is more, infinitely more, than any of these. It is the book, more enduring than tables of stone, wherein is written the revelation of mankind; it is the memory of the race, making the past present, without which the experience of all our yesterdays would profit us nothing, and we should begin, each morning, like the Papuan, a dull round of half-brutish life, incapable of advance. To every one of us, even the dullest or shallowest, come Joy and Grief, Sin and Failure and Death, each with his challenge, "What do I mean to you?" Literature embodies the replies which the spokesmen of the race have given to these supernal questioners. To interpret their replies, — that is the mission of the critic.

William Roscoe Thayer.

THE DELINQUENT IN ART AND IN LITERATURE.

From the very beginning art has dealt with crime and criminals, and for ages it was art alone, poetic or pictorial, that made known the physical and mental features of the delinquent. It often succeeded by a wonderful intuition, and it often failed for lack of scientific knowledge. But recently science has taken the criminal in hand for investigation, and it is the purpose of this essay to determine how accurately poets and painters have anticipated or followed, in their descriptions of some of the most famous types of criminals, the knowledge gained by the scientific study of them.

The older, or classical criminologists occupied themselves with crime, and not with criminals; treating them, with the rare exception of confirmed drunkards and deaf mutes, as average men. They worked to find the article of the penal code best suited to the case that they were considering. They made studies, not of the man, but of the violation of law of which he had been found guilty. Experimental science, on the other hand, has closely studied the diverse figures of criminals themselves, until nearly all criminologists now classify them into the five sections in which I was the first to arrange them.

The congenital criminal, the organic and psychic monster whose existence criminal anthropology has demonstrated, was long ago dimly recognized by popular intuition, even while he remained unobserved, or while his existence was denied by the teachers of religious dogmas. It is natural that this type should not often be met in artistic creations until our own time. Indeed, not even Shakespeare, nor Dostoievsky in his personal observations of Siberian criminals, nor Eugène Sue in his studies of the dregs of the Parisian mob, was able to delineate him. But no sooner had criminal anthropology discovered him and identified him than he became at once a subject of contemporary art, thanks especially to Zola. In these unmoral men, the congenital criminals, who lack all guiding social instincts, there is usually a great development of self-seeking impulses and of mental astuteness, leading to successful careers in a society based on free competition, which is but a species of disguised and indirect anthropophagia, and which constitutes for the honest man a hindrance rather than a help in the race of life. It is precisely their apparently normal intelligence and sentiments, masking their profound and secret moral insensibility, which make this type so difficult for any but the scientifically trained student to recognize. The mad criminal, on the other hand, was always easy to discern, and it was natural that he should appear in art; but art has generally dealt only with real madmen, rarely with those who because of some degeneration or some congenital malformation are unhinged, though they have lucid intervals; for in cases of this kind it is not easy to detect the external evidences. Infrequent, too, in art, except in those novels and plays whose chief aim is the representation of the criminal world, is the figure of the habitual criminal, inasmuch as he is an anti-social type, made by society and our prison systems. He rarely commits any great offense, but carries on a miserable existence of petty delinquency, and belongs to the large class of the socially submerged.

The artistic material in crime which has been most frequently used consists of the other two criminal types, the occasional criminal and the passionate criminal. The occasional criminal, who is almost a normal man, lends himself particularly well to artistic representation. We meet him as the adulterer, more or

less professional; the swindler, more or less circumspect; the gambler, more or less of a cheat; the defamer, more or less venomous. These characters are the stock in trade of many novels and plays constructed after certain formulæ, but, except in the hands of writers of genius, they do not offer sufficient psychological relief and contrast to warrant a profound and minute artistic analysis. Indeed, the occasional criminal belongs to the numerous mediocrities of the anti-social world, and is of an undecided quality, fluctuating between vice and virtue according to his surroundings.

But since passions and sentiments are the true materials of art, the criminal by passion has always attracted the attention of artists. They like to deal with crimes committed by men, often of wholesome life, who, stung into violence by some great injustice or some deep wrong to their affections, rush into crime in a tempestuous psychological fever; and mankind delights to follow the artist's interpretation. An intimate knowledge abides in the reader that he might be similarly tempted under the same circumstances, and artists, with their fine-strung sensibilities and highly developed nerves, feel an elective affinity with the man who has killed another for love or jealousy, or some other passion.

After this rapid survey of the most characteristic of the various types of delinquents, as revealed by the positive data of the new criminal science, let us compare them with some of the most noted imaginary figures that art has delineated with the intuition of genius. We shall find that art, just because it has remained close to life, even when the excesses of an ascetic or philosophic idealism diverted human interests from the earth to subjective contemplation of a world beyond, has portrayed in its greatest creations the most marked characteristics of the criminal type. Indeed, to his surprise, the criminal anthropologist perceives that the artist has often anticipated his most definite observations. Thus the anthropologist finds that in Bernini's Moor on the fountain of the Piazza Navona in Rome, and in the four Moors on the noble monument erected in Leghorn to the memory of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., the special physical traits of the Negro race are artistically recorded. Dr. Charcot found that the physical characteristics and the peculiar contortions of the hysterical and the epileptic have been reproduced in art. A remarkable example is the boy possessed of a devil, in the foreground of Raphael's Transfiguration.

Criminal types, of course, are infrequently represented in painting and sculpture. Of one hundred notable pictures, not more than one or two have for their principal theme or secondary episode the image of a criminal, and the proportion is even smaller in statues. But of one hundred popular plays no fewer than ninety elucidate some crime; and the proportion is even greater in novels. The artist is not encouraged to fix with his brush or chisel a repellent figure or deed. Then, too, the painter and the sculptor can catch only the passing act of one or more persons, and the representation of a crime is in great measure forbidden by the necessity of restricting the expression to a single moment. The emotions are best aroused and kept in tension by descriptions of the various psychological moments which the soul of the delinquent traverses. Such psychological descriptions are possible only in descriptive art, either analytic as in the novel, or synthetic as in the drama. Yet painters and sculptors have discovered some of the characteristic traits. A careful study of the busts of the Cæsars reveals as a family peculiarity the abnormal distance of the eyes from the root of the nose, and notably in the criminal Cæsars, above all in Nero and Caligula, the most common features of the criminal type. In Caligula the upper lip is raised on one side, like the lip of a wild beast about to bite. This feature has been noted by

Darwin as frequently met with in murderers.

Painting yields a richer harvest than sculpture. The pictorial representations of Cain and Abel, of Judith and Holofernes, of the Murder of the Innocents, of the Crucifixion of Christ, of the Christian Martyrs, of the Last Judgment, as well as pictures from Christian hagiology, portray murderers, executioners, traitors, and villains with the well-known traits of the criminal type, — large and angular heads, asymmetric faces, small and ravenous eyes, large square jaws, low and receding foreheads, projecting or pointed ears, abundance of stubbly hair, and thin beards. In addition to painters of pictures in which the criminal element is merely incidental, there are painters who have chosen their principal subjects from the criminal world. Goya the Spaniard, who flourished in the eighteenth century, became the court painter, so to call him, of brigands and highwaymen. In France, Prud'hon, beside a picture entitled Allegory of Justice, which represents a delinquent brought to court, painted Murder pursued by Revenge and Justice, in the conception of which he fell into the common error that remorse pursues every type of criminal. Remorse is unknown to the congenital and habitual criminal, and makes itself but feebly felt in a few cases of irresponsible and impulsive madness and of occasional crime. It is vehement only in criminals by passion. It is these who are often impelled to commit suicide immediately after the criminal paroxysm has passed. Of other French painters of criminal subjects, the most conspicuous is Géricault, whose picture The Head of a Guillotined is justly famous. The painter has put on his canvas all the abnormalities that belong to the sanguinary criminal type. In the famous Kiss of Judas, by Ary Scheffer, Judas is represented with all the characteristics of the swindler and the liar; and in the same way, Delacroix's Hamlet displays, not the traits of a common criminal type, but a wandering, restless, lunatic physiognomy. Artists of all times and lands have portrayed empirically various criminal types by characteristics which science has recently found to be exact. The criminal type discovered by Lombroso, and accurately studied by the Italian criminal anthropological school, is perfectly drawn in the artistic works of many centuries.

Let us now pass from the physiognomic depiction of criminals in art to their psychological delineation in the drama and in literature. I shall disregard that great army of minor delinquents who are the material used in the manufacture of so many second-rate novels and plays, but who have been presented occasionally as a true type which has become legendary, such as the Don Juan of Byron, the Wantrin of Balzac, or the Don Marzio of Goldoni. I shall omit political criminals also, for similar reasons. But it is worth remembering that the history of human progress shows how many times the mad genius or even the criminal, because less enslaved than other men by the conventionalism of mental and social habits, and because less careful of his personal profit, has given the decisive impetus to the realization of reforms which were already matured in the collective conscience, and only awaited a final impulse.

In the Divine Comedy, the principal theme of which may be said to be crimes and punishments, we do not find types of true delinquents, except perhaps such figures as Vanni Fucci in the canto of the thieves, and Francesca da Rimini among the adulterers. Indeed, Dante's poem deals almost wholly with political criminals. The evolution of criminality since the Middle Ages shows conspicuously the ever growing prevalence of crimes of fraud over crimes of violence, and Dante concerned himself with the crime rather than with the criminal. For the criminologists of the positive or anthropological school, who are more occupied with the criminal than with the crime, a much

richer mine of psychological observation is found in tragedies and dramas which present some decided type of criminal man.

Crimes of blood have been the staple material of the drama, and the Greek destiny which drove a man into crime was only the modern heredity. We pass over the ancient drama, which need not detain us, and come to the drama of modern times. Here we encounter the frequent delineation of the three characteristic figures, — instinctive criminals, criminals by madness, homicides by passion, the latter completing their due psychological outlines by superadding remorse and suicide.

The most marvelous description of these three types is found in Shakespeare. Macbeth is the instinctive or born criminal; Hamlet, the mad criminal; Othello, the criminal by passion. Shakespeare's artistic work is such a mine that not only students of art, but economists and even criminologists may extract from it facts and documents of vital historical interest. Criminal psychology finds in his three legendary types of homicides three human documents in which the accuracy of observation is no less wonderful than the excellence of the art. Macbeth is the type of the born criminal, a sad and monstrous offshoot from the pathological trunk of nervous and criminal epilepsy. And in Shakespeare's tragedy Macbeth is the true epileptic from his birth, — an epileptic of the least apparent type, that is called psychic or masked epilepsy, because it exists without the terrible muscular convulsions which we think of when epilepsy is named, and because it is limited to a temporary insensibility, often unnoticed, which is the psychic equivalent of muscular convulsions.

> "My lord is often thus,
> And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
> The fit is momentary; upon a thought
> He will again be well: if much you note him,
> You shall offend him and extend his passion,"

says Lady Macbeth to her guests, surprised at the strange attitude of their royal host. The tragedy reveals still another psychological intuition of Shakespeare, which, lying somewhat aside from the habitual rules of common psychology, is rarely noted by superficial observers. Only the intuitive art of a great genius or the patient observation of a scientific investigator would reach the truth, that in the soul of the born criminal, however much, apparently, he may resemble the normal man because he shows no marked external signs of madness, there exist psychologic attributes and habits different from those of other men. Scarcely has Macbeth killed Duncan when he bursts on the scene, brandishing his bloody weapon, and telling his wife all he felt before and after the deed. Tommaso Salvini, one of the greatest interpreters of Macbeth, called this powerful scene unnatural, because it seems contrary to the care every man takes to cover up his crime. Certainly, according to the psychology of normal men, his first act would be to hide all evidences of his guilt; but those who have studied criminals know that the imprudent revelation of their own dark deeds, especially where murder is concerned, is one of the surest data of criminal psychology. So common, indeed, is this trait that it is through it, rather than through the miraculous sagacity of the police, so vividly described in the police novels, that murder is almost always revealed. Criminals will speak of their crime as an honest workman speaks of his labor. Yet another great genius, Ariosto, noted this trait, of which criminal annals furnish innumerable examples, in his famous lines: —

> "Il peccator . . .
> Che se medesmo, senz' altrui richesta,
> Inavvedutamente manifesta."

This "unnatural" Shakespearean scene, then, is quite natural.

I may remark incidentally that I know of no more fallacious criterion than that of verisimilitude, which is almost always

contrary to truth, whether met with in the halls of justice, where many errors are committed in its name, or in the daily and constantly erroneous judgments of ordinary life. A similar example of erroneous application of the criterion of verisimilitude, transporting into criminal psychology the data of common psychology, I find in the Phèdre of Racine, where the poet employs as Hippolytus's excuse the same argument which the criminologist Prospero Farinaccio put forward some years ago as the basis for his celebrated defense of Beatrice Cenci: —

"Examinez ma vie et songez qui je suis.
Quelques crimes toujours précèdent les grandes crimes;
Quiconque a pu franchir les bornes légitimes
Peut violer enfin les droits, les plus sacrés;
Ainsi que la vertu, le crime a ses degrés;
Et jamais on n'a vu la timide innocence
Passer subitement à l'extrême licence.
Un jour seul ne fait pas d'un mortel vertueux
Un perfide assassin, un lâche incestueux."

This method of arguing, which we do not find in the Phedra of Euripides, we meet in the Cosmopolis of Paul Bourget; while it may hold good for criminals by acquired habit, it is not true, though it sounds plausible, of congenital criminals, who rush at once into the worst of crimes.

To return to Macbeth, I should like to note another psychological intuition of Shakespeare's, which is that women commit fewer crimes than men; but when they commit them they are more cruel and more obstinately recidivist than men. Lady Macbeth, for example, is more inhumanly ferocious than her husband.

It is easier to deal with the other two Shakespearean murderers in accordance with criminal psychology, though even to them the criteria of common psychology have too often been applied. Thus while Hamlet is a perfect type of the criminal madman as interpreted by the data of criminal psychology, there have been critics who maintained that he became mad after feigning insanity. Hamlet is really most masterfully delineated as a criminal lunatic with lucid and even reasonable intervals, — a type ignored by those untrained observers who look on all lunatics as necessarily raging and incoherent, but which the great English psychologist comprehended by intuition. The diagnosis of the psycho-pathological symptoms in Hamlet could not be more characteristic than Shakespeare's description of him, beginning with the hallucination, when he sees the ghost, which is a decisive feature of mental alienation. The very simulation of madness, which laymen interpret as a caprice or a trick, marvelously agrees with scientific observation, because it is now known that simulated madness is a frequent symptom of lunacy, in spite of the "dictum of common sense" that "he who feigns is not mad." The madness of Hamlet belongs precisely to that form of lucid madness which permits the sufferer from time to time to realize his own insanity. In his letter to Ophelia Hamlet speaks of his sick state, and after the murder of Polonius he exclaims that "not Hamlet, but his madness," has killed his friend. Hamlet's madness is of the kind shown by those whom the French school of criminologists calls "superior degenerates," in distinction from idiots and imbeciles, who are called "inferior degenerates." Another symptom of Hamlet's condition is a partial paralysis of the will. To this pathological lack of will are attributable all his hesitations in executing the vendetta of his father, together with an instinctive repugnance to murder, which, as I have shown elsewhere, survives in lunatics of moral integrity even after their intelligence has been shipwrecked. Shakespeare's observation manifests itself in showing how Hamlet, an intellectual youth, a university student, still retained, even with a clouded brain, the power to reason rightly; as, for example, in his moralizing over Yorick's skull, or in his reflection that if he killed the king while at prayer, he would send him to heaven, and so miss revenge. But, however lucid and reasonable at times, Ham-

let is none the less mad because his deed is inspired by a noble motive, and his madness makes itself plainly manifest in his gratuitous murder of old Polonius.

So true to life is Othello that he has become the typical embodiment of homicide by passion; for though he is less abnormal than Macbeth or Hamlet, he is still a true homicidal criminal. This view is confirmed by his suicide; Shakespeare, with his profound intuition, does not permit either Macbeth or Hamlet to die by his own hand. The immediate reaction toward suicide, after a homicidal attack, is a specific symptom of the criminal by passion, whose moral sense, momentarily obscured by the hurricane of his passion, regains the upper hand, and pushes him to self-destruction in his spasm of instantaneous remorse. It is just this subtle distinction, made plain by criminal anthropology, that Shakespeare perceived.

To come down to more recent times, a successful instantaneous photograph of the criminal world is found in Cavalleria Rusticana, where we are hurried from crime to crime in a whirlwind of rapidly succeeding events. Or turn to fiction. Some years ago, a class of novels dealing with penal law proceedings — Gaboriau's were chief among them — were much in vogue. In these penal studies the criminal takes a secondary place, and is nearly always a sort of lay figure used to represent a mysterious crime. The real hero is the police, personified in some specially astute agent who unravels the mystery. Tabaret, the best of these agents, is made, in L'Affaire Lerouge, to praise his own craft of man-chasing, which he declares to be much superior to animal-hunting. He deplores that great crimes are on the decrease, and that they have given place to vulgar petty delinquencies, — a very true observation, as is also his remark that criminals nowadays sign their deeds, so to speak, and leave their visiting-cards behind them, so that discovery is easy. Analogous to these novels are the plays which revolve around the discovery of some crime, usually homicide, with the introduction of the usual more or less definite judicial errors. Ferréol, by Victorien Sardou, is an excellent example of this type. But these penal law plays, most popular in folk theatres, have less interest for us, whose purpose it is to seek in the intuitions of art the confirmation of the positive statements of criminal anthropological science. It is therefore enough to have named them as an interesting variety and offshoot of the artistic representation of delinquent man.

A tragically acute and suggestive moment in the study of criminal man is his execution. Yet, curiously enough, art has scarcely ever attempted the representation of this most highly dramatic phase of criminal life. The exceptions are the pathetic scenes of Mary Stuart and Beatrice Cenci, and more recently, the Dame de Challant, by Giacosa, and the Tosca, by Sardou. Here, however, we are in the domain of common, not of criminal psychology, since we are dealing only with criminals by passion and political criminals. The wide sweep of emotions felt by a criminal who passes at once from the vigor of life to death, in the flower of his years, tempted the genius of Victor Hugo. In Les Misérables the hero is a criminal, but Jean Valjean is only a fancy criminal, whom no criminologist of the new school would have condemned to prison. And because he is a pseudo-criminal Jean Valjean does those pitiful and heroic deeds which his creator assigns to him. Victor Hugo wrote also about the last days of a criminal condemned to death; but though eloquent and artistic, the description deals only with the superficial aspects of the life of a condemned man, and in its psychology is not correct. Penal annals have already given us a number of documents bearing on criminal psychology, showing the apathetic attitude of the criminal and his congenital

physical and moral insensibility, — an attitude which writers like Victor Hugo mistake for courage.

At the middle of the present century, imaginative literature found itself compelled to choose between two supreme necessities: it had either to reconstruct itself or to perish. Balzac led the way with the luminous Comédie Humaine. Then followed Flaubert with his Madame Bovary. Both writers sought in social environment the reasons for individual character. At almost the same time, the true basis of positive science was laid by the biology of Darwin and the philosophy of Spencer. It was impossible that contemporary fiction should not be affected by such mighty and far-reaching influences. The novelists soon forsook the well-trodden conventional roads, and hastened to study the human soul under the new search-light of science. Hence arose the naturalistic and the psychological romance, some writers preferring to study the determining causes of the environment, while others were drawn rather to the analysis of the soul of the individual. All, however, were guided by the influence of the new anthropological data which they thus helped to popularize. But art is not science. Science is above all things impersonal and objective, while a work of art, as Zola says, is a corner of nature seen through a temperament. In this difference lies the chance for the artist. Le Crime et le Châtiment, by Dostoievsky, and La Bête Humaine, by Zola, are for psycho-pathology and criminal anthropology a propaganda a thousand times more suggestive than the laborious observations of science, and they are at the same time excellent artistic works; for while they paint truth boldly, they do not distort its proportions. To miss the proper proportion is the sin of inferior artists, and they miss it in the very effort to make their figures more veracious, as they think.

Zola, although in recent years he has not steered clear of a tendency to yield to commercial influences, is one of the greatest contemporary writers. His works are of undeniable importance as studies of delinquency, notwithstanding the fact that the caprices of decadent art point to a reaction against the artistic value of the naturalistic romance. With The Rougen-Maquart Zola opened new horizons to art. He was the first to introduce the figure of the congenital criminal, substituting it for the worked-out figure of the mad criminal or the criminal by passion. Since his success the novelists of all lands have sought among anthropological data for a vital basis on which to build up the products of their fancy. It is curious to note how even a modern champion of the spiritual psychological romance, like Paul Bourget, has in some of his novels drawn on the sources of normal and criminal anthropology. Thus in the preface of Cosmopolis Bourget frankly admits that, "notwithstanding the identity of the social environment in which his idle group of cosmopolitans are found, they always bear in their feelings and in their actions the seal of the race to which they belong;" and since race is for a people what temperament is for an individual, it is easy to see that the thesis of Cosmopolis coincides with the fundamental conclusion of criminal sociology, — that crime is a phenomenon determined not alone by the conditions of social environment, but also by biological conditions. In Le Disciple and in André Cornélis, Bourget furnishes us with the psychological description of two quasi-delinquents. But he never goes outside of common psychology. Criminal psychology requires not only the internal inspection of one's own conscience, but the external and anatomic observation of the criminal soul, both in social life and in the prison and the madhouse. By reason of his observations Dostoievsky is among artists the Dante of criminal psychology, as well when he writes of the living sepulchre in which he passed so many years, as when he

creates the Shakespearean figure of Raskolinkopp in Le Crime et le Châtiment.

It is now about twelve years that southern Europe has been powerfully swayed by northern art in the drama and in the novel. Ibsen, Tolstoi, and Dostoievsky are the trio who artistically represent delinquent man, and have set the fashion. Of Ibsen's works, Ghosts is the drama which above all others most intensely follows the lines of human pathology as revealed by modern science, although the crime it involves is only faintly indicated, and we are left uncertain at the end whether the mother gives to her son the liberating poison craved by this victim of paternal vice. Another confirmation of "the right to die" is found in Coppée's Bon Crime, showing how this view is making headway among higher thinkers. Ibsen's work is inspired by a rare knowledge of scientific facts, reproduced with a more or less philosophic precision. Thus Hedda Gabler hews out as from a rude block the figure of a neurotic woman, hysterical and criminal. In The Wild Duck we encounter the triumphant criminal and swindler, a contemporary figure of *haute finance* now too often met with. In The Pillars of Society Ibsen depicts the so-called great men of politics, at once criminals and neurotics, who display in a different environment — the environment of parliamentary life — the same tendencies that influence the brigands of the roads. In Ghosts, wherein the author attempts to demonstrate the organic basis of crime or madness, the picture of Oswald lacks somewhat the precision of a hospital diagnosis, but the making of diagnoses is not the function of art. It suffices that it should ask of science the fundamental facts of life, and then be free to change the colors in order the better to impose its real artistic creations on the collective conscience. This effect is attained by Ghosts, as it is also attained by Zola's L'Assommoir, which has fixed the disasters resulting from alcoholism, just as Ghosts has made us comprehend the hereditary transmission of paternal degeneration, even though the inexorable uniformity of this law is a little exaggerated.

Tolstoi, who has been as absurdly praised as he has been absurdly condemned, furnishes us with two types of homicides. In The Kreutzer Sonata we encounter the familiar jealous husband, who vindicates his violated right of property in his wife by murdering her, in accordance with the morality of those savage tribes who punish adultery with death, just as they punish theft. But the character of the criminal is not well studied. He is rather a lay figure, of which the author makes use to expound his curious thesis. Much abler and truer are the criminal figures in The Powers of Darkness, that graphic and vivid description of Russian peasant life. In the title he has chosen, Tolstoi, once again in agreement with science, means to signify how from the dark regions of the unconscious there springs up in the human soul the poison of those criminal thoughts, sentiments, and acts which unfortunately play so large a part in life.

I have thus rapidly passed in review a sanguinary and repulsive crowd, upon whom art has wrought, giving too much glorification to criminals. It is time it should turn its light on the great mass of suffering men and women, — ill-fed, rude, and perverted, it may be, yet simple, laborious, and unconsciously altruistic, — who, despite their misery and hunger, remain honest, and obey the human sentiment that revolts against the idea of doing violence to a fellow creature.

Enrico Ferri.

THE JUGGLER.

XIII.

When this crisis supervened, Lucien Royce was at New Helvetia Springs, at the bowling-alley. His resolution that the beautiful girl, whom he had learned to adore at a distance, should never see him again in a guise so unworthy of him, of his true position in life, and of his antecedents, collapsed one day in an incident which was a satiric comment upon its importance. He met her unexpectedly face to face in the mountain woods, within a few miles of the Cove, one of a joyous young equestrian party, and riding like the wind. The plainness of the black habit, the hat, the high close white collar, seemed to embellish her beauty, in that no adornments frivolously diverted the attention from the perfection of its detail. The flush on her cheek, the light in her eye, the lissome grace of her slender figure, all attested the breezy delight in the swift motion; her smile shone down upon him like the sudden revelation of a star in the midst of a closing cloud, when he sprang forward and handed her the whip which she had dropped at the moment of passing, before the cavalier at her side could dismount to recover it. A polite inclination of the head, a murmur of thanks, a broadside of those absolutely unrecognizing eyes, and she was gone.

She evidently had no remembrance of him. His alert intuition could have detected it in her face if she had. For her he had no existence. He thought, as he walked on into the silence and the wilderness, of his resolution and his self-denial, and he laughed bitterly at the futility of the one and the pangs of the other. He need never wince to be so lowly placed, so mean, so humble, for she never thought of him. He need not fear to go near her, to haunt, like the ghost he was, her ways in life, for she would never look at him, she would never realize that he was near; for most people are thus insensible of spectral influences.

When he sat for the first time on a bench against the wall, by the door of the bowling-alley, with two or three mountaineers whose lethargic curiosity — their venison or peaches having been sold — was excited in a degree by the spectacle of the game of tenpins, he had much ado to control the agitation that beset him, a certain sensation in his throat as if some sharp blade grazed and rasped it internally. But after this day he came often, availing himself of the special courtesy observed by the players in providing a bench for the mountaineers, as spectators who were indeed never intrusive or out of place, and generally of most listless and uninterested attitude toward the freaks and frivolities of New Helvetia. This attention seemed a gracious and kindly condescension, and flattered a conscious sentiment of *noblesse oblige*. There were other spectators, of better quality, on the other side of the long low building, — the elders among the sojourners at New Helvetia Springs, — while down the centre, between the two alleys, were the benches on which the players were ranged.

She was sometimes among these, always graceful and girlish, with a look of innocence in her eyes like some sweet child's, but wearing her youth and beauty like a crown, with that unique touch of dignity suggestive of a splendid future development, and that these days, lovely though they might be, were not destined to be her best. One might have pitied the hot envy he felt toward the youths who handed her the balls and applauded her play, and hung about near her, and talked in the intervals, — so foolish, so hopeless, so bitter it was. Sometimes he heard her responses: little of note, the

talk of a girl of his day and world, but animated with a sort of individuality, a something like herself, — or did he fancy it was like no one else? He had met his fate too late; this was the one woman in all the world for him. She could have made of him anything she would. His heart stirred with a vague impulse of reminiscent ambitions that might have been facts had she come earlier. He loved her, and he felt that never before had he loved. The slight spurious evanescent emotion, evoked from idleness or folly or caprice, in sundry remembered episodes of his old world, or evolved in the desert of his loneliness for Euphemia, — how vain, how unreal, how ephemeral, how unjustified! But she who would have been the supreme power in his life had come at last — and come too late. How truly he reasoned he knew well, as he sat in his humble garb amongst his uncouth associates on the segregated bench, and heard the thunder of the balls and the swift steps of the lightly passing figures at the head of the alley; but surely he should not have been capable of an added pang when he discerned, with a sense almost as impersonal as if he were indeed the immaterial essence he claimed to be, her fate in the identity of a lately arrived guest. This was a man of middle height and slender, about thirty-five years of age, with a slight bald spot on the top of his well-shaped head. He had a keen narrow face, an inexpressive calm manner, and was evidently a personage of weight in the world of men, sustaining a high social and financial consideration. He did not take part in the game. He leaned against a pillar near her, and bent over her, and talked to her in the intervals of her play. When he was not in attendance on her he was with her parents. His mission here was most undisguised, and it seemed to the poor juggler that the fortunate suitor was but a personified conventionality, whom no woman could truly love, and who could truly love no woman.

When once he had acquired the sense of invisibility, he put no curb on his poor and humble cravings to see her, to hear the sound of her voice albeit she spoke only to others. Every day found him on the mountaineers' bench at the bowling-alley, sometimes alone, sometimes in grotesque company, the ridicule, he knew, of the young and thoughtless; and he had no care if he were ridiculed too. Sometimes she came, and he was drearily happy. Frequently she was absent, and in dull despair he sat and dreamed of her till the game was done. He grew to love the inanimate things she touched, the dress she wore; he even loved best that which she wore most often, and his heart lightened when he recognized it, as if the sight of it were some boon of fate, and their common preference for it a bond of sympathy. Once she came in late from a walk in the woods, wearing white, with a purple cluster of the wild verbena at her bosom. There was a blossom fallen upon the floor after they were all gone. He saw it as it slipped down, and he waited, and then, in the absolute solitude, with a furtive gesture he picked it up, and after that he always wore it, folded in a bit of paper, over his heart.

In the midst of this absorbing emotion Lucien Royce did not feel the pangs of supplantation till the fact had been repeatedly driven home. When, returning from New Helvetia, he would find Jack Ormsby sitting on the steps of the cabin porch, talking to Euphemia, he welcomed as a relief the opportunity to betake himself and his bitter brooding thoughts down to the bank of the river, where he was wont to walk to and fro under the white stars, heedless of the joyous voices floating down to him, deaf to all save the inflections of a voice in his memory. He began gradually to note with a dull surprise Euphemia's scant, overlooking glance when her eyes must needs turn toward him; her indifferent manner, — even averse, it might seem; her disaffected languor save when Jack Orms-

by's shadow fell athwart the door. In some sort Royce had grown obtuse to all except the sentiment that enthralled him. Under normal circumstances he would have detected instantly the flimsy pretense with which she sought to stimulate his jealousy, to restore his allegiance, to sustain her pride. She had not dreamed that her hold upon his heart, gained only by reason of his loneliness and despair and the distastefulness of his surroundings, had slackened the instant a deep and real love took possession of him. She had not divined this hopeless, silent love — from afar, from infinite lengths of despair! — for another. She only knew that somehow he had grown oblivious of her, and was much absent from her. This touched her pride, her fatal pride! And thus she played off Jack Ormsby against him as best she might, and held her head very high.

The sense of desertion inflicted upon him only a dull pain. He said listlessly to himself, his pride untouched, that she had not really loved him, that she had been merely fascinated for a time by the novelty of the "readin's," and now she cared for them and him no more. He recalled the readiness with which she had forsworn her earlier lover, when his conscience had conflicted with her pride, and this seeming fickleness was accented anew in the later change. Royce tacitly acquiesced in it, no longer struggling as he had done at first with a sense of loyalty to her, but giving himself up to his hopeless dream, precious even in its conscious futility.

How long this quiescent state might have proved more pleasure than pain it is hard to say. There suddenly came into its melancholy serenities a wild tumult of uncertainty, a mad project, a patent possibility that set his brain on fire and his heart plunging. He argued within himself — with some doubting, denying, forbidding instinct of self-immolation, as it seemed, that had somehow attained full control of him in these days — that in one sense he was fully the equal of Miss Fordyce, as well born, as well bred, as she, as carefully trained in all the essentials that regulate polite society. She would sustain no derogation if he could contrive an entrance to her social circle, and meet her there as an equal. He had heard from the fragmentary gossip mention of people in New Orleans, familiars of her circle, to whom he was well known. He did not doubt that his father's name and standing would be instantly recognized by her father, Judge Archibald Fordyce, — the sojourners at New Helvetia were identifiable to him now by name, — or indeed by any man of consequence of his acquaintance. Under normal circumstances the formality of an introduction would be a matter of course. If she had chanced to spend a winter in St. Louis, he would doubtless have danced with her at a dozen different places; he wondered blankly if he would then have adequately valued the privilege! He felt now that he would give his life for a touch of her hand, a look of her eyes fixed upon him observingly; how the utter neutrality of her glance hurt him! He would give his soul for the bliss of one waltz. He trembled as he realized how possible, how easily and obviously practicable, this had become.

For the tableaux and fancy-dress ball had been so relished by the more juvenile element of New Helvetia that the successor of that festivity was already projected. This was in the nature of a "calico ball," to be a grotesquerie in costume and mask, exclusively of facetious characters. The masks were deemed essential by the small designers of the entertainment, since the secrets of the various disguises had not been carefully kept, and these vizards were ingenuously relied on to protect the incognito of certain personages garbed, with the aid of sympathetic elders, as Dolly Varden, Tilly Slowboy (with a rag-doll baby furnished with a head proof against banging on door-frames or elbows), Sir John Fal-

staff, three feet high, Robinson Crusoe, and similar celebrities. The whole affair was esteemed a tedious superfluity by the youths of twenty and a few years upward, already a trifle blasé, who sometimes lingered and talked and smoked in the bowling-alley after the game was finished and the ladies had gone. It was from overhearing this chat that Royce learned that although the majority, tired with one effort of devising costumes, had declined to go in calico and in character, still, in deference to the style of the entertainment and the importunity of the children who had projected it, they had agreed to attend in mask. Their out-of-door attire of knickerbockers and flannel shirts and blazers ought to be deemed, they thought, shabby enough to appease the "tacky" requirements of the juvenile managers; for they were pleased to call their burlesque masquerade a "tacky party," calico as a fabric not being *de rigueur*.

Then it was that Royce realized his opportunity. The knickerbockers and flannel shirt, the red-and-black blazer and russet shoes, in which he had entered Etowah Cove, now stowed away in the roof-room of Tubal Cain Sims's house, were not more the worse for wear than much of such attire at New Helvetia Springs after a few weeks of mountain rambles. Ten minutes in the barber-shop of the hotel, at a late hour when it would be deserted by its ordinary patrons, would put him in trim for the occasion, and doubtless its functionaries who had never seen him would fancy him in this dress a newly arrived guest of the hotel or of some of the New Helvetia summer cottagers. He had even a prevision of the free and casual gesture with which he would hand an attendant a quarter of a dollar and send across the road to the store for a mask. And then — and then — he could feel already the rhythm of the waltz music beating in every pulse; he breathed even now the breeze quickening in the motion of the dance, endowed with the sweetness of the zephyrs of the seventh heaven. It was she — she alone — whom he would care to approach; the rest, they were as naught! One touch of her hand, the rapture of one waltz, and he would be ready to throw himself over the bluff; for he would have attained the uttermost happiness that earth could bestow upon him now.

And suddenly he was ready to throw himself over the bluff that he should even have dreamed this dream. For all that his pulses still beat to the throb of that mute strain, that his eyes were alight with an unrealized joy, that the half quiver, half smile of a visionary expectation lingered at his lips, the red rush of indignant humiliation covered his face and tingled to the very tips of his fingers. He was far on the road between the Cove and the Springs, and he paused in the solitude that he might analyze this thing, and see where he stood and whither he was tending. He, of all men in the world, an intruder, a partaker of pleasures designed exclusively for others! He to wear a mask where he might not dare to show his face! He to scheme to secure from Her,—from *Her!*—through false pretenses, under the mistake that he was another, a notice, a word, chance phrases, the touch of her confiding hand, the ecstasy of a waltz! He had no words for himself! He was an exile and penniless. He had no identity. He could reveal himself only to be falsely suspected of a vile robbery in a position of great trust; any lapse of caution would consign him to years of unjust imprisonment in a felon's cell. He was the very sport of a cruel fate. He had naught left of all the lavish earthly endowments with which he had begun life but his own estimate of his own sense of honor. And this was still precious to him. Bereft as he was, he was still a gentleman at heart. He claimed that, — he demanded of himself his own recognition as such. Never again, he determined, as he began to walk slowly along

the road once more, never again should expert sophistries tempt him. He would not argue his equality with her, his birth, his education, the social position of his people. It was enough to reflect that if she knew all she would shrink from him. He would not again seek refuge in the impossibility that his identity could be discovered as a guest at the ball. He would not contemplate the ignoble advantage. He would not plead as a set-off against the deception how innocent its intention, how transient, how venial a thing it was. And lest in his loneliness, — for since the atmosphere of his old world had come once more into his lungs he was as isolated in the Sims household, he found its air as hard to breathe, as if he were in an exhausted receiver, — in his despair, in the hardship of his lot, in the deep, deep misery of the first true, earnest, and utterly hopeless love of his life, some fever of wild enterprise should rise like a delirium in his brain, and confuse his sense of right and wrong, and palsy his capacity for resistance, and counsel disguise, and destroy his reverent appreciation of what was due to Her, he would put it beyond his power ever to masquerade in the likeness of his own self and the status of his own true position in the world; he would render it necessary that he should always appear before Her in the absolutely false and contemptible rôle of a country boor, an uncouth, unlettered clown.

At this paradox of his conclusion he burst into a grim laugh; then — for he would no longer meddle with these subtle distinctions of right and wrong, where, in the metamorphoses of deduction, the false became true, and interchangeably the true was false — he began to run, and in the strong vivacity of his pride in his physical prowess he was able to reflect that better time was seldom made by an amateur, unless for a short spurt, than the pace he kept to the Sims cabin. He would not let himself think in the roof-room while he rolled the clothes into a bundle. He set his teeth and breathed hard as he recognized a certain pleasure which his finger-tips derived from the very touch of the soft, fine texture of the cloth, and realized how tenuous was the quality of his resolution, how quick he must needs be to carry into effect the conclusions of his sober judgment, lest he waver anew. He was out again and a mile away before he began to debate the disposition which it would be best to make of the bundle under his arm. He thought with a momentary regret of Mrs. Sims's kitchen fire, over which doubtless Euphemia was now bending, busy with the johnny-cake for the evening meal. He dismissed the thought on the instant. The feminine ideas of economy would never suffer the destruction of so much good all wool gear, whatever its rescue might cost in the future. Moreover, it would be inexplicable. He could get a spade and bury the bundle, — and dig it up, too, the next time this mad, unworthy temptation should assail him. He could throw it into the river, and some one might fish it out, recognize it as his property, and call him to account for the mystery of its destruction.

Suddenly he remembered the lime-kiln. The greater portion of its product had been used long ago, but the residue still lay unslaked in the dry rock-house, and more than once, in passing, he had noted the great boulder rolled to the aperture and securely closing it against the entrance of air and moisture. The place was in the immediate vicinity, and somehow, although he had been there often since, the predominant impression in his mind, when he reached the jutting promontory of rock and gazed down at the sea of foliage in the Cove, that surely had once known the ebb and flow of tides other than the spring bourgeonings and the autumn desiccations, was the reminiscence of that early time in Etowah Cove when he had stood here in the white glare from the lime-kiln and watched that

strange anamorphous presentment of the lime-burner's face through the shimmering medium of the uprising heat. He seemed to see it again, all unaware that now, in its normal proportions, that face looked down upon him from the height of the cliff above, albeit its fright, its surprise, its crafty intimations, its malevolence, distorted it hardly less than the strange effects of the writhing currents of heat and air in that dark night so long ago.

The young man hesitated once more as he unrolled the garments. He had a certain conscientious reverence for property and order; it was with a distinct wrench of volition that he would destroy aught of even small value. As he seated himself on the ledge, shaking out the natty black-and-red blazer, he recognized the melody that was mechanically murmuring through his lips, — again, still again, the measures of a waltz, that waltz through whose enchanted rhythms he had fancied that he and she might dreamily drift together. He sprang to his feet in a panic. With one mighty effort he flung the great boulder aside. Hastily he dropped the garments into the rock-house, and with a long staff stirred the depths of the lime till it rose above them. More than once he was fain to step back from the scorching air and the smarting white powder that came in puffs from the interior.

"That 's enough," he muttered mockingly after a moment, as he stood with his muscles relaxed, sick with the sentiment of the renunciation of the world which the demolition of the civilized garb included in its significance. "I cannot undertake to dance with any fine lady in this toggery now; she 'd think I had come straight from hell. And," with a swift change of countenance, "so I have! — so I have!"

Then, with his habitual carefulness where any commercial interest, however small, was concerned, he roused himself, wrenched the great boulder back into its place, noting here and there a crevice, and filling it with smaller stones and earth that no air might gain admission; and with one final close scrutiny of the entrance he took his way into the dense laurel and the gathering dusk, all unaware of the peering, suspicious, frightened face and angry eyes that watched him from the summit of the cliff above.

The discipline of life had certain subduing effects on Lucien Royce. He felt very much tamed when next he took a seat upon the bench placed aside in the corner of the bowling-alley, to affect to watch the game, but in truth to give his humble despair what added pain it might call pleasure and clutch as solace, by the sight of her smiles won by happier men, the sound of her voice, the meagre realities of the day to supplement the lavish and fantastic visions of his dreams. He had reached the point where expectation fails. He looked only for the eventless routine of the alley, — the hour of amusement for the others, the lingering separation, the silence of the deserted building, and the living on the recollection of a glance of the eye, a turn of the head, a displaced tendril of hair, softly curling, until to-morrow, or the next day, or the next, should give him the precious privilege of making such observations for the sustenance of his soul through another interval of absence. Suddenly, his heart, dully beating on through these dreary days, began to throb wildly, and he gazed with quickening interest at the scene before him: the long narrow shell of a building with the frequent windows where the green leaves looked in, the brown unplastered walls, the dark rafters rising into the shadowy roof, and the crossing of the great beams into which records of phenomenal successions of ten strikes were cut by the vaunting winners of matches, with their names and the dates of the event, the year of the Lord methodically affixed, as if these deeds were such as were to be cherished by posterity. Down the smooth and

shining alley a ball was rolling. Miss Gertrude Fordyce, wearing a sheer green-and-white dress of simple lawn and a broad hat trimmed with ferns, was standing at the head of the alley, about to receive her second ball from the hands of a blond young cavalier in white flannels. Royce had seen him often since the morning when he had observed him giving his valuable advice as to the erection of the stage in the ballroom, and knew that he was Millden Seymour, just admitted to the bar, with a reputation for talent, an intelligent face, and a smooth and polished *bonhomie* of manner; he was given to witty sayings, and was a little too intent upon the one he was exploiting at this moment to notice that the pins at the further end had not been set up, the hotel functionary detailed for that duty not having arrived. She hesitated, with the ball in her hand, in momentary embarrassment, the color in her cheeks and a laugh in her eyes.

Royce sprang up, and running lightly down by the side of the alley placed the pins in readiness to receive her second ball; then stood soberly aside, his hat in his hand, as if to watch the execution of the missile.

"How very polite!" said one of the chaperons over her knitting to another. "I often notice that young man. He seems to take so much interest in the game."

This trifling devoir, however, which he had not hesitated to offer to a lady, savored of servility in its appropriation by a man. Nevertheless, he was far too discreet, too well aware of what was due to Her, to allow the attention to seem a personal tribute from him. He cursed his officiousness, notwithstanding, as he bent down to set the tenpins in place for the second player, who happened to be the smart young cavalier. Only with an effort he conserved his blithe air and a certain amiable alacrity as through a round or two of the game he continued to set up the pins; but when the flustered and hurried bell-boy whose duty he had performed came panting in, Royce could have broken the recreant's head with right good will, and he would not restrain a tendency to relapse into his old gait and pose, which had no savor of meekness, as he sauntered up the side of the alley to his former seat beside the mountaineers, who had gazed stolidly at his performance.

Royce noted that one or two of the more athletic of the young men had followed his movements with attention. "Confound you!" he said to himself irritably. "I am man enough to throw you over that beam, and you are hardly so stupid as to fail to know it."

Miss Fordyce had not turned her eyes toward him, — no more, he said to himself, than if he had been the side of the wall. And notwithstanding the insignia of civilization thrust out of sight into the quicklime and the significance of their destruction, and the flagellant anguish of the discipline of hopelessness and humiliation, he felt this as a burning injustice and grief, and the next instant asked himself in disdain what could such a man gain that she should look at him in his lowly and humble estate?

Royce brooded gloomily upon these ideas during the rest of the game; and when the crowd had departed, and he had risen to take leave of the scene that he lived by, he noticed, with only the sense that his way was blocked, several of the young men lingering about the door. They had been glancing at him, and as one of them, — it was Seymour, — in a very propitiatory manner, approached him, he became suddenly aware that they had been discussing the appropriateness of offering him a gratuity for setting up the tenpins in the heat and dust while they played. Seymour was holding out their joint contributions in his hand; but his affability was petrified upon his countenance as his mild eyes caught the fiery glance which Royce flung at the group, and marked the furious flush which suf-

fused neck and face and ears as he realized their intention. It was a moment of mutual embarrassment. They meant no offense, and he knew it. Had he been what he seemed, it would have been shabby in the last degree to accept such friendly offices with no tender of remuneration. Royce's ready tact served to slacken the tension.

"Here," he said abruptly, but despite his easy manner his voice trembled, "let me show you something."

He took a silver quarter of a dollar from the handful of small change still mechanically extended, and, turning to a table which held a tray with glasses, he played the trick with the goblet and the bit of money that had so interested the captain of the ill-fated steamboat on the night when Lucien Royce perished so miserably to the world. It was with a good-natured feigning of interest that the young men pressed round, at first, all willing to aid the salving of the honest pride which their offering had evidently so lacerated. But this gave way to an excitement that had rarely been paralleled at New Helvetia Springs, as feat succeeded feat. The juggler was eager now to get away, having served his purpose of eluding their bounty, but this was more difficult than he had anticipated. He feared troublesome questions, but beyond a "Say, how in thunder did you learn all this?" there were none; and the laconic response, "From a traveling fellow," seemed to allay their curiosity.

After a little he forgot their ill-starred benevolence; his spirits began to expand in this youthful society, the tone of which was native to him, and from which he had long been an outcast. He began to reflect subacutely that the idea of a fugitive from justice would not occur to them so readily as to the mountaineers, who were nearer the plane of the ranks from which criminals are usually recruited, being the poor and the humble. He might seem to them, perhaps, a man educated beyond his prospects in life and his station, and ashamed of both; such types are not altogether unknown. Or perhaps he might be rusticating in this humble fashion, being a person of small means, or a man with some latent malady, sojourning here for health, and of a lower grade of society. "For they tell me," he said scornfully to himself, "that such people have lungs and livers like the best of us!" He might be a native touched by some unhallowed ambition, and, having tried his luck in the outer world, flung back upon his despised beginnings and out of a job. He might be the schoolmaster in the Cove, of a vastly higher grade than the native product, doubtless, but these young swells were themselves new to the mountains, and hardly likely to evolve accurate distinctions. He felt sure that the idea of crime would occur to these gay butterflies the most remotely of all the possible solutions of the anomalies of his presence and his garb. He began to give himself up unconsciously to the mild pleasure of their association; their chatter, incongruously enough, revived his energies and solaced his feelings like some suave balm. But he experienced a quick repulsion and a start of secret terror when two or three, having consulted apart for a few moments, joined the group again, and called upon him to admire their "cheek," as they phrased it, in the proposition they were about to make, — no less than that he should consent to perform some of his wonderful feats of sleight of hand at an entertainment which they proposed to give at New Helvetia. They explained to him, as if he had not grievous cause to know already, that the young ladies had devised a series of tableaux followed by a ball; that the children had scored a stunning success in a "tacky party;" that the married people had preëmpted the not very original idea of a *fête champêtre*, and to preclude any unmannerly jumping of their claim had fixed the

date, wind and weather permitting, and had formally bidden the guests, all the summer birds at New Helvetia Springs. And now it devolved upon the young men to do their part toward whiling away time for the general pleasure, — a task for which, oddly enough, they were not so well equipped as one might imagine. They were going to give a dramatic entertainment upon the stage erected for the tableaux in the ballroom, which still stood, it being cheaper, the proprietor remarked, to leave it there than to erect it anew; for no one could be sure when the young people would want it again. There would be college songs first, glees and so forth, and they made much of the prestige of a banjo-player in their ranks. Some acrobatic feats by the more athletic youths were contemplated, but much uneasiness was felt because a budding littérateur — this was again Mr. Seymour — was giving token of a total breakdown in a farce he was writing for the occasion, entitled The New Woman, which, though beginning with aplomb and brilliancy, showed no signs of reaching a conclusion, — a flattering tribute to the permanence of the subject. Mr. Seymour might not have it completed by the date fixed. The skill of this amateur prestidigitator would serve to fill the breach if the playwright should not be ready; and even if inspiration should smile upon him and bring him in at the finish, the jugglery would enliven the long waits while the scenes were being prepared and the costumes changed.

Royce, with a sudden accession of prudence, refused plumply; a sentiment of recoil possessed him. He felt the pressure of the surprise and the uncertainty like a positive pain as he sat perched on the high window-sill, and gazed out into the blank unresponsiveness of the undergrowth of the forest, wilting in the heat of a hazy noon. The young men forbore to urge him; that delicate point of offering money, obviously so very nettling to his pride, which seemed altogether a superfluous luxury for a man in his position, hampered them. He might, however, be in the habit of giving exhibitions for pay; for aught they knew, the discussion of the honorarium was in order. But they had been schooled by the incident of the morning; even the quarter of a dollar which had lent itself to the nimble gyrations of legerdemain had found its way by some unimagined art of jugglery into the pocket of its owner, and Millden Seymour, who had a bland proclivity to smooth rough places and enjoy a refined peace of mind, was swearing by all his gods that it should stay there until more appropriately elicited.

An odd thing it was, the juggler was feeling, that without a moment's hesitation he should accept the box receipts of the show in the Cove, on which he had subsisted for weeks, and yet in his uttermost necessity he could not have brooked appearing as a juggler before the sojourners at New Helvetia Springs for his own benefit. The one audience represented the general public, he supposed, and was far from him. The other he felt as his own status, his set; and he could as soon have handed around the hat, after one of the snug little bachelor dinners he used to be so fond of giving in St. Louis, as ask remuneration for his assistance in this amateur entertainment of the young butterflies at New Helvetia.

He burst into abrupt and sardonic laughter as he divined their line of cogitation, and realized how little they could imagine the incongruities of his responsive mental processes. In the quick change from a pondering gravity to this repellent gayety there was something of the atmosphere of a rude rebuff, and a certain dignity and distance informed the manner of the few who still lounged about with their cigars. Royce hastened to nullify this. They had shown much courtesy to one of his low degree, and although he knew — from experience,

poor fellow — that it was prompted not so much by a perception of his deserts as by a realization of their own, it being the conduct and sentiment which graced them and which they owed to persons of their condition, he had no wish to be rude, even though it might seem that he owed a man in *his* position nothing.

"Oh, I 'll help you," he said hastily, "though we shall have to rig up some sort of properties. But I don't need much."

The talk fell upon these immediately, and he forthwith perceived that he was in for it. And why not? he asked himself. How did it endanger him, or why should he shun it? All the Cove and the countryside for twenty miles around knew of his feats of sleight of hand; and since accident had revealed his knack to this little coterie of well-bred and well-placed young men, why should he grudge the exhibition to the few scores of ladies and children at New Helvetia, to aid the little diversion of the evening? His scruples could have no force now, for this would bring him — the social pariah! — no nearer to them than when he sat by the tenpin alley and humbly watched his betters play. The episode of the jugglery, once past, would be an old story and bereft of interest. He would have had his little day, basking in the sun of the applause of his superiors, and would sink back to his humble obscurity at the side of the bowling-alley. Should he show any disposition to presume upon the situation, he realized that they well understood the art of repressing a forward inferior. The entertainment contemplated no subsequent social festivities. The programme, made out with many an interlineation, had been calculated to occupy all the time until eleven o'clock; and Royce, looking at it with the accustomed eye of a manager of private theatricals, felt himself no prophet to discern that midnight would find the exhausted audience still seated, enjoying that royal good measure of amusement always meted out by bounteous amateurs. Throughout the evening he would be immured with the other young men in the close little pens which served for dressing and green rooms, — for all the actors in the farce were to be men, — save for the fraction of time when his jugglery should necessitate his presence on the stage. True, Miss Fordyce, should she patronize the entertainment, might then have to look at him somewhat more discerningly than she would look at the wall, perhaps! It could surely do her no harm. She had seen worse men, he protested, with eager self-assertion. She owed him that much, — one glance, one moment's cognition of his existence. It was not much to ask. He had made a great sacrifice for her sake, and all unknown to her. He had had regard to her estimate of her dignity and held it dear. He had done her reverence from the depths of his heart, regardless that it cost him his last hope.

The powers of the air were gradually changing at New Helvetia Springs. The light of the days had grown dull and gray. Masses of white vapor gathered in the valley, rising, and rising, and filling all its depths and slopes, as if it were the channel of some great river, till only the long level line of the summit of the opposite range showed above the impalpable tides in the similitude of the furthest banks of the great stream. It was a suggestive resemblance to Lucien Royce, and he winced as he looked upon it. He was not sorry when it had gone, for the gathering mists soon pervaded the forests, and hid cliffs and abysses and even the familiar path, save for the step before the eye, and in this still whiteness all the world was lost; at last one could only hear — for it too shared the invisibilities — the rain falling in its midst, steadily, drearily, all the day and all the long, long hours of the black night. The bowling-alley was deserted; lawn-tennis had succumbed to the weather; the horses stood in the stalls. One might never

know that the hotel at New Helvetia Springs existed except that now and again, in convolutions of mist as it rolled, a gable high up might reveal itself for a moment, or a peaked turret, or a dormer window; unless indeed one were a ghost, to find some spectral satisfaction in slipping viewless through the white enveloping nullity, and gazing in at the window of the great parlor, where a log fire was ruddily aflare and the elders read their newspapers or worked their tidies, and the youth swung in rocking-chairs and exchanged valuable ideas, and played cards, and read a novel aloud, and hung in groups about the tortured piano. So close stood a poor ghost to the window one day, risking observation, that he might have read, over the charming outline of sloping shoulders clad faultlessly in soft gray cloth, the page of the novel which Miss Fordyce had brought there to catch the light; so close that he might have heard every syllable of the conversation which ensued when the man in whom he discovered her destiny — the cold, inexpressive-looking, "personified conventionality" — came and sat beside her on the sofa. But the poor ghost had more scruples than reality of existence, and, still true to the sanctions that control gentlemen in a world in which he had no more part, he turned hastily away that no syllable might reach him. And as he turned he ran almost into the arms of a man who had been tramping heavily up and down the veranda in the white obscurities, all unaware of his propinquity. It might have been better if he had!

XIV.

For there were strangers at New Helvetia, — two men who knew nobody and whom nobody knew. Perhaps in all the history of the watering-place this instance was the first. The patronage of New Helvetia, like that of many other secluded southern watering places, had been for generations among the same clique of people, all more or less allied by kindred or hereditary friendship, or close association in their respective homes or in business interests, and the traditions of the place were community property. So significant was the event that it could scarcely escape remark. More than one of the hereditary sojourners observed to the others that the distance of fifty miles from a railroad over the worst stage-road in America seemed, after all, no protection. And around the flaring, flaring red fire, in the heart of the sad, gray day, they all hearkened with gloomy forecast to a dread tale recounted by a knowing old lady who came here on her bridal tour, sixty years ago, of the sudden prosperity, popularity, and utter ruin of a secluded little watering-place some hundred miles distant, which included the paradoxical statement that nobody went there any more, and yet that this summer it is so crowded that wild rumors prevail that they have to put men to sleep on the billiard-tables and on the piano, only because a railroad had invaded the quiet contiguous valleys. There was no railroad near New Helvetia, yet here were two strange men who knew nobody, whom nobody knew, and who seemed not even to know each other. They were of types which the oldest inhabitant failed to recognize. One was a quiet, decorous, reserved person who might be easily overlooked in a crowd, so null was his aspect. The other had good, hearty, aggressive, rural suggestions about him. He was as stiffly upright as a ramrod, and he marched about like a grenadier. He smoked and chewed strong, rank tobacco. He flourished a red-bordered cotton handkerchief. He had been carefully trimmed and shaved by his barber for the occasion, but alas, the barber's embellishments can last but from day to day, and the rougher guise of his life was betrayed in certain small habitudes, conspicuous among which were an oblivious-

ness of many uses of a fork and an astonishing temerity in the thrusting of his knife down his throat at the dinner-table.

The two strangers appeared on the evening of the dramatic entertainment among the other guests of the hotel in the ballroom, as spectators of the "Unrivaled Attraction" profusely billed in the parlor, the office of the hotel, and the tenpin alley. The rain dashed tempestuously against the long windows, and the sashes now and again trembled and clattered in their frames, for the mountain wind was rising. Ever and anon the white mist that pressed with pallid presence against the panes shivered convulsively, and was torn away into the savagery of the fastnesses without and the wild night, returning persistently, as if with some fatal affinity for the bright lights and the warm atmosphere that would annihilate its tenuous existence with but a single breath. The blended sound of the torrents and the shivering gusts was punctuated by the slow dripping from the eaves of the covered walks within the quadrangle close at hand, that fell with monotonous iteration and elastic rebound from the flagging below, and was of dreary intimations distinct amid the ruder turmoil of the elements. But a cheerful spirit pervaded the well-housed audience, perhaps the more grateful for the provision for pleasantly passing the long hours of a rainy evening in the country, since it did not snatch them from alternative pleasures; from languid strolls on moonlit verandas, or contemplative cigars in the perfumed summer woods under the stars, or choice conferences with kindred spirits in the little observatory that overhung the slopes. The Unrivaled Attraction had been opportunely timed to fill an absolute void, and it could not have been presented before more leniently disposed spectators than those rescued from the jaws of unutterable ennui. There was a continuous subdued ripple of laughter and stir of fans and murmur of talk amongst them; but although richly garbed in compliment to the occasion, the brilliancy of their appearance was somewhat reduced by the tempered light in which it was essential that the audience should sit throughout the performance and between the acts, for the means at the command of the Unrivaled Attraction were not capable of compassing the usual alternations of illumination, and the full and permanent glare of splendor was reserved to suffuse the stage. The audience was itself an object of intense interest to the actors behind the scenes, and there was no interval in which the small rent made in the curtain for the purpose of observation was not utilized by one or another of the excited youths, tremulous with premonitions of a fiasco, from the time when the first groups entered the hall to the triumphant moment when it became evident that all New Helvetia was turning out to honor the occasion, and that they were to display their talents to a full house. It was only when the stir of preparation became tumultuous — one or two intimations of impatience from the long-waiting audience serving to admonish the performers — that Lucien Royce found an opportunity to peer out in his turn upon the scene in the dusky clare-obscure. Here and there the yellow globes of the shaded lamps shed abroad their tempered golden lustre, and occasionally there came to his eye a pearly gleam from a fluttering fan, or the prismatic glitter of a diamond, or the ethereal suggestion of a girl in a white gown in the midst of such sombre intimations of red and brown and deeply purple and black in the costumes of the dark-robed elders that they might hardly be accounted as definite color in the scale of chromatic values. With such a dully rich background and the dim twilight about her, the figure and face of the girl he sought showed as if in the glamours of some inherent light, reminding him of that illuminating touch in the method of certain painters whose works he had

seen in art galleries, in which the radiance seems to be in the picture, independent of the skylight, and as if equally visible in the darkest night. She wore a light green dress of some silken texture, so faint of hue that the shadows of the soft folds appeared white. It was fashioned with a long, slim bodice, cut square in the neck, and a high, flaring ruff of delicate old lace, stiff with a Medici effect, which rose framing the rounded throat and small head with its close and high-piled coils of black hair, through which was thrust a small comb of carved coral of the palest possible hue. She might have been a picture, so still and silent she sat, so definitely did the light emanate from her, so completely did the effect of the pale, lustrous hues of her attire reduce to the vague nullities of a mere background the nebulous dark and neutral tints about her. How long Royce stood and gazed with all his heart in his eyes he never knew. He saw naught else. He heard naught of the stir of the audience, or the wild wind without, or the babel upon the stage where he was. He came to himself only when he was clutched by the arm and admonished to clear the track, for at last, at last the curtain was to be rung up.

What need to dwell on the tremulous eagerness and wild despair of that moment, — the glee club all ranged in order on the stage, and with heart-thumping expectation, the brisk and self-sufficient tinkle of the bell, the utter blank immovableness of the curtain, the subdued delight of the audience? Another tintinnabulation, agitated and querulous; a mighty tug at the wings; a shiver in the fabric, a sort of convulsion of the texture, and the curtain goes up in slow doubt, — all awry and bias, it is true, but still revealing the "musicianers," a trifle dashed and taken aback, but meeting a warm and reassuring reception which they do not dream is partly in tribute to the clownish tricks of the curtain.

Royce, suddenly all in heart, exhilarated by the mere sight of her, flung himself ardently into the preparations progressing in the close little pens on either side and at the rear of the stage. The walls of these were mere partitions reaching up only some ten feet toward the ceiling, and they were devoid of any exit save through the stage and the eye of the public. Hence it had been necessary that all essentials should be carefully looked to and provided in advance. Now and then, however, a wild alarum arose because of the apparent non-existence of some absolutely indispensable article of attire or furniture, to be succeeded by embarrassed silence on the part of the mourner when the thing in question was found, and a meek submission to the half-suppressed expletives of the rest of the uselessly perturbed company. It was a scene of mad turmoil. Young men already half clad in feminine attire were struggling with the remainder of their unaccustomed raiment, — the actors to take part in the farce The New Woman. Others were in their white flannel suits, — no longer absolutely white, — hot, dusty, perspiring, the scene-shifters and the curtain contingent, all lugubriously wiping their heated brows and blaming one another. The mandolin and banjo players, in faultless evening dress, stood out of the rush and kept themselves tidy. And now arose a nice question, in the discussion of which all took part, becoming oblivious, for the time, of the audience without and the tra-la-la-ing of the glee singers, the boyish tones of argument occasionally rising above these melodious numbers. It was submitted that in case the audience should call for the author of The New Woman, — and it would indeed be unmannerly to omit this, — the playwright ought to be in full dress to respond, considering the circumstances, the place, and the full dress of the audience. And here he was in his white flannel trousers and a pink-and-white striped blazer at this hour of the night, and his room a quarter of a mile

away in a pitching mountain rain, whither certain precisians would fain have him hie to bedizen himself. He listened to this with a downcast eye and a sinking heart, and doubtless would have acted on the admonition save for the ludicrous effect of emerging before the audience as he was, and returning to meet the same audience in the blaze of full-dress glory.

"It 's no use talking," he said at last, decisively. "We are caught here like rats in a trap. There is no way of getting out without being seen. I wonder I did n't think to have a door cut."

Repeatedly there rose on the air the voice of one who was a slow study repeating the glib lines of The New Woman; and once something very closely approximating a quarrel ensued upon the discovery that the budding author, already parsimonious with literary material, had transferred a joke from the mouth of one character to that of another; the robbed actor came in a bounding fury and his mother's false hair, mildly parted and waving away from his fierce, keen young face and flashing eyes, to demand of the author-manager its restoration. His decorous stiffly lined skirts bounced tumultuously with his swift springs forward, and his fists beneath the lace frill of his sleeves were held in a belligerent muscular adjustment.

"It 's *my* joke," he asseverated vehemently, as if he had cracked it himself. "My speech is ruined without it, world without end! I will have it back! I will! I will!" he declared as violently as if he could possess the air that would vibrate with the voice of the actor who went on first, and could put his collar on the syllables embodying the precious jest by those masterful words, "I will!"

The manager had talents for diplomacy, as well he should. He drew the irate antique-seeming dame into the corner by the lace on the sleeve and, looking into the wild boyish face, adjured him, "Let him have it, Jack, for the love of Heaven. He does it so badly, and he is such a slow study, that I 'm afraid the first act will break down if I don't give it some vim; after *you* are once on, the thing will go and I shan't care a red."

And so with the dulcet salve of a little judicious flattery peace came once more.

Royce, as he took his place upon the narrow stage, felt as if he had issued from the tumultuous currents of some wild rapids into the deep and restful placidities of a dark untroubled pool. The air of composure, the silence, the courteous attention of the audience, all marked a transition so abrupt that it had a certain perturbing effect. He had never felt more ill at ease, and perhaps he had never looked more composed than when he advanced and stood bowing at the footlights. He had forgotten his assumed character of a mountaineer, his coarse garb, his intention to seek some manner that might consist with both. He was inaugurating his share of the little amateur entertainment with a grace and address and refinement of style that were astonishing his audience far more than aught of magic that his art could command, although his resources were not slight. He seemed some well-bred and talented youth of the best society, dressed for a rural rôle in private theatricals. Now and again there was a flutter of inquiry here and there in the audience, answered by the whispered conclusions of Tom or Jack, retailed by mother or sister. For the youth of New Helvetia Springs had accepted the explanation that he was out of a position, "down on his luck," and hoped to get a school in Etowah Cove. He had gone by the sobriquet of "the handsome mountaineer," and then "the queer mountaineer," and now, "He is *no* mountaineer," said the discerning Judge Fordyce to a man of his own stamp at his elbow.

What might have been the estimate of the two strangers none could say. They sat on opposite sides of the building, taking no note of each other, both stolidly gazing at the alert and graceful figure

and the handsome face alight with intelligence, and made no sign. One might have been more competent than the other to descry inconsistencies between the status which the dress suggested and the culture and breeding which the manner and accent and choice of language bespoke, but both listened motionless as if absorbed in the prestidigitator's words.

Royce had made careful selection among his feats in view of the character of his audience, and the sustaining of such poor dignity as he might hope to possess in Miss Fordyce's estimation. There were no uncouth tricks of swallowing impossible implements of cutlery, which sooth to say would have vastly delighted the row of juvenile spectators on the front bench. Perhaps they were as well content, however, with the appearance of two live rabbits from the folds of the large white silk handkerchief of an old gentleman in the crowd, borrowed for the purpose, and the little boy who came up to receive the article for restoration to its owner went into an ecstasy of cackling delight, with the whole front row in delirious refrain, to find that he had one of the live rabbits in each of the pockets of his jacket, albeit the juggler had merely leaned over the footlights to hand him back the handkerchief. The audience applauded with hearty good will, and a general ripple of smiles played over the upturned faces.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the juggler, picking up a small and glittering object from the table, "if I may ask your attention, you will observe that each chamber of this revolver is loaded" —

With his long, delicate, deft white hands he had turned aside the barrel, and now held the weapon up, the two parts at right angles, each cartridge distinctly visible to the audience.

But a sudden authoritative voice arose. "No pistols!" called out a sober paterfamilias, responsible for four boys in the audience.

"No pistols!" echoed Judge Fordyce.

There had been a momentary shrinking among the ladies, whose curiosity, however, was greater than their fear, and who sustained a certain doubtful and disappointed aspect. But the shadowy bullet-heads of the whole front row were turned with one accord in indignant and unfilial protest.

Royce understanding in a moment, with a quick smile shifted all the cartridges out into his hand, held up the pistol once more so that all might see the light through the empty chambers, then with an exaggerated air of caution laid all the shells in a small heap on one of the little tables and the pistol, still dislocated, on another table, the breadth of the stage between them; and with a satiric "Hey! Presto!" bowed, laughing and complaisant, to a hearty round of applause from the elders. For although his compliance with their behests had been a trifle ironical, the youths of New Helvetia were not accustomed to submit with so good a grace or so completely.

The two elderly strangers accommodated the expression of their views to the evident opinion of those of their time of life, applauding when the gentlemen about them applauded, maintaining an air of interest when they were receptive and attentive. Was it possible, one might wonder in looking at them, that they could conceive that differences so essential could be unremarked — that it was not patent to the most casual observer that they were not among their kind? The perspicacity of the casual observer, however, was hampered by the haze of the pervasive obscurity; from the stage each might seem to the transient glance merely a face among many faces, the divergences of which could be discerned only when some intention or interest informed the gaze.

Lucien Royce saw only that oasis in the gloom where the high lights of her delicately tinted costume shone in the dusk. He was keenly mindful of a flash of girlish laughter, the softly luminous glance

of her eye, the glimmer of her white teeth as her pink lips curled, the young delight in her face. How should he care to note the secret, down-looking countenance of the one man, the grizzled stolid bourgeois aspect of the other?

The manager, keenly alive to the success of the entertainment, advanced a number of the programme since the pistol trick was discarded. He handed through the wings a flower-pot filled with earth for a feat which it had been his intention to reserve until after the first act of The New Woman.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the juggler, "oblige me by looking at this acorn. It is considered quite harmless. True, it will shoot, too, if you give it half a chance; but I am told," with a glance of raillery, "that its projectile effects are not deleterious in any respect to the human anatomy."

The ladies who had been afraid of the pistol laughed delightedly, and the guyed elderly gentlemen good-naturedly responded in another round of applause, so grateful were they to have no shooting on the stage, and no possible terrifying accidents to their neighbors, themselves, and their respective families.

"There is nothing but pulverized soil in this flower-pot," continued the juggler, running his hand through the fine white sand, and shaking off the particles daintily, "a little too sandy to suit my views and experience in arboriculture, but we shall see — what we shall see! I plant the acorn, thus! I throw this cloth over the flower-pot, drawing it up in a peak to give air. And now, since we shall have to wait for a few moments, I shall, with your kind indulgence, beguile the tedium, in imitation of the jongleurs of eld, with a little song."

The audience sat patient, expectant. A guitar was lying where one of the glee singers had left it. Royce turned and caught it up, then advanced down toward the footlights, and paused in the picturesque attitude of the serenader of the lyric stage. He drew from the instrument a few strong resonant chords, and then it fell a-tinkling again.

But what new life was in the strings, what melody in the air? And as his voice rose, the scene-shifters were silent in the glare of the pens; the actors-expectant thronged the wings; the audience sat spellbound.

No great display of art, to be sure! But the mountain wilds were without, and the mountain winds were abroad, and there was something strangely sombre, romantic, akin to the suggestion and the sound in the rich swelling tones of the young voice so passionately vibrant on the air. Though obviously an amateur, he sang with a careful precision that bespoke fairly good advantages amply improved, but the singing was instinct with that ardor, that love of the art, that enthusiasm, which no training can supply or create. The music and the words were unfamiliar, for they were his own. Neither was devoid of merit. Indeed, a musical authority once said that his songs would have very definite promise if it were not for a determined effort to make all the science of harmony tributary to the display of Lucien Royce's high *A*. A recurrent strain now and again came, interfluent through the drift of melody, rising with a certain ecstatic elasticity to that sustained tone, which was soft, yet strong, and as sweet as summer.

As his voice thus rang out into the silence with all its pathos and its passion, he turned his eyes on the eyes he had so learned to love, and met those orbs, full of delight and of surprise and a patent admiration, fixed upon his face. The rest of the song he sang straight at Gertrude Fordyce, and she looked at the singer, her gaze never swerving. For once his plunging heart in triumph felt he had caught and held her attention; for once, he said to himself, she did not look at him as impersonally as if he were the side of the wall.

It was over at last, and he was bowing his acknowledgments to the wildly applauding audience. The jugglery was at a discount. He had drawn off the white cloth from the flower-pot, where a strongly rooted young oak shoot two feet high appeared to have grown while he sang. But the walls of the room resounded with the turbulent clamors of an insistent encore. Only the eyes of the rustic-looking stranger were starting out of his head as he gazed at the oak shoot, and there came floating softly through his lips the involuntary comment, "By gum!"

It was necessary in common courtesy to sing at least the last stanza again, and as the juggler did so he was almost happy in singing it anew to her starry eyes, and noting the flush on her cheeks, and the surprise and pleasure in her beautiful face. The miracle of the oak shoot went unexplained, for all New Helvetia was still clapping a recall when the juggler, bowing and bowing, with the guitar in his hand, and ever retreating as he bowed, stepped off at the wings for instructions, and was met there by renewed acclamations from his fellow entertainers.

"You 'd better bring on the play if you don't want to hold forth here till the small hours," he said, flushed, and panting, and joyous once more.

But the author-manager was of a different mind. The child of his fancy was dear to him, although it was a very grotesque infant, as indeed it was necessary that it should be. He deprecated submitting it to the criticism of an unwilling audience, still clamoring for the reappearance of another attraction. However, there would not be time enough to respond to this encore, and yet bring the farce on with the deliberation essential to its success, and the effect of all its little points.

"You seem to be the star of the evening," he said graciously. "And I should like to hear you sing again myself. But we really have n't time. As they are so delighted with you, suppose, by way of letting them down gently, we give them another sight of you by moving up the basket trick on the programme, instead of letting it come between the second and third acts of the play, — we have had to advance the feat that was to have come between the first and second acts, anyhow, — and have no jugglery between the acts."

Royce readily agreed, but the manager still hesitated while the house thumped and clapped its recall in great impatience, and a young hobbledehoy slipped slyly upon the stage and facetiously bowed *his* acknowledgments, with his hand upon his heart, causing spasms of delight among the juvenile contingent and some laughter from the elders.

Said the hesitating manager, unconscious of this interlude, "I don't half like that basket trick."

"Why?" demanded the juggler, surprised. "It 's the best thing I can do. And when we rehearsed it, I thought we had it down to a fine point."

"Yes," still hesitating, "but I 'm afraid it 's dangerous."

The juggler burst into laughter. "It 's as dangerous as a pistol loaded with blank cartridges! See here," he cried joyously, turning with outspread arms to the group of youths fantastic in their stage toggery, "I call you all to witness — if ever Millden Seymour hurts me, I intended to let him do it. Come on!" he exclaimed in a different tone; "I 'm obliged to have a confederate in this, and we have rehearsed it without a break time and again."

In a moment more they were on the stage, side by side, and the audience, seeing that no more minstrelsy was in order, became reconciled to the display of magic. A certain new element of interest was infused into the proceedings by the fact that another person was introduced, and that it was Seymour who made all the preparations, interspersing them with jocular remarks to the audi-

ence, while the juggler stood by, silent and acquiescent. He seemed to be the victim of the manager, in some sort, and the juvenile spectators, with beating hearts and open mouths and serious eyes, watched the proceedings taken against him as his arms were bound with a rope and then a bag of rough netting was slipped over him and sewed up at the end.

"I have him fast and safe now," the manager declared. "He cannot delude us with any more of his deceits, I am sure."

The juggler was placed at full length on the floor and a white cloth was thrown over him. The manager then exhibited a large basket some three feet long and with a top to it, which he also thrust under the cloth. Taking advantage of the evident partisanship of the children for their entertainer, he spoke for a few minutes in serious and disapproving terms of the deceits of the eye, and made a very pretty moral arraignment of these dubious methods of taking pleasure, which was obviously received in high dudgeon. He then turned about to lead his captive, hobbled and bound, off the stage. Lifting the cloth he found no trace of the juggler; the basket with the top beside it was revealed, and on the floor was the netting, — a complete case with not a mesh awry through which he could have escaped. The manager stamped about in the empty basket and finally emerged putting on the top and cording it up. Whereupon one antagonistic youth in the audience opined that the juggler was in the basket.

"He is, is he?" said the manager, looking up sharply at the bullet-headed row. "Then what do you think of this, and this, and this?"

He had drawn the sharp bowie-knife with which Royce had furnished him, and was thrusting it up to the hilt here, there, everywhere through the interstices of the wickerwork. This convinced the audience that in some inscrutable manner the juggler had been spirited away, impossible though it might seem. The stage, in the full glare of all the lamps at New Helvetia Springs, was in view from every part of the house, and it was evident that the management of the Unrivaled Attraction was incapable of stage machinery, trap-doors, or any similar appliance. In the midst of the discussion, very general over the house, the basket began to roll about. The manager viewed it with the affectation of starting eyes and agitated terror for a moment. Then pouncing upon it in wrath he loosened the cords, took off the top, and pulled out the juggler, who was received with acclamations, and, bowing and smiling and backing off the stage, he retired, the hero of the occasion.

Seymour at the wings was giving orders to ring down the curtain to prepare the stage for The New Woman.

"Don't do it unless you mean it for keeps, Mill," remonstrated the property-man. "The devil 's in the old rag, I believe. It might not go up again easily, and I 'm sure, from the racket out there, they are going to have the basket trick over again."

For the front row of bullet-heads was conducting itself like a row of gallery gods and effervescing with whistlings and shrill cries. The applause was general and tumultuous, growing louder when the over-cautious father called out "No pistols and *no knives!*"

"Oh, they can take care of themselves," said a former adherent of his proposition, for the feat was really very clever, and very cleverly exploited, and he was ready to accredit the usual amount of sagacity to youths who could get up so amusing an entertainment. No one was alert to notice — save his mere presence as some messenger or purveyor of properties — a dazed-looking young mountaineer, dripping with the rain and apparently drenched to the skin, who walked down the main aisle and stepped awkwardly over the foot-

lights, upon the stage. He paused bewildered at the wings, and Lucien Royce behind the scenes, turning, found himself face to face with Owen Haines. The sight of the wan, ethereal countenance brought back like some unhallowed spell the real life he had lived of late into the vanishing dream-life he was living now. But the actualities are constraining. "You want me?" he said, with a sudden premonition of trouble.

"I hev s'arched fur you-uns fur days," Haines replied, a strange compassion in his eyes, contemplating which Lucien Royce felt his blood go cold. "But the Simses deceived me ez ter whar ye be; they never told me till ter-night, an' then I hed ter tell 'em why I wanted you-uns."

"Why?" demanded Royce, spellbound by the look in the man's eyes, yet almost overmastered by the revulsion of feeling in the last moment, the quaking of an unnamed terror at his heart.

Nevertheless, with his acute and versatile faculties he heard the clamors of the recall still thundering in the room, he noted the passing of the facetiously bedight figures for the farce. He was even aware of glances of curiosity from one or two of the scene-shifters, and had the prudence to draw Haines, who heard naught and saw only the face before him, into a corner.

"Why?" reiterated Royce. "Why do you want me?"

"Bekase," said Haines, "Peter Knowles seen ye fling them clothes inter the quicklime, an' drawed the idee ez ye hed slaughtered somebody bodaciously, an' kivered 'em thar too."

The juggler reddened at the mention of the clothes and the thought of their sacrifice, but he was out of countenance before the sentence was concluded, and gravely dismayed.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, seeking to reassure himself. "They would have to prove that somebody is dead to make that charge stick."

Then he realized the seriousness of such an accusation, the necessity of accounting for himself before a legal investigation, and this, to escape one false criminal charge, must needs lead to a prosecution for another equally false. The alternative of flight presented itself instantly. "I can explain later, if necessary, as well as now," he thought. "I'm a thousand times obliged to you for telling me," he added aloud, but to his amazement and terror the man was wringing his hands convulsively and his face was contorted with the agony of a terrible expectation.

"Don't thank me," he said huskily. Then, with a sudden hope, "Is thar enny way out'n this place 'ceptin' yon?" he nodded his head toward the ballroom on the other side of the partition.

"No, none," gasped Royce, his nerves beginning to comprehend the situation, while it still baffled his brain.

"I'm too late, I'm too late!" exclaimed Haines in a tense, suppressed voice. "The sher'ff 's thar, 'mongst the others, in that room. I viewed him thar a minit ago."

Assuming that he knew the worst, Royce's courage came back. With some wild idea of devising a scheme to meet the emergency, he sprang upon the vacant stage, on which the curtain had been rung down despite the applause, still resolutely demanding a repetition of the feat, and through the rent in the trembling fabric swiftly surveyed the house with a new and, alas, how different a motive! His eyes instantly fixed upon the rustic face, the hair parted far to the side, as the sheriff vigorously stamped his feet and clapped his hands in approbation. That oasis of refined, ideal light where Miss Fordyce sat did not escape Royce's attention even at this crisis. Had he indeed brought this sorry, ignoble fate upon himself that he might own one moment in her thoughts, one glance of her eye, that he might sing his song to her ear? He had certainly achieved this, he thought sardonically.

She would doubtless remember him to the last day she should live. He wondered if they would iron him in the presence of the ladies. Could he count upon his strong young muscles to obey his will and submit without resistance when the officers should lay their hands upon him, and thus avoid a scene?

And all at once — perhaps it was the sweet look in her face that made all gentle things seem possible — it occurred to him that he despaired too easily. An arrest might not be in immediate contemplation, — the *corpus delicti* was impossible of proof. He could surely make such disposition of his own property as seemed to him fit, and the explanation that he was at odds with his friends, dead-broke, thrown out of business in the recent panic, might pass muster with the rural officer, since no crime could be discovered to fit the destruction of the clothes. Thus he might still remain unidentified with Lucien Royce, who pretended to be dead and was alive, who had had in trust a large sum of money in a belt which was found upon another man, robbed, and perhaps murdered for it. The sheriff of Kildeer County had never dreamed of the like of that, he was very sure.

The next moment his heart sank like lead, for there amongst the audience, quite distinct in the glooms, was the sharp, keen, white face of a man he had seen before, — a certain noted detective. It was but once, yet, with that idea of crime rife in his mind, he placed the man instantly. He remembered a court-room in Memphis, during the trial of a certain notable case, where he had chanced to loiter in the tedium of waiting for a boat on one of his trips through the city, and he had casually watched this man as he gave his testimony. His presence here was significant, conclusive, to be interpreted far otherwise than any mission of the sheriff of the county. Royce did not for one moment doubt that it was in the interests of the marble company, the tenants of the estate *per autre vie*, although the criminal charge might emanate directly from the firm whose funds had so mysteriously disappeared from his keeping, whose trust must now seem so basely betrayed. There was no possible escape; the stanch walls of the building were unbroken even by a window, and the only exit from behind the partition was through the stage itself in full view of the watchful eyes of the officers. Any effort, any action, would merely accelerate the climax, precipitate the shame of the arrest he dreaded, — and in her presence! He felt how hard the heart of the *cestui que vie* was thumping at the prospect of the summary resuscitation. He said to himself, with his ironical habit of mind, that he had found dying a far easier matter. But there was no responsive satire in the hunted look of his hot, wild, glancing eyes, the quiver of every muscle, the cold thrills that successively trembled through the nervous fibres. He looked so unlike himself for the moment, as he turned with a violent start on feeling the touch of a hand on his arm, that Seymour paused with some deprecation and uncertainty. Then with a renewed intention the manager said persuasively, "You won't mind doing it over again, will you? You see they won't be content without it."

A certain element of surprise was blended with the manager's cogitations which he remembered afterward rather than realized at the moment. It had to do with the altered aspect of the man, — a sudden grave tumultuous excitement which his manner and glance bespoke; but the perception of this was subacute in Seymour's mind and subordinate to the awkward dilemma in which he found himself as manager of the little enterprise. There was not time, in justice to the rest of the programme, to repeat the basket trick, and had the farce been the work of another he would have rung the curtain up forthwith on its first scene. But the pride and sensitiveness of the

author alike forbade the urging of his own work upon the attention of an audience still clamorously insistent upon the repetition of another attraction, and hardly likely, if balked of this, to be fully receptive to the real merits of the little play.

Seymour remembered afterward, but did not note at the time, the obvious effort with which the juggler controlled his agitation. "Oh, anything goes!" he assented, and in a moment more the curtain had glided up with less than its usual convulsive resistance. They were standing again together with composed aspect in the brilliance of the footlights, and Seymour, with a change of phrase and an elaboration of the idea, was dilating afresh upon the essential values of the positive in life; the possible pernicious effects of any delusion of the senses; the futility of finding pleasure in the false, simply because of the flagrancy of its falsity; the deleterious moral effects of such exhibitions upon the very young, teaching them to love the acrobatic lie instead of the lame truth, — from all of which he deduced the propriety of tying the juggler up for the rest of the evening. But the bullet-heads were not as dense as they looked. They learned well when they learned at all, and the pauses of this rodomontade were filled with callow chuckles and shrill whinnies of appreciative delight, anticipative of the wonder to come. They now viewed with eager forwarding interest the juggler's bonds, little dreaming what grim prophecy he felt in their restraint, and the smallest boy of the lot shrilly sang out, when all was done, "Give him another turn of the rope!"

Seymour, his blond face flushed by the heat and his exertions to the hue of his pink-and-white blazer, ostentatiously wrought another knot, and down the juggler went on the floor, encased in the unbroken netting; the cloth was thrown over the man and the basket, and Seymour turned anew to the audience and took up the thread of his discourse. It came as trippingly off his tongue as before, and in the dusky gray-purple haze, the seeming medium in which the audience sat, fair, smiling faces, full of expectation and attention, looked forth their approval, and now and again broke into laughter. When, having concluded by announcing that he intended to convey the discomfited juggler off the stage, he found naught under the cloth but the empty net without a mesh awry, the man having escaped, his rage was a trifle more pronounced than before. With a wild gesture he tossed the fabric out to the audience to bid them observe how the villain had outwitted him, and then sprang into the basket and stamped tumultuously all around in the interior, evidently covering every square inch of its surface, while the detective's keen eyes watched with an eager intensity, as if the only thought in his mind were the miracle of the juggler's withdrawal. Out Seymour plunged finally, and with dogged resolution he put the lid on and began to cord up the basket as if for departure.

"Save the little you 've got left," whinnied out a squirrel-toothed mouth from the front bench, almost too broadly a-grin for articulation.

"Get a move on ye, — get a move!" shouted another of the callow youngsters, reveling in the fictitious plight of the discomfited manager as if it were real.

He seemed to resent it. He looked frowningly over the footlights at the front row, as it hugged itself and squirmed on the bench and cackled in ecstasy.

"I wish I had him here!" he exclaimed gruffly. "I 'd settle him — with this — and this — and this!" Each word was emphasized with the successive thrusts of the sharp blade of the bowie-knife through the wickerwork.

"That 's enough! That 's enough!" the remonstrant elder in the audience admonished him, and he dropped the blade and came forward to beg indulgence for the unseemly and pitiable position

in which he found himself placed. He had barely turned his back for a moment, when this juggler whom he had taken so much pains to secure, in order to protect the kind and considerate audience from further deceits of a treacherous art, mysteriously disappeared, and whither he was sure he could not imagine. He hesitated for a moment and looked a trifle embarrassed, for this was the point at which the basket should begin to roll along the floor. He gave it a covert glance, but it was motionless where he had left it. Raising his voice, he repeated the words as with indignant emphasis, thinking the juggler had not caught the cue. He went on speaking at random, but his words came less freely; the audience was silent, expectant; the basket still lay motionless on the floor. Seeing that he must needs force the crisis, he turned, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "Do my eyes deceive me, or is that basket stirring, rolling on the floor?"

But no; the basket lay as still as he had left it. There was a moment of tense silence in the audience, and then his face grew suddenly white and chill, his eyes dilated — fixed on something dark, and slow, and sinuous, trickling down the inclined plane of the stage. He sprang forward with a shrill exclamation, and catching up the bowie-knife severed with one stroke the cords that bound the basket.

"Are you hurt?" he gasped in a tremulous voice to the silence beneath the lid, and as he tossed it aside he recoiled abruptly, rising to his feet with a loud and poignant cry, "Oh, my God! he is dead! he is dead!"

The sudden transition from the purely festival character of the atmosphere to the purlieus of grim tragedy told heavily on every nerve. There was one null moment blank of comprehension, and then women were screaming, and more than one fainted; the clamor of overturned benches added to the confusion, as the men, with grim set faces and startled eyes, pressed forward to the stage; the children cowered in ghastly affright close below the footlights, except one small creature who thought it a part of the fun, not dreaming what death might be, and was laughing aloud in high-keyed mirth down in the dusky gloom. A physician among the summer sojourners, on a flying visit for a breath of mountain air, was the first man to reach the stage, and, with the terror-stricken Seymour, drew the long lithe body out and straightened it on the floor, as the curtain was lowered to hide a *mise en scène* which it might be terror to women and children to remember. His ready hand desisted after a glance. The man had died from the first stroke of the bowie-knife, penetrating his side, and doubtless lacerating the outer tissues of the heart. The other strokes were registered, — the one on his hand, the other, a slight graze, on the neck. A tiny package had fallen on the floor as the hasty hands had torn the shirt aside from the wound: the deft professional fingers unfolded it, — a bit of faded flower, a wild purple verbena; the physician looked at it for a moment, and tossed it aside in the blood on the floor, uninterested. The pericardium was more in his line. He was realizing, too, that he could not start to-morrow, as he had intended, for his office and his rounds among his patients. The coroner's jury was an obstinate impediment, and his would be expert testimony.

Upon this inquest, held incongruously enough in the ballroom, the facts of the information which Owen Haines had brought to the juggler and the presence of the officers in the audience were elicited, and added to the excitements incident to the event. The friends of young Seymour, who was overwhelmed by the tragedy, believed and contended that since escape from prosecution for some crime was evidently impossible, the juggler had in effect committed suicide by

holding up his left arm that the knife might pierce a vital part. Thus they sought to avert the sense of responsibility which a man must needs feel for so terrible an accident wrought by his own hand. But crime as a factor seemed doubtful. The sheriff, indeed, upon the representations of Sims, supplemented by the mystery of the lime-kiln which Knowles had disclosed, had induced the detective to accompany him to the mountains to seek to identify the stranger as a defaulting cashier from one of the cities for whose apprehension a goodly amount of money would be paid. But in no respect did Royce correspond to the perpetrator of any crime upon the detective's list.

"He need n't have been afraid of me," he observed dryly; "I saw in a minute he was n't our fellow. And I was just enjoying myself mightily."

The development of the fact of the presence of the officers and the juggler's knowledge that they were in the audience affected the physician's testimony and his view of the occurrence. He accounted it an accident. The nerve of the young man, shaken by the natural anxiety at finding himself liable to immediate arrest, was not sufficient to carry him through the feat. He failed to shift position with the celerity essential to the basket trick, and the uplifted position of the arm, which left the body unprotected to receive the blow, was but the first effort to compass the swift movements necessary to the feat. The unlucky young manager was exonerated from all blame in the matter, but the verdict was death by accident.

Nevertheless, for many a day and all the years since the argument continues. Along the verge of those crags overlooking the valley, in the glamours of a dreamy golden haze, with the amethystine mountains on the horizon reflecting the splendors of the sunset sky, and with the rich content of the summer solstice in the perfumed air; or amongst the fronds of the ferns about the fractured cliffs whence the spring wells up with a tinkling tremor and exhilarant freshness and a cool, cool splashing as of the veritable fountain of youth; or in the shadowy twilight of the long, low building where the balls go crashing down the alleys; or sometimes even in the ballroom in pauses of the dance when the music is but a plaint, half-joy, half-pain, and the wind is singing a wild and mystic refrain, and the moonlight comes in at the windows and lies in great blue-white silver rhomboids on the floor despite the dull yellow glow of the lamps, — in all these scenes which while yet in life Lucien Royce had haunted, with a sense of exile and a hopeless severance, as of a man who is dead, the mystery of his fate revives anew and yet once more, and continues unexplained. Conjecture fails, conclusions are vain, the secret remains. Hey! Presto! The juggler has successfully exploited his last feat.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A GREAT BIOGRAPHY: MAHAN'S NELSON.

THERE comes a period when the work and character of a great man can be fairly summed up for all time by the biographer; when the judgment is as nearly in focus as ever the fallible human judgment can be; when the distortion of passions and the multiplicity of details inseparable from nearness of view, and the obscuring, sometimes magnifying effects of distance are both at a minimum. Certainly that time had not come for Nelson when Charnock and Barker, or even Southey, wrote the life of the great admiral. But the right man does not always come at the right time, and the world's general estimate of its illustrious men not infrequently remains without any adequate concrete expression.

Individual judgments are necessarily fallible and incomplete. They are either strong and masterful, tainted by prejudices and warped by that constitutional way of looking at things which we call the personal equation, or weak and colorless, the loose gathering up of that crude public opinion which surrounds a great name as the photosphere surrounds the sun. Still, the general consensus of opinion of great men, as of great books, is not far out of the way. The critical acumen of the scholar, the professional knowledge of the expert, the feeling, taste, and judgment of the few, and the shrewd common sense of the many, — something of all these is found in the popular verdict; and this composite picture, as it were, derived from so many sources, is usually not far from right. But just because, though so well defined, it is so composite, the biographer who can intelligently represent it is rare. "A true delineation of the smallest man," says Carlyle, "is capable of interesting the greatest man." What an interest a man would have for us if we knew that he was thus to sum up for posterity our life-work! We should ask, not only, What access has he to the record? but also, What professional capacity, what temper of mind, what human experience of life, will he bring to the analysis of our motives, the judgment of our acts, the weighing of our character?

We had the right to expect much from Captain Mahan, especially that he would give us a critical estimate of Nelson's genius from the point of view of the naval expert, and that he would show us the relations of Nelson's naval operations to the general course of contemporary events in that same original way in which he had already made real for us, to a degree no previous writer had done, the influence of sea power upon history. But he has done very much more than this. He has made the *man* Nelson live to us as he has never lived before.[1] Nelson we knew already as a born fighter, heroic, vain, affectionate, sensitive, nervous, yet as a name rather than a man, — a name symbolizing certain brilliant achievements, but a man only as he emerged from the obscurity which belongs to the sea, when the flash-light of glory was turned upon him. We know him now a man among men, a real human personality, in a sense in which we have never known him before.

It is not so easy to make the great admiral thus real to us as it is the great general. We know Grant better than we know Farragut, as we know Wellington, Marlborough, and Ney better than Tromp, Rodney, or St. Vincent. The sailor lives apart, in a round of professional duties which lie beyond the range of our observation. Aside from the in-

[1] *The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain.* By ALFRED THAYER MAHAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1897.

terest due to the greater relative magnitude and diversity of land over sea operations, the former are more intelligible and bring us into closer touch with the actor because the drama in all its details takes place at our door. It is not great achievements which tell us most of character, but the minute details of daily life, and it is through their revelation of human nature that we know Napoleon better before Austerlitz than Nelson before Copenhagen. Brilliant exploits give men a place in history, but they do not tell us the story of their inner lives or give them a place in our hearts. The modern historical method, in aiming at something more than the chronological record of events, has reversed the saying of Dr. Johnson that history sets forth "the pomp of business rather than the true and inward resorts thereof." Still more true is it that in biography the "pomp of business" is the mere outward show. Captain Mahan says in his preface: —

"It has not seemed the best way to insert numerous letters, because, in the career of a man of action, each one commonly deals with a variety of subjects, which bear to one another little relation, except that, at the moment of writing, they all formed part of the multifold life the writer was then leading. It is true, life in general is passed in that way; but it is not by such distraction of interest among minute details that a particular life is best understood. Few letters, therefore, have been inserted entire; and those which have, have been chosen because of their unity of subject and of their value as characteristic. The author's method has been to make a careful study of Nelson's voluminous correspondence, analyzing it, in order to detect the leading features of temperament, traits of thought, and motives of action; and thence to conceive within himself, by gradual familiarity even more than by formal effort, the character therein revealed. The impression thus produced he has sought to convey to others, partly in the form of ordinary narrative, — daily living with his hero, — and partly by such grouping of incidents and utterances, not always, nor even nearly simultaneous, as shall serve by their joint evidence to emphasize particular traits or particular opinions more forcibly than when such testimonies are scattered far apart; as they would be, if recounted in a strict order of time."

It is interesting to read this statement of the author's method, for he has completely realized its purpose. Doubtless the last word will never be said on so fascinating a personality as Nelson, and there are matters of opinion and inference on which readers will differ, — as, for example, the direct influence of Trafalgar upon Moscow and Waterloo, — but it is not probable that a more faithful, complete, human portrait of Nelson will ever be drawn.

There is one striking characteristic of Captain Mahan's work, — the entire absence, from first to last, of anything like an attempt to establish a point, a preconceived theory. At no time does he seem to be endeavoring to prove anything, or to be seeking facts to support propositions. His logic is the logic of inference and induction. This is the more noteworthy because there are acts in both the official and the private life of Nelson on which extreme positions may be and have been taken. We never feel that Captain Mahan is juggling with the evidence, and he brings a sturdy common sense as well as a judicial temper to its interpretation. There were certain strongly marked traits in Nelson's character which brought him into conflict with conventional maxims, and it is natural for the reader to turn with special interest to the author's critical estimate of those acts in Nelson's career which have given rise to such widely differing verdicts.

In three conspicuous instances Nelson assumed the perilous responsibility of vi-

olating a rule to which he himself gave the first place in his advice to a young midshipman: "You must always obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety." The general rule of obedience to superiors is one upon which a subordinate may rely for justification, whatever the outcome of such obedience may be. He may, indeed, be criticised for failing to rise to the level of a great opportunity, for a deficiency in the moral courage requisite for accepting exceptional responsibilities, yet all obedience which is not stupid adherence to the letter in face of the clearest call to duty carries with it immunity from official blame. But to disobey is to exchange the immunity offered by the general rule for the precarious protection of its exception; to risk all, not upon success, — for to see the one thing to be done and to do it is always the right thing, whether it leads to the wished-for success or not, — but upon the hazard of its being the right thing, upon the chance that one's own opinion of the conditions in the case in question may be the wrong one. "It is difficult for the non-military mind to realize how great is the moral effect of disobeying a superior, whose order, on the one hand covers all responsibility, and on the other entails the most serious personal and professional injury if violated without due cause; the burden of proving which rests upon the junior. For the latter, it is, justly and necessarily, not enough that his own intentions and convictions were honest; he has to show, not that he meant to do right, but that he actually did right in disobeying in the particular instance." There is no other test of obedience, and Captain Mahan applies it, though with different results, to the several instances in which Nelson challenged it. One of these occurred in the engagement with the Spanish fleet, under Sir John Jervis, when, by wearing out of the line of attack as prescribed by the admiral 'for which he had no authority by signal or otherwise, Nelson entirely defeated the Spanish movement;" an act of which Jervis said to Calder on the evening of the victory, "If you ever commit such a breach of orders, I will forgive you also." "Success," says Captain Mahan, "covers many faults, yet it is difficult to believe that had Nelson been overwhelmed, the soundness of his judgment and his resolution would not equally have had the applause of a man who had fought twenty-seven ships with fifteen because 'a victory was essential to England at that moment.'"

The more dramatic instance of Nelson's disregard for orders, also occurring in the heat of action, at the battle of Copenhagen, — more dramatic because an act of positive disobedience, and not a mere assumption of authority, and because associated with the incident of his applying the glass to his blind eye, exclaiming that he had the right to be blind sometimes, and could not see Sir Hyde Parker's signal to withdraw his division, — was another case of seeing the right thing to do and doing it. "To retire with crippled ships and mangled crews, through difficult channels, under the guns of the half-beaten foe, who would renew his strength when he saw the movement, would be to court destruction, — to convert probable victory into certain, perhaps overwhelming disaster." In both these cases Nelson's fighting quality was united with sound judgment, — a judgment almost intuitive in the rapidity and tenacity with which he seized upon opportunity and made the most of it.

Captain Mahan brings out very clearly not only Nelson's independence of character, but also his accurate reasoning on technical matters, in his account of the controversy over the Navigation Act, and of Nelson's refusal to admit the validity of Sir Joseph Hughes's order authorizing an officer holding only a civil appointment to exercise naval command

when not attached to a ship in commission; but he does not justify Nelson's disobedience of Lord Keith's instructions to detach a part of his fleet for the defense of Minorca. In his letters to the Admiralty Nelson made the wholly inadequate defense of the uprightness of his intentions. As events proved, Keith failed to meet with the enemy's fleet, and the safety of Minorca was not imperiled. It is useless, therefore, to speculate upon the assistance that would have been afforded in either case by the coöperation of Nelson had events turned out otherwise. It nevertheless remains true that in this instance Nelson assumed to decide upon matters which were certainly without his province, and that there was nothing in his position which entitled him to override the judgment of his superior as to the relative importance of Minorca and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to British influence in the Mediterranean.

Captain Mahan's review of the unfortunate events which took place at Naples in June, 1799, is admirable in its clearness and for its conclusions. It has been maintained that English honor was stained when Lord Nelson annulled the capitulation ratified by Cardinal Ruffo as vicar-general of Naples, and issued the order for the execution of Prince Caraccioli. It is certainly unfortunate that he held no written warrant from the king for the authority he assumed. There is, however, every reason to believe, on the one hand that he had such authority, and on the other that Ruffo had been expressly forbidden to grant a capitulation. The parallel drawn between what has been called the "judicial murder" of Caraccioli and the assassination of the French ministers at Rastadt cannot be maintained. Nor is there the slightest evidence to show that Nelson's conduct of the affair was determined by any other considerations than those of right and duty. "Saturated" he doubtless was "with the prevailing court feeling against the insurgents and the French," but that he "yielded his convictions of right and wrong, and consciously abused his power, at the solicitation of Lady Hamilton, as has been so freely alleged, is not probably true; there is no proof of it." Technically Nelson was justified in the execution of Caraccioli, as probably he was also in the annulment of Cardinal Ruffo's agreement, yet for both he will always be blamed, for those general reasons which give the more magnanimous spirit of justice precedence over its strictly formal laws.

The part played by Lady Hamilton in Nelson's life cannot be omitted by his biographer. Whatever else it was, Nelson's infatuation was at least no mere intrigue, no low amour. And whatever else Lady Hamilton may have done, she certainly inspired in Nelson what no other woman did, a great and lasting passion. We know her so well from other sources that his idealization of her is almost unaccountable, and would be altogether inconceivable if we did not recognize the power of a great passion to invest its object with qualities of its own creation. When we smile at such idealization, it is not so much because of its exaggerations, but because we assume that it cannot endure. Its redeeming quality is its persistence. As faith forsworn loses all its nobility, so idealization once exhausted becomes ridiculous. We resent the intrusion of this coarser nature into a life so consecrated to duty, its association with a character so conspicuous for its love of honor, its influence upon Nelson's public actions, and its perversion of his views of right. We could forgive so much more to a nobler nature!

Whatever praise Captain Mahan may receive for this biography, it must be admitted that Nelson furnishes the materials for one. His was a career of brilliant exploits, finished at its supreme moment, before failing energies, possible misfortunes, or the belittling commonplaces of

private life could tarnish its glory. He had no Waterloo, no St. Helena. He disappears in the smoke of victory at the very moment he finally establishes England's supremacy on the sea. This is much, but it is not what endears him to us. It is rather his possession of so large a share of our common humanity, its weaknesses as well as its strength. Weak as he was, he was not ignoble. He was vain, childishly fond of praise, sensitive to blame, ambitious of personal renown, but he was not selfish. Few great men had his charm, and with all his faults he had the right to his last words: "Thank God I have done my duty — God and my country." No one owed less than he to the influence which opens doors to mediocrity; no one owed his success less to opportunity. There is such a thing as opportunity, when fortune is thrust upon us. But we have only to imagine, as we reasonably may, what would probably have happened in the north seas had Nelson been absent from the council of war off Cronenburg, to realize in what a true sense he created opportunity. And although ever ready to take great chances for great results, whether his course of action was based upon close reasoning or well-known conditions, as at the battle of Copenhagen, or was an inspiration, coming to him in the perplexity and anguish of doubt, as in his pursuit of the French fleet to the West Indies, he neglected no precaution. He loved battle, he panted to lay his ship alongside the enemy, his cardinal object was the destruction of the enemy's fleet; but he was prudent, and had a broad conception of the relation of his particular act to the general course of events, and it is impossible to limit his capacity to that of the mere fighter simply because it was by fighting that he achieved his ends. "Responsibility," said St. Vincent, "is the test of a man's courage." Emergency, Captain Mahan well adds, is the test of his faith in his beliefs.

There is nothing so interesting to man as man's nature, and there is no revelation of it so interesting as unconscious self-revelation. What Captain Mahan thinks of Nelson is vastly less important than what Nelson himself thought and felt. This is the crowning distinction of this biography: that besides the narrative, always clear and often brilliant; besides the personal judgment of the author, always candid yet moderate; besides the critical estimate of the naval historian, there is the story of Nelson's "own inner life as well as of his external actions," told by himself.

A FOREST POLICY IN SUSPENSE.

When a superintendent of one of our city parks causes some misshapen or half-dead tree to be cut down for the benefit of its neighbors, loud voices are raised in protest against what so-called lovers of nature describe as vandalism; and this untaught and false sentiment has so influenced the guardians of public parks that in nearly every American city the pleasure-grounds of the people are in serious danger of permanent injury from the overcrowding of trees, although as a nation we look with indifference on the annual destruction of uncounted thousands of acres of forests on the public domain by unnecessary fires, the unlawful browsing of sheep, and the reckless ravages of fraudulent cutting. There is nothing new in this, for needless forest destruction has been going on in the West for more than a quarter of a century, and the story which Mr. Muir tells

so well in this number of The Atlantic Monthly is not a new one.

Western forests, however, are so remote and difficult of access, being confined for the most part to the slopes of high mountain ranges, that it is hard to make the people of the East understand their importance or realize the dangers which assail them; and yet the preservation of the forests on the public domain is of incomparably greater importance to the well-being of this nation than the future of the Cuban insurgents, the ownership of Hawaii, or the settlement of the tariff or the currency. A bad tariff and a dangerous currency can be set right in a few weeks, if their defects are fully understood and the country is in earnest to reform them; but a forest, whose individual trees often represent the growth of centuries, when once destroyed cannot be restored by an act of Congress, although in the tiny streams flowing along the rootlets of the trees which fires and pilfering log-cutters are now exterminating is the life of western North America; and when these springs have dried up, Western valleys, deprived of the water which is needed for their irrigation, must become wildernesses, and the fertility and beauty of the land will be things of the past.

It was considered, therefore, by students of the rural economy of the Western States and Territories, a hopeful sign when the Honorable Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, in February, 1896, asked the National Academy of Sciences — the highest scientific tribunal in the country, and by its constitution the scientific adviser of the government — an expression of opinion upon the following points: —

(1.) "Is it desirable and practicable to preserve from fire, and to maintain permanently as forested lands, those portions of the public domain now bearing wood growth for the supply of timber?"

(2.) "How far does the influence of forest upon climate, soil, and water conditions make desirable a policy of forest conservation in regions where the public domain is principally situated?"

(3.) "What specific legislation should be enacted to remedy the evils now confessedly existing?"

The president of the National Academy appointed a committee to prepare replies to these questions, and its report, signed by Charles S. Sargent, chairman, Henry L. Abbot, A. Agassiz, William H. Brewer, Arnold Hague, Gifford Pinchot, and Wolcott Gibbs, has recently been published. (Report of the Committee appointed by the National Academy of Sciences upon the Inauguration of a Forest Policy for the Forested Lands of the United States, May 1, 1897. Washington: Government Printing Office.) Already familiar, by many previous visits and by long studies, with Western forests and the conditions of Western life, the members of the committee further prepared themselves for this labor by a journey of many months through the principal forested regions of the public domain, and their recommendations, therefore, are the result of ripe judgment refreshed by special observations.

By an act of Congress approved March 3, 1891, authority is given to the President of the United States to set apart and reserve parts of the public domain bearing forests as public reservations. Under this act a number of forest reservations had been established by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland previous to 1896, aggregating 17,500,000 acres, and the committee of the National Academy, during its journey, having become impressed with the importance of increasing the reserved area, recommended the establishment of thirteen additional reservations with a total estimated area of 21,379,840 acres; some of the reservations having been selected for the influence of their forests on the flow of streams important for irrigation, and others for the commercial value of their timber. The recommendations were

made effective by Mr. Cleveland on the 22d of last February in a series of proclamations, and the reserved forest land was increased to nearly 40,000,000 acres, exclusive of the national parks. This, the last important act of Mr. Cleveland's administration, it is needless to say was unpopular with that part of the Western people, always the noisiest, which lives by pasturing sheep or stealing timber on the public domain, and efforts were made, during the final days of the last Congress, to annul the action of the President. The effort failed, but, renewed again under the present administration, it has been successful, and Mr. Cleveland's forest reservations are suspended until the 1st of March next. This simply means that during the next eight months any one who cares to take the trouble to do so can establish claims in these forests which the government will have to pay an exorbitant price to abolish, if the reservations are ever reëstablished, and that the big mining companies will be able to lay in timber enough, cut on the public domain, and of course not paid for, to last them for several years; and when the 1st of March comes, if there is any valuable timber left in Mr. Cleveland's reservations, uncut or unclaimed, no great difficulty will be found in suspending the order for another year or two.

All this is bad enough, but it is not the greatest damage Congress has inflicted on the reservations; for an amendment to the Sundry Civil Bill gives authority to the Secretary of the Interior to permit free use of all the reservations, but it does not furnish him with any money or machinery for enforcing such regulations as he may think it necessary to make for this purpose. To those familiar with the present methods of the Interior Department it will be apparent that this authority given to the Secretary will mean that a man with sufficient pull can now legally pasture his sheep in the reservations, or cut timber from them for his own or commercial purposes; and it is evident that, unless some further legislation can be obtained, the practical extermination of the Western forests, so far as their commercial and protective value is concerned, will be a matter of only a comparatively short time.

What this legislation should be, in the opinion of the men who have given the most careful study to the subject, and whose experience and judgment entitle their recommendations to careful consideration, is found in the final pages of Professor Sargent's report, in which the questions submitted to the National Academy by the Secretary of the Interior are answered. The report finds that it is not only desirable, but essential, to protect the forested lands of the public domain for their influence on the flow of streams, and to supply timber and other products; and that it is practicable to reduce the number and restrict the ravages of forest fires in the Western States and Territories, provided the army of the United States is used for this purpose permanently, or until a body of trained forest rangers is organized for the service. The committee does not believe, however, that it is practicable or possible to protect the forests on the public domain from fire and pillage with the present methods and machinery of the government. Doubting that the precipitation of moisture in any broad and general way is increased by forests, the committee believes that they are necessary to prevent destructive spring floods, and corresponding periods of low water in summer and autumn, when the agriculture of a large part of western North America is dependent on irrigation.

In answer to Mr. Smith's third question, the committee, mindful of the good results which have followed the employment of soldiers in the Yellowstone National Park, recommends that the Secretary of War, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior, be authorized and directed to make the necessary details of troops to protect the forests, timber,

and undergrowth on the forest reservations, and in the national parks not otherwise protected under existing laws, until a permanent forest bureau in the Department of the Interior has been authorized and thoroughly organized. Fully understanding the necessities of actual settlers and miners and the demands of commerce, and realizing that great bodies of forested lands cannot be withdrawn entirely from use without inflicting serious injury upon the community, the committee urges that the Secretary of the Interior shall receive authority to permit, under proper restrictions and the supervision of an organized forest service, farmers, miners, and other settlers to obtain at nominal prices forest supplies from the public domain. It insists, however, that as the whole future of the forests depends upon the character of the officers of the forest service it proposes, in order to secure the highest efficiency in this service, forest officers, specially selected and educated, shall be appointed for life and pensioned on retirement, that the forest service may be as permanent and highly esteemed as the army and navy.

As long as the people of the West, taught by the workings of defective and demoralizing land laws, look upon the public domain as their own property, to plunder and devastate at will, and as long as the Western States allow themselves to be represented in Congress by the attorneys of a few great mining companies, notorious plunderers of public property, there is little hope that such legislation as the gravity of the situation demands can be secured in Congress ; but it cannot be repeated too often that unless there is a radical reform in the management of the forests on the public domain, the prosperity of the whole country west of the one hundredth meridian must gradually diminish with the vanishing forests, and that without active and energetic military control nothing can save these forests from extermination. The National Academy of Sciences, in pointing out the dangers which threaten the West as natural results of the destruction of its forests, and in suggesting simple and economical measures by which these dangers can be averted, has performed a difficult public service of first-rate importance, and the report should be carefully read by every one interested in this country.

VERSE UNDER PROSAIC CONDITIONS.

EVERY one remembers the striking chapter of Notre Dame in which Claude Frollo muses on the effect of the new art of printing upon architecture. Lifting his eyes from the book to the cathedral, he exclaims, " This will supplant that ! " The words contain more truth than most of Victor Hugo's aphorisms. It seems to be a law of compensation that one form of mental activity is bought at the price of some other. Printing may have displaced architecture ; the question now arises, Has the steam-engine destroyed poetry ? All admit that poetry is for the present obscured ; many look forward to a revival, as has happened before after prosaic periods. But reflection raises a more serious doubt : Is the age of poetry, too, gone ? Has the roar of the factory drowned the music of verse ?

The question is not so extravagant as may appear at first blush. Poetry, to be a living art, must be a natural expression of life, not an exotic adornment. In order to become this, the daily routine of life must be capable of presentation in

poetic form, enhanced to a certain extent by the imagination, but still substantially like the reality. Now, this can happen only when the ordinary events of the day and the various implements employed are all close to man, instinct with man's activity and feeling, yet sufficiently removed from the coarseness of savage habit to be susceptible of beauty. Without gainsay, the age of Homer fulfilled these conditions more perfectly than any other, and this is one reason among several why the Homeric poems have a peculiar fullness of interest which has never been equaled. Critics have asked why the mere sailing of a ship is poetical in Homer in a way different from anything in modern writing; why the mere putting on and off of clothing has its charm. This is partly due, no doubt, to the melodious sound of the Greek language, but still more to the nearness of these actions to man. The simple sailing-vessel of Homer, every part of which was shaped immediately by the builder's craft, which was propelled by the winds and governed directly by the pilot's hand, is, *pace* Mr. Kipling and MacAndrew's Hymn, a fitter subject of poetry than an Atlantic steamer. So, too, a human interest clings to a robe woven in the prince's halls by Andromache and her maidens, such as a garment of Worth's can scarcely possess.

M. Bourget tells humorously his experience in the Waldorf hotel in New York, the impression its magnificence made on him, and then his sense of bewilderment at the thought of all the tubes, wires, and other mechanical devices hidden within its frescoed walls. It is a similar invasion of machinery into all parts of human activity that renders modern life complicated, interesting in many ways, but not poetical. Indeed, any unimpassioned survey of recent verse must enforce this truth. After reading half a dozen or more volumes of the day, one is ready to ask in despair whether it were not wiser to acknowledge frankly the fact, and turn our energy to other more fruitful tasks. So true is this that the chief interest for the critical reader in such works is the psychological study of the different means employed by various writers to escape this prosaic necessity. If of somewhat cynical disposition, he might establish four pretty well-defined groups, — the grotesque, the amateur, the dilettante, and the decadent, — and find his pleasure in so classifying the volumes of verse that fell into his hands. Generally a glance would suffice to determine the genus.

I.

Noticeable at present are the writers of what, for want of better title, may be called the grotesque, — writers who make no pretension to original perception of beauty, but are inspired by an inverted appreciation of the poems of others. By catching the style of these and exaggerating its mannerisms they produce a grotesque effect very amusing for the nonce. Calverley was the master in this art, and clever imitation of his work has been abundant down to the recent volume of Mr. Seaman. But why, might be asked in passing, is Swinburne so admirable a mark for this foolery? And why do the English so excel in this kind of writing? Is it because the practical nature of the English is a little ashamed of sentiment and pretty words?

Other writers of the grotesque turn their powers of parody to low forms of life, whose crudeness and eccentricities they magnify with more or less good humor. Coarse dialect, or bad English simply, brutality, the reeking wit of the barrack-room or the gutter, are easily caught. When these are warmed with genuine human sympathy and redundant picturesqueness of style, as in the case of Kipling's Barrack-Room Ballads, the result is pretty close to real poetry. We have the nearness to man's life, however much the celestial graces may be wanting. But take away this consummate

knowledge and skill, and the verse, as seen in Kipling's imitators, may amuse for a moment, but can hardly lay claim to serious consideration. Such a book, clever enough of its kind, is Mr. Chambers's With the Band.[1] The humor of his army pieces has a pleasant rollicking freshness, and may represent very well life with the band; at least, we all seem to have seen Private McFadden drilling, in the militia if not in the regular army, and we can sympathize heartily with the corporal.

"Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
'Yer figger wants padd'n' —
Sure, man, ye 've no shape!
Behind ye yer shoulders
Stick out like two bowlders;
Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!
Wan — two!
Time! Mark!
I 'm dhry as a dog — I can't shpake but I bark!'"

It is a pity Mr. Chambers has not filled his volume with this roistering fun, for the bits of tragic prose-poetry at the end can hardly entertain any one.

"We passed into the forest, dim, vast, vague with the swaying mystery of mist and shadow; and I heard her whisper, 'Dream no more.'

"I touched her lids, low, drooping: 'Dream! dream! for Faith is dead,' I said.

"Then a blue star flashed," etc.

What amorphous thing is this, that has not even the tone of genuine decadence which it would simulate, but hovers in the limbo of the amateur?

II.

It is perhaps hardly correct to say of the gentle tribe of amateurs that their effusions are debarred the true fields of song by the complexity of modern existence. It might rather be said of them as George Sand wrote to Flaubert, "Our works are worth what we ourselves are worth." A hard saying, often repeated, yet constantly forgotten. In these gentlemen, appreciation of poetry is keen, ambition petulant, but the art is lacking. Either the metre limps, or the grammar is uncertain, or the ideas are commonplace, — unless indeed all three traits are found united. There should seem to be a large number of persons, mostly young, who read verse with avidity, and, mistaking appreciation for inspiration, believe they could create what they can understand. Alas, the Muse is the most exacting of mistresses! They forget that the mere mastery of the technique demands strenuous devotion; they forget that high poetry cannot be written unless the life is passed in high thought, that great passions can rarely be portrayed unless such passions are indulged in. Hardly shall a man spend the day at other tasks, and then in the evening, when the brain is fagged, turn easily to creative work. Literature produced under such circumstances is generally honest enough in purpose, healthy in sentiment, but flat and unraised.

A noteworthy example of the better writing of this kind is given us in Fugitive Lines, by Henry Jerome Stockard.[2] Some of the sonnets in his volume rise distinctly above the common level, and awaken regret that so many of the poems are disfigured by crudities. Were they all as admirable in expression as the sonnet entitled My Library, the captious ear would not so often take offense: —

"At times these walls enchanted fade, it seems,
And, lost, I wander through the Long Ago, —
In Edens where the lotus still doth grow,
And many a reedy river seaward gleams.
Now Pindar's soft-stringed shell blends with my dreams,
And now the elfin horns of Oberon blow,
Or flutes Theocritus by the wimpling flow

[1] *With the Band.* By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Stone & Kimball. 1896.

[2] *Fugitive Lines.* By Henry Jerome Stockard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897.

Of immemorial amaranth-margined streams.
Gray Dante leads me down the cloud-built stair,
And parts with shadowy hands the mists that veil
Scarred deeps distraught by crying winds forlorn;
By Milton stayed, chaotic steps I dare,
And, with his immaterial presence pale,
Stand on the heights flushed in creation's morn!"

Despite the doubtful characterization of Pindar, this is, we think, decidedly better than most of the modern verse published; but, on the other hand, too much of the work is of a sort which, to borrow an epithet from the book itself, may be called fountain-pen poetry, —

"My fountain pen, wherewith I write
This would-be poetry to-night."

Mr. Stockard was cruel to himself when he printed these lines. They call to mind a story of Leconte de Lisle, who complained to some of the younger poets of the uncertain quality of their verse. "But we 're groping" (*nous tâtonnons*), they explained. "Very well, but don't grope in print," replied the master. A philosopher might reflect with melancholy on the invasion of the fountain pen into the realms of Parnassus. The gray goose-quill has a certain poetical tang; but the fountain pen imports into the very workshop of the Muses the machinery which benumbs the lyric sense.

III.

The effort to escape prosaic surroundings is more evident in a third group who flee to Nature for refuge. The result is a kind of dilettante-nature poetry, often exquisite in form and delicate in sentiment, but lacking in virile human sympathy. Here it behooves one to speak cautiously. Since Wordsworth's advent the Nature cult has become so firmly established that the skeptic is like to suffer the penalties of a new Inquisition. But the question forces itself upon us, Is it, after all, a very high form of art which ignores human passion for the contemplation of the inanimate world? If we may judge from the past, the predominance of descriptive writing signifies a sure decay of creative force.

It is instructive to note with what consummate skill the great classic authors used nature as a background for human action; how it was identified with the mood of the agent, yet never overshadowed him; how some aspect of the visible world was employed as a symbol of the action, yet never intruded into the narration. The sea in Homer has a haunting, half-mystical affinity with the moods of his heroes. We remember the priest of Apollo walking in silence by the shore of the many-sounding sea. We remember that Achilles was the child of an ocean goddess, and see him in his sullen wrath looking out over the tumultuous waters. Odysseus, too, when we first meet him, is sitting on the beach, after his wont, gazing homeward over the unharvested sea, wasting his heart with tears and lamentations. And throughout his wanderings, to the last prophecy that his rest is to come after establishing the worship of Poseidon in a far inland country, always the ocean is interwoven with his destiny. In both poems the "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea" are never far away; and yet how little of descriptive writing they contain! Action and emotion everywhere predominate. By Virgil and his contemporaries Nature was introduced more for her own sake, more after the modern fashion. Yet here again two things are to be noted: natural scenery is less employed in its lonelier aspects than as reflecting the works of man, and the admiration of nature is intimately associated with a peculiar phase of search for truth. Who does not cherish in memory the verses of the second Georgic, which draw their inspiration from Lucretius, ending with the famous

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas"?

Through Lucretius, Propertius, Virgil,

and others can be traced the enthusiastic belief that by means of the scientific study of phenomena a philosophy was to be discovered which should free the soul from the sadness of life and the terrors of death. In modern thought, a necessary divorce has taken place between man and nature on the one hand, between contemplation and science on the other. We love, or pretend to love, best scenes unmarred by the hand of man; we have learned sadly, or think we have learned, that no mystery of faith is to be wrung from the study of physical laws.

In Shelley and Wordsworth, the modern high priests of Nature, the more precise philosophy of antiquity is replaced by a dim, mystical pantheism which would cheat the inquiring spirit into acquiescence. But this phase too has passed away, and at present we are entertained by a choir of songsters who treat us to poems woven of tag-ends of description, mostly brought together in a haphazard fashion, and whose highest thought is a mildly brooding reverie which may soothe the ear, but hardly quickens the imagination.

To be sure, this kind of poetry has quite often a certain charm and even justification of its own. The volume by Harriet Prescott Spofford, named from the introductory poem, In Titian's Garden,[1] is a notable instance of this. Redundancy of epithets — a common trait of the dilettante-nature school — vexes the reader at times; some of the poems — the Story of the Iceberg, for example — being little more than a jumble of brilliant adjectives. Here and there a lapse of taste distresses the ear, as in the gruesome line,

> "Oh, then the poet feels him part of all the lovesome stirring thing."

Occasionally the verses fall into sheer bathos. Thus, it is a pretty conceit, however trite, to tell of the Making of the Pearl in an oyster; but is there not something a little humorous in such stanzas as these?

> "A tiny rasping grain of sand
> It was, whose never-ceasing prick
> Dispelled the charm of summer seas
> And pierced him to the very quick.
>
> "Ah, what a world of trouble now!
> But straight he bent him to the strife,
> And poured around that hostile thing
> The precious ichor of his life.
>
> "And storms could stoop and stir the deeps
> To blackness, but he heeded not, —
> The universe had nothing now
> For him but that one fatal spot."

Yet such criticism is hardly just. The book as a whole is pretty reading. It leaves an impression on the mind like that of an evening stroll along a country lane, when twilight throws a mellow charm over the fields, and as we walk the succession of pleasant sights and sounds brings a gracious feeling of rest to the heart. A fairer specimen of the author's ability is The Violin, an expansion of the happy motto, —

> "Viva fui in sylvis,
> Dum vixi tacui,
> Mortua dulce cano."

The conceit is ingenious, and justifies the tendency to describe natural scenes linearly; that is, by a chain of impressions loosely linked together.

> "All the leaves were rustling in the forest,
> All the springs were bubbling in the moss;
> What light laughter where the brooks were spilling,
> What lament I heard the branches toss,
> Ah, what pipings gave me thrill on thrill!
> All the world was wild with broken music —
> I alone was silent, I was still.
>
> "White the moonbeam wove its weird about me,
> Starshine clad my boughs with streaming flame,
> Mighty winds caressed me out of heaven,
> Storm-clouds in a fleece upon me came,
> Earth's deep juices fed me all my fill —
> Strains swept through me fit for sovran singing —
> I, alas, was silent, I was still."

Into the heart of the tree pass all the

[1] *In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems.* By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1897.

melodies of the forest; beneath its shade lovers whisper their tale, and there in the deep bracken at its root the wanderer spends his soul with weeping, but the tree is silent. Came the woodman with his stroke; came the craftsman with his cunning, and framed the perfect instrument; and then at last

"Came the Master — drew his hand across me —
Oh, what shocked me, what great throb of bliss
Wakened me to pulse on pulse of rapture —
Soul my soul, I never dreamed of this!
Breath of horn and silver fret of flute,
Compass of all nature's various voices,
I was singing — I who once was mute!

"Winding waters, silken breezes blowing,
Fragrances of morning filled my tune,
Glimpses of the land where dreams are mantled,
East o' the sun and rearward of the moon,
Songs from music's ever-swelling tide,
Music beating up the walls of heaven —
I had never sung had I not died!"

IV.

Confronting the volume of New Poems by the English poet Francis Thompson,[1] we have quite a different problem to solve. The spirit of the book is so wantonly contorted, yet lighted here and there by such flashes of starry beauty, that the mind of the reader is bewildered. Let us admit frankly at the outset that we really comprehend almost all Mr. Thompson has written. This is a large confession; for it means that time and thought have been expended upon him which might suffice for a pretty careful reading of the whole of Shakespeare. And then, having devoted so much labor to the task, one is in doubt whether to indulge in the satisfaction of having mastered a difficult subject, or to feel resentment that so much good time has been filched away. Yet we would not so humiliate our author as to boast that all his work is comprehensible. When a clever poet converts the old axiom "Ars celare artem" into "Ars celare sensum," something must be conceded to his cunning. Mr. Thompson himself has said of one of the poems, —

"This song is sung and sung not, and its words are sealed;"

and the reader adds reverently, "Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?"

What can be said of such willful obscurity? Its best excuse is that it is not peculiar to the writer, but characteristic of one large branch of the decadent school to which he belongs. It is pathological. In an age normally poetical, the common daily happenings easily pass into song, and poetry is the expression of a complete life. The man of contorted, half-dazed intelligence will hardly be received as a poet, however he may pique curiosity as an oracle. But in a mechanical prosaic period, when the current of healthy activity turns strongly in another direction, the singer is too often not the strong man, the wise sane seer, but one whose nerves are tingling with abnormal excitement, and whose imagination is tormented by unseizable phantasmagoria. In place of poetry that is a true criticism of life, various schools of decadence start up, appealing each to its own coterie. Unintelligibility here is a seal of genuineness, and escapes censure.

This obscurity, moreover, is one of the signs of that general dissolution, or confusion, of the mind and senses which permeates decadent writing. First of all, the language loses its firm mould, archaic expressions jostle side by side with neologisms, common words take on uncommon meanings, compounds are formed contrary to all recognized linguistic laws. From the book before us a rich harvest of such solecisms might be gathered. A small sheaf may serve as specimens: fledge-foot, ensuit, gardenered, skiey-gendered, liberal-leaved, bleakening, spurted (for stained), transpicuous, blosmy, pined (used transitively), huest, sultry (as a verb), perceivingness, etc. Mr. Thomp-

[1] *New Poems.* By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1897.

son's vocabulary would appear to be modeled after Elizabethan usage, showing a predilection for the more dubious eccentricities of that period, and after the jargon of certain recent authors of France. But it is not language alone which suffers. A further confusion may be observed in the curious interchange of the attributes and epithets of the several senses, especially of sight and hearing. Any one familiar with the works of Mallarmé and his compeers will recognize this characteristic mark. The blind, it is said, substitute for colors the various sensations of sound, the word "red," in one case at least, producing an impression like the blare of trumpets. It is not uninteresting to compare this phenomenon with the following: —

"So fearfully the sun doth sound
Clanging up behind Cathay."

"Though I the Orient never more shall feel
Break like a clash of cymbals."

Still deeper than this confusion of language and sensation is the atony of mind that is the very creating spirit of decadence. Two tendencies may be observed: a proneness to neurotic sensuality on the one hand, and a hankering after mysticism on the other; both springing from relaxation of the will, and a consequent loss of grip on realities. These tendencies may appear singly, or may be united as in the case of Verlaine. In Mr. Thompson sensuality is the last reproach to be offered; he shows, indeed, everywhere entire purity of feeling. Mysticism, however, pervades the book from beginning to end. Now, mysticism is not rashly to be condemned when based on a foundation of virile reflection; but in these New Poems, along with a vein of genuine ideality, there is, we fear, a good deal of vague reverie which arises rather from super-excited nerves than from strong self-restrained thought.

Yet it is pleasanter, in the case of Mr. Thompson, to dwell on the nobler side of his mysticism; and nowhere does his song rise higher than when describing the sacred office of the bard himself. Pardoning the first line, how subtle is this passage from Contemplation! —

"For he, that conduit running wine of song,
Then to himself does most belong,
When he his mortal house unbars
To the importunate and thronging feet
That round our corporal walls unheeded
beat;
Till, all containing, he exalt
His stature to the stars, or stars
Narrow their heaven to his fleshly vault:
When, like a city under ocean,
To human things he grows a desolation,
And is made a habitation
For the fluctuous universe
To lave with unimpeded motion."

In The Mistress of Vision his refined pantheism is worked out with cunning skill. Admirable is this expression of the terror of his vision: —

"Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore?
I do faint therefor.
'When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star;
When thy song is shield and mirror
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,
Where thou dar'st affront her terror
That on her thou may'st attain
Perséan conquest; seek no more,
O seek no more!
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region
Elenore!'"

After all, we cannot lay down the volume without feeling that we have heard strains of true singing, however much obscured. It is the cry of a noble spirit, that beholds the sky through prison-bars and beats in vain against his cage.

"Ah!
If not in all too late and frozen a day
I come in rearward of the throats of song,
Unto the deaf sense of the agèd year
Singing with doom upon me; yet give heed!
One poet with sick pinion, that still feels
Breath through the Orient gateways closing fast,
Fast closing t'ward the undelighted night!"

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NORTH AMERICAN BUTTERFLIES.

In the early part of 1868, Mr. W. H. Edwards began the issue of an iconographic serial publication on North American butterflies.[1] Planned as a quarterly, but with no expectation of extending beyond a single volume, it has appeared at irregular intervals up to the present time, when, having in twenty-nine years completed three quarto volumes, with fifty or more colored plates each, the veteran author lays down his pen, quoting Spenser's lines: —

"And now we are ariued at the last
In wished harbour where we meane to rest;
. . . . . .
For now the Sunne low setteth in the West."

It is the story of a remarkable achievement. The only previous attempt to issue such a work, by Titian Peale, had ended with a first number, and Peale was his own artist. Edwards, when he began, had been known but a few years as an entomologist; he had to pay all the charges of printer, draughtsman, lithographer, and colorist, and could hardly expect any adequate support from a limited and generally impoverished group of naturalists. Not a man of wealth himself, he met with financial losses during the progress of the work which severely crippled him, and would have utterly daunted any one less persistent and enthusiastic than he; and it is only by the aid of grants from scientific funds that he has been able to complete his third volume.

Nevertheless, by great sacrifices he has given to the world, at the cost of many thousand dollars, what is on the whole the finest series of illustrations of butterflies that has ever appeared in any country; and if we take into proper account the proportion and character of the figures which illustrate the history of butterflies, we may say, incomparably the most valuable. This is due in very large measure to his good fortune and good sense in securing the services of Miss (afterward Mrs.) Mary Peart, who has not only drawn for him as needed all the illustrations of the early stages, first on paper and afterward (excepting most of the third volume) on stone, but has also drawn on stone all the butterflies of the first two volumes, excepting the five plates of the initial part. No drawings of butterflies, whether in their early stages or in the final stage, have ever been made which surpass these for faithful portrayal, delicate finish, and artistic arrangement, and they have seldom been equaled anywhere.

The work makes no pretense at being a complete treatise, and the butterflies are not treated in systematic order. It was proposed at the start "to publish a sufficient number of new or hitherto unfigured or disputed species." No Hesperids are treated of, and only a few Lycænids, which are confined to the earlier parts. It is curious, also, to notice that the Satyrids, which figure so largely in the last volume, occupying indeed nearly half the plates, were not considered at all in the first volume, and but slightly in the second. Great prominence is given to the genera Argynnis (33 species), Chionobas (19), Colias (15), and Papilio (14), and reasonably so, for they are dominant groups of wide distribution, the species of which are much disputed. In all, one hundred and sixty-five species are illustrated (about a fourth of our known fauna), referred to twenty-eight genera, — more than half the genera and nearly two thirds the species being Nymphalidæ; but it should be remembered that the

[1] *The Butterflies of North America.* By W. H. Edwards. In three volumes. With 152 Colored Plates. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1868–1897.

author uses genera in a very broad sense, while his attitude toward species is rather the reverse.

In his announcement in the first part, Mr. Edwards said, "It is a matter of regret that in so few instances I shall be able to say anything of the larvæ." Until the seventh part of his work (1871) no figure of any of the early stages appeared on his plates; but since then only two parts have been issued (out of thirty-four) in which some early stages are not shown, and more than half of the plates are used to some extent for their illustration. The reason for this is largely a happy discovery by Mr. Edwards, in 1870, that by imprisoning gravid females alive over their food-plant they could be persuaded to lay any number of eggs. This discovery has completely changed our mode of studying the life-histories, and placed us in this country well in advance of our European brethren, who have been slow to adopt this facile method; one instance of this will shortly be given. By experiment he also proved that caterpillars can be reared to maturity under conditions very different from those natural to them; so that in his retired little corner in the Kenawha Valley, in West Virginia, he has been able to rear, and so to draw and study in every stage, butterflies from such distant and varied points as the Rocky Mountains, California, British Columbia, Canada, and Texas, simply by having packages of fresh-laid eggs sent him through the mail by collectors at these points. It seems to have been of little hindrance that his artist lived at Philadelphia, more than three hundred miles away; for she too had her vivarium with its tiny inhabitants, which were fed on plants constantly forwarded by her indefatigable patron.

To this discovery, and particularly to Mr. Edwards's persistence in carrying it out, we owe our present minute knowledge of a very large proportion of our butterflies. They are now easily studied from the egg onward, and though failures perplex and thwart us, patience and perseverance can win the entire field at no very distant day. A previous knowledge of the food-plant is desirable, and in many cases essential, but that can be learned in the field by carefully watching the female at laying-time. Mr. Edwards has thus put every part of the country under contribution. No better illustration of this can be given than by citing Chionobas (the snow-rover, to translate the term), a genus of butterflies peculiar to very elevated regions and the far north. Up to the present time hardly a figure has been published of the early stages of any European species. On the other hand, Mr. Edwards has given a complete, or almost complete series of figures (amounting in all to two hundred and sixty) of twelve of our species, besides partial series of two others, and nearly every one of these is given by him for the first time. Yet not one of them has Mr. Edwards seen alive in its native haunts; each had to be specially sought for by some agent on high mountain top, or region distant — often very distant — from human habitation and difficult of access. The agent had to remain on the inclement or wild spot long enough, often days, to secure eggs freely laid by an imprisoned female, whose moods are dependent on sunshine and a certain warmth. This is but one instance out of many of our author's indomitable perseverance.

But if Mr. Edwards has done so much in pointing out the road to successful study of the histories and life-stages of butterflies, he has placed us under deeper obligation by the generous way in which he has translated his efforts into pictorial representation. Allusion has been made to the large proportion of plates illustrating the histories. It is of more significance that these histories are shown in such wonderful and almost lavish detail. No less than sixty-nine species, or nearly forty-two per cent, are so illus-

trated, belonging to twenty-four of the twenty-eight genera, and there are nearly eleven hundred figures of the early stages, mostly colored, or an average of over fifteen to each species. Figures of the butterfly are also given with equal generosity, to show variation of color or markings, or to illustrate polymorphic species. There are more than eight hundred and fifty colored figures of butterflies, or an average of more than five figures for each species represented; and it is just the butterflies whose life-histories are shown in the fullest detail that are most lavishly illustrated in the perfect stage. There are indeed ten butterflies (belonging to seven different genera) which average sixteen figures each of the butterfly and twenty-two of the early stages, the climax being reached in *Lycæna pseudargiolus*, of which thirty-seven figures of the butterfly are given and thirty-five of the early stages; no other butterfly in any part of the world has ever received such copious treatment as this.

This wonderful picture-book of nature has done even more for us, for it has been the means the author has taken of depicting his highly interesting and important discoveries in dimorphism and polymorphism, the minutest details in proof of which are given in the text. These discoveries have been a fruitful stimulus to similar studies in all parts of the world, and in consequence the present work may already be regarded as a classic. Mr. Edwards's patient investigation, year after year, of *Papilio ajax*, *Grapta interrogationis*, *Grapta comma*, *Phyciodes tharos*, and *Lycæna pseudargiolus*, and his trip to Colorado, when past seventy years of age, for the purpose of working out on the spot the complicated story of *Papilio bairdii-oregonia*, can but elicit our warmest enthusiasm. They have placed science under deep obligation to him.

May it not also be said that this really sumptuous work has its place in quickening a popular interest in the study of insect life? As seen in public libraries it ought to arouse the latent enthusiasm of the young, even more perhaps than the orderly arrangement of preserved specimens of the same butterflies; for in looking at the several stages, brought together on the same plate, and in reading the text, one is in imagination in a well-ordered museum, under the guidance of the director. It is from hours thus spent that contagious interest spreads.

Although Mr. Edwards has arrived at an age when it is hardly fair to expect that he will feel inclined to continue this costly publication, it is scarcely to be looked for that he will intermit labors that have been the enjoyment of his life. Some means should be found by his friends for the issue through existing agencies of the considerable store of unpublished material still in his hands, the incomparable work of Mrs. Peart. We can but hope that some way may be found for its publication during his lifetime and under his care. The Smithsonian Institution could undertake no more fitting task.

THE CONFESSION OF A LOVER OF ROMANCE.

ONE half the world does not know what the other half reads ; but good people are now taught that the first requisite of sociological virtue is to interest themselves in the other half. I therefore venture to call attention to a book that has pleased me, though my delight in it may at once class me with the "submerged tenth" of the reading public. It is The Pirate's Own Book.

By way of preface to a discussion of this volume, let me make a personal explanation of the causes which led me to its perusal. My reading of such a book cannot be traced to early habit. In my boyhood I had no opportunity to study the careers of pirates, for I was confined to another variety of literature. On Sunday afternoons I read aloud a book called The Afflicted Man's Companion. The unfortunate gentleman portrayed in this work had a large assortment of afflictions, — if I remember rightly, one for each day of the month, — but among them was nothing so exciting as being marooned in the South Seas. Indeed, his afflictions were of a generalized and abstract kind, which he could have borne with great cheerfulness had it not been for the consolations which were remorselessly administered to him.

If I have become addicted to tales of piracy, I must attribute it to the literary criticisms of too strenuous realists. Before I read them, I took an innocent pleasure in romantic fiction. Without any compunction of conscience I rejoiced in Walter Scott; and when he failed I was pleased even with his imitators. My heart leaped up when I beheld a solitary horseman on the first page, and I did not forsake the horseman, even though I knew he was to be personally conducted through his journey by Mr. G. P. R. James. Fenimore Cooper, in those days, before I was awakened to the nature of literary sin, I found altogether pleasant. The cares of the world faded away, and a soothing conviction of the essential rightness of things came over me, as the pioneers and Indians discussed in deliberate fashion the deepest questions of the universe, between shots. As for stories of the sea, I never thought of being critical. I was ready to take thankfully anything with a salty flavor, from Sindbad the Sailor to Mr. Clark Russell. I had no inconvenient knowledge to interfere with my enjoyment. All nautical language was alike impressive, and all nautical manœuvres were to me alike perilous. It would have been a poor Ancient Mariner who could not have enthralled me, when

> He held me with his skinny hand ;
> "There was a ship," quoth he.

And if the ship had raking masts and no satisfactory clearance papers, that was enough; as to what should happen, I left that altogether to the author. That the laws of probability held on the Spanish Main as on dry land, I never dreamed.

But after being awakened to the sin of romance, I saw that to read a novel merely for recreation is not permissible. The reader must be put upon oath, and before he allows himself to enjoy any incident must swear that everything is exactly true to life as he has seen it. All vagabonds and sturdy vagrants who have no visible means of support, in the present order of things, are to be driven out of the realm of well-regulated fiction. Among these are included all knights in armor; all rightful heirs with a strawberry mark ; all horsemen, solitary or otherwise ; all princes in disguise ; all persons who are in the habit of saying "prithee," or "Odzooks," or "by my halidome ; " all fair ladies who have no irregularities of feature and no realistic incoherencies of speech ; all lovers who

fall in love at first sight, and who are married at the end of the book and live happily ever after; all witches, fortune-tellers, and gypsies; all spotless heroes and deep-dyed villains; all pirates, buccaneers, North American Indians with a taste for metaphysics; all scouts, hunters, trappers, and other individuals who do not wear store clothes. According to this decree, all readers are forbidden to aid and abet these persons, or to give them shelter in their imagination. A reader who should incite a writer of fiction to romance would be held as an accessory before the fact.

After duly repenting of my sins and renouncing my old acquaintances, I felt a preëminent virtue. Had I met the Three Guardsmen, one at a time or all together, I should have passed them by without stopping for a moment's converse. I should have recognized them for the impudent Gascons that they were, and should have known that there was not a word of truth in all their adventures. As for Stevenson's fine old pirate, with his contemptible song about a "dead men's chest and a bottle of rum," I should not have tolerated him for an instant. Instead, I should have turned eagerly to some neutral-tinted person who never had any adventure greater than missing the train to Dedham, and I should have analyzed his character, and agitated myself in the attempt to get at his feelings, and I should have verified his story by a careful reference to the railway guide. I should have treated that neutral-tinted character as a problem, and I should have noted all the delicate shades in the futility of his conduct. When, on any occasion that called for action, he did not know his own mind, I should have admired him for his resemblance to so many of my acquaintances who do not know their own minds. After studying the problem until I came to the last chapter, I should suddenly have given it up, and agreed with the writer that it had no solution. In my self-righteousness, I despised the old-fashioned reader who had been lured on in the expectation that at the last moment something thrilling might happen.

But temptations come at the unguarded point. I had hardened myself against romance in fiction, but I had not been sufficiently warned against romance in the guise of fact. When in a bookstall I came upon The Pirate's Own Book, it seemed to answer a felt want. Here at least, outside the boundaries of strict fiction, I could be sure of finding adventure, and feel again with Sancho Panza "how pleasant it is to go about in expectation of accidents."

I am well aware that good literature — to use Matthew Arnold's phrase — is a criticism of life. But the criticism of life, with its discriminations between things which look very much alike, is pretty serious business. We cannot keep on criticising life without getting tired after a while, and longing for something a little simpler. There is a much-admired passage in Ferishtah's Fancies, in which, after mixing up the beans in his hands and speculating on their color, Ferishtah is not able to tell black from white. Ferishtah, living in a soothing climate, could stand an indefinite amount of this sort of thing; and, moreover, we must remember that he was a dervish, and dervishry, although a steady occupation, is not exacting in its requirements. In our more stimulating climate, we should bring on nervous prostration if we gave ourselves unremittingly to the discrimination between all the possible variations of blackishness and whitishness. We must relieve our minds by occasionally finding something about which there can be no doubt. When my eyes rested on the woodcut that adorns the first page of The Pirate's Own Book, I felt the rest that comes from perfect certainty in my own moral judgment. Ferishtah himself could not have mixed me up. Here was black without a redeem-

ing spot. On looking upon this pirate, I felt relieved from any criticism of life; here was something beneath criticism. I was no longer tossed about on a chop sea, with its conflicting waves of feeling and judgment, but was borne along triumphantly on a bounding billow of moral reprobation.

As I looked over the headings of the chapters I was struck by their straightforward and undisguised character. When I read the chapter entitled The Savage Appearance of the Pirates, and compared this with the illustrations, I said, "How true!" Then there was a chapter on The Deceitful Character of the Malays. I had always suspected that the Malays were deceitful, and here I found my impressions justified by competent authority. Then I dipped into the preface, and found the same transparent candor. "A piratical crew," says the author, "is generally formed of the desperadoes and renegades of every clime and nation." Again I said, "Just what I should have expected. The writer is evidently one who 'nothing extenuates.'" Then follows a further description of the pirate: "The pirate, from the perilous nature of his occupation, when not cruising on the ocean, that great highway of nations, selects the most lonely isles of the sea for his retreat, or secretes himself near the shores of bays and lagoons of thickly wooded and uninhabited countries." Just the places where I should have expected him to settle.

"The pirate, when not engaged in robbing, passes his time in singing old songs with choruses like,

'Drain, drain the bowl, each fearless soul!
Let the world wag as it will;
Let the heavens growl, let the devil howl,
Drain, drain the deep bowl and fill!'

Thus his hours of relaxation are passed in wild and extravagant frolics, amongst the lofty forests and spicy groves of the torrid zone, and amidst the aromatic and beautiful flowering vegetable products of that region."

Again: "With the name of pirate is also associated ideas of rich plunder, — caskets of buried jewels, chests of gold ingots, bags of outlandish coins, secreted in lonely out-of-the-way places, or buried about the wild shores of rivers and unexplored seacoasts, near rocks and trees bearing mysterious marks, indicating where the treasure is hid." "As it is his invariable practice to secrete and bury his booty, and from the perilous life he lives being often killed, he can never revisit the spot again, immense sums remaining buried in these places are irrevocably lost." Is it any wonder that, with such an introduction, I became interested?

After a perusal of the book, I am inclined to think that a pirate may be a better person to read about than some persons who stand higher in the moral scale. Compare, if you will, a pirate and a pessimist. As a citizen and neighbor I should prefer the pessimist. A pessimist is an excellent and highly educated gentleman, who has been so unfortunate as to be born into a world which is inadequate to his expectations. Naturally he feels that he has a grievance, and in airing his grievance he makes himself unpopular; but it is certainly not his fault that the universe is no better than it is. On the other hand, a pirate is a bad character; yet as a subject of biography he is more inspiring than the pessimist. In one case, we have the impression of one good man in a totally depraved world; in the other case, we have a totally depraved man in what but for him would be a very good world. I know of nothing that gives one a more genial appreciation of average human nature, or a greater tolerance for the foibles of one's acquaintances, than the contrast with an unmitigated pirate.

My copy of The Pirate's Own Book belongs to the edition of 1837. On the fly-leaf it bore in prim handwriting the name of a lady who for many years must have treasured it. I like to think of

this unknown lady in connection with the book. I know that she must have been an excellent soul, and I have no doubt that her New England conscience pointed to the moral law as the needle to the pole; but she was a wise woman, and knew that if she was to keep her conscience in good repair she must give it some reasonable relaxation. I am sure that she was a woman of versatile philanthropy, and that every moment she had the ability to make two duties grow where only one had grown before. After, however, attending the requisite number of lectures to improve her mind, and considering in committees plans to improve other people's minds forcibly, and going to meetings to lament over the condition of those who had no minds to improve, this good lady would feel that she had earned a right to a few minutes' respite. So she would take up The Pirate's Own Book, and feel a creepy sensation that would be an effectual counter irritant to all her anxieties for the welfare of the race. Things might be going slowly, and there were not half as many societies as there ought to be, and the world might be in a bad way; but then it was not so bad as it was in the days of Black Beard; and the poor people who did not have any societies to belong to were, after all, not so badly off as the sailors whom the atrocious Nicola left on a desert island, with nothing but a blunderbuss and Mr. Brooks's Family Prayer Book. In fact, it is expressly stated that the pirates refused to give them a cake of soap. To be on a desert island destitute of soap made the common evils of life appear trifling. She had been worried about the wicked people who would not do their duty, however faithfully they had been prodded up to it, who would not be life members on payment of fifty dollars, and who would not be annual members on payment of a dollar and signing the constitution, and who in their hard and impenitent hearts would not even sit on the platform at the annual meeting; but somehow their guilt seemed less extreme after she had studied again the picture of Captain Kidd burying his Bible in the sands near Plymouth. A man who would bury his Bible, using a spade several times too large for him, and who would strike such a world-defying attitude while doing it, made the sin of not joining the society appear almost venial. In this manner she gained a certain moral perspective; even after days when the public was unusually dilatory about reforms, and the wheels of progress had begun to squeak, she would get a good night's sleep. Contrasting the public with the black background of absolute piracy, she grew tolerant of its shortcomings, and learned the truth of George Herbert's saying, that "pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good."

Not only is a pirate a more comfortable person to read about than a pessimist, but in many respects he is a more comfortable person to read about than a philanthropist. The minute the philanthropist is introduced, the author begins to show his own cleverness by discovering flaws in his motives. You begin to see that the poor man has his limitations. Perhaps his philanthropies are of a different kind from yours, and that irritates you. Musical people, whom I have heard criticise other musical people, seem more offended when some one flats just a little than when he makes a big ear-splitting discord; and moralists are apt to have the same fastidiousness. The philanthropist is made the victim of the most cruel kind of vivisection, — a character-study.

Here is a fragment of conversation from a study of character: "'That was really heroic,' said Felix. 'That was what he wanted to do,' Gertrude went on. 'He wanted to be magnanimous; he wanted to have a fine moral pleasure; he made up his mind to do his duty; he felt sublime, — that 's how he likes to feel.'"

This leaves the mind in a painful state of suspense. The first instinct of the unsophisticated reader is that if the person has done a good deed, we ought not to begrudge him a little innocent pleasure in it. If he is magnanimous, why not let him feel magnanimous? But after Gertrude has made these subtle suggestions we begin to experience something like antipathy for a man who is capable of having a fine moral pleasure; who not only does his duty, but really likes to do it. There is something wrong about him, and it is all the more aggravating because we are not sure just what it is. There is no trouble of that kind in reading about pirates. You cannot make a character-study out of a pirate, — he has no character. You know just where to place him. You do not expect anything good of him, and when you find a sporadic virtue you are correspondingly elated.

For example, I am pleased to read of the pirate Gibbs that he was "affable and communicative, and when he smiled he exhibited a mild and gentle countenance. His conversation was concise and pertinent, and his style of illustration quite original." If Gibbs had been a philanthropist, it is doubtful whether these social and literary graces would have been so highly appreciated.

So our author feels a righteous glow when speaking of the natives of the Malabar coasts, and accounting for their truthfulness: "For as they had been used to deal with pirates, they always found them men of honor in the way of trade, — a people enemies of deceit, and that scorned to rob but in their own way."

He is a very literal-minded person, and takes all his pirates seriously, but often we are surprised by some touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. There was the ferocious Benevedes, who flourished on the west coast of South America, and who, not content with sea power, attempted to gather an army. It is said that "a more finished picture of a pirate cannot be conceived," and the description that follows certainly bears out this assertion. Yet he had his own ideas of civilization, and a power of adaptation that reminds us of the excellent and ingenious Swiss Family Robinson. When he captures the American whaling-ship Herculia, we are prepared for a wild scene of carnage; but instead we are told that Benevedes immediately dismantled the ship, and "out of the sails made trousers for half his army." After the trousers had been distributed, Benevedes remarked that his army was complete except in one essential particular, — he had no trumpets for the cavalry: whereupon, at the suggestion of the New Bedford skipper, he ripped off the copper sheets of the vessel, out of which a great variety of copper trumpets were quickly manufactured, and soon "the whole camp resounded with the warlike blasts." While the delighted pirates were enjoying their instrumental music, the skipper and nine of the crew took occasion to escape in a boat which had been imprudently concealed on the river-bank.

Most of the pirates seem to have conducted their lives on a highly romantic, not to say sensational plan. This reprehensible practice, of course, must shut them off from the sympathy of all realists of the stricter school, who hold that there should be no dramatic situations, and that even when a story is well begun it should not be brought to a finish, but should "peter out" in the last chapters, no one knows how or why. Sometimes, however, a pirate manages to come to an end sufficiently commonplace to make a plot for a most irreproachable novel. There was Captain Avery. He commenced the practice of his profession very auspiciously by running away with a ship of thirty guns from Bristol. In the Indian Ocean he captured a treasure-ship of the Great Mogul. In this ship, it is said, "there were several of the greatest persons of the court." There

was also on board the daughter of the Great Mogul, who was on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The painstaking historian comments on this very justly: "It is well known that the people of the East travel with great magnificence, so that they had along with them all their slaves, with a large quantity of vessels of gold and silver and immense sums of money. The spoil, therefore, that Avery received from that ship was almost incalculable." To capture the treasure-ship of the Great Mogul under such circumstances would have turned the head of any ordinary pirate who had weakened his mind by reading works tinged with romanticism. His companions, when the treasure was on board, wished to sail to Madagascar, and there build a small fort; but "Avery disconcerted the plan and rendered it altogether unnecessary." We know perfectly well what these wretches would have done if they had been allowed to have their own way: they would have gathered in one of the spicy groves, and would have taken up vociferously their song, —

> "Drain, drain the bowl, each fearless soul!
> Let the world wag as it will."

Avery would have none of this, so when most of the men were away from the ship he sailed off with the treasure, leaving them to their evil ways and to a salutary poverty. Here begins the realism of the story. With the treasures of the Great Mogul in his hold, he did not follow the illusive course of Captain Kidd, "as he sailed, as he sailed." He did not even lay his course for the "coasts of Coromandel." Instead of that he made a bee-line for America, with the laudable intention of living there "in affluence and honor." When he got to America, however, he did not know what to do with himself, and still less what to do with the inestimable pearls and diamonds of the Great Mogul. An ordinary pirate of romance would have escaped to the Spanish Main, but Avery did just what any realistic gentleman would do: after he had spent a short time in other cities — he concluded to go to Boston. The chronicler adds, "Arriving at Boston, he almost resolved to settle there." It was in the time of the Mathers. But in spite of its educational and religious advantages, Boston furnished no market for the gems of the Orient, so Captain Avery went to England. If he had in his youth read a few detective stories, he might have known how to get his jewels exchanged for the current coin of the realm; but his early education had been neglected, and he was of a singularly confiding and unsophisticated nature — when on land. After suffering from poverty he made the acquaintance of some wealthy merchants of Bristol, who took his gems on commission, on condition that they need not inquire how he came by them. That was the last Avery saw of the gems of the Great Mogul. A plain pirate was no match for financiers. Remittances were scanty, though promises were frequent. What came of it all? Nothing came of it; things simply dragged along. Avery was not hanged, neither did he get his money. At last, on a journey to Bristol to urge the merchants to a settlement, he fell sick and died. What became of the gems? Nobody knows. What became of those merchants of Bristol? Nobody cares. A novelist might, out of such material, make an ending quite clever and dreary.

To this realistic school of pirates belongs Thomas Veal, known in our history as the "Pirate of Lynn." To turn from the chapter on the Life, Atrocities, and Bloody Death of Black-Beard to the chapter on the Lynn Pirate, is a relief to the overstrained sensibilities. Lynn is in the temperate zone, and we should naturally reason that its piracies would be more calm and equable than those of the tropics, and so they were. "On one pleasant evening, a little after sunset, a small vessel was seen to anchor near the mouth of the Saugus River.

A boat was presently lowered from her side, into which four men descended and moved up the river." It is needless to say that these men were pirates. In the morning the vessel had disappeared, but a man found a paper whereon was a statement that if a quantity of shackles, handcuffs, and hatchets were placed in a certain nook, silver would be deposited near by to pay for them. The people of Lynn in those days were thrifty folk, and the hardware was duly placed in the spot designated, and the silver was found as promised. After some months four pirates came and settled in the woods. The historian declares it to be his opinion (and he speaks as an expert) that it would be impossible to select a place more convenient for a gang of pirates. He draws particular attention to the fact that the "ground was well selected for the cultivation of potatoes and common vegetables." This shows that the New England environment gave an industrial and agricultural cast to piracy which it has not had elsewhere. In fact, after reading the whole chapter, I am struck by the pacific and highly moral character of these pirates. The last of them — Thomas Veal — took up his abode in what is described as a "spacious cavern," about two miles from Lynn. "There the fugitive fixed his residence, and practiced the trade of a shoemaker, occasionally coming down to the village to obtain articles of sustenance." By uniting the occupations of market-gardening, shoemaking, and piracy, Thomas Veal managed to satisfy the demands of a frugal nature, and to live respected by his neighbors in Lynn. It must have been a great alleviation in the lot of the small boys, when now and then they escaped from the eyes of the tithing-men, and in the cave listened to Mr. Veal singing his pirate's songs. Of course a solo could give only a faint conception of what the full chorus would have been in the tropical forests, but still it must have curdled the blood to a very considerable extent.

There is, I must confess, a certain air of vagueness about this interesting narration. No overt act of piracy is mentioned. Indeed, the evidence in regard to the piratical character of Mr. Veal, so far as it is given in this book, is largely circumstantial.

There is, first, the geographical argument. The Saugus River, being a winding stream, was admirably adapted for the resort of pirates who wished to prey upon the commerce of Boston and Salem. This establishes the opportunity and motive, and renders it antecedently probable that piracy was practiced. The river, it is said, was a good place in which to secrete boats. This we know from our reading was the invariable practice of pirates.

Another argument is drawn from the umbrageous character of the Lynn woods. We are told with nice particularity that in this tract of country "there were many thick pines, hemlocks, and cedars, and places where the rays of the sun at noon could not penetrate." Such a place would be just the spot in which astute pirates would be likely to bury their treasure, confident that it would never be discovered. The fact that nothing ever has been discovered here seems to confirm this supposition.

The third argument is that while a small cave still remains, the "spacious cavern" in which Thomas Veal, the piratical shoemaker, is said to have dwelt no longer exists. This clinches the evidence. For there was an earthquake in 1658. What more likely than that, in the earthquake, "the top of the rock was loosened and crushed down into the mouth of the cavern, inclosing the unfortunate inmate in its unyielding prison"? At any rate, there is no record of Mr. Veal or of his spacious cavern after that earthquake.

No one deserves to be called an antiquarian who cannot put two and two together, and reconstruct from these data a more or less elaborate history of the

piracies of Mr. Thomas Veal. The only other explanation of the facts presented, that I can think of as having any degree of plausibility, is that possibly Mr. Veal may have been an Anabaptist, escaped from Boston, who imposed upon the people of Lynn by making them believe that he was only a pirate.

I must in candor admit that the Plutarch of piracy is sometimes more edifying than entertaining. He can never resist the temptation to draw a moral, and his dogmatic bias in favor of the doctrine of total depravity is only too evident. But his book has the great advantage that it is not devoid of incident. Take it all in all, there are worse books to read — after one is tired of reading books that are better.

I am inclined to think that our novelists must make home happy, or they may drive many of their readers to The Pirate's Own Book. The policy of the absolute prohibition of romance, while excellent in theory, has practical difficulties in the way of enforcement. Perhaps, under certain restrictions, license might be issued to proper persons to furnish stimulants to the imagination. Of course the romancer should not be allowed to sell to minors, nor within a certain distance of a schoolhouse, nor to habitual readers. My position is the conservative one that commended itself to the judicious Rollo.

"'Well, Rollo,' said Dorothy, 'shall I tell you a true story, or one that is not true?'

"'I think, on the whole, Dorothy, I would rather have it true.'"

But there must have been times — though none are recorded — when Rollo tired even of the admirable clear thinking and precise information of Jonas. At such times he might have tolerated a story that was not so very true, if only it were interesting. There are main thoroughfares paved with hard facts where the intellectual traffic must go on continually. There are tracks on which, if a heedless child of romance should stray, he is in danger of being run down by the realists, those grim motor-men of the literary world. But outside the congested districts there should be some roadways leading out into the open country where all things are still possible. At the entrance to each of these roads there ought to be displayed the notice, "For pleasure only. No heavy teaming allowed." I should not permit any modern improvements in this district, but I should preserve all its natural features. There should be not only a feudal castle with moat and drawbridge, but also a pirate's cave.

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MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION: THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.

In New York, in the fall of 1894, Tammany Hall was overthrown by a coalition composed partly of the regular Republicans, partly of anti-Tammany Democrats, and partly of Independents. Under the last head must be included a great many men who in national politics habitually act with one or the other of the two great parties, but who feel that in municipal politics good citizens should act independently. The tidal wave, which was running high against the Democratic party, was undoubtedly very influential in bringing about the anti-Tammany victory; but the chief factor in producing the result was the widespread anger and disgust felt by decent citizens at the corruption which under the sway of Tammany had honeycombed every department of the city government, but especially the police force. A few well-meaning persons have at times tried to show that this corruption was not actually so very great. In reality it would be difficult to overestimate the utter rottenness of many branches of the city administration. There were a few honorable and high-minded Tammany officials, and there were a few bureaus which were conducted with some measure of efficiency, although dishonestly. But the corruption had become so widespread as seriously to impair the work of administration, and to bring us back within appreciable distance of the days of Tweed.

The chief centre of corruption was the police department. No man not intimately acquainted with both the lower and the humbler sides of New York life — for there is a wide distinction between the two — can realize how far this corruption extended. Except in rare instances, where prominent politicians made demands which could not be refused, both promotions and appointments towards the close of Tammany rule were almost solely for money, and the prices were discussed with cynical frankness. There was a well-recognized tariff of charges, ranging from two or three hundred dollars for appointment as a patrolman, to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars for promotion to the position of captain. The money was reimbursed to those who paid it by an elaborate system of blackmail. This was chiefly carried on at the expense of gamblers, liquor sellers, and keepers of disorderly houses; but every form of vice and crime contributed more or less, and a great many respectable people who were ignorant or timid were blackmailed under pretense of forbidding or allowing them to violate obscure ordinances, and the like. From top to bottom the New York police force was utterly demoralized by the gangrene of such a system, where venality and blackmail went hand in hand with the basest forms of low ward politics, and where the policeman, the ward politician, the liquor seller, and the criminal alternately preyed on one another and helped one another to prey on the general public.

In May, 1895, I was made president of the newly appointed police board,

whose duty it was to cut out the chief source of civic corruption in New York by cleansing the police department. The police board consisted of four members; all four of the new men were appointed by Mayor Strong, the reform mayor, who had taken office in January.

With me was associated as treasurer of the board Mr. Avery D. Andrews. He was a Democrat and I a Republican, and there were questions of national politics on which we disagreed widely; but such questions could not enter into the administration of the New York police, if that administration was to be both honest and efficient; and as a matter of fact, during my two years' service, Mr. Andrews and I worked in absolute harmony on every important question of policy which arose. The prevention of blackmail and corruption, the repression of crime and violence, the safeguarding of life and property, securing honest elections, and rewarding efficient and punishing inefficient police service, are not, and cannot properly be made, questions of party difference. In other words, such a body as the police force of New York can be wisely and properly administered only upon a non-partisan basis, and both Mr. Andrews and myself were quite incapable of managing it on any other. There were many men who helped us in our work; and among them all, the man who helped us most, by advice and counsel, by stalwart, loyal friendship, and by ardent championship of all that was good against all that was evil, was Jacob A. Riis, the author of How the Other Half Lives.

Certain of the difficulties we had to face were merely those which confronted the entire reform administration in its management of the municipality. Many worthy people expected that this reform administration would work an absolute revolution, not merely in the government, but in the minds of the citizens as a whole; and felt vaguely that they had been cheated because there was not an immediate cleansing of every bad influence in civic or social life. Moreover, the different bodies forming the victorious coalition felt the pressure of conflicting interests and hopes. The mass of effective strength was given by the Republican organization, and not only all the enrolled party workers, but a great number of well-meaning Republicans who had no personal interest at stake expected the administration to be used to further the fortunes of their own party. Another great body of the administration's supporters took a diametrically opposite view, and believed that the municipality should be governed without the slightest reference whatever to party. In theory they were quite right, and I cordially sympathized with them; but in reality the victory could not have been won by the votes of this class of people alone, and it was out of the question to put their theories into complete effect. Like all other men who actually try to do things instead of confining themselves to saying how they should be done, the members of the new city government were obliged to face the facts, and to do the best they could in the effort to get some kind of good result out of the conflicting forces. They had to disregard party so far as was possible; and yet they could not afford to disregard all party connections so utterly as to bring the whole government to grief.

In addition to these two large groups of supporters, there were other groups, also possessing influence, who expected to receive recognition distinctly as Democrats, but as anti-Tammany Democrats; and such members of any victorious coalition are always sure to overestimate their own services, and to feel that they are ill-treated.

It is of course an easy thing to show on paper that the municipal administration should have been conducted without any regard whatever to party lines, and if the bulk of the people saw things with entire clearness, the truth would

seem so obvious as to need no demonstration. But the great majority of those who voted the new administration into power neither saw this nor realized it, and in politics, as in life generally, conditions must be faced as they are, and not as they ought to be. The regular Democratic organization, not only in the city, but in the State, was completely under the dominion of Tammany Hall and its allies, and they fought us at every step with wholly unscrupulous hatred. In the State and the city alike, the Democratic campaign was waged against the reform administration in New York. The Tammany officials who were still left in power in the city, headed by the comptroller, Mr. Fitch, did everything in their power to prevent the new administration from giving the city an efficient government. The Democratic members of the legislature acted as their faithful allies in all such efforts. Whatever was accomplished by the reform administration — and a very great deal was accomplished — was due to the action of the Republican majority in the Constitutional Convention, and especially to the Republican governor, Mr. Morton, and the Republican majority in the legislature, who enacted laws giving to the newly chosen mayor, Mr. Strong, the great powers necessary for properly discharging the duties of his office. Without these laws the mayor would have been very nearly powerless. He certainly could not have done a tenth part of what actually was done.

Now, of course, the Republican politicians who gave Mayor Strong all these powers, in the teeth of violent Democratic opposition to every law for the betterment of civic conditions in New York, ought not, under ideal conditions, to have expected the slightest reward. They should have been contented with showing the public that their only purpose was to serve the public, and that the Republican party wished no better reward than the consciousness of having done its duty by the State and the city. But as a whole they had not reached such a standard. There were some who had reached it; there were others who, though perfectly honest, and wishing to see good government prosper, yet felt that somehow it ought to be combined with party advantage of a tangible sort; and finally there were yet others who were not honest at all and cared nothing for the victory, unless it resulted in some way to their own personal advantage. In short, the problem presented was of the kind which usually is presented when men are to be dealt with as a mass. The mayor and his associates had to keep in touch with the Republican party, or they could have done nothing; and, on the other hand, there was much that the Republican machine asked which could not be granted, because a surrender on certain vital points meant the abandonment of the whole effort to obtain good government.

The undesirability of breaking with the Republican organization was shown by what happened in the management of the police department. This, being the great centre of power, was the especial object of the Republican machine leaders. Toward the close of Tammany rule, of the four police commissioners, two had been machine Republicans, whose actions were in no wise to be distinguished from those of their Tammany colleagues; and immediately after the new board was appointed to office the machine got through the legislature the so-called bi-partisan or Lexow law, under which the department is at present conducted; and a more foolish or vicious law was never enacted by any legislative body. It modeled the government of the police force somewhat on the lines of the Polish Parliament, and it was avowedly designed to make it difficult to get effective action. It provided for a four-headed board, in which it was hard to get a majority anyhow; but, lest we should get such a majority, it gave each mem-

ber power to veto the actions of his colleagues in certain very important matters; and, lest we should do too much when we were unanimous, it provided that the chief, our nominal subordinate, should have entirely independent action in the most essential matters, and should be practically irremovable except for proved corruption, so that he was responsible to nobody. The mayor was similarly hindered from removing any police commissioner: when one of our colleagues began obstructing the work of the board, and thwarting its effort to reform the force, the mayor in vain strove to turn him out. In short, there was a complete divorce of power from responsibility, and it was exceedingly difficult either to do anything, or to place anywhere the responsibility for not doing it.

If by any reasonable concessions, if indeed by the performance of any act not incompatible with our oaths of office, we could have stood on good terms with the machine, we would assuredly have made the effort, even at the cost of sacrificing many of our ideals; and in almost any other department we could probably have avoided a break; but in the police force such a compromise was not possible. What was demanded of us usually took some such form as the refusal to enforce certain laws, or the protection of certain lawbreakers, or the promotion of the least fit men to positions of high power and grave responsibility; and on such points it was not possible to yield. We were obliged to treat all questions that arose purely on their merits, without reference to the desires of the politicians. We went into this course with our eyes open, for we knew the trouble it would cause us personally, and, what was far more important, the way in which our efforts for reform would consequently be hampered. However, there was no alternative, and we had to abide by the result. We had counted the cost before we adopted our plan, and we followed it resolutely to the end. We could not accomplish all that we should have liked to accomplish, for we were shackled by preposterous legislation, and by the opposition and intrigues of the basest machine politicians, which cost us the support, sometimes of one, and sometimes of both, of our colleagues. Nevertheless, the net result of our two years of work was that we did more to increase the efficiency and honesty of the police department than had ever previously been done in its history.

Besides suffering, in aggravated form, from the difficulties which beset the course of the entire administration, the police board had to encounter — and honest and efficient police boards must always encounter — certain special and peculiar difficulties. It is not a pleasant thing to deal with criminals and purveyors of vice. It is very rough work, and it cannot always be done in a nice manner. The man with the night stick, the man in the blue coat with the helmet, can keep order and repress open violence on the streets; but most kinds of crime and vice are ordinarily carried on furtively and by stealth, perhaps at night, perhaps behind closed doors. It is possible to reach them only by the employment of the man in plain clothes, the detective. Now the function of the detective is primarily that of the spy, and it is always easy to arouse feeling against a spy. It is absolutely necessary to employ him. Ninety per cent of the most dangerous criminals and purveyors of vice cannot be reached in any other way. But the average citizen who does not think deeply fails to realize the need for any such employment. In a vague way he desires vice and crime put down; but, also in a vague way, he objects to the only possible means by which they can be put down. It is easy to mislead him into denouncing what is unavoidably done in order to carry out the very policy for which he is clamoring.

The Tammany officials of New York, headed by the comptroller, made a sys-

tematic effort to excite public hostility against the police for their warfare on vice. The lawbreaking liquor seller, the keeper of disorderly houses, and the gambler had been influential allies of Tammany, and head contributors to its campaign chest. Naturally Tammany fought for them; and the effective way in which to carry on such a fight was to portray with gross exaggeration and misstatement the methods necessarily employed by every police force which honestly endeavors to do its work. The methods are unpleasant, just as the methods employed in any surgical operation are unpleasant; and the Tammany champions were able to arouse a good deal of feeling against the police board for precisely the same reason that a century ago it was easy to arouse what were called "doctors' mobs" against surgeons who cut up dead bodies. In neither case is the operation attractive, and it is one which readily lends itself to denunciation; but in both cases the action must be taken if there is a real intention to get at the disease.

Tammany found its most influential allies in the sensational newspapers. Of all the forces that tend for evil in a great city like New York, probably no other is so potent as the sensational press. Until one has had experience with them it is difficult to realize the reckless indifference to truth or decency displayed by papers such as the two that have the largest circulation in New York city. Scandal forms the breath of the nostrils of such papers, and they are quite as ready to create as to describe it. To sustain law and order is humdrum, and does not furnish material for flaunting woodcuts; but if the editor will stoop, and make his subordinates stoop, to raking the gutters of human depravity, to upholding the wrongdoer and furiously assailing what is upright and honest, he can make money, just as other types of pander make it. The man who is to do honorable work in any form of civic politics must make up his mind (and if he is a man of properly robust character he will make it up without difficulty) to treat the assaults of papers like these with absolute indifference, and to go his way unheeding. He will have to make up his mind to be criticised also, sometimes justly, and more often unjustly, even by decent people; and he must not be so thin-skinned as to mind such criticism overmuch.

In administering the police force, we found, as might be expected, that there was no need of genius, nor indeed of any very unusual qualities. What was required was the exercise of the plain, ordinary virtues, of a rather commonplace type, which all good citizens should be expected to possess. Common sense, common honesty, courage, energy, resolution, readiness to learn, and a desire to be as pleasant with everybody as was compatible with a strict performance of duty, — these were the qualities most called for. We soon found that, in spite of the widespread corruption which had obtained in the New York police department, most of the men were heartily desirous of being honest. There were some who were incurably dishonest, just as there were some who had remained decent in spite of terrific temptation and pressure, but the great mass came in between. Although not possessing the stamina to war against corruption when the odds seemed well-nigh hopeless, they were, nevertheless, heartily glad to be decent, and they welcomed the change to a system under which they were rewarded for doing well, and punished for doing ill.

Our methods for restoring order and discipline were simple, and hardly less so were our methods for securing efficiency. We made frequent personal inspections, especially at night, going anywhere, at any time. In this way we soon got an idea of whom among our upper subordinates we could trust and whom we could not. We then proceeded to punish those who were guilty of shortcom-

ings, and to reward those who did well, refusing to pay any heed whatever to anything except the man's own character and record. A very few promotions and dismissals sufficed to show our subordinates that at last they were dealing with superiors who meant what they said, and that the days of political "pull" were over while we had the power. The effect was immediate. The decent men took heart, and those who were not decent feared longer to offend. The *morale* of the entire force improved steadily.

A similar course was followed in reference to the relations between the police and citizens generally. There had formerly been much complaint of the brutal treatment by police of innocent citizens. This was stopped peremptorily by the obvious expedient of dismissing from the force the first two or three men who were found guilty of brutality. On the other hand, we made the force understand that in the event of any emergency requiring them to use their weapons against either a mob or an individual criminal, the police board backed them up without reservation. Our sympathy was for the friends, and not the foes, of order. If a mob threatened violence, we were glad to have the mob hurt. If a criminal showed fight, we expected the officer to use any weapon that was requisite to overcome him on the instant, and even, if it became needful, to take life. All that the board required was to be convinced that the necessity really existed. We did not possess a particle of that maudlin sympathy for the criminal, disorderly, and lawless classes which is such a particularly unhealthy sign of social development; and we were determined that the improvement in the fighting efficiency of the police should keep pace with the improvement in their moral tone.

To break up the system of blackmail and corruption was less easy. It was not at all difficult to protect decent people in their rights, and this result was effected at once. But the criminal who is blackmailed has a direct interest in paying the blackmailer, and it is not easy to get information about it. Nevertheless, we put a complete stop to most of the blackmail by the simple process of rigorously enforcing the laws, not only against crime, but against vice.

It was the enforcement of the liquor law which caused most excitement. In New York, we suffer from the altogether too common tendency to enact any law which a certain section of the community wants, and then to allow that law to become very nearly a dead-letter if any other section of the community objects to it. The multiplication of laws by the legislature and their partial enforcement by the executive authorities go hand in hand, and offer one of the many serious problems with which we are confronted in striving to better civic conditions. New York State felt that liquor should not be sold on Sunday. The larger part of New York city wished to drink liquor on Sunday. Any man who studies the social condition of the poor knows that liquor works more ruin than any other one cause. He knows also, however, that it is simply impracticable to extirpate the habit entirely, and that to attempt too much often results merely in accomplishing too little; and he knows, moreover, that for a man alone to drink whiskey in a bar-room is one thing, and for men with their families to drink light wines or beer in respectable restaurants is quite a different thing. The average citizen, who does not think at all, and the average politician of the baser sort, who thinks only about his own personal advantage, find it easiest to disregard these facts, and to pass a liquor law which will please the temperance people, and then trust to the police department to enforce it with such laxity as to please the intemperate.

The results of this pleasing system were evident in New York when our board came into power. The Sunday

liquor law was by no means a dead-letter in New York city. On the contrary, no less than eight thousand arrests for its violation had been made under the Tammany régime the year before we came in. It was very much alive, but it was executed only against those who either had no political pull or refused to pay blackmail.

The liquor business does not stand on the same footing with other occupations. It always tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and lawbreaking among the saloon-keepers themselves. It is absolutely necessary to supervise it rigidly, and to impose restrictions upon the traffic. In large cities the traffic cannot be stopped, but the evils can at least be minimized. In New York, the saloon-keepers have always stood high among professional politicians. Nearly two thirds of the political leaders of Tammany Hall have been in the liquor business at one time or another. The saloon is the natural club and meeting-place for the ward heelers and leaders, and the bar-room politician is one of the most common and best recognized factors in local government. The saloon-keepers are always hand in glove with the professional politicians, and occupy toward them such a position as is not held by any other class of men. The influence they wield in local politics has always been very great, and until our board took office no man ever dared seriously to threaten them for their flagrant violations of the law. The powerful and influential saloon-keeper was glad to see the shops of his neighbors closed, for it gave him business. On the other hand, a corrupt police captain, or the corrupt politician who controlled him, could always extort money from a saloon-keeper by threatening to close his place and let his neighbor's remain open. Gradually the greed of corrupt police officials and of corrupt politicians grew by what it fed on, until they began to blackmail all but the very most influential liquor sellers; and as liquor sellers were numerous and the profits of the liquor business great, the amount collected was enormous.

The reputable saloon-keepers themselves found this condition of blackmail and political favoritism almost intolerable. The law which we found on the statute books had been put on by a Tammany legislature, three years earlier. A couple of months after we took office, Mr. J. P. Smith, the editor of the liquor dealers' organ, The Wine and Spirit Gazette, gave out the following interview, which is of such an extraordinary character that I insert it almost in full: —

"The governor, as well as the legislature of 1892, was elected upon distinct pledges that relief would be given by the Democratic party to the liquor dealers, especially of the cities of the State. In accordance with this promise, a Sunday-opening clause was inserted in the excise bill of 1892. The governor then said that he could not approve the Sunday-opening clause; whereupon the Liquor Dealers' Association, which had charge of the bill, struck the Sunday-opening clause out. After Governor Hill had been elected for the second term, I had several interviews with him on that very subject. He told me, 'You know I am the friend of the liquor dealers and will go to almost any length to help them, and give them relief; but do not ask me to recommend to the legislature the passage of the law opening the saloons on Sunday. I cannot do it, for it will ruin the Democratic party in the State.' He gave the same interview to various members of the State Liquor Dealers' Association, who waited upon him for the purpose of getting relief from the blackmail of the police, stating that the lack of having the Sunday question properly regulated was at the bottom of the trouble. Blackmail had been brought to such a state of perfection, and had become so oppressive to the liquor dealers themselves, that they com-

municated first with Governor Hill and then with Mr. Croker. The Wine and Spirit Gazette had taken up the subject because of gross discrimination made by the police in the enforcement of the Sunday-closing law. The paper again and again called upon the police commissioners to either uniformly enforce the law or uniformly disregard it. A committee of the Central Association of Liquor Dealers of this city then took up the matter and called upon Police Commissioner Martin.[1] *An agreement was then made between the leaders of Tammany Hall and the liquor dealers, according to which the monthly blackmail paid to the police should be discontinued in return for political support.* In other words, the retail dealers should bind themselves to solidly support the Tammany ticket in consideration of the discontinuance of the monthly blackmail by the police. This agreement was carried out. Now what was the consequence? If the liquor dealer, after the monthly blackmail ceased, showed any signs of independence, the Tammany Hall district leader would give the tip to the police captain, and that man would be pulled and arrested on the following Sunday."

Continuing, Mr. Smith inveighed against the law, but said: —

"The (present) police commissioners are honestly endeavoring to have the law impartially carried out. They are no respecters of persons. And our information from all classes of liquor dealers is that the rich and the poor, the influential and the uninfluential, are required equally to obey the law."

There is really some difficulty in commenting upon the statements of this interview, statements which were never denied.

The law was not in the least a dead-letter; it was enforced, but it was corruptly and partially enforced. It was a prominent factor in the Tammany scheme of government. It afforded a most effective means for blackmailing a large portion of the liquor sellers, and for the wholesale corruption of the police department. The high Tammany officials and police captains and patrolmen blackmailed and bullied the small liquor sellers without a pull, and turned them into abject slaves of Tammany Hall. On the other hand, the wealthy and politically influential liquor sellers controlled the police, and made or marred captains, sergeants, and patrolmen at their pleasure. In some of the precincts most of the saloons were closed; in others almost all were open. The rich and powerful liquor seller, who had fallen under the ban of the police or the ward boss, was not allowed to violate the law at all.

Under these circumstances, the new police board had one of two courses to follow: We could either instruct the police to allow all the saloon-keepers to become lawbreakers, or else we could instruct them to allow none to be lawbreakers. We followed the latter course, because we had some regard for our oaths of office. For two or three months we had a regular fight, and on Sundays had to employ half the men to enforce the liquor law; the Tammany legislators had drawn the law so as to make it easy of enforcement for purposes of blackmail, but not easy of enforcement generally, certain provisions being deliberately inserted with the intention to make it difficult of universal execution. However, when once the liquor sellers and their allies understood that we had not the slightest intention of being bullied, threatened, or cajoled out of following the course which we had laid down, resistance practically ceased. During the year after we took office, the number of arrests for violation of the Sunday liquor law sank to about one half of what they had been during the last year of the Tammany rule; and yet the sa-

[1] My predecessor in the presidency of the police board. The italics are my own.

loons were practically closed, whereas under Tammany most of them had been open. We adopted no new methods, save in so far as honesty could be called a new method. We did not enforce the law with unusual severity; we merely enforced it against the man with a pull just as much as against the man without a pull. We refused to discriminate in favor of influential lawbreakers.

The professional politicians of low type, the liquor sellers, the editors of some German newspapers, and the sensational press generally, attacked us with a ferocity which really verged on insanity. We went our way without regarding this opposition, and gave a very wholesome lesson to the effect that a law should not be put on the statute books if it was not meant to be enforced, and that even an excise law could be honestly enforced in New York if the public officials so desired. The rich brewers and liquor sellers, who had made money rapidly by violating the excise law with the corrupt connivance of the police, raved with anger, and every corrupt politician and newspaper in the city gave them clamorous assistance; but the poor man, and notably the poor man's wife and children, benefited very greatly by what we did. The hospitals found that their Monday labors were lessened by nearly one half, owing to the startling diminution in cases of injury due to drunken brawls; and the work of the magistrates who sat in the city courts on Monday, for the trial of the offenders of the preceding twenty-four hours, was correspondingly decreased; while many a tenement-house family spent Sunday in the country because for the first time the head of the family could not use up his money in getting drunk. The one all important element in good citizenship in our country is obedience to law, and nothing is more needed than the resolute enforcement of law. This we gave.

There was no species of mendacity to which our opponents did not resort in the effort to break us down in our purpose. For weeks they eagerly repeated the tale that the saloons were as wide open as ever; but they finally abandoned this because the counsel for the Liquor Dealers' Association admitted in open court, at the time when we secured the conviction of thirty of his clients, and thereby brought the fight to an end, that over nine tenths of the liquor dealers had been rendered bankrupt by our stopping that illegal trade which gave them the best portion of their revenue. Our opponents then took the line that by devoting our attention to enforcing the liquor law we permitted crime to increase. This of course offered a very congenial field for newspapers like the World, which exploited it to the utmost; all the more readily since the mere reiteration of the falsehood tended to encourage criminals, and so to make it not a falsehood. For a time the cry was not without influence, even with decent people, especially if they belonged to the class of the timid rich; but it simply was not true, and so this bubble went down stream with the others. For six or eight months the cry continued, first louder, then lower; and then it died away. A commentary upon its accuracy was furnished toward the end of our administration; for in February, 1897, the judge who addressed the grand jury of the month was able to congratulate them upon the fact that there was at that time less crime in New York relatively to the population than ever before; and this held true for our two years' service.

In reorganizing the force the board had to make, and did make, more promotions, more appointments, and more dismissals than had ever before been made in the same length of time. We were so hampered by the law that we were not able to dismiss many of the men who should have been removed, but we did turn out two hundred men; more than four times as many as ever had been turned out in a similar period be-

fore. All of them were dismissed after formal trial, and after having been given full opportunity to be heard in their own defense. We appointed about seventeen hundred men all told, — again more than four times as many as ever before, — for we were allowed a large increase of the police force by law. We made one hundred and thirty promotions; more than had been made in the six preceding years.

All this work was done in strictest accord with what we have grown to speak of as the principles of civil service reform. In making removals we paid heed merely to the man's efficiency and past record, refusing to consider outside pressure; under the old régime no policeman with sufficient influence behind him was ever discharged, no matter what his offense. In making promotions we took into account not only the man's general record, his faithfulness, industry, and vigilance, but also his personal prowess as shown in any special feat of daring, whether in the arresting of criminals or in the saving of life; for the police service is military in character, and we wished to encourage the military virtues. In making appointments we found that it was practical to employ a system of rigid competitive examinations, which, as finally perfected, combined a very severe physical examination with a mental examination such as could be passed by any man who had attended one of our public schools. Of course there was also a rigid investigation of character. Theorists have often sneered at civil service reform as "impracticable;" and I am very far from asserting that written competitive examinations are always applicable, or that they may not sometimes be merely stopgaps, used only because they are better than the methods of appointing through political indorsement; but most certainly the system worked admirably in the police department. We got the best body of recruits for patrolmen that had ever been obtained in the history of the force, and we did just as well in our examinations for matrons and police surgeons. The uplifting of the force was very noticeable, both physically and mentally. The best men we got were those who had served for three years or so in the army or navy. Next to these came the railroad men. One noticeable feature of the work was that we greatly raised the proportion of native-born, until of the last hundred appointed ninety-four per cent were Americans by birth. Not once in a hundred times did we know the politics of the appointee, and we paid as little heed to this as to his religion.

Another of our important tasks was seeing that the elections were conducted honestly. Under the old Tammany rule the cheating was gross and flagrant, and the police were often deliberately used to facilitate fraudulent practices at the polls. This came about in part from the very low character of the men put in as election officers. By instituting a written examination of the latter, and supplementing this by a careful inquiry into their character, in which we invited any decent outsiders to assist, we very distinctly raised their calibre. To show how necessary our examinations were, I may mention that before each election held under us we were obliged to reject, for moral or mental shortcomings, over a thousand of the men whom the regular party organizations, exercising their legal rights, proposed as election officers. We then merely had to make the police thoroughly understand that their sole duty was to guarantee an honest election, and that they would be punished with the utmost rigor if they interfered with honest citizens on the one hand, or failed to prevent fraud and violence on the other. The result was that the elections of 1895 and 1896 were by far the most honest and orderly ever held in New York city.

There were a number of other ways in which we sought to reform the po-

lice force, less important, and yet very important. We paid particular heed to putting a premium on specially meritorious conduct, by awarding certificates of honorable mention, and medals, where we were unable to promote. We introduced a system of pistol practice by which for the first time the policemen were brought to a reasonable standard of efficiency in handling their revolvers. The Bertillon system for the identification of criminals was adopted. A bicycle squad was organized with remarkable results, this squad speedily becoming a kind of *corps d'élite*, whose individual members distinguished themselves not only by their devotion to duty, but by repeated exhibitions of remarkable daring and skill. One important bit of reform was abolishing the tramp lodging-houses, which had originally been started in the police stations, in a spirit of unwise philanthropy. These tramp lodging-houses, not being properly supervised, were mere nurseries for pauperism and crime, tramps and loafers of every shade thronging to the city every winter to enjoy their benefits. We abolished them, a municipal lodging-house being substituted. Here all homeless wanderers were received, forced to bathe, given nightclothes before going to bed, and made to work next morning; and in addition they were so closely supervised that habitual tramps and vagrants were speedily detected and apprehended.

There was a striking increase in the honesty of the force, and there was a like increase in its efficiency. It is not too much to say that when we took office the great majority of the citizens of New York were firmly convinced that no police force could be both honest and efficient. They felt it to be part of the necessary order of things that a policeman should be corrupt, and they were convinced that the most efficient way of waging war upon certain forms of crime — notably crimes against person and property — was by enlisting the service of other criminals, and of purveyors of vice generally, giving them immunity in return for their aid; the ordinary purveyor of vice was allowed to ply his or her trade unmolested, partly in consideration of paying blackmail to the police, partly in consideration of giving information about any criminal who belonged to the unprotected classes. We at once broke up this whole business of blackmail and protection, and made war upon all criminals alike, instead of getting the assistance of half in warring on the other half. Nevertheless, so great was the improvement in the spirit of the force, that, although deprived of their former vicious allies, they actually did better work than ever before against those criminals who threatened life and property. Relatively to the population, fewer crimes of violence occurred during our administration of the board than in any previous year of the city's history in recent times; and the total number of arrests of criminals increased, while the number of cases in which no arrest followed the commission of crime decreased. The detective bureau nearly doubled the number of arrests made, compared with the year before we took office; obtaining, moreover, 365 convictions of felons and 215 convictions for misdemeanors, as against 269 and 105 respectively for the previous year. At the same time every attempt at riot or disorder was summarily checked, and all gangs of violent criminals were brought into immediate subjection; while the immense mass meetings and political parades were handled with such care that not a single case of clubbing of any innocent citizen was reported.

The result of our labors was of value to the city, for we gave the citizens better protection than they had ever before received, and at the same time cut out the corruption which was eating away civic morality. We showed conclusively that it was possible to combine both honesty and efficiency in handling the police.

We were attacked with the most bitter animosity by every sensational newspaper and every politician of the baser sort, not because of our shortcomings, but because of what we did that was good. We enforced the laws as they were on the statute books, we broke up blackmail, we kept down the spirit of disorder and repressed rascality, and we administered the force with an eye single to the welfare of the city. In doing this we encountered, as we had expected, the venomous opposition of all men whose interest it was that corruption should continue, or who were of such dull morality that they were not willing to see honesty triumph at the cost of strife.

Our experience with the police department taught one or two lessons which are applicable to the whole question of municipal reform. Very many men put their faith in some special device, some special bit of legislation or some official scheme for getting good government. In reality good government can come only through good administration, and good administration only as a consequence of a sustained — not spasmodic — and earnest effort by good citizens to secure honesty, courage, and common sense among civic administrators. If they demand the impossible, they will fail; and, on the other hand, if they do not demand a good deal, they will get nothing. But though they should demand much in the way of legislation, they should make their special effort for good administration. We could have done very much more for the police department if we had had a good law; but we actually accomplished a great deal although we worked under a law very much worse than that under which Tammany did such fearful evil. A bad law may seriously hamper the best administrator, and even nullify most of his efforts; but a good law is of no value whatever unless well administered. In other words, all that a good scheme of government can do is to give a chance to get the good government itself, and if the various schemes stand anywhere near on an equality, the differences between them become as naught compared with the difference between good and bad administration.

Theodore Roosevelt.

ARE THE RICH GROWING RICHER AND THE POOR POORER?

There is a great deal of pathetic talk of unrest under our modern civilization. Yet a casual reading of history shows the existence of unrest at all times, the difference between that of our times and that of previous times being only in degree and in the conditions which cause it. But everywhere and at all times the causes of unrest have been ethical and economical in their character, its essential factors being more ethical, because whatever economic relations may be established primarily between men as individuals, or between men and the community in which they live, the lasting relations are ethical. Ethics defines the equitable relations between individuals who limit one another's spheres of action and who achieve their ends by coöperation; and, beyond justice between man and man, justice between each man and the aggregate of men has to be dealt with by ethics.[1] Thus the examination of wages, the standard of living, working time, the cost of living, education, interest in religion, in literature, in art, and in all things concerning common man, leads to the conclusion that the industrial situation has more to do with social conditions

[1] Herbert Spencer, in Data of Ethics.

than any other factor. The industrial power contains in itself the moral, intellectual, and physiological elements which are the three essential factors of human life, and so the most essential factors in ethics and in social organization. To them logically, then, we must look for the chief elements which result in social unrest. The alleged causes taken together make a kaleidoscopic mass, ever shifting with every turn of industrial status. When a man asserts, therefore, that this or that is the prime source of the prevailing unrest at any period, he is simply ignoring the relationship of one cause to another, and probably of cause to effect.

Among all the varied causes which are specifically assigned for the unrest of our times, the assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer has for some reason taken more complete possession of the popular mind than any other single one. The doctrine contained in it is a false one, false in its premises and misleading in its influence, for it has so deceived the people during the last few years as to develop a sharp and a growing antagonism between those who do not prosper to the extent of their ambition and those who have carried wealth far beyond the reasonable ambition of any man. No one, pessimist or optimist, would for a moment suppose that the chief cause of popular discontent, if there be a paramount one, lies in any lack of the production of useful and necessary things. It may be held, however, that there is an inequality in the distribution of the products of industry, and upon an analysis of the various discussions which have been put forth, it is easily seen that it is this question of distribution which affects the popular mind. It is legitimate, from any point of view, to question the justice of the distribution of wealth. But when we reflect that by the use of the telegraph credits can now be placed in any part of the world, and thus affect prices of commodities and of exchange and influence the whole machinery of commerce; that a given quantity of production is secured in much less time today than of old; and that transportation has been so perfected as to bring to the doors of the poor man, as well as of the rich, the results of the industry of far-away people, the quarrel over distribution resolves itself simply into an incident of modern development. This development has resulted in the sharp juxtaposition of the very fortunate and the very poor in city life. When the rich man's wealth consisted in lands which were cultivated by his poorer neighbors, the demarcation of conditions was not so sharp, and the sources of unrest had to be sought in other directions than those which now come under consideration. The very rich, with their fine mansions, their private cars, and sometimes with their obtrusive and almost impertinent display of wealth, cause the ordinary man to feel that he has in some way been robbed to make possible the wealth-shows which irritate him. And unfortunately for the truth, this irritation has been intensified by the constant use of this epigrammatic assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. We need not attempt to trace its origin; it is a wandering phrase, without paternity or date. De Laveleye, the Belgian economist, attributes it to Gladstone; others credit it to La Salle. Its origin does not matter; its familiarity has given it weight. To very many persons, who consider only one side of a proposition, it expresses the whole truth; to others, who examine superficially ethical and economical questions, it has some truth; to the investigator, who cares only for the truth itself, it is as a whole untrue, while one half is true. To the investigator the real statement should be, The rich are growing richer, many more people than formerly are growing rich, and the poor are growing better off. In combating the familiar assertion as not represent-

ing the whole truth, I shall endeavor to establish the real truth of the expression as I have formulated it; but in so doing it is my purpose to limit my statements to conditions in this country.

It is to be regretted that statistics do not establish clearly the relations of personal to aggregate wealth. The government has never seen fit as yet to ask individuals about their property holdings, except for purposes of taxation, and these reports rarely give the value of individual estates. The State of Massachusetts and some other States ask for returns as to incomes that are taxable, and during the civil war the United States government taxed incomes, but the statistics drawn from these returns are not of sufficiently good quality to constitute a basis for conclusions relating to property; nor would they be serviceable if entirely trustworthy, for many men who have little or no property have taxable incomes. So the classification of fortunes is almost entirely a matter of assumption, usually being varied according to the attitude of its compiler. Nevertheless, common observation and such facts as are obtainable lead directly to the assumption that there are more large fortunes at the present time than at any other period of our history, and that there are more people having independent fortunes than at any other time. Let this be admitted, then, at the outset.

This admission, however, does not prove that the poor are becoming poorer. It does not follow that because there is a larger number of great fortunes and a larger number of men having independent fortunes, the poor are growing poorer. It is not enough to establish the fact beyond a reasonable controversy that less than half the families in America are propertyless; or, that seven eighths of the families hold but one eighth of the wealth, while one per cent of the families hold more than the remaining ninety-nine per cent; or, if figures be used, that 1,500,000 families own $56,000,000,000, while the other 11,000,000 families own $9,000,000,000 of the nation's wealth; or, that twelve per cent of the families own eighty-six per cent of the wealth, and the other eighty-eight per cent of the families own only fourteen per cent.[1]

Granting all these conclusions to be fairly correct, it must still be demonstrated that the poor are growing poorer, that is to say, are not as well off now as at some previous time a generation or two ago. If wealth were stationary, it would be true that the poor are in poorer circumstances. Under such a condition, the absorption of vast fortunes into the hands of a few could not take place without a corresponding drainage from the many. But wealth is not stationary. Taking the true valuation of the real and personal estate of this country for each decade beginning with 1850, we find that the total wealth was: in 1850, $7,135,780,228, or $308 per capita; in 1860, $16,159,616,068, or $514 per capita; in 1870, $30,068,518,507, or $780 per capita; in 1880, $43,642,000,000, or $870 per capita; and in 1890, $65,037,091,197, or $1036 per capita.

It is conceded that these figures are far more accurate during the later years than in the earlier; nevertheless, the indication is absolute that wealth increases rapidly, and that the wealth per capita now is at least three times what it was in the fifties. There is, then, a very large margin in the increased aggregate wealth from which the rich can grow richer, and more men may grow wealthy without draining from the poor. It is not proposed here to discuss whether the poor get their relative proportion of the increased aggregate wealth. Emphatically they do not. The purpose is to show whether their condition is degenerating, or whether they are growing poorer in the presence of this great in-

[1] Popular estimates and statements.

crease of aggregate wealth; and for our conclusions we must depend upon such facts as are obtainable, regretting, as in the case stated above, that as yet statistics do not present the full conditions of the people. Statistical science, however, is becoming more exact, and as time goes on all such questions as that involved in the dictum that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer can be solved, and solved to the satisfaction of all who care to study them.[1]

Society may be compared to a pyramid, the base representing its lower stratum, and the apex the few in whose hands are to be found the vast fortunes, the cleavage between being horizontal. This has been and probably is to-day a fairly true figure by which to represent society at large, only the form of the pyramid is changing, the apex broadening and the base becoming restricted.

In 1870 there were 12,505,923 persons engaged in supporting themselves and the remainder of the people; that is to say, 32.43 per cent of the total population were so engaged. In 1880 the number of breadwinners was 17,392,099, or 34.67 per cent of the total population. In 1890 this number had risen to 22,735,661, or 36.31 per cent of the total population. By "breadwinners" is meant all who were engaged either as wage-earners, or salary receivers, or proprietors, of whatever grade or description, and all professional persons, — in fact, every one who was in any way employed in any gainful pursuit. The figures quoted show that the proportion of the total population thus employed is constantly increasing. Analyzing the statistics, we find some remarkable results: and in general, that the number engaged in the lowest walks of business, laborers and the like, is decreasing in proportion, while those employed in the higher walks are increasing in number relatively to the whole population. For purposes of demonstration, the population may be classified in four groups.

Making one group of farmers and planters who are proprietors, bankers, brokers, manufacturers, merchants and dealers, and those engaged in professional pursuits, we find that they constituted 10.17 per cent of the whole population in 1870, 11.22 per cent in 1880, and 11.97 per cent in 1890, showing a steady gain in the proportion of this high class of breadwinners to the whole population.

Making another group, composed of agents, collectors, commercial travelers, bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, and others in kindred occupations, we find that in 1870 they constituted 0.91 per cent of the whole population; that in 1880 the percentage rose to 1.25, and that in 1890 it reached 2.15, showing that in this class of persons there was also a constant increase in relative proportion.

Making still another group, including the skilled workers of the community, such as clothing-makers, engineers and firemen, food preparers, leather workers, those engaged in the mechanical trades, metal workers, printers, engravers and bookbinders, steam railroad employees, textile workers, tobacco and cigar factory operatives, woodworkers, and those in similar mechanical pursuits, we find that of the whole population they constituted 6.59 per cent in 1870, 7.18 per cent in 1880, and 8.75 per cent in 1890, showing, again, in the skilled trades a constantly increasing relative proportion.

[1] The returns of the savings banks of the country sustain this view. In 1840 the amount due each depositor was $178; in 1850, $172; in 1860, $215; in 1870, $337; in 1880, $350; in 1890, $358; in 1893, $369, and in 1896, $376. These figures convince us that during the recent depression, notwithstanding the influences of the change of investments, the average deposits in the savings banks have constantly increased. The total deposits at the present time in the savings banks of the country are about two billion dollars, one half of which, as has been demonstrated, belongs to wage-earners. See the reports of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1873 and 1874.

Making, now, a fourth group, including agricultural laborers, boatmen, fishermen, sailors, draymen, hostlers, ordinary laborers, miners and quarrymen, messengers, packers, porters, servants, and all other pursuits of like grade, we find the reverse to be true. That is, although in 1870 this class of workers constituted 14.76 per cent of the total population, in 1890 it reached but 13.44 per cent, thus demonstrating what I have stated — that the base of the pyramid, so far as this country is concerned, is being gradually restricted, while the apex is gradually broadening. As a result, society, which has been represented like Figure 1, is gradually approaching the form shown in Figure 2.

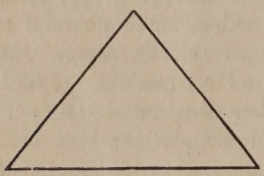

Figure 1.

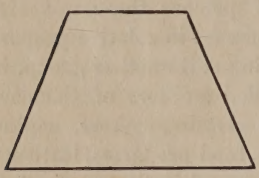

Figure 2.

So, while it is admitted that there are more rich than formerly, it must be conceded that the proportion of the skilled workers of the community and of those engaged in the higher classes of employments is also increasing.

But it may be argued that while this is true, the earnings of the people are not what they were. My own contention has always been that the popular assertions relative to the unemployed are not really representative of industrial conditions. There is always a very large percentage of unemployed, whether in "good" or in "bad" times. The argument may be made that even with an increased proportion of the people employed as breadwinners, their breadwinning is not of the value of breadwinning in the past. For this purpose it is well to examine the course of rates of wages and also of earnings and prices. Fortunately, there are facts at hand which can be used in this examination, and statements that cannot be controverted.

The report by Senator Aldrich, of the Senate Committee on Finance, submitted in March, 1893, gives the course of wholesale prices and of wages from 1840 to 1891, inclusive, a period of fifty-two years. The report deals with seventeen great branches of industry, and they are the principal ones in the country. By it we find that, taking 1860 as the standard at 100, rates of wages rose from 87.7 in 1840 to 160.7 in 1891; that is, an increase of 60.7 per cent from 1860, and of seventy-three per cent from 1840. Taking an average according to the importance of the industries, that is to say, of each industry relative to all industries, it is found that the gain from 1840 to 1891 was eighty-six per cent. On the other hand, the hours of labor have been reduced 1.4 hours in the same period in the daily average. In some industries the reduction of hours has been much greater, while in others it has been less.

An increase in rates of wages means more or less according to the increase or decrease in prices. If prices decrease or remain stationary, the increase in the rates of wages is a positive gain. According to the same report, taking all articles on a wholesale basis and as compared with the standard of the year 1860, the prices of 223 articles were 7.8 per cent lower in 1891 than in 1860; and taking 1840 as the standard, with eighty-five articles the difference was 3.7 per cent. Examining prices of articles on the basis of consumption, leaving rent out of consideration, the cost of living is shown to have been between four and five per cent less than in 1860; and tak-

ing all prices, rents and everything, into consideration, it must be concluded that living was not much, if any, higher in 1891 than in 1840, while the rates of wages had increased as stated. Very much might be said on this point with specific illustrations, but the statement of the general tendency and trend is sufficient for the present consideration.

It should be clearly understood that the quotations of wages for the computations from which the foregoing results were reached were from actual pay-rolls, while the price-quotations were of wholesale prices rather than of retail prices, as being more truly indicative of the course of prices generally, and were taken from actual quotations for the years named.

It is often contended that the increase in rates of wages does not indicate the true social conditions of the wage-earner, that rates of wages belong to economics, and that earnings themselves are the surest indication of social progress. This is quite true. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that rates of wages are indicative of industrial conditions. Rates cannot be increased if industrial conditions are degenerating, nor can they be increased or sustained in the presence of a very large body of unemployed really seeking employment. If, therefore, rates constantly increase, — and they have increased steadily in the economic history of this country, — the conclusion is inevitable that conditions themselves have improved. The falling back owing to a brief period of industrial depression here and there can have nothing whatever to do with the general tendency, and the general tendency of wages is upward, while that of prices is downward.

But, fortunately, we are not obliged to depend upon the increase of rates of wages to show that the ordinary man is better off than at any former period in our history, because our censuses report aggregate earnings and also the number of persons among whom the earnings are divided. Looking to this side of the problem, we find that in 1850 the average annual earnings of each employee engaged in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, including men, women, and children, in round numbers were $247; in 1860, $289; in 1870, $302; in 1880, $347; and in 1890, $445.[1] Here is a steady, positive increase in the average annual earnings of the employees in our great industrial pursuits. The statement is not mathematically accurate, because the divisor used is not always a sure one. The total amount of wages paid at each of the periods named is a fixed quantity, and is one of the most certain elements of the industrial censuses, but the average is obtained by dividing the total wages paid by the average number of employees during the year. Some writers contend that the divisor should be the greatest number of employees instead of the average number, but the greatest number would secure a more erroneous quotient than that derived from the average number, because the total number involves each individual who has been employed during the year in a single establishment; and one man may work three months, another three months, and another six months, thus making three individuals where only one position has been filled. The average number represents more clearly the number of positions filled in the establishments, and

[1] These statements for the United States can be supplemented by the figures for the State of Massachusetts. By the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor on the annual statistics of manufactures (1895), it is found that for 2427 establishments in 1885 and 1895, wages were reported which, divided among their employees, amounted to $361.62 in the former year and $418.99 in the latter year. These figures compare very well with the United States figures. It is true that, according to the census of Massachusetts for 1885, the average wages paid in all industries in 1875 were $392.82 (in gold), and in 1885, $351.02, showing a decrease of 10.64 per cent, but this was a temporary reaction from the inflated conditions subsequent to the war.

thus is the safer divisor. Accordingly, it seems to me that the averages given above are more clearly indicative of the social and economic condition of the wage-earners in manufacturing and mechanical industries than any other statement that can be made. With rates of wages increasing constantly, barring, of course, depressions, with constantly increasing average earnings, and with prices, on the whole, remaining stationary, or fairly so, the conclusion cannot be avoided that the economic condition of wage-earners has improved vastly during the last fifty or sixty years. The few years when there have been variations or a falling off do not affect the general results.

It would be wearisome to take up individual industries, callings, and conditions, especially when the results, so far as I know them, would lead to the same conclusion which is reached from the general statements that have been made. The results all show that the base of the pyramid is being contracted; that the number of people in the higher and more skilled walks in life is increasing faster relatively than the population; that the hours of labor of wage-receivers are being shortened; that rates of wages and earnings are constantly increasing, and that the prices of commodities either remain quite stationary or fall. The prices of some things, like rent and meats, have increased in our Eastern States, but clothing and the general articles which enter into family consumption are being constantly lowered in price. These things are taught us by statistics. Observation teaches us much more, but since statistics are chiefly useful in verifying observation, they must be looked to for the most convincing evidence.

A generation or more ago men were employed under the so-called iron law of wages. That is, wages were paid on the basis of preserving the efficiency of the working human machine, and they could not, under that so-called law, exceed the needs for the preservation of efficiency. Food, shelter, and clothing in sufficient quantities to keep the man in good working order were considered a fair gauge of the rate of wage which should be paid him. This was Ricardo's announcement of the iron law. To-day the demand of the working man is not alone for the things which shall preserve his working efficiency under such a law. His demand is for something beyond that, and it has been met to the extent of a margin of from ten to fifteen per cent surplus, which surplus goes to the support of his spiritual nature; that is to say, he requires and he demands a wage sufficient to meet not only the conditions under the iron law, but the conditions under the higher spiritual law; one which shall give him amusement, recreation, music, something of art, and the better elements of life itself. He desires to surround himself with comforts, conveniences, and a fair proportion of even the luxuries of life. This is his contention to-day, and every right-minded person must admit that it is a proper contention. He has now secured, as stated, a margin above the iron law sufficient to enable him to gratify his tastes and ambitions to some extent. His demand will grow, and will become more emphatic in these directions. He contends that he has a right to something more than subsistence; that he has been taught to consider himself as one of the social and political elements of the community, and must therefore have some of the things that belong to such conditions. He is educated in the schools; he seeks legislative experience; he takes part in the politics of the country, and the whole basis of a democratic government requires that he shall be intelligent enough to take an intelligent part. All this means better conditions, and he is gradually securing them. He is not growing poorer, but better off, as time progresses and he overcomes more

and more the exactions of the iron law of wages. The economic man of Ricardo is gradually developing into the social man. The number of those engaged in the upper grades or callings and the skilled trades is constantly recruited from the lowest ranks.

Looking back still farther, we find that this country was settled more to secure employment for England's unemployed than for any other one reason. Never mind the religious enthusiasm which first brought our forefathers here; never mind the persecutions which drove them out of their home country; never mind the misfortunes of men in the motherland who came here of their own accord, — there was, nevertheless, on the part of the government of the mother country an earnest and energetic desire to rid itself of the presence of great bodies of unemployed people. This story is so completely told by the historian that it need only be referred to. Hakluyt, in his Discourse concerning Western Planting, and Sir William Petty, in his famous Political Arithmetic, have shown such conditions just prior to the settlement of this country that one wonders that there could have been any peace, or any prosperity, or any happiness at that time. It is all summed up in one paragraph by John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts, who in 1629 stated the following among other reasons for leading emigrants out of overburdened England: —

"This land grows weary of her inhabitants, so as man, who is the most precious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth we tread upon, and of less price among us than a horse or a sheep. Many of our people perish for want of sustenance and employment; many others live miserably and not to the honor of so bountiful a housekeeper as the Lord of heaven and earth is, through the scarcity of the fruits of the earth. All of our towns complain of the burden of poor people, and strive by all means to rid any such as they have, and to keep off such as would come to them. I must tell you that our dear mother finds her family so overcharged as she hath been forced to deny harbor to her own children, — witness the statutes against cottages and inmates. And thus it is come to pass that children, servants, and neighbors, especially if they be poor, are counted the greatest burthens, which, if things were right, would be the chiefest earthly blessings."

What a contrast compared with the present! The poor of the present day should be thankful that they have escaped the conditions of the past. Poor as they are, the poverty of the present is not the poverty of the past. Pauperism, even, is not as abject. In the language of Ira Steward, by "poverty" is meant something more than pauperism. Pauperism is a condition of entire dependence upon charity or upon the public purse, while poverty is a condition of want, of lack, of being without, though not necessarily a condition of complete dependence. It is in this sense that it is declared that the poverty of to-day is not the poverty of the past. The condition of want, of lack, of being without, is a condition of less want, of less lack than of old. Bad enough always, stigma enough always upon any civilization, it has improved, and the public has but little sympathy with the sentiment, that the poor we have with us always. We do have the poor with us always, but we should not rest upon the idea that they must always be with us. Their conditions must be bettered, and are being bettered. The statistics prove that their number is decreasing, for in 1850 the paupers in almshouses were 2171 to each million of the population, while in 1890 they were 1166 to each million.

The organization of man proves that he is a social animal, designed by nature to live in society. In this state of society there are no rights without duties,

no duties without rights. The right of self-preservation implies the right to property; but the faculties of man are by nature unequal, which gives rise to a natural inequality of conditions. It is these unequal faculties which give us unequal fortunes, and so long as they exist the inequality of conditions resulting must lead to unequal surroundings.

Property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some are rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let no man who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself.

When wealth is used productively there can be little difference in the result to the community, whether it be contributed by thousands to the common stock, or manipulated by a small association of men owning the bulk of it. If a man be worth ten million dollars and if he use this as productive capital, the community practically owns it, for capital itself, no matter whether the title of it be in one man or in a thousand, cannot be sacrificed; only the usufruct is ever secured by the community at large. Productive capital, or capital productively employed, can never, then, in any sense, be the cause of any prevailing unrest. It is what may be called the criminal use of wealth, that is, its unproductive employment, that irritates the public mind. And here, in discussing the question as to whether the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, we should make an important and a clear discrimination. The use of wealth for display is often justified, because it gives employment to a great number of people; but such employment is spasmodic, is not productive, does not give stability of condition, or increase the standard of living of those engaged in it; and it must be contended, from a moral point of view, that even the continuous giving of great balls, for instance, or any other ostentatious employment of wealth, would in the long run demoralize the recipients of the wages paid in such display, because of the enervating luxury into which all would ultimately fall. But wise, fair, and continuous employment of the greatest number of persons in the production of things which enter into legitimate consumption for the actual use of the people — for cheapening the cost of living, and for the elevation of the standard of living itself, through making possible the attainment of some of the higher things in life, like the productions of art, education, music, everything that beautifies and helps and stimulates — has no demoralizing influence, and does not affect in an unhealthy way the public conscience, nor tend to irritate that of the individual.

A poor man may make a criminal use of wealth as well as the rich. He may use it in the purchase of those things that perish with the use, and result in no good to himself or to his family. He may spend it in some form of riotous living, or in the insane attempt to keep up appearances which are not legitimate.

The poor do not object to the wealth of the rich; they object to its misuse. They do not like the display of enervating luxury. They know well that the world is better off with some rich than it would be with all poor. There can be no contention on this point. Progress would cease, industry stop, civilization itself be retarded, were it not for the rich. There never was a time, moreover, when the rich did so much for society and for the poor as they are doing at the present time. God speed the day when the wealthy will fully comprehend that their wealth is held in trust; that they are but the means of helping the world, and that riches have been given them for this purpose. The world is recognizing this. Millionaires are understanding it more and more, and so those of low estate are securing the benefit.

The competition of our age is intel-

lectual more than physical, but with the unequipped man the attempt is made to bring muscle into competition with brain. As a result brain succeeds, and the man who has attempted to compete with it on a physical basis suffers. The mental competition of to-day means a large class of left-over men and women who cannot keep up to the present requirements. These help to keep the body of the poor unhappily large, although it is being restricted from generation to generation in its breadth, and the pyramid is rising into a different form. Miserable conditions are found everywhere. The effort of the rich is to remove them. The activity of governments in improving slum districts in cities, the moral effects of rapid transit in taking the population out of the congested parts of great cities into suburban homes, where they meet the incoming thousands from the country homes, constitute great factors in alleviating present conditions. This suburban population itself is solving many problems, both of city and of farm.

As wealthy men understand these things, as they join hands in disseminating knowledge, in founding institutions, thus securing the very elements of a democratic government to the people at large, there is less and less quarrel about wealth; but there is an increased quarrel about some classes of wealth and some classes of wealthy people. It is this which gives emphasis to the assertion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. If it be true, religion is a failure, education a snare, industry an enemy of man, and civilization a delusion. The statement, I reiterate, is not true, as a whole, but it is true that the rich are growing richer, and the poor are growing better off; and with increased understanding of the true uses of wealth, the proportion in which the rich are growing richer and the poor better off will assume more just and equitable relations.

Carroll D. Wright.

A NEW ORGANIZATION FOR THE NEW NAVY.

"I had the happiness to command a band of brothers." — NELSON *to Lord Howe.*

THE growth of the navy during the last few years has been a source of gratification to the American people, especially because it has been achieved by the use of materials produced entirely in their own country, and has signified an enormous increase in their power to build ships and fortifications. This period has marked the complete break, perhaps forever, with the old line of battle-ship dependent for its motion upon an unreliable element, and the adoption of the powerful hull driven by a machine whose reliability depends only upon the care and foresight of men. The Massachusetts alone could probably have destroyed the whole American navy at the end of the rebellion. We all know how this change has come, and we are filled with thankfulness for the added strength given to us in the steam-engine, but it never occurs to us to ask if our men have been properly trained to deal intelligently with this new element. We forget what is really the most essential part of the navy in the noisy declamation over material advancement.

Any one will see that readjustment must inevitably follow the introduction of a new force into society. We are face to face with an industrial struggle going on about us, but we are accustomed to thinking of the army and navy as things organized for exceptional conditions, and consequently under different laws of development and growth

from those of civil life. We find, however, the same ferment and disturbance in our navy, and the same tendencies towards the breaking up of old relations. We frequently see articles on line and staff troubles, and we usually lay them aside with a bored feeling that the quarrels of the officers might better be settled by the Department and kept out of the papers; but the subject is not to be dismissed in that way, if we are to have an effective arm on the sea. The navy discontent is really only part of a great national problem, an indication of a realignment of men to grapple with new forces. Many parallels exist in history, even in the history of navies. The same kind of a struggle and readjustment occurred three or four hundred years ago, and will no doubt occur again in the coming centuries. All problems involved in the change of the relative importance of individuals are delicate, and the navy should have the aid and support of every good citizen in reaching a satisfactory solution of the difficulties connected with the *personnel*. It is our due that we may have efficient ships, and theirs that they may have every cause for pride in the service and for gratitude to their country.

In writing on this subject, it seems necessary to dwell more upon the relation of the engineer to the naval service than upon the position of the officers on deck, not because he is more deserving as a man than they, but because he is the newcomer and must justify his position as a military officer.

Naval organization has two ends in view: to provide materials and ships, and to train and direct men to manage them in times of peace and of war. Other matters may be important, but they are not necessarily peculiar to a naval service. We have every reason to feel proud of the rehabilitation of our navy during the past twelve years. Yet with all the advance in materials and construction, it is a serious question whether we have any cause for pride in our personnel. Notwithstanding the lessons of the war, and the advice of Gideon Welles, who conducted our naval forces through that war, in the education of our young officers we are clinging to memories and traditions. We are lashed hard and fast to a sentiment. Seamanship and sails are still considered the proper training for men who will command our ships twenty years hence. The superintendent of the Naval Academy has recently asked for sailing-vessels in which to educate the cadets who will see service on ships that have not a rag of sail.

The personnel of a navy divides itself naturally under three heads: administration, officers, and enlisted men; and while all of these departments need improvement or remodeling, the condition of the officers is far worse than anything else in the service. Let reorganization be effected with them, and everything else follows. The truth is, that we are passing through a period of transition when the organization of neither officers nor men quite fits the ships, and it behooves the Department and Congress to proceed to a careful study of the subject in order that our people may be sure that all matters connected with national defense have been adequately considered.

It must not be forgotten that our new ships are designed largely on theory. Their weaknesses have not been developed by war. They are therefore products of the brain, and not of experience. The rebellion gave us some useful lessons in naval warfare under steam and without sails; but the improvements in armor, guns, and machinery since 1865 have been too great for any certain application of those lessons to present conditions. The battle of the Yalu in the Japan-China war, though a great victory in fleet-fighting, teaches us little except to avoid wood and other inflammable materials in the decks and bulkheads of a ship. For two or three centuries during the sailing period, experience had demonstrated just the kind

of casualty the sailor might look for. He had acquired by warfare, shipwreck, and hazard on every sea that seamanship which enabled him to prepare beforehand with almost mathematical exactness for emergencies. But our question is, Is modern seamanship the same as it was in Nelson's or even in Farragut's time? The answer is almost self-evident. It cannot be, for the modern ship is a machine, and its casualties can best be foreseen by men with engineering education. We know by experience that when a ship suffers detention, it is because a shaft, or a boiler, or a valve has given out. What will happen on a battle-ship in action? Will a shell jam one of the turrets so that it cannot be turned? Will the communication between the bridge and the engine-rooms be cut by a shot? Will the splitting of a boiler-tube, a breakage in the steering-engine, the bursting of a steam-pipe, or the filling of a compartment render the ship helpless? We do not know. But we do know that the ship whose parts are in the most perfect order, so that every nerve responds promptly to the call of the commanding officer, will stand the best chance; and we do know, besides, that the crew must be fitted to the machinery if all parts, guns, dynamos, torpedoes, and engines, are to be kept in this complete readiness for service, and if the effects of casualty are to be most quickly minimized.

For thirty years there has been a struggle between the line and the staff of the navy, or those officers who may succeed to the command of ships and those who may not. This struggle has developed the greatest bitterness between the line and the engineer corps, inasmuch as their duties, which essentially affect the fighting efficiency of the ships, have clashed at many points. Neither can be spared, for although other men may be sent out of the ships without decreasing their effectiveness, the men in the compartments containing guns and ammunition, and the men in the engine and boiler rooms must stay. They belong to the fighting-machine. What is more, they must work in entire harmony towards the same ends, if we are to attain the highest qualities in our ships. For the sake of peace and good fellowship, questions between the line and the engineers are carefully avoided at most well regulated mess tables; but let any one imagine himself penned up in the crater of a volcano for three years with the absolute certainty that it may become active at any moment, and it will be readily understood why so many graduates of the Naval Academy have left the service.

This antagonism, which is entirely official, has existed so long that Congress is tired of hearing about it, and has come to expect it as a part of the navy discontent in time of peace. The disposition is to "let them alone," for "they will sink their differences in the presence of a common danger." The trouble is that past difference may sink them and their ships. It takes three years to build a modern ship, and nearly as long to train the men, and the country cannot afford to overlook differences which are undermining the discipline and efficiency of a service destined to take the first shock of war, and whose effective preparation and readiness form the surest guarantee of peace.

Leaving out the long series of controversies between the line and the engineers, the cause of friction is not far to seek. On every ship there are two sets of officers and men, more or less numerous according to the class of the ship. They are divided, sometimes in almost equal numbers, between the deck, where they man the guns, and the machinery, where they drive engines and boilers. The officers are graduates of the same school; and yet if accident happens to a deck officer, an engineer cannot by law take his place, whatever be the emergency; on the other hand, if an engineer is disabled, a deck officer would be en-

tirely at a loss what to do in his place. This separation by law and custom forces upon them different interests. The line officer, who alone has the right to command men and ships, will sometimes use his power for the benefit of a class; and the engineer overruled, in many cases connected with his men and machinery, has nevertheless to take the responsibility for the result. The auxiliary machinery which is put into the ships by three or four bureaus is managed by as many officers, and yet the chief engineer is by naval regulations held responsible for all repairs and adjustments, without having had any voice in the training of the men, or the care of this machinery, to prevent accident. It would seem that the naval regulations tend to invite controversy and bad feeling, and to instill into officers the conviction that their corps interest must be supreme. In the entire separation of the two corps, the country is found to be the loser, and no ship will be studied as a unit until they are brought together. The remedy was suggested by Secretary Welles, in his reports for 1864 and 1865. The case cannot be stated better than in his own words: —

"Preliminary measures have been taken to carry into effect the law of the last session of Congress authorizing the education at the Naval Academy of cadet engineers.

"Before this plan shall be put into operation, it is respectfully submitted, in view of the radical changes which have been wrought by steam as a motive power for naval vessels, whether steam engineering should not be made to constitute hereafter a necessary part of the education of all midshipmen, so that in our future navy every line officer will be a steam engineer and qualified to have complete command and direction of his ship. Hereafter every vessel of war must be a steam vessel. . . . The Department is not aware that any line officer, whatever attention may have been given by him to the theoretical study of steam, is yet capable of taking charge of an engine, nor are all steam-engine drivers capable of taking charge of a man-of-war, navigating her, fighting her guns, and preserving her discipline. . . . Half the officers of a steamship cannot keep watch, cannot navigate her, cannot exercise the great guns or small arms, nor, except as volunteers under a line officer, take any part in any expedition against the enemy. On the other hand, the other half of the officers are incapable of managing the steam motive power or of taking charge of the engine-room in an emergency, nor can the commander of a vessel, though carefully taught every duty of a sailor and drill officer, understand of his own knowledge whether the engineers and firemen are competent or not. The remedy for all this is very simple, provided the principle were once recognized and adopted of making our officers engine drivers as well as sailors. . . . Objection may be made that the duties are dissimilar, and that steam-engine driving is a specialty. The duties are not more dissimilar than seamanship and gunnery. . . .

"Fortunately, our naval officers are taught seamanship, gunnery, and the infantry drill, and the service saved from distinct organizations in these respects, which would inevitably have impaired its efficiency. It only remains to commence at this time, and, as preparatory to the future of the navy, to teach the midshipman steam engineering as applied to running the engine. This would be independent of the art of designing and constructing, which is purely a specialty, and nowise necessary in the management and direction of the ship. And to this specialty, as a highly scientific body of officers, would the present corps of engineers be always required as inspectors and constructors of machinery. With the adoption of the suggestions here made, we shall in due time have a homogeneous corps of officers, who will

be masters of the motive power of their ships in the future as they have been of seamanship in the past. By this arrangement there will be in each ship double the number of officers capable of fighting and running the vessels without additional appointments or expense. Innumerable other advantages commend the plan as worthy of trial, and it is presented for favorable consideration."

The report of 1865 adds: "The naval vessel is no longer dependent on the winds, nor is she at the mercy of currents; but the motive power which propels and controls her movements is subject to the mind and will of her commander, provided he is master of his profession in the future as he has been in the past. To retain the prominence which skill and education gave him when seamanship was the most important accomplishment, the line officer must be qualified to guide and direct this new element or power. Unless he has these qualities, he will be dependent on the knowledge and skill of him who manipulates and directs the engine. To confine himself to seamanship without the ability to manage the steam-engine will result in his taking a secondary position as compared with that which the accomplished naval officer formerly occupied."

Mr. Welles was the ablest secretary that the Navy Department has ever had, and it is our misfortune that his advice has not been followed, and that no material change of the old system has been made even though the sails of his day have been stripped from the ships. The only solution of the matter lies, as he intimated, in fusing together the line and the engineers, and in making them all the line except a small number selected for high technical attainment in engineering to do the duties of chief engineers on board and on shore. All officers except the chief engineer, surgeon, and paymaster would then be available for deck or machinery duties. As Mr. Welles says, it is not too much to ask of the deck officers to learn to drive machinery and, it may be added, to take care of it under the direction of a competent head. The navy could not fail to gain enormously by the greater engineering knowledge of the commanding officer and the increased interest of the chief engineer, in whose hands must be placed everything connected with machinery, whatever be its nature, on board a ship.

Similar changes and combinations have taken place in the past, and we find a very fair historical parallel in the English navy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Before that the sailor occupied somewhat the place of our engineer, and the soldier the place of our sailor.

A man-of-war in the Greek and Roman period was carried into action by means of oars. The crew was divided into two distinct parts, those on the rowers' benches and those bearing arms on the more elevated parts of the ship. A sea fight consisted in laying alongside and boarding so that soldiers might meet on the decks hand to hand as they would on shore. The soldier element commanded, and the master and his rowers were impressed or employed for transportation purposes. This organization answered very well so long as it had for its main object the transportation of troops to shores not far distant or the interception of landing parties. The captain did not require a knowledge of navigation, and he was a soldier purely and simply.

The introduction of sails, guns, and the bowline created as great a revolution in the fifteenth century as steam has created in the nineteenth. Genuine naval tactics made possible, a new system of warfare grew up in which fleets manœuvred for position, and attacked each other from a distance. With the growing importance of sails, the seamen became more numerous and their duties more responsible, although still subordinate, and the soldier element, or that part of the crew which commanded and fought,

grew less essential to the ships. The inevitable struggle between soldier and sailor began, lasted for two centuries, and finally ended in the welding of the two into one; but tradition and custom survive long on the sea, and we still have the old soldier element in the small detail of marines carried by our own ships. The command is, however, in the hands of the man who knows seamanship. He inherits the knight's pennant which every commanding officer now flies at the mast. At times the quarrel between the gentleman officer and Jack Tarpaulin grew more bitter than the present misunderstanding between the line and the engineers. The consolidation did not come by the sailor's driving the soldier out of the ship, but by the gradual acquirement of each other's duties. Some of the soldiers learned seamanship, and some of the sailors learned the handling of guns, so that it was seamanship rather than the sailor that captured the command. Holland first felt the effect of this union, but England had adopted it so thoroughly by the end of the sixteenth century that her sailors soon obtained the mastery of the sea, and their descendants still hold it.

Too little prominence is given to this change in the English system, in the histories of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Queen Elizabeth had been shrewd enough to intrust her fleet to genuine sailors, as the names of Drake, Hawkyns, and Frobisher attest, while the Spaniards had clung to the ancient system, with soldiers in control, and seamen subordinate and despised. The poor equipment of the Spanish ships, and the ease with which they were rounded up like a herd of cattle, forms one of the most melancholy pages in history.

A few lines from Admiral Sir William Monson's Naval Tracts, written in the early part of the seventeenth century, exhibit this phase of the subject very forcibly: —

"In the year 1588, there was not above one hundred and twenty sail of men-of-war to encounter that Invincible Armada of Spain, and not above five of them all, except the queen's great ships, were two hundred tons burthen, and did not exceed those rates in all Queen Elizabeth's time; so that our seamen were by their experience and courage rather the cause of victory than the ships; but if we should attribute these misfortunes to ships which are made all of one sort of wood and iron, and after one manner of building, it were great folly; but give Cæsar his due, and allow the ships their due; for a ship is but an engine of force used for offense or defense, and when you speak of the strength of ships, you must speak of the sufficiency of men within her. The Spaniards have more officers in their ships than we: they have a captain in their ship, a captain for their gunners, and as many captains as there are companies of soldiers, and, above all, they have a commander in the nature of a colonel above the rest. This breeds a great confusion, and is many times the cause of mutinies among them; they brawl and fight commonly aboard their ships, as if they were ashore. Notwithstanding the necessity they have of sailors, there is no nation less respectful of them than the Spaniards, which is the principal cause of their want of them; and till Spain alters this course, let them never think to be well served at sea. Our discipline is far different, and indeed quite contrary, as I have showed before."

He refers in the last sentence to part of an essay on seamen and officers which is worth quoting almost entire: —

"The experienced valiant sea soldier and mariner who knows how to manage a ship and maintain a sea fight judicially for defense of himself and offense of his enemy is only fit to be a captain or commander at sea; for without good experience, a man otherwise courageous may soon destroy himself and his company. . . .

"The seaman's desire is to be commanded by those that understand their labor, laws, and customs, thereby expecting reward or punishment according to their deserts.

"The seamen are stubborn or perverse when they receive their command from the ignorant in the discipline of the sea, who cannot speak to them in their own language.

"That commander who is bred a seaman and of approved government, by his skill in choice of his company will save twenty in the hundred, and perform better service than he can possibly do that understands not perfectly how to direct the officers under him.

"The best ships of war in the known world have been commanded by captains bred seamen; and merchants put their whole confidence in the fidelity and ability of seamen to carry their ships and goods through the hazard of pirates, men-of-war, and the danger of rocks and sands, be they of never so much value; which they would never do under the charge of a gentleman or an inexperienced soldier for his valor only.

"The seamen are much discouraged of late times by preferring of young, needy, and inexperienced gentlemen captains over them in their own ships; as also by placing lieutenants above the masters in the king's ships, which have never been used until of late years.

"The seaman is willing to give or receive punishment deservedly according to the laws of the sea, and not otherwise according to the fury or passion of a boisterous, blasphemous swearing commander.

"I must say, and with truth, that all her majesty's ships are far undermanned: for when people come to be divided into three parts, the one third to tackle the ship, the other to ply their small shot, and the third to manage their ordnance, all the three services fail for want of men to execute them. Neither do I see that more men can be contained in the queen's ships to the southward, for want of storage for victuals and room to lodge in.

"And lastly, for the men that sail in the ships, without whom they are of no use, their usage has been so ill at the end of their voyages that it is no marvel they shew their unwillingness to serve the queen; for if they arrive sick from any voyage, such is the charity of the people ashore that they shall sooner die than find pity, unless they bring money with them."

To a large extent we are following in the footsteps of our ancestors. The engineers and firemen occupy much the same position as the masters and seamen of old. The boisterous, blasphemous, swearing commander is gone as our officers have become better educated and more enlightened; and the logical growth of our service is toward the same kind of a union which occurred during Queen Elizabeth's reign. The machine is here. Even our guns are called machine guns, and the tendency is inevitably towards a homogeneous crew to handle them. "The sailor will not swallow the engineer, nor the engineer the sailor." It will be the triumph of steam over sails, and the victory of engineering over that seamanship upon which we shall always be proud to look back as one of the chief factors in the formation of our country. The line officers fear that the engineers wish to command the ships. Let the commanding officers become engineers, and let engineers rule our ships, then all fears will be dispelled, and the navy will quickly become a unit.

There are now two bills before Congress for the improvement of the personnel, one relating to promotions in the line, and the other to an increase of numbers of engineers, with a better definition of their status and rank. Neither of these bills has any prospect of passing both Houses, on account of the line and staff quarrel. Many officers are

ready to endure martyrdom for what seems to them a principle, forgetting that the true principle to die for is the future welfare of our country, and not the triumph of a corps in the navy. When the cases are examined, it will be found that sentiment plays a large part in the discussion, and that the wisest reforms can best be effected by a fair and considerate examination of the subject in the Navy Department, under the personal direction of the Secretary or Assistant Secretary. No serious effort has been made in the past to deal adequately with the organization of the men as a whole to fight the ships, for most questions have been decided by the line without consultation, or by boards whose members have not possessed one another's confidence. The late Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy recommended that all cadets shall pursue the same course of studies, in order that officers may be educated alike for deck and engine-room duties. At first blush, this plan seems to the older officers of the service a process of converting the aspiring cadet into an anaconda, but a little experience would without doubt prove it to be extremely practical and sensible. All the problems on a modern battle-ship are engineering in their nature, and there is no problem which cannot be solved by the man whose early education has been largely in mechanics and engineering. Questions of organization of men, tactics, and international law must be learned by study and experience after graduation, and in these matters the graduates from a school where engineering is emphasized would be as well off as those from a school of seamanship.

The present system at the Naval Academy does not supply the needs of a modern navy, and it too often instills into the youthful minds of the cadets the vicious notion that the commanding officer is above the knowledge of every detail of his own ship. During the course, considerable attention is given to mathematics, seamanship, gunnery, and navigation, and a comparatively small amount to engineering, language, and the natural sciences. At the end of three years, the cadets are separated into two divisions, one of line cadets and one of engineer cadets. The latter receive one year in engineering, and the former an additional year in seamanship, navigation, and gunnery. By seamanship is here meant the handling of a ship under sail. Those who pass the examinations graduate at the end of their fourth year, and serve two years at sea before receiving commissions. These two years are supposed to give the graduates a more practical knowledge of their professions. The line cadets usually find themselves on sailless vessels, and proceed to pick up what they can about boats, guns, and the management of men on deck. They are required to spend some time in the engine-rooms when the ship is steaming, but without responsibilities or duties, very much as tourists crossing the Atlantic visit the engine-room. After two years at sea, they are ordered home for examination, and receive commissions in the line of the marine corps, if vacancies can be found for them. The engineer cadets pass through the same stage, except that their two years at sea are spent with the machinery. They receive commissions as assistant engineers. Two or three "star" graduates are yearly transferred to the Corps of Naval Constructors and remain on shore for duties at navy yards and at the Department, in connection with the design and building of the hulls of ships.

The division into line and engineer cadets at the end of the third year is on the basis of aptitude and preference. This does not work out well in practice. Few young men at the age of twenty really exhibit marked aptitude for line or staff duties, and it is impossible for the Academic Board to divide the class

by aptitude. Then, the men who stand highest in the class have the first choice, and preference discloses a lamentable outlook for engineering in the navy. No young man will go into a corps which seems to him discredited from the start. He knows, from what he hears of the service, that his standing as an officer of a military force will not be fixed so definitely that a foolish commanding officer cannot humiliate him in the sight of his own men. When President McKinley visited the Naval Academy in the spring, the engineer cadets were shut up in their rooms, because the commanding officer either could not, or would not, find a place for them in a review before the commander-in-chief. Preference can be exercised where pride does not influence the choice, and where the rewards are equal, and no young man will express a preference for a corps in which he is sure to become the victim of tradition. This is not fancy; for the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy have had brought plainly before them the difficulty of getting volunteers for the engineer corps. Only those cadets who cannot help themselves enter the corps, and even then too often with a mental reservation to resign as soon as possible. To borrow a phrase from Sir William Monson, "Let them never think to be well served at sea" in their engineering matters so long as this condition lasts. The country may well ask for improvement here, even though officers of the service do not see fit to devise a better method of selection or rewards for the engineer corps, which will make it equally attractive with the line and marine corps.

Another consideration which necessarily weighs with every young man is the hope of reaching high rank in command of other men, and of obtaining the opportunity to distinguish himself before his countrymen. There is no reason why this road should not be open to every graduate of the Naval Academy, at least until he has learnt that credit is earned by faithfulness and zeal, and that high rank is not necessarily a distinction, or even a worthy ambition, when it may often be achieved simply by entering the navy young and living sixty-two years. After men have been some years in the line, and have reached an age when their aptitudes declare themselves, it is time to set some of them apart in a staff corps which does not command ships, but which does have the higher ranks and pay open to it. While the union of the two corps as above indicated would remove the grievance of the young engineer by removing him to the line, and would promote the harmony of shipboard life, an engineer corps would still be an absolutely essential part of the organization. The number in the present corps could be reduced by half, as all subordinate positions would be filled by the younger officers of the line. Its members would serve as chief engineers of ships, and as designers and constructors of machinery for the navy. They should be men of first-rate engineering ability, and all responsibility for technical matters connected with materials on board ship and machinery on shore should be placed upon them. The law should be changed so as to give them rank and command over men in divisional and other ship duties, while the succession to the command of the ships should remain in the line as at present.

The engineer question once settled, the most complete and efficient organization of the crew would follow, as the same officers would have had experience both above and below decks; but a very sore spot would still remain in the promotion during peace. The young graduate commissioned ensign in the line finds himself in a sorry position. His pay is small, and he is confronted with a hopeless stagnation in promotion. A man of twenty-eight with a wife and children, and still an ensign on twelve or fourteen hundred dollars a year, is not a cheering

spectacle; and he gets this pay only at sea away from his family. If he has duty on shore, and lives with them, his pay is even less. The long list of lieutenants, lieutenant-commanders and commanders, brought in just at the end of the war, blocks the way for many years to come. They are themselves passing through a slough of despond out of which they will emerge more fit to dandle their grandchildren than to command ships. The writer assisted a few years ago in the celebration of a brother officer's attaining his majority on the lieutenant's list. Twenty-one years of his life had been literally thrown away on the deck of a ship in a subordinate grade, without any prospect of reaching command rank under fifty or fifty-five. Can the country expect much zeal and energy from an old gentleman doing duty as senior watch officer, when he ought to be in command of a fleet?

When men form the essential part of a naval force, it is their promotion which gives life to the deadly monotony of ship routine and drill, and which turns their energies into work rather than discontented wrangling with other corps, or other parts of their own corps. Even in business and social life, we are all stimulated by the hope of promotion in one form or another, and, if we are to obtain the greatest efficiency, the country must recognize this fact in its own service. There is not a more conscientious, willing body of men in the world than the officers of the navy, both line and staff. Notwithstanding their very trying surroundings, their separation from their families for long periods and their inadequate promotion and pay, we know that our flag is still borne with honor by gentlemen who will not discredit their country in the sight of foreigners. It is our shame that their rewards are so few.

The Navy Department and the officers have petitioned Congress times innumerable to regulate by statute the flow of promotion; but as all the plans suggested involve an increase of the retired list and the establishment of a reserve list for men who have grown too old in the lower grades to make responsible commanding officers, Congress has held off through fear of increased appropriation for the navy. It may be well to note that the increase will not be great, as the officers will go on the retired list in the lower grades where their pay will be less; besides, the resulting improvement in zeal and effectiveness will save more in cost of materials than the additional outlay on personnel. The whole cost must be reckoned, not a part.

Another grave difficulty in our service is the lack of strong military control. The influence of politicians is too often felt in matters which vitally affect discipline and legitimate service. When the cruiser Charleston returned from the chase of the Itata, she was detailed to visit all the watering-places along the coast of California in order to demonstrate that, although located upon the open coast, they possessed excellent harbors and very desirable booms in real estate.

At present we have no body of officers charged with the preparation of plans for war. We have a War College, which is doing much in a general way to encourage the study of strategy, tactics, history, and international law; a naval intelligence office, to collect information about foreign ships and naval defenses; and a board of bureau chiefs to decide upon contracts and the types of ships for national defense. What we really need is a general staff to coördinate the three. In spite of the anomalies and conflicts in the duties of the bureaus, the present division of the Department into independent bureaus for details of building and manning the navy would be fairly efficient if we had besides a naval staff to whom might be referred all questions of types, strategy, and tactics. The plans heretofore put forward to this end have

failed through the fear that such a staff might in course of time absorb all the functions of the Navy Department, to the great detriment of efficiency in details of personnel and materials. If the officers of this staff were made simply the military advisers of the Secretary, with duties limited by law to the preparation of plans for war and the general movements of ships for defense and attack, and with no authority over the technical details allotted to the bureaus, the danger would be remote. The chief of staff should be a man who has served with distinction in the command grade at sea for a number of years.

To state briefly the present requirements of the naval personnel, there are three or four principles which must be recognized in a reorganization for the new ships. These are, the amalgamation of the line and engineers, the selection of an engineer corps from the line after some years of service with the machinery and on deck, the regulation of the flow of promotion, and the formation of some kind of a general staff. Nearly every bill in Congress has looked at the subject from the point of view of a corps, and it is high time for the Department to suggest legislation for the general good of the navy.

The following project has been suggested as promising much towards this desirable end: —

1. To make the course at the Naval Academy the same for all cadets, with a strong emphasis on engineering.

2. To give all graduates, except those entering the marine and construction corps, commissions as ensigns in the line.

3. To require all line officers to spend their first six years at sea, equally divided between responsible duties on deck and in the machinery department.

4. To permit any line officer to specialize in engineering during his second six years as a commissioned officer, and at the end of this time to transfer him to the engineer corps after thorough examination in engineering.

5. To require at least one officer of the engineer corps on every ship, and to place under his charge all that pertains to machinery on board, including the men required for engineering matters.

6. To give all watch duties connected with repairing and driving machinery to line officers under the direction of the chief engineers.

7. To promote all officers of the line and engineer corps at the same rate and to the same ranks.

8. To make the total number of line officers and engineers together what it is now by law, with a minimum of about one hundred officers in the engineer corps.

9. To regulate the flow of promotion by permitting a limited number of officers to retire after thirty years' service.

10. To provide a "reserve list" for officers who do not reach command rank young enough to be effective.

11. To promote all ensigns after three years' service in that grade.

12. To transfer to the line all officers of the present engineer corps who have held their commissions less than twelve years.

13. To establish a general staff in whose hands shall be placed all matters connected with the preparation for war.

It is not to be expected that these changes would eradicate all the troubles incident to military service or to infirmities of temper, but they would tend toward the complete unification of the two corps which must bear the burdens of the ships in time of peace and the brunt of action in time of war. The increase of harmony among our officers would likewise lead to clearer views on the organization of enlisted men, and to higher efficiency, and thus to the greater glory of our flag and country.

Ira N. Hollis.

ON BEING HUMAN.

"THE rarest sort of a book," says Mr. Bagehot slyly, is "a book to read;" and "the knack in style is to write like a human being." It is painfully evident, upon experiment, that not many of the books which come teeming from our presses every year are meant to be read. They are meant, it may be, to be pondered; it is hoped, no doubt, they may instruct, or inform, or startle, or arouse, or reform, or provoke, or amuse us; but we read, if we have the true reader's zest and palate, not to grow more knowing, but to be less pent up and bound within a little circle, — as those who take their pleasure, and not as those who laboriously seek instruction, — as a means of seeing and enjoying the world of men and affairs. We wish companionship and renewal of spirit, enrichment of thought and the full adventure of the mind; and we desire fair company, and a large world in which to find them.

No one who loves the masters who may be communed with and read but must see, therefore, and resent the error of making the text of any one of them a source to draw grammar from, forcing the parts of speech to stand out stark and cold from the warm text; or a store of samples whence to draw rhetorical instances, setting up figures of speech singly and without support of any neighbor phrase, to be stared at curiously and with intent to copy or dissect! Here is grammar done without deliberation: the phrases carry their meaning simply and by a sort of limpid reflection; the thought is a living thing, not an image ingeniously contrived and wrought. Pray leave the text whole: it has no meaning piecemeal; at any rate, not that best, wholesome meaning, as of a frank and genial friend who talks, not for himself or for his phrase, but for you. It is questionable morals to dismember a living frame to seek for its obscure fountains of life!

When you say that a book was meant to be read, you mean, for one thing, of course, that it was not meant to be studied. You do not study a good story, or a haunting poem, or a battle song, or a love ballad, or any moving narrative, whether it be out of history or out of fiction, — nor any argument, even, that moves vital in the field of action. You do not have to study these things; they reveal themselves, you do not stay to see how. They remain with you, and will not be forgotten or laid by. They cling like a personal experience, and become the mind's intimates. You devour a book meant to be read, not because you would fill yourself or have an anxious care to be nourished, but because it contains such stuff as it makes the mind hungry to look upon. Neither do you read it to kill time, but to lengthen time, rather, adding to it its natural usury by living the more abundantly while it lasts, joining another's life and thought to your own.

There are a few children in every generation, as Mr. Bagehot reminds us, who think the natural thing to do with *any* book is to read it. "There is an argument from design in the subject," as he says; "if the book was not meant for that purpose, for what purpose was it meant?" These are the young eyes to which books yield up a great treasure, almost in spite of themselves, as if they had been penetrated by some swift, enlarging power of vision which only the young know. It is these youngsters to whom books give up the long ages of history, "the wonderful series going back to the times of old patriarchs with their flocks and herds," — I am quoting Mr. Bagehot again, — "the keen-eyed Greek, the stately Roman, the watching Jew, the uncouth Goth, the horrid Hun, the

settled picture of the unchanging East, the restless shifting of the rapid West, the rise of the cold and classical civilization, its fall, the rough impetuous Middle Ages, the vague warm picture of ourselves and home. When did we learn these? Not yesterday nor to-day, but long ago, in the first dawn of reason, in the original flow of fancy." Books will not yield to us so richly when we are older. The argument from design fails. We return to the staid authors we read long ago, and do not find in them the vital, speaking images that used to lie there upon the page. Our own fancy is gone, and the author never had any. We are driven in upon the books *meant* to be read.

These are books written by human beings, indeed, but with no general quality belonging to the kind, — with a special tone and temper, rather, a spirit out of the common, touched with a light that shines clear out of some great source of light which not every man can uncover. We call this spirit human because it moves us, quickens a like life in ourselves, makes us glow with a sort of ardor of self-discovery. It touches the springs of fancy or of action within us, and makes our own life seem more quick and vital. We do not call every book that moves us human. Some seem written with knowledge of the black art, set our base passions aflame, disclose motives at which we shudder, — the more because we feel their reality and power; and we know that this is of the devil, and not the fruitage of any quality that distinguishes us as men. We are distinguished as men by the qualities that mark us different from the beasts. When we call a thing human we have a spiritual ideal in mind. It may not be an ideal of that which is perfect, but it moves at least upon an upland level where the air is sweet; it holds an image of man erect and constant, going abroad with undaunted steps, looking with frank and open gaze upon all the fortunes of his day, feeling ever and again

> "the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things."

Say what we may of the errors and the degrading sins of our kind, we do not willingly make what is worst in us the distinguishing trait of what is human. When we declare, with Bagehot, that the author whom we love writes like a human being, we are not sneering at him; we do not say it with a leer. It is in token of admiration, rather. He makes us *like* our humankind. There is a noble passion in what he says; a wholesome humor that echoes genial comradeships; a certain reasonableness and moderation in what is thought and said; an air of the open day, in which things are seen whole and in their right colors, rather than of the close study or the academic classroom. We do not want our poetry from grammarians, nor our tales from philologists, nor our history from theorists. Their human nature is subtly transmuted into something less broad and catholic and of the general world. Neither do we want our political economy from tradesmen nor our statesmanship from mere politicians, but from those who see more and care for more than these men see or care for.

Once, — it is a thought which troubles us, — once it was a simple enough matter to be a human being, but now it is deeply difficult; because life was once simple, but is now complex, confused, multifarious. Haste, anxiety, preoccupation, the need to specialize and make machines of ourselves, have transformed the once simple world, and we are apprised that it will not be without effort that we shall keep the broad human traits which have so far made the earth habitable. We have seen our modern life accumulate, hot and restless, in great cities, — and we cannot say that the change is

not natural: we see in it, on the contrary, the fulfillment of an inevitable law of change, which is no doubt a law of growth, and not of decay. And yet we look upon the portentous thing with a great distaste, and doubt with what altered passions we shall come out of it. The huge, rushing, aggregate life of a great city, — the crushing crowds in the streets, where friends seldom meet and there are few greetings; the thunderous noise of trade and industry that speaks of nothing but gain and competition, and a consuming fever that checks the natural courses of the kindly blood; no leisure anywhere, no quiet, no restful ease, no wise repose, — all this shocks us. It is inhumane. It does not seem human. How much more likely does it appear that we shall find men sane and human about a country fireside, upon the streets of quiet villages, where all are neighbors, where groups of friends gather easily, and a constant sympathy makes the very air seem native! Why should not the city seem infinitely *more* human than the hamlet? Why should not human traits the more abound where human beings teem millions strong?

Because the city curtails man of his wholeness, specializes him, quickens some powers, stunts others, gives him a sharp edge and a temper like that of steel, makes him unfit for nothing so much as to sit still. Men have indeed written like human beings in the midst of great cities, but not often when they have shared the city's characteristic life, its struggle for place and for gain. There are not many places that belong to a city's life to which you can "invite your soul." Its haste, its preoccupations, its anxieties, its rushing noise as of men driven, its ringing cries, distract you. It offers no quiet for reflection; it permits no retirement to any who share its life. It is a place of little tasks, of narrowed functions, of aggregate and not of individual strength. The great machine dominates its little parts, and its Society is as much of a machine as its business.

"This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

"And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the river of Time,
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead,
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

"But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

"Haply, the river of Time —
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream —
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

"And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast —
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

We cannot easily see the large measure and abiding purpose of the novel age in which we stand young and confused. The view that shall clear our minds and quicken us to act as those who know their task and its distant consummation will come with better knowledge and completer self-possession. It shall not be a night-wind, but an air that shall blow out of the widening east and with the coming of the light, that shall bring us, with the morning, "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." Who

can doubt that man has grown more and more human with each step of that slow process which has brought him knowledge, self-restraint, the arts of intercourse, and the revelations of real joy? Man has more and more lived with his fellow men, and it is society that has humanized him, — the development of society into an infinitely various school of discipline and ordered skill. He has been made more human by schooling, by growing more self-possessed, — less violent, less tumultuous; holding himself in hand, and moving always with a certain poise of spirit; not forever clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, but preferring, rather, to play with a subtler skill upon the springs of action. This is our conception of the truly human man: a man in whom there is a just balance of faculties, a catholic sympathy, — no brawler, no fanatic, no Pharisee; not too credulous in hope, not too desperate in purpose; warm, but not hasty; ardent and full of definite power, but not running about to be pleased and deceived by every new thing.

It is a genial image, of men we love, — an image of men warm and true of heart, direct and unhesitating in courage, generous, magnanimous, faithful, steadfast, capable of a deep devotion and self-forgetfulness. But the age changes, and with it must change our ideals of human quality. Not that we would give up what we have loved: we would add what a new life demands. In a new age men must acquire a new capacity, must be men upon a new scale and with added qualities. We shall need a new Renaissance, ushered in by a new "humanistic" movement, in which we shall add to our present minute, introspective study of ourselves, our jails, our slums, our nerve-centres, our shifts to live, almost as morbid as mediæval religion, a rediscovery of the round world and of man's place in it, now that its face has changed. We study the world, but not yet with intent to school our hearts and tastes, broaden our natures, and know our fellow men as comrades rather than as phenomena; with purpose, rather, to build up bodies of critical doctrine and provide ourselves with theses. That, surely, is not the truly humanizing way in which to take the air of the world. Man is much more than a "rational being," and lives more by sympathies and impressions than by conclusions. It darkens his eyes and dries up the wells of his humanity to be forever in search of doctrine. We need wholesome, experiencing natures, I dare affirm, much more than we need sound reasoning.

Take life in the large view, and we are most reasonable when we seek that which is most wholesome and tonic for our natures as a whole; and we know, when we put aside pedantry, that the great middle object in life, — the object that lies between religion on the one hand, and food and clothing on the other, establishing our average levels of achievement, — the excellent golden mean, is, not to be learned, but to be human beings in all the wide and genial meaning of the term. Does the age hinder? Do its mazy interests distract us when we would plan our discipline, determine our duty, clarify our ideals? It is the more necessary that we should ask ourselves what it is that is demanded of us, if we would fit our qualities to meet the new tests. Let us remind ourselves that to be human is, for one thing, to speak and act with a certain note of genuineness, a quality mixed of spontaneity and intelligence. This is necessary for wholesome life in any age, but particularly amidst confused affairs and shifting standards. Genuineness is not mere simplicity, for that may lack vitality, and genuineness does not. We expect what we call genuine to have pith and strength of fibre. Genuineness is a quality which we sometimes mean to include when we speak of individuality. Individuality is lost the moment you submit to passing modes or fashions, the creations of an

artificial society; and so is genuineness. No man is genuine who is forever trying to pattern his life after the lives of other people, — unless indeed he be a genuine dolt. But individuality is by no means the same as genuineness; for individuality may be associated with the most extreme and even ridiculous eccentricity, while genuineness we conceive to be always wholesome, balanced, and touched with dignity. It is a quality that goes with good sense and self-respect. It is a sort of robust moral sanity, mixed of elements both moral and intellectual. It is found in natures too strong to be mere trimmers and conformers, too well poised and thoughtful to fling off into intemperate protest and revolt. Laughter is genuine which has in it neither the shrill, hysterical note of mere excitement nor the hard metallic twang of the cynic's sneer, — which rings in the honest voice of gracious good humor, which is innocent and unsatirical. Speech is genuine which is without silliness, affectation, or pretense. That character is genuine which seems built by nature rather than by convention, which is stuff of independence and of good courage. Nothing spurious, bastard, begotten out of true wedlock of the mind; nothing adulterated and seeming to be what it is not; nothing unreal, can ever get place among the nobility of things genuine, natural, of pure stock and unmistakable lineage. It is a prerogative of every truly human being to come out from the low estate of those who are merely gregarious and of the herd, and show his innate powers cultivated and yet unspoiled, — sound, unmixed, free from imitation; showing that individualization without extravagance which is genuineness.

But how? By what means is this self-liberation to be effected, — this emancipation from affectation and the bondage of being like other people? Is it open to us to choose to be genuine? I see nothing insuperable in the way, except for those who are hopelessly lacking in a sense of humor. It depends upon the range and scale of your observation whether you can strike the balance of genuineness or not. If you live in a small and petty world, you will be subject to its standards; but if you live in a large world, you will see that standards are innumerable, — some old, some new, some made by the noble-minded and made to last, some made by the weak-minded and destined to perish, some lasting from age to age, some only from day to day, — and that a choice must be made amongst them. It is then that your sense of humor will assist you. You are, you will perceive, upon a long journey, and it will seem to you ridiculous to change your life and discipline your instincts to conform to the usages of a single inn by the way. You will distinguish the essentials from the accidents, and deem the accidents something meant for your amusement. The strongest natures do not need to wait for these slow lessons of observation, to be got by conning life: their sheer vigor makes it impossible for them to conform to fashion or care for times and seasons. But the rest of us must cultivate knowledge of the world in the large, get our offing, reach a comparative point of view, before we can become with steady confidence our own masters and pilots. The art of being human begins with the practice of being genuine, and following standards of conduct which the world has tested. If your life is not various and you cannot know the best people, who set the standards of sincerity, your reading at least can be various, and you may look at your little circle through the best books, under the guidance of writers who have known life and loved the truth.

And then genuineness will bring serenity, — which I take to be another mark of the right development of the true human being, certainly in an age passionate and confused as this in which we live. Of course serenity does not al-

ways go with genuineness. We must say of Dr. Johnson that he was genuine, and yet we know that the stormy tyrant of the Turk's Head Tavern was not serene. Carlyle was genuine (though that is not quite the *first* adjective we should choose to describe him), but of serenity he allowed cooks and cocks and every modern and every ancient sham to deprive him. Serenity is a product, no doubt, of two very different things, namely, vision and digestion. Not the eye only, but the courses of the blood must be clear, if we would find serenity. Our word "serene" contains a picture. Its image is of the calm evening, when the stars are out and the still night comes on; when the dew is on the grass and the wind does not stir; when the day's work is over, and the evening meal, and thought falls clear in the quiet hour. It is the hour of reflection, — and it is human to reflect. Who shall contrive to be human without this evening hour, which drives turmoil out, and gives the soul its seasons of self-recollection? Serenity is not a thing to beget inaction. It only checks excitement and uncalculating haste. It does not exclude ardor or the heat of battle: it keeps ardor from extravagance, prevents the battle from becoming a mere aimless mêlée. The great captains of the world have been men who were calm in the moment of crisis; who were calm, too, in the long planning which preceded crisis; who went into battle with a serenity infinitely ominous for those whom they attacked. We instinctively associate serenity with the highest types of power among men, seeing in it the poise of knowledge and calm vision, that supreme heat and mastery which is without splutter or noise of any kind. The art of power in this sort is no doubt learned in hours of reflection, by those who are not born with it. What rebuke of aimless excitement there is to be got out of a little reflection, when we have been inveighing against the corruption and decadence of our own days, if only we have provided ourselves with a little knowledge of the past wherewith to balance our thought! As bad times as these, or any we shall see, have been reformed, but not by protests. They have been made glorious instead of shameful by the men who kept their heads and struck with sure self-possession in the fight. No age will take hysterical reform. The world is very human, not a bit given to adopting virtues for the sake of those who merely bemoan its vices, and we are most effective when we are most calmly in possession of our senses.

So far is serenity from being a thing of slackness or inaction that it seems bred, rather, by an equable energy, a satisfying activity. It may be found in the midst of that alert interest in affairs which is, it may be, the distinguishing trait of developed manhood. You distinguish man from the brute by his intelligent curiosity, his play of mind beyond the narrow field of instinct, his perception of cause and effect in matters to him indifferent, his appreciation of motive and calculation of results. He is interested in the world about him, and even in the great universe of which it forms a part, not merely as a thing he would use, satisfy his wants and grow great by, but as a field to stretch his mind in, for love of journeyings and excursions in the large realm of thought. Your full-bred human being loves a run afield with his understanding. With what images does he not surround himself and store his mind! With what fondness does he con travelers' tales and credit poets' fancies! With what patience does he follow science and pore upon old records, and with what eagerness does he ask the news of the day! No great part of what he learns immediately touches his own life or the course of his own affairs: he is not pursuing a business, but satisfying as he can an insatiable mind. No doubt the highest form of this noble curiosity is that which

leads us, without self-interest, to look abroad upon all the field of man's life at home and in society, seeking more excellent forms of government, more righteous ways of labor, more elevating forms of art, and which makes the greater among us statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, artists, critics, men of letters. It is certainly human to mind your neighbor's business as well as your own. Gossips are only sociologists upon a mean and petty scale. The art of being human lifts to a better level than that of gossip; it leaves mere chatter behind, as too reminiscent of a lower stage of existence, and is compassed by those whose outlook is wide enough to serve for guidance and a choosing of ways.

Luckily we are not the first human beings. We have come into a great heritage of interesting things, collected and piled all about us by the curiosity of past generations. And so our interest is selective. Our education consists in learning intelligent choice. Our energies do not clash or compete: each is free to take his own path to knowledge. Each has that choice, which is man's alone, of the life he shall live, and finds out first or last that the art in living is not only to be genuine and one's own master, but also to learn mastery in perception and preference. Your true woodsman needs not to follow the dusty highway through the forest nor search for any path, but goes straight from glade to glade as if upon an open way, having some privy understanding with the taller trees, some compass in his senses. So there is a subtle craft in finding ways for the mind, too. Keep but your eyes alert and your ears quick, as you move among men and among books, and you shall find yourself possessed at last of a new sense, the sense of the pathfinder. Have you never marked the eyes of a man who has seen the world he has lived in: the eyes of the sea-captain, who has watched his life through the changes of the heavens; the eyes of the huntsman, nature's gossip and familiar; the eyes of the man of affairs, accustomed to command in moments of exigency? You are at once aware that they are eyes which can see. There is something in them that you do not find in other eyes, and you have read the life of the man when you have divined what it is. Let the thing serve as a figure. So ought alert interest in the world of men and thought to serve each one of us that we shall have the quick perceiving vision, taking meanings at a glance, reading suggestions as if they were expositions. You shall not otherwise get full value of your humanity. What good shall it do you else that the long generations of men which have gone before you have filled the world with great store of everything that may make you wise and your life various? Will you not take usury of the past, if it may be had for the taking? Here is the world humanity has made: will you take full citizenship in it, or will you live in it as dull, as slow to receive, as unenfranchised, as the idlers for whom civilization has no uses, or the deadened toilers, men or beasts, whose labor shuts the door on choice?

That man seems to me a little less than human who lives as if our life in the world were but just begun, thinking only of the things of sense, recking nothing of the infinite thronging and assemblage of affairs the great stage over, or of the old wisdom that has ruled the world. That is, if he have the choice. Great masses of our fellow men are shut out from choosing, by reason of absorbing toil, and it is part of the enlightenment of our age that our understandings are being opened to the workingman's need of a little leisure wherein to look about him and clear his vision of the dust of the workshop. We know that there is a drudgery which is inhuman, let it but encompass the whole life, with only heavy sleep between task and task. We know that those who are so bound can have no freedom to be

men, that their very spirits are in bondage. It is part of our philanthropy — it should be part of our statesmanship — to ease the burden as we can, and enfranchise those who spend and are spent for the sustenance of the race. But what shall we say of those who are free and yet choose littleness and bondage, or of those who, though they might see the whole face of society, nevertheless choose to spend all a life's space poring upon some single vice or blemish? I would not for the world discredit any sort of philanthropy except the small and churlish sort which seeks to reform by nagging, — the sort which exaggerates petty vices into great ones, and runs atilt against windmills, while everywhere colossal shams and abuses go unexposed, unrebuked. Is it because we are better at being common scolds than at being wise advisers that we prefer little reforms to big ones? Are we to allow the poor personal habits of other people to absorb and quite use up all our fine indignation? It will be a bad day for society when sentimentalists are encouraged to suggest all the measures that shall be taken for the betterment of the race. I, for one, sometimes sigh for a generation of "leading people", and of good people who shall see things steadily and see them whole; who shall show a handsome justness and a large sanity of view, an opportune tolerance for the details that happen to be awry, in order that they may spend their energy, not without self-possession, in some generous mission which shall make right principles shine upon the people's life. They would bring with them an age of large moralities, a spacious time, a day of vision.

Knowledge has come into the world in vain if it is not to emancipate those who may have it from narrowness, censoriousness, fussiness, an intemperate zeal for petty things. It would be a most pleasant, a truly humane world, would we but open our ears with a more generous welcome to the clear voices that ring in those writings upon life and affairs which mankind has chosen to keep. Not many splenetic books, not many intemperate, not many bigoted, have kept men's confidence; and the mind that is impatient, or intolerant, or hoodwinked, or shut in to a petty view, shall have no part in carrying men forward to a true humanity, shall never stand as examples of the true humankind. What is truly human has always upon it the broad light of what is genial, fit to support life, cordial, and of a catholic spirit of helpfulness. Your true human being has eyes and keeps his balance in the world; deems nothing uninteresting that comes from life; clarifies his vision and gives health to his eyes by using them upon things near and things far. The brute beast has but a single neighborhood, a single, narrow round of existence; the gain of being human accrues in the choice of change and variety and of experience far and wide, with all the world for stage, — a stage set and appointed by this very art of choice, — all future generations for witnesses and audience. When you talk with a man who has in his nature and acquirements that freedom from constraint which goes with the full franchise of humanity, he turns easily from topic to topic; does not fall silent or dull when you leave some single field of thought such as unwise men make a prison of. The men who will not be broken from a little set of subjects, who talk earnestly, hotly, with a sort of fierceness, of certain special schemes of conduct, and look coldly upon everything else, render you infinitely uneasy, as if there were in them a force abnormal and which rocked toward an upset of the mind; but from the man whose interest swings from thought to thought with the zest and poise and pleasure of the old traveler, eager for what is new, glad to look again upon what is old, you come away with faculties warmed and heartened, — with

the feeling of having been comrade for a little with a genuine human being. It is a large world and a round world, and men grow human by seeing all its play of force and folly.

Let no one suppose that efficiency is lost by such breadth and catholicity of view. We deceive ourselves with instances, look at sharp crises in the world's affairs, and imagine that intense and narrow men have made history for us. Poise, balance, a nice and equable exercise of force, are not, it is true, the things the world ordinarily seeks for or most applauds in its heroes. It is apt to esteem that man most human who has his qualities in a certain exaggeration, whose courage is passionate, whose generosity is without deliberation, whose just action is without premeditation, whose spirit runs towards its favorite objects with an infectious and reckless ardor, whose wisdom is no child of slow prudence. We love Achilles more than Diomedes, and Ulysses not at all. But these are standards left over from a ruder state of society: we should have passed by this time the Homeric stage of mind, — should have heroes suited to our age. Nay, we have erected different standards, and do make a different choice, when we see in any man fulfillment of our real ideals. Let a modern instance serve as test. Could any man hesitate to say that Abraham Lincoln was more human than William Lloyd Garrison? Does not every one know that it was the practical Free-Soilers who made emancipation possible, and not the hot, impracticable Abolitionists; that the country was infinitely more moved by Lincoln's temperate sagacity than by any man's enthusiasm, instinctively trusted the man who saw the whole situation and kept his balance, instinctively held off from those who refused to see more than one thing? We know how serviceable the intense and headlong agitator was in bringing to their feet men fit for action; but we feel uneasy while he lives, and vouchsafe him our full sympathy only when he is dead. We know that the genial forces of nature which work daily, equably, and without violence are infinitely more serviceable, infinitely more admirable, than the rude violence of the storm, however necessary or excellent the purification it may have wrought. Should we seek to name the most human man among those who led the nation to its struggle with slavery, and yet was no statesman, we should of course name Lowell. We know that his humor went further than any man's passion towards setting tolerant men a-tingle with the new impulses of the day. We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile, and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye. We are glad to see earnest men laugh. It breaks the strain. If it be wholesome laughter, it dispels all suspicion of spite, and is like the gleam of light upon running water, lifting sullen shadows, suggesting clear depths.

Surely it is this soundness of nature, this broad and genial quality, this full-blooded, full-orbed sanity of spirit, which gives the men we love that wide-eyed sympathy which gives hope and power to humanity, which gives range to every good quality and is so excellent a credential of genuine manhood. Let your life and your thought be narrow, and your sympathy will shrink to a like scale. It is a quality which follows the seeing mind afield, which waits on experience. It is not a mere sentiment. It goes not with pity so much as with a penetrative understanding of other men's lives and hopes and temptations. Ignorance of these things makes it worthless. Its best tutors are observation and experience, and these serve only those who keep clear eyes and a wide field of vision.

It is exercise and discipline upon such a scale, too, which strengthen, which for ordinary men come near to creating, that capacity to reason upon affairs and to plan for action which we always reckon

upon finding in every man who has studied to perfect his native force. This new day in which we live cries a challenge to us. Steam and electricity have reduced nations to neighborhoods; have made travel pastime, and news a thing for everybody. Cheap printing has made knowledge a vulgar commodity. Our eyes look, almost without choice, upon the very world itself, and the word "human" is filled with a new meaning. Our ideals broaden to suit the wide day in which we live. We crave, not cloistered virtue, — it is impossible any longer to keep to the cloister, — but a robust spirit that shall take the air in the great world, know men in all their kinds, choose its way amidst the bustle with all self-possession, with wise genuineness, in calmness, and yet with the quick eye of interest and the quick pulse of power. It is again a day for Shakespeare's spirit, — a day more various, more ardent, more provoking to valor and every large design even than "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when all the world seemed new; and if we cannot find another bard, come out of a new Warwickshire, to hold once more the mirror up to nature, it will not be because the stage is not set for him. The time is such an one as he might rejoice to look upon; and if we would serve it as it should be served, we should seek to be human after his wide-eyed sort. The serenity of power; the naturalness that is nature's poise and mark of genuineness; the unsleeping interest in all affairs, all fancies, all things believed or done; the catholic understanding, tolerance, enjoyment, of all classes and conditions of men; the conceiving imagination, the planning purpose, the creating thought, the wholesome, laughing humor, the quiet insight, the universal coinage of the brain, — are not these the marvelous gifts and qualities we mark in Shakespeare when we call him the greatest among men? And shall not these rounded and perfect powers serve us as our ideal of what it is to be a finished human being?

We live for our own age, — an age like Shakespeare's, when an old world is passing away, a new world coming in, — an age of new speculation and every new adventure of the mind; a full stage, an intricate plot, a universal play of passion, an outcome no man can foresee. It is to this world, this sweep of action, that our understandings must be stretched and fitted; it is in this age we must show our human quality. We must measure ourselves by the task, accept the pace set for us, make shift to know what we are about. How free and liberal should be the scale of our sympathy, how catholic our understanding of the world in which we live, how poised and masterful our action in the midst of so great affairs! We should school our ears to know the voices that are genuine, our thought to take the truth when it is spoken, our spirits to feel the zest of the day. It is within our choice to be with mean company or with great, to consort with the wise or with the foolish, now that the great world has spoken to us in the literature of all tongues and voices. The best selected human nature will tell in the making of the future, and the art of being human is the art of freedom and of force.

Woodrow Wilson.

A SOUTHERNER IN THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

I.

I HAD intended to call this study Two Wars, but I was afraid lest I should be under the domination of the title, and an elaborate comparison of the Peloponnesian war and the war between the States would undoubtedly have led to no little sophistication of the facts. Historical parallel bars are usually set up for exhibiting feats of mental agility. The mental agility is often moral suppleness, and nobody expects a critical examination of the parallelism itself. He was not an historian of the first rank, but a phrase-making rhetorician, who is responsible for the current saying, History is philosophy teaching by example. This definition is about as valuable as some of those other definitions that express one art in terms of another: poetry in terms of painting, and painting in terms of poetry. "Architecture is frozen music" does not enable us to understand either perpendicular Gothic or a fugue of Bach; and when an historian defines history in terms of philosophy, or a philosopher philosophy in terms of history, you may be on the lookout for sophistication. Your philosophical historian points his moral by adorning his tale. Your historical philosopher allows no zigzags in the march of his evolution.

In like manner, the attempt to express one war in terms of another is apt to lead to a wresting of facts. No two wars are as like as two peas. Yet as any two marriages in society will yield a certain number of resemblances, so will any two wars in history, whether war itself be regarded as abstract or concrete, — a question that seems to have exercised some grammatical minds, and ought therefore to be settled before any further step is taken in this disquisition, which is the disquisition of a grammarian. Now most persons would pronounce war an abstract, but one excellent manual with which I am acquainted sets it down as a concrete, and I have often thought that the author must have known something practically about war. At all events, to those who have seen the midday sun darkened by burning homesteads, and wheatfields illuminated by stark forms in blue and gray, war is sufficiently concrete. The very first dead soldier one sees, enemy or friend, takes war forever out of the category of abstracts.

When I was a student abroad, American novices used to be asked in jest, "Is this your first ruin?" "Is this your first nightingale?" I am not certain that I can place my first ruin or my first nightingale, but I can recall my first dead man on the battlefield. We were making an advance on the enemy's position near Huttonsville. Nothing, by the way, could have been more beautiful than the plan, which I was privileged to see; and as we neared the objective point, it was a pleasure to watch how column after column, marching by this road and that, converged to the rendezvous. It was as if some huge spider were gathering its legs about the victim. The special order issued breathed a spirit of calm resolution worthy of the general commanding and his troops. Nobody that I remember criticised the tautological expression, "The progress of this army must be forward." We were prepared for a hard fight, for we knew that the enemy was strongly posted. Most of us were to be under fire for the first time, and there was some talk about the chances of the morrow as we lay down to sleep. Moralizing of that sort gets less and less common with experience in the business, and this time the moralizing may have seemed to some premature. But wher-

ever the minié ball sang its diabolical mosquito song there was death in the air, and I was soon to see brought into camp, under a flag of truce, the lifeless body of the heir of Mount Vernon, whose graceful riding I had envied a few days before. However, there was no serious fighting. The advance on the enemy's position had developed more strength in front than we had counted on, or some of the spider's legs had failed to close in. A misleading report had been brought to headquarters. A weak point in the enemy's line had been reinforced. Who knows? The best laid plans are often thwarted by the merest trifles, — an insignificant puddle, a jingling canteen. This game of war is a hit or miss game, after all. A certain fatalism is bred thereby, and it is well to set out with a stock of that article. So our resolute advance became a forced reconnaissance, greatly to the chagrin of the younger and more ardent spirits. We found out exactly where the enemy was, and declined to have anything further to do with him for the time being. But in finding him we had to clear the ground and drive in the pickets. One picket had been posted at the end of a loop in a chain of valleys. The road we followed skirted the base of one range of hills. The house which served as the headquarters of the picket was on the other side. A meadow as level as a board stretched between. I remember seeing a boy come out and catch a horse, while we were advancing. Somehow it seemed to be a trivial thing to do just then. I knew better afterwards. Our skirmishers had done their work, had swept the woods on either side clean, and the pickets had fallen back on the main body; but not all of them. One man, if not more, had only had time to fall dead. The one I saw, the first, was a young man, not thirty, I should judge, lying on his back, his head too low for comfort. He had been killed outright, and there was no distortion of feature. No more peaceful faces than one sees at times on the battlefield, and sudden death, despite the Litany, is not the least enviable exit. In this case there was something like a mild surprise on the countenance. The rather stolid face could never have been very expressive. An unposted letter was found on the dead man's body. It was written in German, and I was asked to interpret it, in case it should contain any important information. There was no important information; just messages to friends and kindred, just the trivialities of camp life.

The man was an invader, and in my eyes deserved an invader's doom. If sides had been changed, he would have been a rebel, and would have deserved a rebel's doom. I was not stirred to the depths by the sight, but it gave me a lesson in grammar, and war has ever been concrete to me from that time on. The horror I did not feel at first grew steadily. "A sweet thing," says Pindar, "is war to those that have not tried it."

II.

Concrete or abstract, there are general resemblances between any two wars, and so war lends itself readily to allegories. Every one has read Bunyan's Holy War. Not every one has read Spangenberg's Grammatical War. It is an ingenious performance, which fell into my hands many years after I had gone forth to see and to feel what war was like. In Spangenberg's Grammatical War the nouns and the verbs are the contending parties. Poeta is king of the nouns, and Amo king of the verbs. There is a regular debate between the two sovereigns. The king of the verbs summons the adverbs to his help, the king of the nouns the pronouns. The camps are pitched, the forces marshaled. The neutral power, participle, is invoked by both parties, but declines to send open assistance to either, hoping that in this contest between noun and verb the third party will acquire the rule over the whole territory of language. After a final summons on the

part of the king of the verbs, and a fierce response from the rival monarch, active hostilities begin. We read of raids and forays. Prisoners are treated with contumely, and their skirts are docked as in the Biblical narrative. Treachery adds excitement to the situation. Skirmishes precede the great engagement, in which the nouns are worsted, though they have come off with some of the spoils of war; and peace is made on terms dictated by Priscian, Servius, and Donatus. Spangenberg's Grammatical War is a not uninteresting, not uninstructive squib, and the salt of it, or saltpetre of it, has not all evaporated after the lapse of some three centuries. There are bits that remind one of the Greco-Turkish war of a few weeks ago.

But there is no military science in Bunyan's Holy War nor in Spangenberg's Grammatical War: why should there be? Practical warfare is rough work. To frighten, to wound, to kill, — these three abide under all forms of military doctrine, and the greatest of these is frightening. Ares, the god of war, has two satellites, Terror and Affright. Fear is the Gorgon's head. The serpents are very real, very effective, in their way, but logically they are unessential tresses. The Gorgon stares you out of countenance, and that suffices. The object is the removal of an obstacle. Killing and wounding are but means to an end. Hand-to-hand fighting is rare, and it would be easy to count the instances in which cavalry meets the shock of cavalry. Crossing sabres is not a common pastime in the red game of war. It makes a fine picture, to be sure, the finer for the rarity of the thing itself.

To frighten, to wound, to kill, being the essential processes, war amounts to the same thing the world over, world of time and world of space. Whether death or disability comes by Belgian ball or Spencer bullet, by the stone of a Balearic slinger, by a bolt from a crossbow, is a matter of detail which need not trouble the philosophic mind, and the ancients showed their sense in ascribing fear to divine inspiration.

If the processes of war are primitive, the causes of war are no less so. It has been strikingly said of late by a Scandinavian scholar that "language was born in the courting-days of mankind: the first utterance of speech [was] something between the nightly love-lyrics of puss upon the tiles and the melodious love-songs of the nightingale." "War, the father of all things," goes back to the same origin as language. The serenade is matched by the battle-cry. The fight between two cock-pheasants for the love of a hen-pheasant is war in its last analysis, in its primal manifestation. Selfish hatred is at the bottom of it. It is the hell-fire to which we owe the heat that is necessary to some of the noblest as to some of the vilest manifestations of human nature. Righteous indignation, sense of injustice, sympathy with the oppressed, consecration to country, fine words all, fine things, but so many of the men who represent these fine things perish. It wrings the heart at a distance of more than thirty years to think of those who have fallen, and love still maintains passionately that they were the best. At any rate, they were among the best, and both sides are feeling the loss to this day, not only in the men themselves, but in the sons that should have been born to them.

Any two wars, then, will yield a sufficient number of resemblances, in killed, wounded, and missing, in the elemental matter of hatred, or, if you choose to give it a milder name, rivalry. These things are of the essence of war, and the manifestations run parallel even in the finer lines. One cock-pheasant finds the drumming of another cock-pheasant a very irritating sound, Chanticleer objects to the note of Chanticleer, and the more articulate human being is rasped by the voice of his neighbor. The Attic did not like the broad Bœotian speech.

Parson Evans's "seese and putter" were the bitterest ingredients in Falstaff's dose of humiliation. "Yankee twang" and "Southern drawl" incited as well as echoed hostility.

Borderers are seldom friends. "An Attic neighbor" is a Greek proverb. Kentucky and Ohio frown at each other across the river. Cincinnati looks down on Covington, and Covington glares at Cincinnati. Aristophanes, in his mocking way, attributes the Peloponnesian war to a kidnapping affair between Athens and Megara. The underground railroad preceded the aboveground railroad in the history of the great American conflict.

There were jealousies enough between Athens and Sparta in the olden times, which correspond to our colonial days, and in the Persian war, which was in a sense the Greek war of independence. In like manner the chronicles of our Revolutionary period show that there was abundance of bad blood between Northern colonies and Southern colonies. The Virginian planter whom all have agreed to make the one national hero was after all a Virginian, and Virginians have not forgotten the impatient utterances of the "imperial man" on the soil of Massachusetts and in the streets of New York. Nobody takes Knickerbocker's History of New York seriously, as owlish historians are wont to take Aristophanes. Why not? We accept the hostility of Attica and Bœotia, of Attica and Megara; and there are no more graphic chapters than those which set forth the enmity between New York and Maryland, between New Amsterdam and Connecticut.

Business is often more potent than blood. Nullification, the forerunner of disunion, rose from a question of tariff. The echoes had not died out when I woke to conscious life. I knew that I was the son of a nullifier, and the nephew of a Union man. It was whispered that our beloved family physician found it prudent to withdraw from the public gaze for a while, and that my uncle's windows were broken by the palmettos of a nullification procession; and I can remember from my boyhood days how unreconciled citizens of Charleston shook their fists at the revenue cutter and its "foreign flag." Such an early experience enables one to understand our war better. It enables one to understand the Peloponnesian war better, the struggle between the union of which Athens was the mistress and the confederacy of which Sparta was the head. Non-intercourse between Athens and Megara was the first stage. The famous Megarian decree of Pericles, which closed the market of Athens to Megarians, gave rise to angry controversy, and the refusal to rescind that decree led to open war. But Megara was little more than a pretext. The subtle influence of Corinth was potent. The great merchant city of Greece dreaded the rise of Athens to dominant commercial importance, and in the conflict between the Corinthian brass and the Attic clay, the clay was shattered. Corinth does not show her hand much in the Peloponnesian war. She figures at the beginning, and then disappears. But the old mole is at work the whole time, and what the Peloponnesians called the Attic war, and the Attics the Peloponnesian war, might have been called the Corinthian war. The exchange, the banking-house, were important factors then as now. "Sinews of war" is a classical expression. The popular cry of "Persian gold" was heard in the Peloponnesian war as the popular cry of "British gold" is heard now.

True, there was no slavery question in the Peloponnesian war, for antique civilization without slavery is hardly thinkable; but after all, the slavery question belongs ultimately to the sphere of economics. The humanitarian spirit, set free by the French Revolution, was at work in the Southern States as in the Northern States, but it was hampered by economic considerations. Virginia, as every one knows, was on the verge of becoming a free State. Colonization flour-

ished in my boyhood. A friend of my father's left him trustee for his "servants," as we called them. They were quartered opposite our house in Charleston, and the pickaninnies were objects of profound interest to the children of the neighborhood. One or two letters came from the emigrants after they reached Liberia. Then silence fell on the African farm.

Some of the most effective anti-slavery reformers were Charlestonians by birth and breeding. I cannot say that Grimké was a popular name, but homage was paid to the talent of Frederick, as I remember only too well, for I had to learn a speech of his by heart, as a schoolboy exercise. But the economic conditions of the South were not favorable to the spread of the ideas represented by the Grimkés. The slavery question kept alive the spirit that manifested itself in the tariff question. State rights were not suffered to slumber. The Southerner resented Northern dictation as Pericles resented Lacedæmonian dictation, and our Peloponnesian war began.

III.

The processes of the two wars, then, were the same, — killing, wounding, frightening. The causes of the two wars resolved themselves into the elements of hatred. The details of the two wars meet at many points; only one must be on one's guard against merely fanciful, merely external resemblances.

In 1860 I spent a few days in Holland, and among my various excursions in that fascinating country I took a solitary trip on a *treckschuit* from Amsterdam to Delft. Holland was so true to Dutch pictures that there was a retrospective delight in the houses and in the people. There was a charm in the very signs, in the names of the villas; for my knowledge of Dutch had not passed beyond the stage at which the Netherlandish tongue seems to be an English-German Dictionary, disguised in strong waters. But the thing that struck me most was the general aspect of the country. Everywhere gates. Nowhere fences. The gates guarded the bridges and the canals were the fences, but the canals and the low bridges were not to be seen at a distance, and the visual effect was that of isolated gates. It was an absurd landscape even after the brain had made the necessary corrections.

In the third year of the war I was not far from Fredericksburg. The country had been stripped, and the forlorn region was a sad contrast to the smug prosperity of Holland. And yet of a sudden the Dutch landscape flashed upon my inward eye, for Spottsylvania, like Holland, was dotted with fenceless gates. The rails of the inclosures had long before gone to feed bivouac fires, but the great gates were too solidly constructed to tempt marauders. It was an absurd landscape, an absurd parallel.

Historical parallels are often no better. When one compares two languages of the same family, the first impression is that of similarity. It is hard for the novice to keep his Italian and his Spanish apart. The later and more abiding impression is that of dissimilarity. A total stranger confounds twins in whom the members of the household find but vague likeness. There is no real resemblance between the two wars we are contemplating outside the inevitable features of all armed conflicts, and we must be on our guard against the sophistication deprecated in the beginning of this study. And yet one coming fresh to a comparison of the Peloponnesian war and the war between the States might see a striking similarity, such as I saw between the Dutch landscape and the landscape in Spottsylvania.

The Peloponnesian war, like our war, was a war between two leagues, a Northern Union and a Southern Confederacy. The Northern Union, represented by Athens, was a naval power. The Southern Confederacy, under the leadership of Sparta, was a land power. The

Athenians represented the progressive element, the Spartans the conservative. The Athenians believed in a strong centralized government. The Lacedæmonians professed greater regard for autonomy. A little ingenuity, a good deal of hardihood, might multiply such futilities indefinitely. In fact, it would be possible to write the story of our Peloponnesian war in phrases of Thucydides, and I should not be surprised if such a task were a regular school exercise at Eton or at Rugby. Why, it was but the other day that Professor Tyrrell, of Dublin, translated a passage from Lowell's Biglow Papers into choice Aristophanese.

Unfortunately, such feats, as I have already said, imperil one's intellectual honesty, and one would not like to imitate the Byzantine historians who were given to similar tricks. One of these gentlemen, Choricius by name, had a seaport to describe. How the actual seaport lay mattered little to Choricius, so long as the Epidamnus of Thucydides was at hand; and if the task of narrating our Peloponnesian war were assigned to the ghost of Choricius, I have no doubt that he would open it with a description of Charleston in terms of Epidamnus. Little matters of topography would not trouble such an one. To the sophist an island is an island, a river a river, a height a height, everywhere. Sphacteria would furnish the model for Morris Island; the Acheloüs would serve indifferently for Potomac or Mississippi, the Epipolæ for Missionary Ridge, Platæa for Vicksburg, the harbor of Syracuse for Hampton Roads; and Thucydides' description of the naval engagement and the watching crowds would be made available for the fight between Merrimac and Monitor.

The debates in Thucydides would be a quarry for the debates in either Congress, as they had been a quarry for centuries of rhetorical historians. And as for the "winged words," why should they have wings if not to flit from character to character? A well-known scholar, at a loss for authentic details as to the life of Pindar, fell back on a lot of apophthegms attributed to his hero, and in so doing maintained the strange doctrine that apophthegms were more to be trusted than any other form of tradition. There could not have been a more hopeless thesis. The general who said that he would burn his coat if it knew his plans has figured in all the wars with which I have been contemporary, was a conspicuous character in the Mexican war, and passed from camp to camp in the war between the States. The *mot*, familiar to the classical scholar, was doubtless attributed in his day to that dashing sheik Chedorlaomer, and will be ascribed to both leaders in the final battle of Armageddon. The hank of yarns told about Socrates is pieced out with tabs and tags borrowed from different periods. I have heard, say, in the afternoon, a good story at the expense of a famous American revival preacher which I had read that morning in the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, and there is a large stock of anecdotes made to screw on and screw off for the special behoof of college presidents and university professors. Why hold up Choricius to ridicule? He was no worse than others of his guild. It was not Choricius, it was another Byzantine historian who conveyed from Herodotus an unsavory retort, over which the unsuspecting Gibbon chuckles in the dark cellar of his notes, where he keeps so much of his high game. The Greek historian of the Roman empire, the Roman historian of every date, are no better, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who has devoted many pages to the arraignment of Thucydides' style, cribs with the utmost composure from the author he has vilipended. Still, we must not set down every coincidence as borrowing. Thucydides himself insists on the recurrence of the same or similar events in a history of which human nature is a constant factor. "Undo this button" is not necessarily a quotation

from King Lear. "There is no way but this" was original with Macaulay, and not stolen from Shakespeare. "Never mind, general, all this has been my fault," are words attributed to General Lee after the battle of Gettysburg. This is very much the language of Gylippus after the failure of his attack on the Athenian lines before Syracuse. How many heroic as well as unheroic natures have had to say "Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."

Situations may recur, sayings may recur, but no characters come back. Nature always breaks her mould. "I could not help muttering to myself," says Coleridge in his Biographia Literaria, "when the good pastor this morning told me that Klopstock was the German Milton 'a very *German* Milton, indeed!!!'" and Coleridge's italics and three exclamation points may answer for all parallelisms. When historical characters get far enough off it may be possible to imitate Plutarch, but only then. Victor Hugo wrote a passionate protest against the execution of John Brown, in which he compared Virginia hanging John Brown with Washington putting Spartacus to death. What Washington would have done with Spartacus can readily be divined. Those who have stood nearest to Grant and Sherman, to Lee and Jackson, the men, fail to see any strong resemblance to leaders in other wars. Nicias, in the Peloponnesian war, whose name means Winfield, has nothing in common with General Scott, whose plan of putting down the rebellion, the "Anaconda Plan," as it was called, bears some resemblance to the scheme of Demosthenes, the Athenian general, for quelling the Peloponnese. Brasidas was in some respects like Stonewall Jackson, but Brasidas was not a Presbyterian elder, nor Stonewall Jackson a cajoling diplomatist.

IV.

This paper is rapidly becoming what life is, — a series of renunciations, — and the reader is by this time sufficiently enlightened as to the reasons why I gave up the ambitious title Two Wars, and substituted A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War. If I were a military man, I might have been tempted to draw some further illustrations from the history of the two struggles, but my short and desultory service in the field does not entitle me to set up as a strategist. I went from my books to the front, and went back from the front to my books, from the Confederate war to the Peloponnesian war, from Lee and Early to Thucydides and Aristophanes. I fancy that I understood my Greek history and my Greek authors better for my experience in the field, but some degree of understanding would have come to me even if I had not stirred from home. For while my home was spared until the month preceding the surrender, every vibration of the great struggle was felt at the foot of the Blue Ridge. We were not too far off to sympathize with the scares at Richmond. There was the Pawnee affair, for instance. Early in the war all Richmond was stirred by the absurd report that the Pawnee was on its way up James River to lay the Confederate capital in ashes, just as all Athens was stirred, in the early part of the Peloponnesian war, by a naval demonstration against the Piræus. The Pawnee war, as it was jocularly called, did not last long. Shot-guns and revolvers, to which the civilian soul naturally resorts in every time of trouble, were soon laid aside, and the only artillery to which the extemporized warriors were exposed was the artillery of jests. Even now survivors of those days recur to the tumultuous excitement of that Pawnee Sunday as among the memorable things of the war, and never without merriment. Perhaps nobody expected serious resistance to be made by the clergymen and the department clerks and the business men who armed themselves for the fray. Home guards were familiar butts on both

sides of the line, but home guards have been known to die in battle, and death in battle is supposed to be rather tragic than otherwise. Nor is the tragedy made less tragic by the age of the combatant. The ancients thought a young warrior dead something fair to behold. To Greek poet and Roman poet alike an aged warrior is a pitiable spectacle. No one is likely to forget Virgil's Priam, Tyrtæus' description of an old soldier on the field of battle came up to me more than once, and there is stamped forever on my mind the image of one dying Confederate, "with white hair and hoary beard, breathing out his brave soul in the dust" on the western bank of the fair Shenandoah. Yet a few weeks before, that same old Confederate, as a member of the awkward squad, would have been a legitimate object of ridicule; and so the heroes of the Pawnee war, the belted knights, or knights who would have been belted could belts have been found for their civic girth, were twitted with their heroism.

But our scares were not confined to scares that came from Richmond. One cavalry raid came up to our very doors, and Custer and his men were repelled by a handful of reserve artillerymen. Our home guard was summoned more than once to defend Rockfish Gap, and I remember one long summer night spent as a mounted picket on the road to Palmyra. Every battle in that "dancing ground of war" brought to the great Charlottesville hospital sad reinforcements of wounded men. Crutch-races between one-legged soldiers were organized, and there were timber-toe quadrilles and one-armed cotillons. Out of the shelter of the Blue Ridge it was easy enough to get into the range of bullets. A semblance of college life was kept up at the University of Virginia. The students were chiefly maimed soldiers and boys under military age; but when things grew hot in front, maimed soldiers would edge nearer to the hell of battle and the boys would rush off to the game of powder and ball. One little band of these college boys chose an odd time for their baptism of fire, and were put into action during the famous fight of "the bloody angle." From the night when word was brought that the Federals had occupied Alexandria to the time when I hobbled into the provost marshal's office at Charlottesville and took the oath of allegiance, the war was part of my life, and it is not altogether surprising that the memories of the Confederacy come back to me whenever I contemplate the history of the Peloponnesian war, which bulks so largely in all Greek studies. And that is all this paper really means. It belongs to the class of inartistic performances of which Aristotle speaks so slightingly. It has no unity except the accidental unity of person. A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War has no more artistic right to be than A Girl in the Carpathians or A Scholar in Politics, and yet it may serve as a document. But what will not serve as a document to the modern historian? The historian is no longer the poor creature described by Aristotle. He is no annalist, no chronicler. He is not dragged along by the mechanical sequence of events. "The master of them that know" did not know everything. He did not know that history was to become as plastic as poetry, as dramatic as a play.

V.

The war was a good time for the study of the conflict between Athens and Sparta. It was a great time for reading and re-reading classical literature generally, for the South was blockaded against new books as effectively, almost, as Megara was blockaded against garlic and salt. The current literature of those three or four years was a blank to most Confederates. Few books got across the line. A vigorous effort was made to supply our soldiers with Bibles and parts of the Bible, and large consignments ran the blockade. Else little came from abroad, and

few books were reprinted in the Confederacy. Of these I recall especially Bulwer's Strange Story; Victor Hugo's Les Misérables, popularly pronounced "Lee's Miserables;" and the historical novels of Louise Mühlbach, known to the Confederate soldier as "Lou Mealbag." All were eagerly read, but Cosette and Fantine and Joseph the Second would not last forever, and we fell back on the old stand-bys. Some of us exhumed neglected treasures, and I remember that I was fooled by Bulwer's commendation of Charron into reading that feebler Montaigne. The Southerner, always conservative in his tastes and no great admirer of American literature, which had become largely alien to him, went back to his English classics, his ancient classics. Old gentlemen past the military age furbished up their Latin and Greek. Some of them had never let their Latin and Greek grow rusty. When I was serving on General Gordon's staff, I met at Millwood, in Clarke County, a Virginian of the old school who declaimed with fiery emphasis, in the original, choice passages of Demosthenes' tirade against Æschines. Not Demosthenes himself could have given more effective utterance to "Hearest thou, Æschines?" I thought of my old friend again not so very long ago, when I read the account that the most brilliant of modern German classicists gives of his encounter with a French schoolmaster at Beauvais in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, and of the heated discussion that ensued about the comparative merits of Euripides and Racine. The bookman is not always killed in a man by service in the field. True, Lachmann dropped his Propertius to take up arms for his country, but Reisig annotated his Aristophanes in camp, and everybody knows the story of Courier, the soldier Hellenist. But the tendency of life in the open air is to make the soul imbody and imbrute, and after a while one begins to think scholarship a disease, or, at any rate, a bad habit; and the Scythian nomad, or, if you choose, the Texan cowboy, seems to be the normal, healthy type. You put your Pickering Homer in your kit. It drops out by reason of some sudden change of base, and you do not mourn as you ought to do. The fact is you have not read a line for a month. But when the Confederate volunteer returned, let us say, from Jack's Shop or some such homely locality, and opened his Thucydides, the old charm came back with the studious surroundings, and the familiar first words renewed the spell.

"Thucydides of Athens wrote up the war of the Peloponnesians and Athenians." "The war of the Peloponnesians and Athenians" is a somewhat lumbering way of saying "the Peloponnesian war." But Thucydides never says "the Peloponnesian war." Why not? Perhaps his course in this matter was determined by a spirit of judicial fairness. However that may be, either he employs some phrase like the one cited, or he says "this war" as we say "the war," as if there were no other war on record. "Revolutionary war," "war of 1812," "Seminole war," "Mexican war," — all these run glibly from our tongues, but we also lumber when we wish to be accurate. The names of wars, like the names of diseases, are generally put off on the party of the other part. We say "French and Indian war" without troubling ourselves to ask what the French and Indians called it, but "Northern war" and "Southern war" were never popular designations. "The war between the States," which a good many Southerners prefer, is both bookish and inexact. "Civil war" is an utter misnomer. It was used and is still used by courteous people, the same people who are careful to say "Federal" and "Confederate." "War of the rebellion," which begs the very question at issue, has become the official designation of the struggle, but has found no acceptance with the vanquished. To this day no Southerner uses

it except by way of quotation, as in Rebellion Record, and even in the North it was only by degrees that "reb" replaced "secesh." "Secession" was not a word with which to charm the "old-line Whigs" of the South. They would fight the battles of the secessionists, but they would not bear their name. "The war of secession" is still used a good deal in foreign books, but it has no popular hold. "The war," without any further qualification, served the turn of Thucydides and Aristophanes for the Peloponnesian war. It will serve ours, let it be hoped, for some time to come.

VI.

A Confederate commentary on Thucydides, projected on the scale of the remarks just made on the name of the war, would outrun the lines of this study and the pages of this magazine. Let us pass from Thucydides to the other contemporary chronicler who turns out some sides of the "Doric war" about which Thucydides is silent. The antique Clio gathers up her robe and steps tiptoe over rubbishy details that are the delight of the comic poet and the modern Muse of History. Thucydides, it is true, gives us a minute account of the plague. That was a subject which commended itself to his saturnine spirit, and in his description he deigns to speak of the "stuffy cabooses" into which the country people were crowded when the Lacedæmonians invaded Attica. But when Aristophanes touches the same chapter, he goes into picturesque details about the rookeries and the wine-jars inhabited by the newcomers. Diogenes' jar, commonly misnamed a tub, was no invention, and I have known less comfortable quarters than the hogshead which I occupied for a day or two in one of my outings during the war.

The plague was too serious a matter for even Aristophanes to make fun of, and the annalist of the war between the States will not find any parallel in the chronicles of the South. There was no such epidemic as still shows its livid face in the pages of Thucydides and the verses of Lucretius. True, some diseases of which civic life makes light proved to be veritable scourges in camp. Measles was especially fatal to the country-bred, and for abject misery I have never seen anything like those cases of measles in which nostalgia had supervened. Nostalgia, which we are apt to sneer at as a doctor's name for homesickness, and to class with cachexy and borborygmus, was a power for evil in those days, and some of our finest troops were thinned out by it, notoriously the North Carolinians, whose attachment to the soil of their State was as passionate as that of any Greeks, ancient or modern, Attic or Peloponnesian.

But the frightful mortality of the camp does not strike the imagination so forcibly as does the carnage of the battlefield, and no layman cares to analyze hospital reports and compare the medical with the surgical history of the war. Famine, the twin evil of pestilence, is not so easily forgotten, and the dominant note of Aristophanes, hunger, was the dominant note of life in the Confederacy, civil as well as military. The Confederate soldier was often on short rations, but the civilian was not much better off. I do not mean those whose larders were swept by the besom of the invaders. "Not a dust of flour, not an ounce of meat, left in the house," was not an uncommon cry along the line of march; but it was heard elsewhere, and I remember how I raked up examples of European and Asiatic frugality with which to reinforce my editorials and hearten my readers, — the scanty fare of the French peasant, the raw oatmeal of the Scotch stone-cutter, the flinty bread of the Swiss mountaineer, the Spaniard's cloves of garlic, the Greek's handful of olives, and the Hindoo's handful of rice. The situation was often gayly accepted. The not infrequent proclamation of fast-days always served as a text for mutual banter, and starvation-parties were the

rule, social gatherings at which apples were the chief refreshment. Strange streaks of luxury varied this dead level of scant and plain fare. The stock of fine wines, notably madeiras, for which the South was famous, did not all go to the hospitals. Here and there provident souls had laid in boxes of tea and bags of coffee that carried them through the war, and the chief outlay was for sugar, which rose in price as the war went on, until it almost regained the poetical character it bore in Shakespeare's time. Sugar, tea, and coffee once compassed, the daintiness of old times occasionally came back, and I have been assured by those who brought gold with them that Richmond was a paradise of cheap and good living during the war, just as the United States will be for foreigners when our currency becomes as abundant as it was in the last years of the Confederacy. Gresham's law ought to be called Aristophanes' law. In all matters pertaining to the sphere of civic life, merry Aristophanes is of more value than sombre Thucydides, and if the gospel of peace which he preaches is chiefly a variation on the theme of something to eat, small blame to him. Critics have found fault with the appetite of Odysseus as set forth by Homer. No Confederate soldier will subscribe to the censure, and there are no scenes in Aristophanes that appeal more strongly to the memory of the Southerner, civilian or soldier, than those in which the pinch of war makes itself felt.

Farmers and planters made their moan during the Confederacy, and doubtless they had much to suffer. "Impressment" is not a pleasant word at any time, and the tribute that the countryman had to yield to the defense of the South was ruinous, — the indirect tribute as well as the direct. The farmers of Virginia were much to be pitied. Their houses were filled with refugee kinsfolk; wounded Confederates preferred the private house to the hospital. Hungry soldiers, and soldiers who forestalled the hunger of weeks to come, laid siege to larder, smoke-house, spring-house. Pay, often tendered, was hardly ever accepted. The cavalryman was perhaps a trifle less welcome than the infantryman, because of the capacious horse and the depleted corn-bin, but few were turned away. Yet there was the liberal earth, and the farmer did not starve, as did the wretched civilian whose dependence was a salary, which did not advance with the rising tide of the currency. The woes of the war clerks in Richmond and of others are on record, and important contributions have been made to the economical history of the Confederate States. I will not draw on these stores. I will only tell of what I have lived, as demanded by the title of this paper. The income of the professors of the University of Virginia was nominally the same during the war that it was before, but the purchasing power of the currency steadily diminished. If it had not been for a grant of woodland, we should have frozen as well as starved during the last year of the war, when the quest of food had become a serious matter. In our direst straits we had not learned to dispense with household service, and the household servants were never stinted of their rations, though the masters had to content themselves with the most meagre fare. The farmers, generous enough to the soldiers, were not overconsiderate of the non-combatants. Often the only way of procuring our coarse food was by making contracts to be paid after the war in legal currency, and sometimes payment in gold was exacted. The contracts were not always kept, and the unfortunate civilian had to make new contracts at an enhanced price. Before my first campaign in 1861, I had bought a little gold and silver, for use in case of capture, and if it had not been for that precious hoard I might not be writing this sketch. But despite the experience of the airy gentlemen who alighted in Richmond during the war, even gold and

silver would not always work wonders. Bacon and corned beef in scant measure were the chief of our diet, and not always easy to procure. I have ridden miles and miles, with silver in my palm, seeking daintier food for the women of my household, but in vain. There was nothing to do except to tighten one's belt, and to write editorials showing up the selfishness of the farming class and prophesying the improvement of the currency.

No wonder, then, that with such an experience a bookish Confederate should turn to the Aristophanic account of the Peloponnesian war with sympathetic interest. The Athenians, it is true, were not blockaded as we were, and the Athenian beaux and belles were not reduced to the straits that every Confederate man, assuredly every Confederate woman, can remember. Our blockade-runners could not supply the demands of our population. We went back to first principles. Thorns were for pins, and dogwood sticks for toothbrushes. Rag-bags were ransacked. Impossible garments were made possible. Miracles of turning were performed, not only in coats, but even in envelopes. Whoso had a dress coat gave it to his womankind in order to make the body of a riding-habit. Dainty feet were shod in home-made foot-gear which one durst not call shoes. Fairy fingers which had been stripped of jeweled rings wore bone circlets carved by idle soldiers. There were no more genuine tears than those which flowed from the eyes of the Southern women resident within the Federal lines when they saw the rig of their kinswomen, at the cessation of hostilities. And all this grotesqueness, all this dilapidation, was shot through by specimens of individual finery, by officers who had brought back resplendent uniforms from beyond seas, by heroines who had engineered themselves and their belongings across the Potomac.

Of all this the scholar found nothing in the records of the Peloponnesian war. The women of Megara may have suffered, but hardly the Corinthian women; and the Athenian dames and damsels were as particular about their shoes and their other cordwainer's wares as ever. The story that Socrates and his wife had but one upper garment between them is a stock joke, as I have shown elsewhere. "Who first started the notable jest it is impossible, at this distance of time, to discover, just as it is impossible to tell whose refined wit originated the conception of the man who lies abed while his solitary shirt is in the wash." The story was intended to illustrate, not the scarcity of raiment in the Peloponnesian war, but the abundance of philosophy in the Socratic soul. All through that war the women of Athens seem to have had as much finery as was good for them. The pinch was felt at other points, and there the Confederate sympathy was keen.

In The Acharnians of Aristophanes, the hero, Dicæopolis, makes a separate peace on his individual account with the Peloponnesians and drives a brisk trade with the different cantons, the enthusiasm reaching its height when the Bœotian appears with his ducks and his eels. This ecstasy can best be understood by those who have seen the capture of a sutler's wagon by hungry Confederates; and the fantastic vision of a separate peace became a sober reality at many points on the lines of the contending parties. The Federal outposts twitted ours with their lack of coffee and sugar; ours taunted the Federals with their lack of tobacco. Such gibes often led, despite the officers, to friendly interchange. So, for instance, a toy-boat which bore the significant name of a parasite familiar to both sides made regular trips across the Rappahannock after the dire struggle at Fredericksburg, and promoted international exchange between "Yank" and "Johnny Reb." The day-dream of Aristophanes became a sober certainty.

The war was not an era of sweetness and light. Perhaps sugar was the article most missed. Maple sugar was of

too limited production to meet the popular need. Sorghum was a horror then, is a horror to remember now. It set our teeth on edge and clawed off the coats of our stomachs. In the army sugar was doled out by pinches, and from the tables of most citizens it was banished altogether. There were those who solaced themselves with rye coffee and sorghum molasses regardless of ergot and acid, but nobler souls would not be untrue to their gastronomic ideal. Necessity is one thing, mock luxury another. If there had been honey enough, we should have been on the antique basis; for honey was the sugar of antiquity, and all our cry for sugar was but an echo of the cry for honey in the Peloponnesian war. Honey was then, as it is now, one of the chief products of Attica. It is not likely that the Peloponnesians took the trouble to burn over the beds of thyme that gave Attic honey its peculiar flavor, but the Peloponnesians would not have been soldiers if they had not robbed every beehive on the march; and, sad to relate, the Athenians must have been forced to import honey. When Dicæopolis makes the separate peace mentioned above, he gets up a feast of good things, and there is a certain unction in the tone with which he orders the basting of sausage-meat with honey, as one should say mutton and currant jelly. In The Peace, when War appears and proceeds to make a salad, he says, —

"I 'll pour some Attic honey in."

Whereupon Trygæus cries out, —

"Ho, there, I warn you use some other honey.
Be sparing of the Attic. That costs sixpence."

Attic honey has the ring of New Orleans molasses; "those molasses," as the article was often called, with an admiring plural of majesty.

But a Confederate student, like the rest of his tribe, could more readily renounce sweetness than light, and light soon became a serious matter. The American demands a flood of light, and wonders at the English don who pursues his investigations by the glimmer of two candles. It was hard to go back to primitive tallow dips. Lard might have served, but it was too precious to be used in lamps. The new devices were dismal, such as the vile stuff called terebene, which smoked and smelt more than it illuminated, such as the wax tapers which were coiled round bottles that had seen better days. Many preferred the old way, and read by flickering pine-knots, which cost many an old reader his eyes.

Now, tallow dips, lard, wax tapers, terebene, pine-knots, were all represented in the Peloponnesian war by oil. Oil, one of the great staples of Attica, became scarcer as the war went on. "A bibulous wick" was a sinner against domestic economy; to trim a lamp and hasten combustion was little short of a crime. Management in the use of oil — otherwise considered the height of niggardliness — was the rule, and could be all the more readily understood by the Confederate student when he reflected that oil was the great lubricant as well; that it was the Attic butter, and to a considerable extent the Attic soap. Under the Confederacy butter mounted to the financial milky way, not to be scaled of ordinary men, and soap was also a problem. Modern chemists have denied the existence of true soap in antiquity. The soap-suds that got into the eyes of the Athenian boy on the occasion of his Saturday-night scrubbing were not real soap-suds, but a kind of lye used for desperate cases. The oil-flask was the Athenian's soap-box. No wonder, then, that oil was exceeding precious in the Peloponnesian war, and no wonder that all these little details of daily hardship come back even now to the old student when he reopens his Aristophanes. No wonder that the ever present Peloponnesian war will not suffer him to forget those four years in which the sea of trouble rose higher and higher.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

II.

Swift began his correspondence with his friend with such briskness that his first thirteen letters were written within a period of little more than ten months. We are now coming to a great gap; for in the next three years he wrote but twice, — once to Mrs. Chetwode after her husband had left for England, and once to Mr. Chetwode himself at an address in London. After this, we have not a single letter between December 17, 1715, and September 2, 1718, when we find Chetwode once more in London. In the interval he had been out of the country. I am informed by the present owner of Woodbrooke that "he was a great Jacobite, and found it well to spend a good deal of his time abroad. In the library here, there are many books bought by him in different foreign towns." If on his travels he heard from Swift, it is likely enough that on his way home he destroyed the letters, for fear of bringing his friend into trouble. So strict was the search after Jacobite papers that the coffin of Bishop Atterbury, who died in France, was opened when it reached England, in the expectation that in it would be found treasonable correspondence.

XIV.

[TO MRS. CHETWODE.]

Oct. 7. 1715.

Madam, — I find you are resolved to feed me wherever I am. I am extremely obliged to your Care and Kindness, but know not how to return it other wise than by my Love and Esteem for you. I had one Letter from M^{r} Chetwode from Chester, but it came late, and he talked of staying there onely a Week. If I knew where to write to him I would. I said a good deal to him before he went. And I believe he will keep out of harms way in these troublesome Times. God knows what will become of us all. I intend when the Parl^{mt} [Parliament] meets here, to retire some where into the Country: Pray God bless and protect you, and your little fire side: believe me to be Ever with true Esteem

Madam

Your most obed^{t} humble Serv^{t}

J. Swift.

How troublesome these times were Swift shows in a letter written a little later. The Parliament sitting in Dublin had passed a bill authorizing the government "to imprison whom they please for three months, without any trial or examination. I expect," continues Swift, "to be among the first of those upon whom this law will be executed. I am gathering up a thousand pounds, and intend to finish my life upon the interest of it in Wales." Of the Irish Parliament he always spoke with scorn. He described the members as "those wretches here who call themselves a parliament. They imitate the English Parliament after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature." When they met in 1735, he wrote, "I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals."

XV.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr. at ye Pell-Mell Coffee House in Pell-Mell — London.]

Decr. 17. 1715.

I have had 3 Lett^{rs} [Letters] from you, one from Chester, another round a Printed Paper, and the 3rd of the 6th instant: The first I could not answer for it came late, and you s^{d} you were to leave Chester in a week, neither did I know how to direct to you till y^{r} 2nd came, and that was so soon followed by the 3rd that

now I answer both together. I have been miserably ill of a cruell cold, beyond the common pains and so as to threaten me with ill consequences upon my health: else you should have heard from me 3 weeks sooner. I have been 10 days and am still at M^r^ Grattan's 4 miles from the Town, to recover myself; and am now in a fair way — I like the Verses well. Some of them are very well tho' ag^st^ my Friends: but I am positive The Town is out in their Guess of the Author. I wonder how you came to see the Dr—n [Dragon] for I am told none of his nearest Relations have that Liberty, nor any but his Sollicitors. Had I been directed to go over some months ago, I might have done it, because I would gladly have been serviceable but now I can not: and agree with you and my other Friends that I am safer here. I am curious to know how he carryes himself, whether he is still easy and intrepid: whether he thinks he shall lose his Head, or whether it is generally thought so — I find you have ferreted me out in my little private Acquaintance, but that must be Entre nous. The best of it is you cannot trace them all. My Service to them, and say I give a great deal to be among you. I do not understand the Rebus, I would apply it to myself, but then what means *narrow in flight?* I am sorry at heart for poor Ben: He had in his Life been so Splenetick that it was past a Jest: He should ride, and live in the Country and leave of his Trade, for he is rich enough. As much as I hate News, I hear it in spight of me, not being able to govern the Tongues of y^r^ Favorite and some others; we are here in horrible Fears, and make the Rebells ten times more powerfull and the Discontents greater than I hope they really are, Nay 'tis said the Pretender is landed or landing with L^d^ [Lord] knows how many thousands. I always knew my Friend M^r^ Attorney would be as great as he could in all changes. When Cole of the Oaks comes to Town assure him of my humble Service and that when Storms are over I will pass some time with his Leave among his Plantations. Dame Plyant and I have had some Commerce, but I have not been able to go there, by foolish Impediments of Business here. She has been in pain about not hearing from you. I lately heard your Boys were well. The Baron called to see me here in the Country yesterday, and s^d^ you had lately writt to him. There is one period in y^r^ Letter very full of kind Expressions, all to introduce an ugly Suspicion of Somebody that told you I know not what. I had no Acquaintance with you at all till I came last to this Kingdom: and tis odd if I should then give my self the Liberty of speaking to y^r^ Disadvantage. Since that time you have used me so well, that it would be more than odd if I gave myself that Liberty. But I tell you one thing, that when you are mentioned by my self or any body else, I presently add some Expressions, that he must be a rude Beast indeed who would lessen you before me, so far am I from doing it myself; and I should avoid it more to you than another, because you are a man anxious to be informed, and have more of Punctilio and Suspicion than I could wish. I would say thus much to few men. Because generally I expect to be trusted, and scorn to defend my self; and the Dr—n thought it the best Compliment to him he ever heard, when I said I did not value what I s^d^ to him, nor what I s^d^ of him. So much upon this scurvy Subject. You may direct to S. H. at M^rs^ Holt's over ag^st^ the Church in Brides Street. The Parl^mt^ here are as mad as you could desire them; all of different Partyes are used like Jacobites and Dogs. All Conversation with different Principles is dangerous and Troublesome. Honest People get into Corners, and are as merry as they can. We are as loyall as our Enemyes, but they will not allow us to be so — If what they s^d^ were true, they would be quickly

undone: Pray keep y^{r}self out of harms way: 'Tis the best part a private man can take unless his Fortune be desperate or unless he has at least a fair Hazzard for mending the Publick. My humble Service to a much prouder man than my self; I mean y^{r} Uncle. D^{r} Pr—— shewed me a Letter from you about 3 weeks ago: He is well I suppose for I am a private country Gentleman, and design to be so some days longer. Believe me to be ever with great Truth and Esteem y^{rs} etc.

I direct to the Pell Mell Coffee house, because you mention changing Lodgings.

"The Dragon was Lord Treasurer Oxford, so called by the Dean by contraries; for he was the mildest, wisest and best minister that ever served a prince." He was at this time a prisoner in the Tower.

"Poor Ben" was perhaps the bookseller, Benjamin Motte, who published Gulliver's Travels. He corresponded with Swift.

When the dean writes, "we are here in horrible Fears," by "we" he means the Protestants. In Ireland, when he speaks of "the nation," he always means the English settlers. In all his writings it would not be easy to find a passage where he shows any strong feeling for the Roman Catholic Irish; in this he was like other Englishmen. "The English," he wrote, "know little more of Ireland than they do of Mexico; further than that it is a country subject to the King of England, full of bogs, inhabited by wild Irish papists, who are kept in awe by mercenary troops; and their general opinion is, that it were better for England if the whole island were sunk into the sea." Even the Protestant Irish were slighted. To a friend who sent him an account of a "mayor squabble" in Dublin he wrote back from London, "We regard it as much here as if you sent us an account of your little son playing at cherry stones."

XVI.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr at Mr Took's shop, at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleet-street. London.]

DUBLIN. *Sept* 2*d*. 1718.

I received your first of Aug 13^{h} when I was just leaving Galstown — from whence I went to a Visitation at Trim. I saw Dame. I stayd two days at Laracor, then 5 more at a Friends, and came thence to this Town, and was going to answer y^{r} Lett. [your Letter] when I received the 2nd of Aug 23rd. I find it is the opinion of y^{r} Friends that you should let it be known as publickly here as can be done, without overacting, that you are come to London, and intend soon for Ireland, and since you have sett [? let] Woodbrooke I am clearly of opinion that you should linger out some time at Trim, under the notion of staying some time in order to settle; you can be conveniently enough lodged there for a time, and live agreably and cheap enough, and pick up rent as you are able; but I am utterly opposite to your getting into a Figure all on a Sudden, because every body must needs know that travelling would not but be very expensive to you, together with a scattered Family, and such conduct will be reckoned prudent and discreet, especially in you whose Mind is not altogether suited to y^{r} Fortune. And therefore tho' I have room enough in an empty Coach-house w^{h} is at y^{r} service yet I wish you would spare the Expences, and in return you shall fill the Coach-house with anything else you please. — I fear you will return with great contempt for Irel^{d} where yet we live tolerably quiet, and our enemyes seem to let us alone mearly out of wearyness. It was not my fault that I was not in Engl^{d} last June, — I doubt you will make a very uneasy Change from Dukes to Irish Squires and Parsons, wherein you are less happy than I, who never loved great company, when it was most in my Power, and now I hate every thing with a Title except my Books,

and even in those the shorter the Title the better — And (you must begin on the other side for I began this Letter the wrong Way) whenever you talk to me of Regents or Grandees I will repay you with Passages of Jack Grattan and Dan Jackson: I am the onely man in this Kingdom who is not a Politician, and therefore I onely keep such Company as will suffer me to suspend their Politicks and this brings my Conversation into very narrow Bounds. Jo Beaumont is my Oracle for publick Affairs in the country, and an old Presbyterian Woman in Town. I am quite a Stranger to all Schemes and have almost forgot the difference between Whig and Tory, and thus you will find me when you come over — Adieu. My true love to Ben —

There are passages in this letter which greatly strengthen the suspicion that Chetwode had been plotting among the Jacobites abroad. He had, we read, to make a "change from Dukes to Irish Squires," and his talk was likely to run on "Regents or Grandees." He would have visited the Duke of Ormond, who by the help of a lady of great beauty, but easy morals, vainly hoped to win over the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, to the Pretender's cause. He would have passed on to Spain, where Cardinal Alberoni, the prime minister, was scheming to send an expedition to Scotland under Ormond's command. He had scarcely set foot in England when the news arrived of the sea-fight off Sicily between an English and a Spanish squadron, described by an English captain in the briefest of dispatches: "Sir, we have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships which were upon the coast; the number as per margin."

When Swift says that he is not a politician, it is true of this period of his life. During almost six years after his return to Ireland he kept his resolution of not meddling at all with public affairs. In the following lines he expresses the contempt he felt not only for Irish squires, but also for Irish lords: —

> "In exile with a steady heart
> He spent his life's declining part;
> Where folly, pride and faction sway,
> Remote from St. John, Pope and Gay.
> His friendships there to few confined
> Were always of the middling kind;
> No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
> Who fain would pass for lords indeed;
> Where titles give no right or power,
> And peerage is a withered flower;
> He would have held it a disgrace
> If such a wretch had known his face.
> On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
> He vented oft his wrath in vain."

That he "never loved great company" even in London he thus boasts: —

> "He never thought an honour done him,
> Because a duke was proud to own him;
> Would rather slip aside and choose
> To talk with wits in dirty shoes."

XVII.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr to be left at Mr Took's shop at the middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet London.]

DUBLIN. *Novr* 25. 1718.

I have had your Letters, but have been hindred from writing by the illness of my head, and eyes, which still afflict me. I have not been these five months in the Country, but the People from Trim tell me that yours are all well.

I do not apprehend much consequence from what you mention about Informations etc. I suppose it will fall to nothing by Time — You have been so long in the grand monde that you find it difficult to get out. I fear you mistook it for a Compliment, when you interpret something that I said as if you had a Spirit above your Fortune. I hardly know anybody but what has the same, and it is a more difficult Virtue to have a Spirit below our Fortune, which I am endeavouring as much as I can, and differ so far from you, that instead of conversing with Lords (if any Lord here would descend to converse with me) that I wholly shun them for People of my own Level, or below it, and I find Life

much easyer by doing so; but you are younger and see with other eyes. The Epigram you mention is but of two Lines. I have done with those Things. I desired a young Gentleman to paraphrase it, and I do not much like his Performance, but if he mends it I will send it to Ben, not to you — I think to go soon into the Country for some weeks for my Health, but not towards Trim I believe — M^r^ Percivall is dead and so is poor Parvisol. This is a bad Country to write news from Ld Archibald Hamilton is going to be marryed to one Lady Hamilton the best match in this Kingdom — Remember me to Ben and John when you see them — Neither my Head nor Eyes will Suffer me to write more, nor if they did have I anything materiall to add but that I am y^r^ &c.

"Poor Parvisol" had been Swift's tithe-agent at Laracor. Of him he had written, four years earlier: "Such a rascal deserves nothing more than rigorous justice. He has imposed upon my easiness, and that is what I never will forgive. I beg you will not do the least thing in regard to him but merely for my interest, as if I were a Jew, and let who will censure me."

XVIII.

[To Knightley Chetwode Esqr at his House at Woodbrooke near Portarlington.]

DUBLIN. *Apr 29th* 1721.

S^r^, — Your Servant brought your Lett^r^ when I was abroad, and promised to come next morning at 8 but never called: so I answer it by Post; you have been horribly treated, but it is a common Calamity. Do you remember a Passage in a Play of Molière's Mais qu Diable avoit il à faire dans cette Galère? What had you to do among such company? I shew'd your Lettr yesterday to the A. Bp. [Archbishop] as you desire: I mean I read the greatest Part to him — He is of opinion you should take the Oaths; and then complain to the Govern^t^ [Government] if you thought fit. But I believe neither — nor any body can expect you would have much Satisfaction — considering how such complaints are usually received. For my own Part I do not see any Law of God or Man forbidding us to give security to the Powers that be: and private men are not [to] trouble themselves about Titles to Crowns, whatever may be their particular Opinions. The Abjuration is understood as the Law stands; and as the Law stands, none has Title to the Crown but the present Possessor; By this Argument more at length, I convinced a young Gentleman of great Parts and Virtue; and I think I could defend my self by all the Duty of a Christian to take Oaths to any Prince in Possession. For the word Lawfull, means according to present Law in force; and let the Law change ever so often, I am to act according to Law; provided it neither offends Faith nor Morality. You will find a sickly man when you come to Town; and you will find all Partyes and Persons out of humour; I envy your Employm^ts^ of improving Bogs; and yet I envy few other Employments: present my humble service to M^rs^ Chetwode and believe me to be, ever, sincerely yours &c.

Swift was thinking of the passage in Les Fourberies de Scapin where the father exclaims, "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" "I forsook the world and French at the same time," the dean writes on December 5 of this year. His French seems to have forsaken him when he wrote "qu" for "que." "He was," says John Forster, "accomplished in French." Sir William Temple more justly said of him that "he has Latin and Greek, some French."

High Churchman though he was, he cared nothing for the divine right of kings. "I always declared myself," he wrote, "against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have

by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law, and secondly as it has much weight in the opinions of the people."

When he wrote to Chetwode, "I envy your Employm^{ts} of improving Bogs," this was no passing caprice. Into the mouth of the king of Brobdingnag he put sentiments which he really felt, when he made him say that "whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

XIX.

[Indorsed by Chetwode, "upon ye Subject of my quarrell with Coll. —— at Maryborough Assizes."]

DUBLIN. *May* 9. 1721.

S^{R}, — I did not answer your last because I would take time to consider it I told the Ar. B^{p} what you had done, that you had taken the Oaths &c. and then I mentioned the Fact about Wall who brought a Challenge &c. tho you do not tell from whom: and whether you should apply to have him put out of the Commission; the A. B^{p} said he thought you ought to let the matter rest a while, and when you have done so, and get your Materialls ready and that it appears not to be a sudden Heat, he did hope the Chancell^{r} would do you Justice.

As to the Business of Sandis going about for hands I know not what to say. That was rather a Scoundrell than an illegal Thing, and probably will be thought merit and zeal rather than a Fault; I take your Part to be onely despising it; as you ought to do the Bravery of his Brother, and his manner of celebrating it; For my own Part (and I do not say it as a Divine) there is nothing I have greater contempt for than what is usually stiled Bravery, which really consists in never giving just offence, and yet by a generall Demeanour make it appear that we do not want Courage, though our Hand is not every Hour at our Hilt — I believe your Courage has never been suspected, and before I knew you I had heard you were rather much too warm, and you may take what Sandis said, as a Compl^{mt} that his Brother's Bravery appeared by venturing to quarrell with you.

You are to know that few persons have less Credit with the present Powers than the A. B^{p} and therefore the Redress you are to expect must be from the justice of those who have it in their way to do you right; I mean those at the Helm or rather who have their little finger at the helm, which however is enough for your use, if they will but apply it; But in great Matters of Governm^{t} the Ld. L^{t} [Lord Lieutenant] does all, and these Folks can not make a Vicar or an ensign.

I am y^{r} &c. J. S.

My humble Service to y^{r} Lady.

The name of the colonel with whom Knightley Chetwode quarreled I have omitted at the request of the present owner of Woodbrooke.

Thomas Sheridan, writing of Dublin a few years earlier than the date of Swift's letter, says, "At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with such violence as in that city, insomuch that duels were every day fought there on that score."

XX.

[Indorsed, "Swift dated at Dublin. June 10. 1721 the A. Bishop's and his own opinion of the Prosecution agst me."]

DUBLIN. *June* 10*th* 1721.

S^{R}, — I received both your Letters, and the Reason why I did not answer the first was because I thought I had said all I had to say upon the occasion, both as to the A. B^{p}'s opinion and my own, but if that reason had not been sufficient there was another and a Better, or rather a Worse ffor I have been this last Fort-

night as miserable as a Man can possibly be with an Ague, and after vomiting sweeting and Jesuits Bark, I got out to Day, but have been since my beginning to recover, so seized with a Daily Headake, that I am but a very scurvy recovered Man: I suppose you may write to the Chancell[r] and tell him the full story, and leave the rest to him.

As to your Building I can onely advise you to ask advice, to go on slowly, and to have your House on Paper before you put it into Lime and Stone. I design in a very few Days to go somewhere into the Country, perhaps to Gallstown, I have been 7 years getting a Horse and have lost 100[lb] by buying without Success; Sheridan has got his Horses again — and I recovered one that my Serv[t] had lost — Everybody can get Horses but I; There is a Paper called Mist come out, just before May 29[th] terribly Severe: It is not here to be had; the Printer was called before the Commons — it apply [? applied] Cromwell and his son to the present Court — White Roses we have heard nothing of to-day.

I am your most ob[dt] J. S.

My head is too ill to write or think.

The prosecution mentioned in Chetwode's indorsement was most likely connected with some Jacobite plot in which he had been engaged. As will be seen in the letters that were written two years later he was again in dread of the government.

"Mist" was the name of the printer of a Jacobite journal. In the number for May 27 there is a lamentation over the ugliness of the king's German mistresses. "We are ruined by trulls, nay, what is more vexatious, by old ugly trulls, such as could not find entertainment in the most hospitable hundreds of Old Drury." This paper was published "just before May 29[th]," because on that day the Restoration of Charles II. was commemorated. Mist was fined and imprisoned. Imprisonment in those days was a dreadful punishment, unless for people who had money enough to pay for food and lodging. In one London jail "a day seldom passed without a death; and upon the advancing of the spring, not less than eight or ten usually died every twenty-four hours." Nevertheless Mist still ventured to publish his paper, under the title of Fog's Journal. The white roses, of which Swift had heard nothing, were worn by the Jacobites on June 10 (the day on which he was writing), the birthday of the Pretender.

XXI.

[Indorsed, "a humorous pleast letter."]

GALSTOWN. *Septr* 14*th* 1721.

S[R], — I have been here these three months, and I either answered y[r] former Letter, or else it required no answer. I left the Town on a sudden, and came here in a Stage Coach meerly for want of Horses. I intend a short Journey to Athlone, and some Parts about it, and then to return to Dublin by the end of this Month, when the weather will please to grow tolerable; but it hath been so bad for these ten weeks past that I have been hindred from severall Rambles I intended.

Yours of the 5 instant was sent here last Post; It was easy for you to conceive I was gone out of Town considering my State of Health, and it is not my Talent to be unkind or forgetfull, although it be my Misfortune as the World runs, to be very little Serviceable; I was in hopes that y[r] Affair by this time had come to some Issue, or at least, that you who are a warm Gentleman, like others of your Temper, might have cooled by Degrees. For my own Part, I have learned to bear Every thing, and not to Sayl with the Wind in my Teeth. I think the Folke in Power, if they had any Justice, might at least give you some honorary Satisfaction: But I am a Stranger to their Justice and all their good Qualityes, having onely received Marks of their ill ones —

I had promised and intended a Visit to Will Pool, and from thence would have called at Woodbrook. But there was not a Single Intervall of Weather for such an Expedition. I hope you have good Success with your Drains and other Improvements, and I think you will do well to imitate our Landlord here, who talks much of Building, but is as slow as possible in the Execution.

M^r^ Jervas is gone to Engl^d^, but when I go to Town I shall Enquire how to write to him, and do what you desire; I know not a more vexatious Dispute than that about Meres and Bounds, nor more vexatious Disputants than those Righteous: I suppose upon the Strength of the Text, that the Righteous shall inherit the Land.

My humble Service to Your Lady.

I am your most humble &c.

J. S.

The "honorary Satisfaction" that might have been given to Chetwode was perhaps that English peerage in claiming which his grandfather had ruined himself.

"Our Landlord here" was George Rochefort, of whose house Dr. Sheridan wrote: —

"'T is so little, the family live in a press in 't,
And poor Lady Betty has scarce room to dress in 't;
'T is so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in 't,
And so hot in the summer, you are ready to fry in 't.
'T is so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it,
And you 're forced every year in some part to renew it."

A fortnight later than the date of the letter, Swift wrote: "I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a postboy, and find some relief; but 'subeunt morbi tristisque senectus.' . . . I am deep among the workmen at Rochefort's canals and lakes."

XXII.

DUBLIN. *Novr* 11*th* 1721.

S^R^, — I received yours yesterday. I writ to M^r^ Jervas from the Country, but have yet received no answer, nor do find that any one of his Friends hath yet heard from him, so that some of them are in a good deal of pain to know where he is, and whether he be alive. I intend however to write a second time, but I thought it was needless to trouble you till I could say something to the Purpose. But indeed I have had a much better or rather a much worse Excuse, having been almost three weeks pursued with a Noise in my Ears and Deafness that makes me an unsociable Creature, hating to see others, or be seen by my best Friends, and wholly confined to my Chamber — I have been often troubled with it but never so long as now, which wholly disconcerts and confounds me to a degree that I can neither think nor speak nor Act as I used to do, nor mind the least Business even of my own, which is an Apology I should be glad to be without. I am ever

Yr &c. J. S.

The deafness of which he complains in this letter grew worse and worse, till at last it cut him off from all society. Five years before his death he wrote to his cousin: "I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in mind and body. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be." A little later his mind failed rapidly, and Swift became

"A driveller and a show."

XXIII.

DUBLIN. *Decembr* 5*th* 1721.

S^R^, — When I received your French Letter I was going to write you an Eng-

lish one. I forsook the World and French at the same time, and have nothing to do with the Latter further than sometimes reading or gabbling with the French clergy who come to me about business of their Church car je parle à peindre, mais pour l'ecrire je n'en songe guere depuis que j'ay quitté le politique. I am but just recovered of my Deafness which put me out of all Temper with my self and the rest of Mankind. My Health is not worth a Rush nor consequently the Remaining Part of my Life.

I just now hear that D[r] Prat Dean of Down, my old Acquaintance is dead, and I must here break off to go to his Relations.

— 9. The poor Dean dyed on Tuesday, and was buried yesterday, he was one of the oldest Acquaintance I had, and the last that I expected to dy. He has left a young Widow, in very good Circumstances. He had Scheems of long life, hiring a Town-house, and building a Countrey, preparing great Equipages and Furniture. What a ridiculous Thing is Man — I am this moment inevitably stoppt this moment [*sic*] by company, and cannot send my Letter till next Post.

— 12. I have writ twice to M[r] Jervas, and got no Answer, nor do I hear that any one has; I will write again when I can be informed where to reach him; you hear the Bank was kicked out with Ignominy last Saturday — This Subject filled the Town with Pamphlets and none writt so well as by M[r] Rowley though he was not thought to have many Talents for an Author. As to my own Part, I mind little what is doing out of my proper Dominions, the Libertyes of the Deanery; yet I thought a Bank ought to be established, and would be so because it was the onely ruinous Thing, wanting to the Kingdom, and therefore I had not the least Doubt but the Parlm[t] would pass it.

I hope you are grown regular in your Plantations, and have got some skill to know where and what Trees to place, and how to make them grow. For want of better I have been planting Elms in the Deanery Garden, and what is worse, in the Cathedrall Churchyard where I disturbed the Dead, and angered the Living, by removing Tomb stones, that People will be at a Loss how to rest with the Bones of their Ancestors.

I envy all you that lived retired out of a world where we expect nothing but Plague, Poverty, and Famine which are bad words to end a Letter with, therefore with wishing Prosperity to you and your Family, I bid you Adieu.

"The French clergy" belonged to the Huguenot congregation, which used to meet for worship in the Lady chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The "Bank" which "was kicked out with Ignominy" was the bill to establish a National Bank in Ireland, — "a thing they call a bank," Swift described it. "Bankrupts," he said, "are always for setting up banks; how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?" "I have often wished," he wrote, "that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay to the farther ruin of Ireland." A year earlier than the date of this letter, he wrote some lines entitled The Run upon the Bankers, in which he thus depicted the condition of a banker at the Day of Judgment: —

"How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,
And all his grand account to make!

"When other hands the scales shall hold,
And he, in men's and angels' sight
Produced with all his bills and gold,
Weighed in the balance and found light."

These lines would have quite a modern ring about them were they carved on the walls of the church lately built "To the glory of God and in memory of Jay Gould."

XXIV.

[Indorsed, "a very droll and pleast letter."]

DUBLIN. *Jany 30th* 1721–2.

S^r^, — I have been these five weeks and still continue so disordered with a Noise in my Ears and Deafness that I am utterly unqualifyed for all Conversation or thinking. I used to be free of these Fits in a fortnight but now I fear the Disease is deeper rooted, and I never Stir out, or Suffer any to See me but Trebbles and countertennors, and those as Seldom as possible.

I have often thought that a Gentleman in the Country is not a bit less happy for not having Power in it, and that an Influence at Sizes and Sessions, and the like, is altogether below a wise man's Regard, especially in such a dirty obscure nook of the World as this Kingdom. If they break open your Roads, they cannot hinder you from going through them. You are a King over your own District though the neighbouring Princes be your Enemyes. You can pound the Cattle that trespass on your Grounds, tho' the next Justice replevins them: you are thought to be quarrelsom enough and therefore peacefull people will be less fond of provoking you. I do not value Bussy's maxim of Life, without the Circumstances of Health and Money: — Your Horse is neither Whig nor Tory, but will carry you safe unless he Stumbles or be foundered — By the way, I am as much at a loss for one as ever, and so I fear shall continue till my riding days are over.

I should not much mislike a Presentment against your going on with your House, because I am a mortal Enemy to Lime — and Stone, but I hope yours moves slowly upwards.

We are now preparing for the Plague, which every body expects before May; I have bespoke two pair of Shoes extraord^ry^. Every body else hoards up their Money, and those who have none now, will have none. Our great Tradesmen break, and go off by Dozens, among the rest Archdeacon Bargons Son.

M^r^ Jervas writes me Word, that Morris Dun is a Person he has turned off his Lands, as one that has been his constant Enemy &c, and in short gives him such a Character as none can be fond of. So that I believe you were not apprized on what foot that Man stands with M^r^ Jervas. — I am quite weary of my own Ears, so with Prayers for you and your Fire Side, I remain y^r^ &c.

The "Trebbles and countertennors" were, I suppose, the vicars-choral of his cathedral, from whose prosecutions he had suffered at an earlier date.

Sir Roger de Coverley did not share contempt of "an influence at sizes and sessions." The Spectator tells us how, at an assize, "the court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with such good weather in his circuit."

How much Ireland was regarded as an "obscure nook of the World" is shown by Pope when he writes to Swift, "I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well-disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can in that state of separation."

"Bussy Rabutin," writes Swift, "the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to Court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there."

The plague had devastated Marseilles. Pope celebrated the devotion of the bishop who, undismayed, had ministered to the dying: —

"Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?"

By the English Parliament an act was passed for the building of pest-houses, to which not only the infected, but even the healthy members of an infected family were to be removed. Round any town or city visited by the plague lines were to be drawn which no one was to pass. Happily, the British Isles escaped the visitation. Twelve years later Swift wrote to a London merchant: "Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and I believe there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost £30,000 a year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value."

XXV.

[Indorsed, "a very merry pleast letter."]

DUBLIN. *Mar* 13*th* 1721–2.

SIR, — I had a letter from you some time ago, when I was in no Condition for any Correspondence or Conversation; But I thank God for some time past I am pretty well recovered, and am able to hear my Friends without danger of putting them into Consumptions. My Remedy was given me by my Tayler, who had been four years deaf, and cured himself as I have done, by a Clove of Garlick Steeped in Honey, and put into his Ear, for w^{ch} I gave him half a Crown after it had cost me 5 or 6 Pounds in Drugs and Doctors to no Purpose — Surely you in the Country have got the London Fancy, that I am Author of all the Scurvy Things that come out here, the Slovenly Pages called the Benefit of —— was writt by one Dobbs a Surgeon. M^{r} Sheridan sometimes entertains the World and I pay for all. So that they have a Miscellany of my works in England, whereof you and I are equally Authors. But I lay all those Things at the Back of my Book, which swells so much, that I am hardly able to write any thing on the Forepart.

I think we are got off the Plague, tho I hear an Act of Parl^{mt} was read in Churches (not in mine) concerning it, and the Wise say, we are in more danger than ever, because infected Goods are more likely to be brought us. For my Part, I have the Courage of a Coward, never to think of Dangers till they arrive, and then I shall begin to squeak. The Whigs are grown such disaffected People that I dare not converse with them; and who your Britton Esq^{r} is, I cannot tell. I hear there is an Irish Paper called the Reformer. I saw part of one Paper, but it did not encourage me to enquire after more: I keep the fewest Company of any man in this Town, and read nothing that hath been written on this Side 1500 Years; So you may judge what an Intelligencer I am like to be to a Gentleman in the Country, who wants to know how the World goes.

Thus much for your first Letter, your last which came just now is a Condolence on my Deafness. M^{r} Le brunt was right in my Intentions, if it had continued, but the Effect is removed with the Cause. My Friends shall see me while I am neither troublesome to them nor my self. I was less melancholy than I thought I should have been, and less curious to know what people said, when they talked before me; but I saw very few, and suffered hardly any to stay: — People whisper here too, just as they have whispered these 30 years, and to as little Purpose.

I have the best Servant in the World dying in the House, which quite disconcerts me. He was the first good one I ever had, and I am sure will be the last. I know few greater Losses in Life.

I know not how little you may make of Stone walls. I am onely going to dash one in the Garden, and think I shall be undone.

I hope y^{r} Lady and Fire side are well

I am ever &c.

Swift, it is said, only once directly owned any piece of writing as his. "Since I left England," he wrote, "such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive."

The book "which swells so much" was probably Gulliver's Travels, of which much was already written, though it was not published till four years later. His servant died within a few days. He buried him in the cathedral, and read the service over him with tears in his eyes. In the epitaph which he wrote for him he had spoken of himself as "his grateful friend and master." "A gentleman of his acquaintance, much more distinguished for vanity than wisdom, prevailed upon him to leave out the word 'friend.'"

George Birkbeck Hill.

THE AMERICAN NOTION OF EQUALITY.

THE essence of the aristocratic system is that it separates people into castes. First, it divides all men into the two castes of gentlemen by birth and breeding and non-gentlemen; and then there are the minor castes created by rank, station, and occupation. It is hard for an American to understand the respect paid in England to every member of the gentleman class, independently of his particular qualities. In describing the conduct of a tradesman whom the vicar of the parish was endeavoring to influence in a certain direction, Anthony Trollope says, "There was, however, a humility about the man, a confession on his part that in talking to an undoubted gentleman he was talking to a superior being." And yet this same superior being was so far inferior to a marquis that the Marquis of Trowbridge (with whom, as the reader may remember, the vicar had quarreled) is represented as thinking of him in these terms: "And now, this infidel clergyman had dared to allude to his lordship's daughters. Such a man had no right even to think of women so exalted. The existence of the Ladies Stoute must no doubt be known to such men, and among themselves probably some allusion in the way of faint guesses might be made as to their mode of living, as men guess at kings and queens, and even at gods and goddesses." Allowance must be made for the humorous exaggeration in this passage, but still it indicates a real feeling. These rigid distinctions of class necessarily produce a great deal of what in this country we call servility; and servility, no doubt, it is in many cases, but in other cases "respect" would be a better word than "servility" to describe the attitude held by members of one class toward members of a higher class.

A far worse evil which aristocracy produces is insensibility to the sufferings of other people, when those people belong to a lower order. One of the new impressions which an American receives upon his first visit to England is of the equanimity, of the perfect detachment, one might say perhaps of the faint curiosity, with which well-dressed people, rolling by in carriages, regard those spectres in human form which wander occasionally from the East End of London to Hyde Park or its vicinity. In former years, the country gentlemen of England suffered laborers upon their estates to live, and to fall sick and die, in cottages not fit for pigs to inhabit. This was possible because of the great gulf fixed by law and custom between Hodge and his landlord. Their common humanity was almost lost sight of,

and the points in which they resembled each other — though the most important — were completely overshadowed by the points in which they differed. There is a good illustration of this feeling in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, Marcella. Marcella, it will be remembered, had been ministering to the wife and children of a farm hand, who was in jail on a charge of murder; and her conduct is thus discussed by Lady Winterbourne and Miss Raeburn, the elderly sister of Lord Raeburn: —

"'Do you mean to say, Agneta, that one can't sympathize, in such an awful thing, with people of another class, as one would with one's own flesh and blood?' Miss Raeburn winced. She felt for a moment the pressure of a democratic world — a hated, formidable world — through her friend's question. Then she stood to her guns. 'I dare say you'll think it sounds bad,' she said stoutly, 'but in my young days it would have been thought a piece of posing, of sentimentalism, something indecorous and unfitting, if a girl had put herself in such a position.'"

This is one aspect of an aristocratic society. It might be said, without much exaggeration, that aristocracy produces servility in every class but the highest, and inhumanity in every class but the lowest. However, I shall not enlarge upon this aspect of the subject; we are all familiar with what can be said against the aristocratic system, but seldom, indeed, in this country, do we consider what can be said for it. We ought to remember that although the aristocratic or caste system assigns most men to low positions in society, it guarantees some position to every man; and within his own position or caste each man has free play for spontaneousness and self-respect. Lord Buchan declined to accept the post of secretary to the English embassy at Lisbon, because the ambassador was inferior to him in rank; and Dr. Johnson commended his refusal. Had the earl done otherwise, said the doctor, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family. The same obligation rests upon the servant not to discharge any office which, according to the custom of English society, belongs to servants of an inferior class. Swift's coachman, when he refused to fetch a pail of water from the well, was certainly in the right; and his master, in ordering him to drive to the well with coach and four, took a humorous but hardly a just revenge. The security of the caste system, the sacredness of the laws and customs which hedge it about, make it possible for members even of a low caste to have a certain dignity of speech and conduct. "Englishwomen of the lower classes," wrote Mr. Hawthorne, "have a grace of their own, not seen in each individual, but nevertheless belonging to their order, which is not to be found in American women of the corresponding class. The other day, in the police court, a girl was put into the witness-box, whose native graces of this sort impressed me a good deal. She was coarse, and her dress was none of the cleanest and nowise smart. She appeared to have been up all night, too, drinking at the Tranmere wake, and had since ridden in a cart, covered up with a rug. She described herself as a servant-girl out of place; and her charm lay in all her manifestations, — her tones, her gestures, her look, her way of speaking, and what she said being so appropriate and natural in a girl of that class; nothing affected; no proper grace thrown away by attempting to appear ladylike, which an American girl *would* have attempted, and she would also have succeeded in a certain degree. If each class would but keep within itself, and show its respect for itself by aiming at nothing beyond, they would all be more respectable. But this kind of fitness is evidently not to be expected in the future, and something else must be substituted for it."

Such being its practical operation, what is the rationale, the intellectual basis, of

the aristocratic or caste system? It is the recognition by law of certain differences between one man and another. These differences exist independently of law, and perhaps they are more insisted upon in democratic than in aristocratic countries. People who belong to what is called the "best society" in large towns or cities are usually quite unconscious of the fact that society is graded just as minutely beneath them as it is in the plane with which they are familiar. But, in fact, every individual in a complex society, down to the beggar in the street or the tramp on the highway, has his "social position." The city missionaries of Boston report, with some astonishment, that a great social gap exists between the peanut-vender on the sidewalk and the peripatetic organ-grinder, and that the children of the former are forbidden by their parents to play with the children of the latter. It is indeed asserted, and with considerable truth, that mere wealth is a passport to the best society; but this is less true in America than it is in England, and less true in Australia than it is in America. The reason is that in England the best society is a state institution, and therefore is more sure of its position and can afford to be less exclusive, — to be more hospitable not only to wealth, but also to intellect and originality, than is possible for the corresponding class in a democratic country. Moreover, even from the most aristocratic point of view, a good reason can be given for accepting wealth as a substitute for birth. The fact that a man has made much money implies, as a rule, that both his mind and his physical strength are far above the average. From what better stock, then, could the best society be recruited? This, of course, is not the motive of the rich man's reception in good society: it might better be described as nature's reason for permitting the anomaly. The same traits of courage and of executive ability which render a great contractor rich may reveal themselves, a generation or two later, on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war; and probably it could be shown that no small part of the aptitude for state business displayed by the English nobility was inherited from ancestors who had exhibited a similar talent in trade.

The aristocratic principle at work in almost all societies is therefore more rational, more logical, than it appears to be at first sight. And if we ask what motive, what instinct, is at the bottom of this segregation, — why does the peeress, why does the huckster's wife, value so highly and guard so fiercely her "social position," — perhaps the true answer would be that the instinct of self-preservation is concerned. Man knows himself to be an extremely imitative, a very easily debased creature, and consequently he has an instinctive desire to defend his society — the society in which his children are to be brought up, and in which they will have an inherited place — from contamination by inferior persons.

The aristocratic or caste system is, then, nothing more than a legal recognition by the state, of certain differences between people which, whether the state recognizes them or not, are always enforced. Why, then, should the state meddle with them? Why not allow these matters to regulate themselves, instead of drawing hard-and-fast lines of division which result in that great evil, servility? There is an answer to this objection. Boswell relates a conversation between Dr. Johnson and several other persons about equality and inequality, which one of those present endeavored to sum up as follows: "The result is that order is better than confusion." "Why, no," said the sage; "the result is that order cannot be had but by subordination."

Now, it might be said, just as there can be no order without subordination, so also there can be no personal dignity without subordination. Man is constituted in such a manner that unless re-

spect for others is demanded from him, he will not demand or invite respect for himself. Human nature has to be helped out in this regard. Left to themselves, as in a democratic society, men disintegrate; they cease to respect themselves or one another. Plato declared that in a democratic state the very dogs and horses in the street wear a look of impudence. On the other hand, in an aristocratic society, all are bound up together. Each man has his niche: something is due from him, and something is due to him. Every citizen occupies, or at least every class of citizens occupy, a particular round on the ladder, and they are under obligations to concede just so much to their superiors, and to exact just so much from their inferiors. Hence, to belong to an aristocratic society is to undergo a continual education in the feeling both of personal dignity and of respect for others. "There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed."

Such, roughly sketched, is the philosophic basis of the aristocratic or caste system. It proceeds upon the assumption that man's natural tendency is to social anarchy; that subordination is the condition not only of order, but of personal dignity; and that this subordination must be found in the very structure of the state.

Let us glance now at a democratic society, or at the nearest approach to it which this country affords. The democratic spirit, even in the United States, is a recent development, for we were not emancipated from the aristocratic tradition until the close of the civil war. It is a fact, often cited, that in the last century, both at Harvard and at Yale, the names of the students were arranged in the catalogue, not alphabetically, but in the supposed order of family importance. Seats in church were assigned upon the same principle; and I have been told by a man now living how in his young days a stranger, who had moved into town, having been put at the back of the meeting-house in the same pew with a negro, was so incensed that he forswore church-going altogether.

In the little town of Amherst, New Hampshire, there lived (and died in 1853) a lawyer named Atherton, whose appearance is thus described in a history of the New Hampshire Bar: "Erect, dignified, and handsomely clad, with ruffled shirt, hanging watch-chain and seals, and all the other adornments of his station, at a time when the dress was a distinctive badge of the different classes of society, he was recognized at a glance as belonging to what might be called the patrician order."

The aristocratic tradition was, however, gradually giving way, under pressure of a democratic political system, and the civil war greatly hastened this process. Since then it would be true to say, I think, that in the United States good birth and good breeding, apart from wealth or talent, do not confer upon their possessor any real distinction in the view of people in general. With the close of the civil war there came a new influence and a new spirit, — the influence and the spirit of plutocracy. That was the era of the Mansard roof and of the Saratoga trunk. The tone of American society was at that time perceptibly lowered. Immense wealth had fallen into hands unfit to receive, or at least to dispense it. There has been an improvement in taste since then; but the spirit of plutocracy, with all its selfishness and aloofness, remains, and gathers strength day by day.

Nevertheless, here and there equality has been realized in the United States as perhaps it never was realized before in the history of the world. What is equality? In what sense can men be called equal, when we consider what vast differences there are between them in respect to character, intellect, education, and refinement? Two men are equal when they meet freely and pleasantly, without condescension on one side or sus-

picion on the other, and when the consideration which each shows for the other is not dependent upon or qualified by the station or outward circumstances of either. This condition prevails in some New England towns, especially in those remote from the railway, and I presume that it prevails also in most parts of the West. In such communities, every man who is not a criminal or an outcast does feel himself to be in a very real sense the "equal" of every other man. Wealth, though it is respected as a source of power, is never thought of as conferring "social position;" in fact, that hideous phrase is not found in the rural vocabulary; and as to the word "snob," it would be difficult to make its meaning understood among the people whom I have in mind. Among them an employer of labor would of course expect those whom he employed to obey his orders; but it would strike him as ludicrous beyond expression that his hired man should wear a particular kind of dress, touch his hat when he was spoken to, and in general comport himself as if he belonged to an inferior order. Under such conditions want of respect is undoubtedly carried too far, but equality is attained; and that self-respect which the *feeling* of equality produces makes the best members of the community equal to any society; it gives them simplicity and sincerity. Take them to New York or Boston, and no magnificence or display, no society of rich or eminent persons, will put them out.

It is only in small country towns that such absolute equality prevails, but even in our large cities, even taking us at our worst, there is at least an absence of servility which distinguishes the American from the English social structure. In a memoir of Cardinal Newman it is related that once, while he was a tutor at Oxford, a carter whom he met riding on the shaft fell, shortly after Mr. Newman had passed him, was run over, and killed. After that, the biographer states, Mr. Newman made it a rule, whenever he met a man riding in that dangerous position, to compel him to get off and walk. Now, if an American gentleman should issue a command of this sort to an American laborer, it would probably evoke some such reply as was once made to a certain dignified and portly judge. The court was in process of removal from one building to another, and a porter engaged in the work inquired of a subordinate official, "Who is that fat man sitting on the bench in the court-room?"

"Oh," was the answer, "that is Judge ——. He is busy with some papers, before court opens. But why do you want to know?"

"Well," said the porter, "I was carrying a big armful of books into the room, with my hat on, just now, and that man told me never to come into his presence without taking my hat off."

"And what did you say?"

"Oh," said the fellow, with perfect nonchalance, and as if he had done the only thing proper under the circumstances, "I told him to go to hell."

This retort, considering that it was made in ignorance of the judge's official capacity, seems to me to indicate a better state of society than does the subserviency of the English carter.

"America," as Mr. Leslie Stephen exclaims in an unwonted burst of enthusiasm, "is still the land of hope . . . . where, in spite of some superficially grotesque results, every man can speak to every other man without the oppressive sense of condescension; where a civil word from a poor man is not always a covert request for a gratuity and a tacit confession of dependence." In other words, America is, to some extent, the land of equality.

It is most interesting to note the impression made upon the English mind by the late J. A. MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, who was the son of an Ohio farmer. His English friend and fellow worker, Mr. Archibald Forbes, writes of him as follows: —

"I never saw such a fellow for making himself at home among high officials. In his manner there was no flavor of impudence or presumption. I question whether of that word, indeed, he understood the meaning. *It was as if he, in the character of a man and a Republican man, had reasoned the matter down to bare principle.* 'I am a man,' seemed to me to be his attitude, 'and I am a man who honestly and legitimately, for a specific purpose of which you are aware, or of which I shall be glad to make you aware, want something. That something — be it information, be it a passport, be it what it may — you can give me best: therefore I ask you for it. It is immaterial to the logic of the position I virtually take whether you are an office messenger or the chancellor of an empire, a lieutenant or the commander-in-chief.'"

No wonder, then, that, as another friend of his put it, "MacGahan could do anything he liked with Ignatieff, calmly made love to Madame Ignatieff, rather patronized Prince Gortschakoff, and nodded affably to the Grand Duke Nicholas."

It is to be observed that in writing the description which I have quoted, Mr. Forbes had no design of making a general statement, much less of analyzing the American notion of equality. He was simply indicating in his acute, straightforward manner what he conceived to be MacGahan's attitude toward all the world. "It was as if he, in the character of a man and a Republican man, had reasoned the matter down to bare principle. 'I am a man!'" That describes exactly the American notion, the notion of equality which I am attempting to examine. "It is immaterial to the logic of the position I virtually take whether you are an office messenger or the chancellor of an empire." Such was MacGahan's logic, and such is the logic of the American idea of equality. That a man could so feel and act seems to have come upon Mr. Forbes, even in these democratic days, as a kind of revelation. It does not strike us so, and this proves that, in some measure, we have realized the notion of equality.

But let us come to closer quarters with our subject. When and under what conditions does this mysterious thing, equality, exist? Many philosophers, many clever essayists, many statesmen, have declared that equality is a mere delusion. I suppose that the weight of educated opinion is, and always has been, against it. And yet the passion for equality is deeply planted in the human heart; it was one cause — some historians tell us the main cause — of the French Revolution, and it has been for ages a source of hope and inspiration. It is not so much a theory as an instinct. It is, I believe, an instinctive perception of the fact that in the one thing of importance, namely, in moral freedom, men are equal. I say advisedly the *one* thing of importance. Nobody can read Matthew Arnold's characterization of "conduct" as amounting to "three fourths" of life without being conscious, though dimly, perhaps, of some latent absurdity in the remark. The absurdity lies in comparing conduct on equal terms with anything else. It would hardly be more absurd to say that of the pleasure in living three fourths consisted in doing one's duty, and the remaining fourth in drinking good old rum. Equality is the practical recognition of this fundamental truth that in the one thing of real importance, in the thing which chiefly distinguishes man from the brutes, in the thing which alone, despite of weakness and sin, gives a sublime aspect to human nature, namely, in moral freedom, all classes of men are alike. The ultimate equality, therefore, the equality instinctively sought after by the human race, is an equality in self-respect, because self-respect is founded solely upon moral freedom, and upon the right exercise of moral freedom. Self-respect has nothing to do with what a man possesses, nor even with his proficiency in any kind of human achieve-

ment, mental or physical. No man has self-respect because of what he knows, or of what he has, or of what he can do. These things may inspire him with pride or with vanity, but if he attempts to build self-respect upon them or to exact respect from others on account of them, his folly is obvious. Thus if a man plumes himself upon his wealth, we call him purse-proud; if he prides himself upon his learning or cultivation, we call him pedant or prig, as the case may be; if he is vain of his clothes, he is set down as a fop, if of his manners, as a coxcomb. Pride and vanity may rest upon these foundations, but self-respect depends ultimately on the fact that man is a free moral agent, and therefore it is, or might be, a universal possession. We cannot imagine a man so poor, so weak, so friendless, so ignorant, as, of necessity, to be lacking in self-respect. On the contrary, we often find self-respect in men who are conspicuously destitute.

I do not mean, of course, that one individual is equal to another individual, but that moral freedom is the possession of man as man, and is not the possession of any class or kind of men in particular. Equality lies in the recognition of this fact, and of all that it implies. The only explanation which we in the United States can give of ourselves politically and socially, the only ground upon which we can stand, is that here we undertook, as a people, to substitute for the principle of aristocracy the principle of democracy, and democracy in its social aspect is equality.

But we have not been faithful to this ideal. "Our great crime," as Mr. Howells once declared, "is that we have been false to the notion of equality." What, then, are the hindrances to equality in the United States? The most obvious hindrance, and perhaps the most important, is the great and ever-increasing inequality in the distribution of wealth. One per cent of the families in the United States possess more property than is possessed by all the remaining ninety-nine per cent.[1] The growth of a plutocracy among us would not be so bad if the plutocratic class exercised a good influence, but they exercise a bad influence. Their lives are spent, for the most part, in the pursuit of material pleasures, and they foster low ambitions in the public at large. What standards, what ideals, must be instilled in the mind of a young girl, the daughter of a mechanic, for instance, who reads the "society" news in the Sunday papers, and contemplates the "best" people in the city as she sees them in the street, and perhaps at the theatre or in church now and then! She must learn to think that the highest ambition of a young woman is not to be gentle, to be modest, to give pleasure to those around, and especially to those beneath her, but to be a conspicuous object at the horse show, to wear costly garments, to take part in costly entertainments, and finally to marry a foreign nobleman, and forsake her own country forever.

In short, if we may trust experience, great wealth in the hands of private persons is incompatible with equality. It is so for two reasons: first, because it makes a gap between those who have it and those who have it not; and, secondly, because its effect is, among people at large, to lower and confuse their ideals, to make a man respectable and respected, not for what he is, but for what he has. In a town or city like Newport, for example, young men stigmatized as "natives" may be observed, dressed usually in clothes of the "shabby-genteel" order, who bear upon their faces a look of conscious inferiority, painful enough for an American to see. They have this look because in the community in which they live false and tawdry notions, which they are not strong enough to resist, prevail; because in that community to

[1] See The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States, by Spahr.

have money and to be in "society" are regarded — consciously or unconsciously — as the foundations of self-respect and of respect for others. In a matter so delicate as the adjustment of human relations the differences between one man and another are far less important than the estimate which each man puts, and is aware that the other puts, upon those differences. Great inequality in wealth tends to establish the plutocratic spirit, and the essence of that spirit is to ignore the real, the underlying, the substantial equality between one man and another, and to magnify those inequalities which wealth directly and indirectly produces.

But there is another spirit which ignores the real inequalities between one man and another, and places equality upon a wrong basis. One cannot produce equality by asserting that it exists; and if a man tries to make himself equal to his superior by asserting himself equal, the effect is exactly the opposite of what he intends. In the minds of a great many Americans equality means this: never, at least by outward word or act, to acknowledge their inferiority to anybody else. True, another man may have inherited culture, may have enjoyed better society, may have had and may have utilized far more opportunities for cultivation; and yet they think that they are bound not to admit any kind of inferiority to him. They assert — perhaps only to themselves — that they are this man's equals; and if they really believed the assertion, such a belief would go far to create the equality which it assumes. But they are conscious, or partly conscious, that the assertion is false, and hence an element of insincerity is introduced, than which nothing is more vulgarizing. These evils come from ignoring the real, the essential equality, — the equality in moral freedom between one man and another, — and from attempting to achieve equality by denying obvious inequalities. It is an abandonment of the true ground of self-respect.

If a man lacks equality, if he is vulgar, the whole nation is in a conspiracy to keep him ignorant of the fact. Let us take as an example the case of commercial travelers or drummers. The comic papers have many jokes about them, about their "cheek," their impudence, their self-assertion; and these jokes have a solid basis of fact. Nevertheless, no newspaper, no minister, no lecturer, no moralist, ever presumes to tell the drummers that their occupation is in most cases a degrading one. That it should be so is largely the fault of us who are not drummers. If we had good nature and good manners, it would not be necessary for drummers to have bad manners. And so of book, life insurance, and other peripatetic agents. An agent, or a mere peddler, it may be, comes to me to sell his wares, and I, being busy and ill-tempered, revile him. Two courses are then open to him: he can pocket the affront, as a means toward the selling of his wares, or he can revile me back; and in neither case does he survive the encounter without a certain degradation. I do not say that an exceptional man might not go through the drummer's or the book agent's experience scathless, but for the ordinary man to do so is almost impossible. Nobody, however, tells the drummer this, and the community as a whole do not even perceive it. The result is that the typical drummer prides himself upon his worst faults. He considers that to be "cheeky," to call bar-tenders by their first names, to drink strong liquors and to smoke big cigars, to sit with his feet up, and to talk loudly in the office of a second-rate hotel, — to do these things, he considers, is to be an admirable man of the world. All that the drummer needs is a different ideal, a different standard; what he needs is to respect himself as a man instead of as a drummer, to guard against the particular faults to which he is liable instead of cherishing them as virtues. But, as I say, we are all in a conspiracy

to keep the drummer ignorant upon these vital points.

What is true of drummers as a class is true also, in varying degrees, of a great many other perfectly honest and reputable persons. It is commonly admitted that a man cannot be a dealer in second-hand clothes without having the finer susceptibilities of his nature somewhat blunted; and the same evil attaches to almost all forms of buying and selling. Trade, whether at wholesale or at retail, is, in modern times, almost inevitably degrading. A small success in trade can perhaps be made by one whose ambition is to buy at a fair price and to sell again at a fair price, taking only that profit which his services as a middleman are worth. But great success in trade depends upon buying cheaper and selling dearer than is for the advantage of the persons with whom one deals; it depends, in short, upon getting the better of other people, and surely that process cannot be an elevating or humanizing one. There are also incidental evils connected with trade as it is now pursued which tend to vulgarize. Such an evil is the excessive advertising and puffery which we see on every hand.

Several years ago, when it was announced that a son of the Duke of Argyll was going into trade, the intelligence was received in this country and in England too with a chorus of approbation. This defection was looked upon as a step toward breaking down an ancient and unwholesome prejudice. But it was a prejudice having some foundation in reason and experience; and I am sure that a man can be a good American and a thorough believer in equality without shutting his eyes to the dangers — dangers to character and manners — which must be incurred by tradesmen and merchants. In regard to certain forms of trade, we all perceive these dangers. We perceive them, for instance, as I have suggested already, in respect to traffic in old clothes. Horse-dealers, again, are looked upon somewhat askance; and there is a feeling abroad that plumbers, in order to remain honest men, must put a great constraint upon themselves. Most people, also, have a certain repulsion to undertakers. The undertaker's employment is such that he must necessarily lose, in part at least, his sense of the awfulness of death and of the sacredness of the human body. The repulsion toward him is, therefore, a natural one; it is at bottom the same instinct which, in an exaggerated and fanatical form, caused the Egyptian *paraschistes* to be despised and avoided. But to say this in public, to declare that anything which any American can lawfully do for a living is in any sense degrading, would be accounted a sort of treason, — a treason to the American idea of equality. This, however, would be a mistake. It is the men, not their employments, that are or might be equal. The case of the undertaker is an extreme one; but even the undertaker, if he were on his guard, if he endeavored to fortify his nature in those points where it is most endangered, might attain that equality which is our ideal.

The great thing is that we should be honest not only with ourselves, but with one another; that we should admit that all men do not have the same advantages of birth or training, and that all occupations are not equally civilizing and desirable. In short, instead of trying to ignore the various inequalities between one man and another, we should frankly acknowledge them; and having done so, we can give due and practical weight to the essential equality between one man and another, — to their equality in moral freedom.

What will be the ultimate result — whether Plutocracy will crush out equality in the United States, or whether the democratic ideal will triumph, and equality will be established upon a large scale for the first time in the history of the world — can hardly be conjectured. Some philosophers hold, De Tocqueville

and Mr. Bryce among them, that if equality should prevail, the result would be to raise the average of human intellect and character, but to prevent the production of really notable persons. There would be no more Sir Philip Sidneys; there would be no more of that spirit expressed by the maxim *Noblesse oblige.* This view is a plausible one, and yet it does not sufficiently take into account the extreme elasticity of human nature. In a nation of MacGahans, we may be sure that some ideal of character and manners would be developed, — different perhaps from the feudal ideal, but not the less fine or admirable. There is a profound remark made by Coleridge which has a bearing upon the subject of equality: "We ought to suspect reasoning founded wholly on the differences of man from man, not on their commonnesses, which are infinitely greater." The theory of equality is founded upon the "commonnesses" of human nature. It would seem, therefore, to be founded upon justice; and if that be true, there need be no anxiety as to its ultimate effects.

Henry Childs Merwin.

OUR SOLDIER.

THERE was a door directly opposite my seat in the dining-room, and to it as we, the other guests of the house, sat at lunch or at dinner, a maid regularly went with a tray, waiting a moment until a key turned on the other side and she was admitted.

I asked the Signora if any one were ill.

On the contrary, she answered, the occupant of the room enjoyed most excellent health. He was an Englishman. He had been an inmate of her house a dozen years or more. He made no acquaintances, and had no associates unless one counted herself and the gondoliers and the Armenian brothers on the island of San Lazzaro, who had taught him Italian. Every morning he went out to paint, taking with him three camp-stools of different heights, that he might place himself most favorably to his work. He never showed what he had painted. A great many people made pictures in Venice which they did not care to show, at least not in Venice itself. She did not know his story. She never asked questions. There were plenty of reasons why one might wish to leave a past and its memories. She believed he had once lived in Australia, but she could give no exact information.

And did he never write or receive letters, or plan for the future?

Oh yes, he wrote letters twice a year, when his money was sent from England. She did not think that he wrote them at any other time. Now and then, too, he went on little journeys for his pleasure, and he read many books, and he was most amiable and gentle, and they all loved him, she, and the maids, and the gondoliers, and the priests of San Lazzaro, and he was evidently intending to live as at present until the day when, according to a desire which he had communicated to her, he should be borne on his last little journey to the Campo Santo at San Michele; and she wondered more people of means did not spend the evening of their life in a similar manner. Surely nothing could be so agreeable or so calm. Had I never heard a remark which some one had made speaking of St. Peter's in Rome and their own St. Mark's — "In St. Peter's the heart goes up to God, in St. Mark's God comes down to the heart"?

Soon after this conversation I went

into the garden. A man of elderly appearance was sitting on the bench under the jasmine bush. As I stopped to pick some of the white blossoms, I said to him, what every one that day, quite as a matter of course, was saying to every one else, "It is very hot, is n't it?"

"Yes," he assented in a tone that was not unfriendly, yet not meant to encourage further intercourse.

Then I noticed by his side three camp-stools of different heights, and I understood who it was.

A week later we met again at the same place. He held in his hand a Venetian daily paper. On the first page, which he had evidently just finished reading, was a portrait and an account of a fireman, who, at the recent burning of a Franciscan monastery, had perished attempting to save a valuable manuscript. Thereupon, when my interest in the subject caused me to forget the possible danger of losing my listener, for the Signora had told me that if a stranger addressed her Englishman he would sometimes rise abruptly and go away, I began to relate how a friend and I, drifting that morning through a side canal, had seen coming out of a church a procession of priests and choir-boys, followed by the firemen of Venice, bearing the body of their comrade; how at the water-steps a barge was waiting, hung with black cloth and garlands of flowers; how the firemen placed their burden upon this, grouping themselves about it; how a gondola containing two priests in flowered satin robes and a third one in purple went on before, a few other gondolas, our own among them, forming in a line behind, and thus we glided across to San Michele, where Franciscan friars came to the landing to meet us; how we heard the good-by prayers in the chapel on the island, and stood by the grave, while a priest with a deep rich voice read a eulogy through which the words *bravo, coraggiosissimo* ran like a refrain; how when the last mourner had turned away we came back from the other side of the Campo, to which we had wandered, and making a wreath of white clover left it on the fireman's grave; and how we had done this, partly because we recalled that it was Decoration Day in our own land, partly too because as little children we had been accustomed at this time to bring field flowers as our especial tribute, and that we used to have a great many decoration days in a summer, because we were so fond of observing them.

"And did you have many graves to decorate?" inquired the Signora's Englishman.

I answered that most of the people in our village were women, children, and old men, and that there had been only one man of suitable age to send at the call of our civil war, and that he also was bravo, coraggiosissimo. He had fallen in a great battle, the Battle of the Wilderness. It was in honor of his memory that we as children kept our frequent decoration days.

"I suppose your graveyard is very different from the Campo Santo at San Michele?" said my companion.

"Very different. On either side are old houses, not so old of course as these in Venice, but still very old. They are white, and have green blinds, and porches with little windows looking up and down the road. The doors are painted green like the blinds, and have shining brass knockers, and each house has its little front garden with a hedge of cinnamon roses, and a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, and lilac bushes, and a grass-grown path leading to the gate. Behind the graveyard flows a winding river with wooded shores, and there are willow-trees all about, and in front of the graveyard is a view toward a hollow where there is a second river, one that ebbs and flows with the sea, and here are salt marshes, and an old bridge and a mill, and on account of its situation the village is called Two Rivers."

The man had turned towards me, and was listening intently.

Afterwards I remembered having noticed a curious change in his appearance, as if he had suddenly become much younger.

"And beyond the bridge," he said, speaking at first with a certain hesitation and always with an absent sound in his voice, — "beyond the bridge, the road winds upward away from the village, past a rambling inn shaded by elm-trees, past more old houses until it comes to a corner where a mile-stone stands, and an old parsonage with a row of poplar-trees at the side, and behind the house is wet, swampy ground, always blue in June with fleurs-de-lys, and not far away is a church, also white with green blinds, and it too has a porch."

"The old inn was burned," I said, "many years ago, and the poplar-trees have been cut down. I am sorry, for I loved the poplar-trees."

"I am sorry, too," said the man, "it was wrong to destroy them."

After this he related anecdotes connected with Two Rivers, some of which were familiar to me, some of which I had never heard. He told of going for pond-lilies on the river with wooded shores, and of fishing for smelt on the river that ebbed and flowed with the sea; and he told of another and larger river in a neighboring township where he had once, at the risk of life, swam his horse after a freshet.

The absent sound in his voice became more and more apparent. One felt that he was wholly unconscious of what he was saying. All at once he reached out gropingly as one lost in the dark, took my hand, raised it to his forehead, held it there for a moment in a strange silence, and presently put it gently down.

With the movement he seemed to recover his quiet distant self, folded his paper, wished me a grave good-morning, and with his three camp-stools under his arm he went into the house.

I told the Signora.

"It is very simple," she said; "if a man has once been in Australia, why not in America, which is so much nearer?"

"But this is such a hidden village, no one ever goes there."

"How was it possible to know that? One would think you had sat from morning till evening on the highway watching. See what occurred unceasingly in Venice. Was not one always arriving and giving one's self much inconvenience in order to visit forgotten places, entirely in the country where the Venetians themselves never dreamed of going? If one were a painter, no spot could be too remote or difficult of access. Was there nothing in your village to attract a painter?"

"Oh yes," I said, "the willows, the river-banks, the old houses, the mill, the bridges, and the salt marshes, and people often went there to paint."

"Then it is explained," returned the Signora. "See how easy of comprehension! As for the sudden discontinuance of conversation and the little mental confusion, they do not astonish me. The astonishing thing is that there should have been a conversation, and that one does not more often become confused when speaking of events a long time past."

When I related at Two Rivers what had been said that May morning in Venice, much discussion ensued. It was asserted that the only man likely to have expressed himself in the way described was at rest in the soldier's grave under the willows, although some one remarked, his body had never been sent home. Yet since sufficient proof of his death existed for the erection of a stone, he was spoken of as resting there.

Next, an interesting bit of information was discovered in the form of a vague report which declared that our soldier, seen by the eyes of reliable witnesses to fall in battle, had been seen by

the eyes of other witnesses, equally reliable, a prisoner at Andersonville, and reduced to so pitiable a condition through suffering and exposure as to be utterly unable to recall his own identity.

All light on the subject stopped here. There could be found no hint suggesting in what strange manner this life, the Venetian part of which had so curiously come to me, might have attained its present ease and forgetfulness of earlier experience. A few persons tried to fill the void with pages of their own invention, but the village as a whole preferred not to trouble itself about the matter. When one's soldier had been actually seen to fall in battle, when his pension had been properly paid, his loss lamented, his memory honored, where was the use of discrediting a record of such apparent authenticity in order to put one's trust in a supposition? Moreover, what was to be done about it, and who had the right to do anything, there being no near of kin to disturb a peace evidently enjoyed and desired?

And thus it is that on Decoration Days at Two Rivers, and on make-believe decoration days as well, our village children continue to carry their flowers, and to spell out the inscription, "Fell in the Battle of the Wilderness." Meanwhile, in Venice a quiet elderly man goes on taking his meals in solitude behind a closed door, paints his pictures which no one sees, chats with the Armenian brothers under their cypress-trees and cedars, is cared for in his daily life and welcomed back from his little journeys by the Signora, and the maids, and the friendly gondoliers, goes on living in his pleasant unconscious exile, and will doubtless thus continue to live, until the day when he shall take his last journey, this time through the narrow canals across to the clover-scented meadow, the Holy Field of the Venetians, when he shall fall asleep and awake, it may be, to find that which he gave for his country has been given back, and that he was once a soldier of the Union, bravo, coraggiosissimo.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

BENEDICITE.

THE waves in prostrate worship lie, and cease
To count the pebbles on their rosary;
Over the scourgèd rocks a smile of peace
Deepens the hushed expectancy.
Each small, lost flower lifts her fragrant brow;
Forgotten flocks turn toward the rosy west;
Day drops her anchor off the world, and now
Awaits her shriving, all her ways confessed.
The patriarchal mountains stand apart;
Far hills are kneeling; birds arrest their flight.
Then the real Presence crowds all Nature's heart,
And benediction falls with night!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

BUTTERFIELD & CO.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

BUTTERFIELD'S was formally reopened on a Monday, in spite of the fact that there was nothing — or almost nothing — in it. The proprietor settled into the adjoining shed with his personal possessions, for which he had no difficulty to find room.

"When I shut my eyes I can just believe I 'm back in the same old sto', Mother Nicodemus, and ain't never been burnt out nor lost nothing at all," he said to his friend, who, in spite of her years and her lameness, insisted on scrubbing the shelves and counter. "And when I open 'em I says to myself, 'Well, anyway, it 's *Butterfield's.*'"

The pair almost had a quarrel that first day over the arrangement of "the goods," as they called an absurd collection of things that for a long while constituted the stock in trade. It consisted chiefly of a barrel of lime, a basket of apples, two glass jars of peppermint candy, a few bundles of "kindling," a string of onions festooned about the door, another string across the window fastened with clothes-pins, a mustard tin (empty), two loaves of bread, and some elegant additions in the way of watercresses or radishes, not to be depended upon at all seasons.

Such as it was, though, nothing could have exceeded the delight of Uncle Jo in disposing and arranging it to the best advantage, except the satisfaction Mrs. Nicodemus got from altering all of his arrangements as soon as they were made, to suit her own ideas of what was convenient and attractive. Perhaps Uncle Jo did not enjoy getting up that first night (when Mrs. Nicodemus had been obliged perforce to quit the field), and lighting his candles, and putting everything back into the exact places and positions originally chosen by himself! This done, he surveyed the whole effect, decided that he "must have a box of blacking," thought of a dozen other things that must be "added," as he sat on the reversed lime-bucket, and almost hugged himself when he reflected that he was now "in business again." Poor soul! he had not the remotest idea of "business," as that term had come to be understood in the years since the destruction of his shop. In every month, week, day, and moment, though, of the next ten years it became clearer and clearer even to him, as it did to the class he represented; for they were all affected by the great changes made by new men, new methods. A complete alteration had taken place in the spirit and purpose and policy of the commercial element in Slumborough. Cash, hard cash (and very hard cash it was to get sometimes) was demanded of everybody. It was not now "Live, and let live," but "Every man for himself," and a certain person might take the hindmost. And "Put money in thy purse, honestly if thou canst, — but get rich" was the new gospel.

Simple-minded Uncle Jo had very naturally supposed that the public would be as much interested in the revival of his business as he himself was. He rose at daylight every morning, shaved scrupulously, dressed himself as neatly as he could, and stood in his door rubbing his hands and bowing low to those of the passers-by whom he knew, according to his ancient custom. He shifted his lime-barrel, and apples, and blacking, and clothes-pins here, there, and everywhere, and waited with an eager heart, and a smile that froze stiffer and stiffer on his poor old lips, for the customers who he had thought would come crowd-

ing back. He rubbed off his counter so often that the wood, though coarse in grain, took on a high polish; he dusted his empty shelves and arranged his empty boxes, and busied himself elaborately about anything and nothing, that he might not have "the look of being idle;" splitting and resplitting his "kindling" and doing it up into ever smaller and smaller fagots; wiping off his apples, and eating one occasionally to give himself an air of bogus festivity and prosperity; denying himself everything that he might "keep up supplies and keep down expenses;" affecting to keep "books," with a rusty pen, a copy-book, and an empty inkstand, at the back of the store; making his own paper bags at night, and putting withered cabbages or a few pounds of bran in them that they might lie around ornamentally and effectively on the counter, and look as if purchased and on the point of being sent home in hot haste.

Butterfield's was his ideal, and he clung desperately to it. After hours he would lock his door and hunt about, without seeming to do so, for other work and ways of earning money; and if he got a dollar, he would be sure to spend it in the one way, and bring home something "inviting." If caught helping to move a piano, or varnishing furniture, or whitewashing, he was always deeply annoyed, and either said in a confidential whisper that he was "adding to his income," or affected to refuse payment, at first; accepting it later, however, under protest, "seeing business was slack."

He could not make out what had become of his customers, either. But "some were dead, and some had fled," and some had transferred their allegiance and custom; and some came a few times, and languidly looked at the lime-barrel and bought a quarter's worth of something, or nothing, and went away again. A few of his old patrons, in direst distress, sent to him when they could get nothing elsewhere, and were welcomed delightedly, and served as bountifully as if they had been the most valuable of paying customers; were shown very plainly that they were at liberty to take all he had, little though it was. As long as Mr. Butterfield was tying up packages he was happy, whether they were paid for or not. He had never been a man to worry about payments in his palmiest days, and old habits stuck by him after his eclipse. Miss Bradley elaborately bought back most of the things that she sent him, too, but that could not go on forever.

Mother Nicodemus got her groceries of him, and so did a few of her friends, but that amounted to very little. There was never a day in which children were not to be found in the store, but they only represented a terrible conflict forever going on in Mr. Butterfield's soul between his pride in keeping his glass jars filled and his love of children. "I can't, I ain't never, I won't do sich a low-down thing as to let no child pay me for peppermint candy, — no, nor buns! When that time comes I reckon I 'd better give up Butterfield's and shoot myself," he would say. The judge's daughter would come in sometimes, and look about, trying to find something to buy, and put a few dollars in his purse, and warm his poor old heart by her kind speeches. But Butterfield's was a ghost, and Uncle Jo was a ghost; Butterfield's was dearer to him than ever, only he loved it as a father does the son who breaks his heart.

For five years Mother Nicodemus lived with him. Her son never came home, nor did she ever hear what had become of him. Her health failed, and when she could no longer work she had a visit from Uncle Jo one day, in which he said, "Now, Mother Nicodemus, you 've got to quit this and come keep house for me and help me manage the business. It 's just booming now like the Mississippi, business is! Why, I sold a quart of vinegar, yesterday, and three pounds of candles, and two pumpkins, to one customer! And I 've got that recipe of

Mary's for them buns of hers, and if you can make them, they 'll go off as fast as you can turn them out of the oven."

That afternoon he moved down her chest of drawers, rocking-chair, bed, table, and other small possessions, and installing them and her in his shed, fell back himself with great cheerfulness on the counter, on which he professed that he slept "'most too sound." He got much comfort from her presence, though she was anything but thankful or grateful, took up an idea that "Jo, who was always a bad, troublesome boy," had turned her out of the stone cottage, and would have been thought a trying companion enough by most people. His only grief was, not that he had to eat a crust (or go without) that she might dine or sup; not that he had to rise early, and late take rest, that she might have leisure to roundly abuse him, safely sheltered under his roof; but that he could not always have fresh fish and good butter for her, or get some other coveted luxury such as "a silk quilt, and lace mittens, and a Paisley shawl, like my mother's," for which the poor old soul longed.

Never a bun did Mother Nicodemus bake, from first to last. She was but an added care, as he had known she would be, but she did him good all the same. To have lost faith in his ideal Butterfield's would have been to lose all heart and hope, and she was a valuable counter-irritant when things went persistently wrong. He knew that she was fond of him, too; he never forgot what she had done for him, and she gave meaning and motive to a self-denial that might otherwise have narrowed into mere miserliness.

One day when he was sadly thinking that it was his fault that the business did not succeed better, when his soul was additionally discouraged by Mother Nicodemus wailing out fretfully all the morning, "I want my mother. Call my mother. Don't you hear me say I want my mother?" and the conviction that she was in her second childhood had forced itself upon him, he suddenly heard the fire alarm and a sound of hurrying feet outside. With the soldier's instinct of prompt action, he ran out into the street and joined the tide of people setting in a certain direction. The town jail was on fire, and great was the excitement. When he reached the place he found that half the population had turned out; scores of men, women, and children were standing around the building gaping and exclaiming and trampling over the hose, under the impression that they were helping the firemen to put out the flames.

Mr. Butterfield's usual modesty and nervousness and deprecation of responsibility quite vanished when he heard that there was a woman in the second story; and presently he saw her, as the smoke blew aside, holding up a child, and heard her shriek out, "Save my child! Save my child!" in the tones that we hear and never forget. Bravely responding to this agonized appeal, he rushed into the building, and soon reappeared, white and resolute, bearing a little boy in his arms. Other men tried to rescue the mother, and two negroes, the only prisoners, but they failed as far as she was concerned. It was long one of the sickening horrors of the kindly little community that the poor creature perished before their very eyes.

When the sun had sunk, and the commotion was over, and the fire engines had rattled home, and the crowd was dispersing, Uncle Jo looked down at the child he had saved, who was holding his hand, and said, "Well, sonny, what 's to become of you?"

"I 'm going home with *you*," replied the boy promptly.

The only thing to be done, just then, seemed to be to accept this solution of the problem, and home together they started accordingly. Uncle Jo's thoughts were not the most cheerful in the world as he looked at him. The child repre-

sented another burden for Butterfield's and might "swamp the business," which he knew — nobody better — to be in its death-throes. He almost regretted having gone to the fire; he did not dream that the very element which had laid Butterfield's low was now, by a curious caprice of Fate, to build it up again. He took a good look at his *trouvaille*. The child's walk was manly almost to the point of swagger. His little head was covered with short black curls, and his large dark eyes were as irresistible in their appeal as his mother's voice had been, when he looked up at his protector and smiled brightly, not realizing at all what had happened, apparently quite content to be going off with a stranger to regions unknown.

"What 's your name, anyway?" asked his new friend.

"Jake, — Jake Lazarus. And I live at 127 Green Street," replied the child, parrot-fashion, and smiled again.

"Lazarus! That 's a Jew name. He favors my boy. He 's about the size of my little Jo; just about what he was when I left to go to the war," thought Uncle Jo, and aloud he said, "It is, is it? Well, Jake, how long had you been there?" nodding backward in the direction of the jail.

"I don't know," said Jake. "I 'm hungry. Ain't we most there?"

"I 'll see the jailer to-morrow and give him up to the town," thought Uncle Jo, and turning to Jake he said, "Yes, honey, we are. I reckon you are beat out. I 'll just carry you."

By the time he got home the boy was sound asleep in his arms, and he had concluded not to give him up to the authorities until "the day after to-morrow. That 'll be a plenty of time," he argued, as he took the child through the dark, unlit shop and into the shed, where he laid him down gently on Mother Nicodemus's bed (she being asleep too), and proceeded to get supper for the party.

This daily duty took on a new aspect at once and became a sort of festival, in consequence of the unexpected addition to the family being not only unexpected, but a child. The soft feel of the little body had cast a spell over Uncle Jo's softer heart; Jake's regular breathing from the bed was so full of interest that he several times went over on tiptoe to hear how he was doing it. Then there was a chair to be found, and then an empty soap box proved just the thing to make it the right height. And when the table was laid, and the tea drawn, and the bread cut, and a herring apiece set sumptuously out, it was with keen pleasure that Uncle Joseph took his own cup and filled it with hot milk and bread for "the boy." Already the claims of the town to the child seemed impertinent and odious.

Presently the sleepers awoke; at least Mother Nicodemus did; the child had to be aroused by Uncle Jo, who half expected that he would cry and make a scene, and fully expected that Mother Nicodemus would be displeased to find him there, and would make another scene.

But little Jacob was not the least bit sad or fretful; he was in a state of radiant good humor, on the contrary. He allowed Uncle Jo to "h'ist" him up on the soap box without making the slightest objection except to yawn as if rather bored by a regular preliminary. He took no notice when Mr. Butterfield's best handkerchief (a superb yellow affair — part of his stock in trade — stamped patriotically with the American flag and pictures of Lincoln and Grant) was whisked under his chin and pinned behind, bib-fashion, as deftly as any woman could have done it. As for Mother Nicodemus, when she saw that laughing pair of most mischievous black eyes, all tangled up about the lashes, and those cheeks rosier than any apple ever sold over Butterfield's counter; when she caught the gleam of a small and incomplete row of teeth, and heard the spoilt youngster

banging on the table with his spoon, and frankly, boldly, demanding the sugar in the bowl, the herrings, the bread, — everything that was and much that was not there, — it was a sight to see all the dead woman in her rise out of its grave at a bound. Her dim eye burned, fairly, in its socket, and dilated as she looked; her withered old face flushed with delight; and her hands trembled as she pointed to him, saying, "Why don't you give Al a fish if he wants it? Help the child first, of course, Joseph. Yes, honey, you shall have it right this minute." She had given him the name of one of her little brothers who had died when she was a child.

Uncle Joseph cleared out a place under the counter, and whistling, with a heart lighter than the feathers he shook up, he made a snug little resting-place for the child, very like the beds one sees in Scotch cottages, brought him in tenderly, and deposited him in it. He made up a bed for himself close by on the floor, with an old rug under him and some bagging over him. His last look that night at the child was a long one; his thought was, "I hope they won't find out I've got him for the longest!" His glance rested on, or rather, roamed about the store before he fell asleep, and the bareness and desolation of the spot, the transparent delusion of his life, the mockery of "the business," the hopelessness of his task, pressed more sorely than ever upon him for a few minutes as he lay there. He had turned down the lamp and put it behind the lime-barrel, from which place it threw gruesome shadows on the empty shelves, the one stick of candy in the biggest jar, the half flitch of country bacon on its nail near the window, the box from which he had abstracted the herrings for tea, the showcase with its bunch of shoe-strings and matches and yeast-cakes.

"If I was let to keep him, I don't see how Butterfield's can carry him," he thought dismally. And then, "If he ain't claimed, though, I'll try to keep him. I've been living too high, anyway, here lately, and it won't take much to feed him, — that little fellow! Maybe I can get some extry work, and I don't need no milk in my coffee. Some say it ain't a good thing to take at all, and gives the dyspepsy. And that handkerchief would 'most make him a coat; 't won't take nothing at all to clothe that mite of a child, — nothing at all." And thus deprived of most of his few comforts, and busily planning to get rid of the remainder, Uncle Joseph too fell asleep, nor dreamed that it was the child who was to "carry" Butterfield's on and up to a glorious consummation, such as his wildest dreams had never contemplated; that the firm had taken in a sleeping partner in curly-locks under the counter, whose genius was in due time to be recognized far beyond the limits of Slumborough; that in obeying a humane instinct he had saved and gained the desire of his heart.

From the very first the child brought him good fortune, as often in after life he used to relate. The neighbors crowded in curiously to see him, and pitied him, and asked him a great many questions about himself, to which he cheerfully made answer in his childish fashion. The women all fell in love with him, and so did most of the men; and having come to gaze and talk, they ended by buying. That curly head brought in five dollars the first week. It was agreed, too, that Mr. Butterfield had behaved well at the fire; and if there were those who were as angry with him for keeping little Jake as if it had been his set purpose to do so at their expense, there were others who thought it natural and commendable.

The town authorities never once troubled themselves about the child, although for months Mr. Butterfield lived in a chronic fear and fever of anxiety lest they should. Jake's mother had been sentenced for shoplifting; she was a

stranger in the place; there was no one to claim the boy or care for him. Sad to say, the poor mother was not even missed by the one creature that might, should, would have grieved for her if he had not been too young to know what sorrow meant. For a few days he asked for her often, and prattled about her in a merry, careless way that touched Uncle Joseph's heart, and led him to silence Jake or divert his attention.

"It 's the first Jew ever I heard of on the wrong side of a jail door, and I reckon she warn't much of a woman to boast of, but she was a mother for all that; she loved the little chap, and I 'll be dog-goned if I can stand hearing him talk like that. I would n't have chose him a Jew; no, indeed! I 've always been set against the whole tribe, ma'am. But a prettier, or a brighter, or a smarter, or a sweeter child I never see nor hope to see belonging to nobody," he said to Miss Bradley. "You 've only to look at him yourself to see it. Maybe it won't come out on him," he added rather anxiously, as if it were a question of measles rather than of race. "He 's mighty young, and he won't see nor hear nothing of 'em, and he 'll be brought up as good a deep-water Baptist as there is. You must see him. I 'll call him. Here, Jake! Come here!"

Out struted the child from the shed with his hands in his pockets. His comical, swaggering air of independence did not please Miss Bradley, who believed in a style of child as dead as Julius Cæsar; and if that had been all, she would have rebuked him promptly in a stately way; but his laughing eyes and that irresistible curly head so mitigated his "boldness" that she took him up instead and put him on the counter before her. The back view of Jake's trousers and small person generally would have amused the great "unamusable" Napoleon — after Waterloo, say — and softened the Iron Duke. The pair eyed each other amiably. Jacob's attention being attracted by Miss Bradley's brooch, he made a dash at it, saying, "What did you pay for it? Where did you get it? What 's it worth? Brass, ain't it? It 's pretty. Why don't you sell it to Uncle Jo? Hainh? I 'll give you my apple for it. I like breastpins. My mother, — she 's burnt up, — she had two. Both of 'em was n't gold, though. She got one from a Christian, and he cheated her. She did n't know the difference. *I* know the difference. You smell 'em before you buy 'em, always."

"Dear me! how you do talk, child! You must not be so forward. It is highly improper to be giving your opinions in the presence of your elders and betters. I do hope Mr. Butterfield is not committing the folly of being over-indulgent, and that he remembers your station in life. No, it is not brass. No Virginian gentlewoman ever wears anything that is not absolutely genuine, Jacob."

"Are you a Christian?" asked Jacob.

"A Christian? I am a *Virginian*, Jacob," replied Miss Bradley, with dignity, inclusively, as covering the whole ground.

"I ain't. I am a Jew. But I 'm going to be a Baptist, 'cause Uncle Jo, he 's one. And I 'm going to tie up the parcels and run arrants and sell goods all the time."

"Yes, yes, of course; but you must have the rudiments of an education as well, Jacob." ("I 'll speak to Cynthia about it," she thought. She had once owned Cynthia, but the tables were turned now, and Cynthia emphatically owned her.)

"I don't want to. I 'm going to keep store. I 'm going to buy a whole lot of oranges and *boil* 'em. Two for fifteen cents," replied Jake. "I get it every time. They swell so." He inflated his cheeks to show how much.

"Mr. Butterfield, do you hear that? Who — who has poisoned this youthful mind and instilled such perversions of principle into this guileless bosom? I am unspeakably shocked, Jacob, to hear

you talk in this way." ("No matter what Cynthia says, it is now my duty to instruct him," she thought.) "You can get down now."

"All right," assented Jacob, and got down and trotted back again into the shed.

"An attractive child, I grant you, Mr. Butterfield, but one requiring to be judiciously reared. I trust Mrs. Nicodemus has been the better for the seasonable weather? Cynthia will bring her down a tray this afternoon, and I shall be disappointed if she does not find something on it that she can relish. We all like a change in pasture, you know. Good-morning," said the dear little lady, taking her leave, and Mr. Butterfield executed his grand bow as she stood on the door-sill, and another when she got outside. Less than these he never failed to bestow on a customer.

"Why don't you eat your bun, honey?" asked Mr. Butterfield of Jacob that evening.

"I don't want to," was the reply. "I'm going to swap it for a cocoanut with Bill Jenkins, and sell the cocoanut. But you 'll see, Uncle Jo!"

And if you will believe me, that mite of a manikin put that bun into a cocoanut, and that cocoanut into candy, which he sold to all the boys in the neighborhood, clearing seventy-five cents by the transaction, and managing to get his share of the sweets beside. This was a straw, but it showed what the little Jacob was.

Mr. Butterfield lost no time in taking him to the chapel he attended and beginning the process that was to end in his becoming a deep-water Baptist. He taught him a verse from the New Testament every morning. As the years went on he gradually inoculated the child with all his own unjust prejudice against the race from which he sprang. But all the same, the trading instinct, the shrewdness, the intelligence, the self-reliance of a thousand generations of Israelites dwelt under the cap that covered that curly head, and became more and more apparent every day. If you had taken Jacob and shut him up in the Bastille for life, he would have traded successfully with the keepers. If you had sent him to Siberia, he would have made money out of handcuffs and knouts. If you had put him in a lighthouse, he would have made a neat thing of it with the government. With him, to breathe was to gain, and get, and keep, and invest, and reinvest, and so on over and over again. Naturally, he attracted other children, and it was wonderful to see how instinctively he spread his chaff to suit his birds, and, what is more, caught them. It was a constant surprise, a continual amazement, to Uncle Joseph to see him do it; the ease, the skill, with which he made money often struck him dumb.

"I never see the like; he beats 'em all. I ain't got no anxiety now about Jake, little as he is. He 'll get along. You should just see him, hear him talk to me 'bout what he 's going to do. Why, after the first three years he 's made his own keep, pretty much. Think of it! I can't see how he does it," said Mr. Butterfield admiringly to a friend. "He 's got a wonderful head, that boy, — jest wonderful." And it was wonderful, just as it is wonderful to see an oriole build its nest, deftly weaving in twigs, wool, cloth, hair, whatever materials come to hand. The play of instinct was the same with the boy as with the bird.

Mr. Butterfield went in, one evening in March, when the boy was about eight years old, and found him seated before a big table, very earnest and flushed, and busily at work. "What in the land are you doing *now*, Jake, my son?" Mr. Butterfield asked, and, with his roguish eyes dancing in his head, Jake replied, "I 'm making fifty-cent kites for ten, Uncle Jo, and can't do 'em fast enough. Miss Bradley brought me one from Washington, and there ain't none here like it, and I 've took it for a pattern. I spoiled

two at first, but now I can do 'em, I tell you! Look here, — ain't it pretty? Ain't this one of Bill's a beauty? I 've made two dollars by 'em already, and I 'm not near done. I make 'em pay extry for the red-tailed ones; they 're made to look like birds, you see. Lend me your knife, won't you?"

When ice was "holding" on Melton's Pond, the following winter, what did Jake do, but get up a particular kind of strap for buckling on skates, and make a tidy little sum out of that too. On the 4th of July he was up at daylight, and, having provided himself plentifully with firecrackers on the 3d, did a flourishing little business before Uncle Jo was up; and when Mr. Butterfield did come into the shed-room Jake and his friends were letting off a couple of bunches on the kitchen stove. "I 've had all the fun I wanted. And I 've made a dollar besides," said Jake, running to embrace him, and whispering this last item. He let off the last bunch on the back of Mother Nicodemus's cap that afternoon, and when the sun went down had put three dollars in the till and brought the key to Mr. Butterfield with another embrace and a radiant face. The child was as affectionate as he was enterprising and industrious, and he had caught the Butterfield fever.

In Jake's ninth year Mother Nicodemus died, and one day soon after her funeral Jake, seeing that Uncle Joseph looked very downcast and sad, slipped into his lap and said, "Look here, Uncle Jo. Don't you worrit; me and you 'll build up Butterfield's together. See if I don't! You can have my dog, too, if you want it. I *was* going to trade. But it don't matter." By the time Jake was ten he had a decided influence upon the business. Parents had begun to follow the lead of the children. And there never was anything like Jake's talent for meeting their demands, his shifts, devices, ways, means, general readiness for emergencies. With Cynthia's qualified assent, Miss Bradley had kept her word, and for several years taught Jake so carefully and well that in manner and speech he became much superior to most boys of his class. But the kernel of the whole matter lay in this: he had a genius for shopkeeping. At twelve he was noted as one of the "smartest," neatest, most civil youngsters in all Slumborough. People said of him that "he might easily be taken for a gentleman's son," and that "that boy of Butterfield's was a credit to him and would get on, certain." His bright face, his politeness, and his invincible amiability made him a general favorite.

As for Uncle Joseph, he doted on the boy. What he would have done after Mother Nicodemus's death but for this busy, cheery-wise little companion, Heaven only knows. At first he would say, "What 's that?" or "Go 'long, Jake; you must be crazy," when "the small chap" made suggestions about the business and its management; but before long it was, "Well, I reckon that *would* be a good plan," or "I 'll try that, my boy. How did you ever come to think of it?" It was Jake who rubbed up the red apples until they shone, and sorted them, and asked enough for the biggest to pay for all, and got it, too. It was Jake who wrapped the oranges in tissue-paper to make them "look fine" and would not let them touch one another "for fear that they would rot," and sold only one bunch of bananas, but those of the finest, and so got up the name of the store for good fruit.

He had a talent for asking questions, among his other talents. He knew what everything in his line sold for in other stores, and what those stores had. The tricks of the trade he did not altogether disdain, as when, hearing that eggs were scarce, he bought twelve dozen from a farmer's wagon one morning, scared Uncle Joseph dreadfully, and sold the lot to the hotel before noon. Uncle Joseph

taught the lad how to shoot and fish. Presently fresh fish were to be seen for sale at Butterfield's all during Lent. And Jake having chanced to come upon a stranger who was out shooting blackbirds for the wings, which he sent off to a New York house, took the address, and sold his slaughtered hundreds in all; the money he put into paint and fixtures, fancy bags, and gas-pipes for Butterfield's. He shot partridges, too, and trapped rabbits, which he dressed and sold at an advance on the undressed ones of his neighbors. He made Uncle Joseph buy pink onions because they "looked pretty." He cut open a watermelon every day and let it stand in the doorway, its own invitation to the thirsty passer-by. "It ain't waste, Uncle Jo. It 's advertising. You let me be. You 'll see! I watch 'em. They go by the other stores; but when they see that melon they walk right in."

From his fifteenth to his twentieth year, Jake did nothing but add to the attractions of Butterfield's. He got a parrot by trading, and kept it in the store because people stopped to listen, and it put them in a good humor. Uncle Joseph had struggled for years to keep his two jars half supplied with peppermint candy. "The public school is being built on the square above. I 'll get in some dates, and figs, and marbles, and candies," said Jake breezily. "I 'll order down a big supply from Washington."

It was a small order as some shops count, but to Mr. Butterfield it seemed fraught with peril and destruction. "Jake! Jake! Where will you stop! Three barrels of sugar, and now all these sweets!" he cried in real distress. "You 'll never be able to pay for them in the world."

"Only *one* barrel of sugar; the others are *blinds*, nailed up to keep people from finding it out, Uncle Jo. And I bet you in two weeks there won't be a box of goodies left in the store. The children have got to pass this way, and I give a carnelian marble or a thimble with every box. I know what I 'm about, Uncle Jo. Don't you get scared."

"You 'd better stick to groceries, Jake. Stick to groceries, I say."

"Stick to *groceries!* I say, sell whatever people want to buy. I 'm not going to have anything stick to me except customers. You 've got to take risks in business, Uncle Jo, if you want to make money. Just you wait! You 'll see," replied Jacob. He always ended their discussions with this confident speech.

By degrees he revolutionized everything about the business except Mr. Butterfield himself. Mr. Butterfield could not be born again, and nothing less radical would have made him what Jake considered a business man. On another, ante-bellum planet and under another, extinct system he had once done business successfully; and he had age on his side, — presumably, experience. Yet here was Jake knocking the store and all that appertained to it about his ears, as if business were a game of ninepins. It often tried the old man dreadfully, dearly as he loved the lad. What he did not suspect was that he was equally trying to Jacob, dearly as the lad loved the old man.

"If he would just turn it all over to me, and let me manage, and not interfere at all," Jake said once to his great friend, Bill Jenkins. "I can't bear to hurt his feelings, or for him to think himself useless. But he comes into the store and tells the truth about everything, when there is no need. And he gives away the fresh eggs and nicest butter to the dead-beats, and leaves our best customers without any, and he won't send a bill to any of the old families; he says they 've always dealt honorable with him, and always will, and it ain't proper to pester 'em like a fly with bills every month. If anybody wants a receipt, he asks them what they take him for, and says he 's been a poor man for a good

many years, but ain't never been dishonest enough to send a bill again that 's been settled. He 's just the dearest old uncle that ever lived, but you can't do a thing with him, and he would swamp the Treasury at Washington. If I don't get hold of the books, Butterfield's will never hold up its head again, and I am just bent and determined on seeing it the biggest and best store in the State."

Jake was about fifteen at this time. Things were not going very well at the store, and in a fit of impatience Jake went off and "peddled stuff" on the train for three months, after some sharp words with the head of the firm. He came back with a nice little sum, embraced Mr. Butterfield and kissed him as he had always done, sat on his lap, and talked so largely, hopefully, affectionately, that Mr. Butterfield could not hold out. "You can take the books, my boy. It will all be yours, anyway, some day," he said, "and I reckon you might as well come into the firm now as later." This practically was Mr. Butterfield's abdication, and Charles V. of Spain did not feel the event to be a whit more solemn when he retired from *his* business because it was not a paying one.

"Well, I reckon I 'd better, pappy," said Jake. "But you 'll be here to keep me straight, and it 'll all go right. You 'll see! I 've got an idea! Lots of 'em! Just you wait!"

"Yes, I 'll keep the supervision and see that it is all managed right," said Mr. Butterfield in perfect good faith, and if Jake smiled it was very sweetly.

Next day Jake had a place railed off at the back of the store, put a desk and a high chair there, got a huge book, an inkstand, post-cards, pens, stamps, and blotting-paper.

"You don't need all them! What a waste of money, my son!" remonstrated Mr. Butterfield.

"No, it ain't, Uncle Jo; got 'em on purpose, — and got 'em big on purpose. *I* ain't going to stand at the door bowing, I can tell you. I like it in *you*, pappy. But I 'm going to be always sitting in that pen yonder, so busy I can't hear 'em call for five minutes, and keep 'em waiting."

"It ain't polite. It don't become you, Jake, in your position. You are here to serve 'em well and quick."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Uncle Jo. But politeness don't pay its dividends *always*. I know what I 'm about. There 's a time to hear, and a time to be as deaf as a post."

Jake was behind the railing one day, shortly after this, when Miss Bradley came in. She looked about her at the shelves, freshly painted, and well filled, and smiled, well pleased. "Why, Jacob, this is very nice to see, — Butterfield's arising like another Phœnix from its ashes. This is really delightful!" she said.

"What 's a Phœnix, ma'am?" asked Jacob, and was told the history of that classic fowl in words of six syllables. Miss Bradley then made known her errand. "If you could, without inconvenience, Jacob, oblige me by sending around a dozen cakes of fresh yeast, during the day, I shall be obliged, and Cynthia grateful. Nowhere else can one get as good. It has always been a secret of Butterfield's. I have heard my grandmother remark that she was very desirous at one time to get the recipe, and make it."

"Yes 'm. Thank you, ma'am. That will be all right. The yeast will be at the house in ten minutes sharp. Good-morning," said Jacob, and the dear old lady gathered up her skirts and parcels, and was bowed out respectfully by Mr. Butterfield.

"That 's the very thing!" cried Jake, when she had gone. "We 'll call it the 'Phœnix Yeast,' and advertise it. Hurrah! I know how to do it!"

"Butterfield's yeast don't *need* no advertising. It 's never been known not to rise, and everybody in Slumborough,

pretty much, knows it, and what more do you want? Don't talk to me of advertising, Jacob. We ain't never spent a cent that way. We 've always been a respectable firm," replied Mr. Butterfield.

Jacob was silent, but his lower jaw looked as if it had made up its mind to advertise, and so it had. In a week, flaming red bills were in the window and on the street, with a Phœnix rising from a sort of dust-heap, labeled "Butterfield's," and everybody was adjured by every selfish consideration to buy the great, original, peerless, perfect, celebrated "Butterfield's Bijou Phœnix Yeast."

In a month all the country roads leading to the town were ablaze with bills, and Jacob's soul was satisfied. "We 've got a specialty," he said. "You can't do anything without a specialty." Fresh ways of making the yeast known to the general public fermented continually in his mind. The Phœnix legend was soon emblazoned on everything, and became his Excelsior, inscribed on all his banners, hung on his outer walls, and planted on the tower of the citadel.

Mr. Butterfield, returning from a day's fishing not long after this, was struck by the appearance of a very extraordinary dog that came running down the street to meet him, as if they were old acquaintances. It was a poodle of the shaggiest description, and had been snow-white. It had been dyed red. A broad band had been shaved around its body, and on its back appeared in large letters, "Buy Butterfield's Bijou Phœnix Yeast." It was Jacob's legend, Jacob's dog. For once mild Uncle Joseph lost his temper completely. His grandmother's — Butterfield's — respectable Virginia yeast, used by the leading families for half a century and more, openly, shamelessly heralded forth on the main street of Slumborough on the back of a red poodle! It drove him wild to think of it! He caught up the animal (which was never again seen in that guise in public) and went home and had a scene with Jacob, who was perfectly amazed to have stirred up such a tempest by a device upon which he had prided himself not a little.

"What is a Byjoo, anyway, I 'd like to know?" demanded Uncle Joseph furiously. "I ain't no Jew! It 's Butterfield's Family Yeast, and always has been, and always will be; and this is your doings, Jacob. If you ever turn that dog out again to insult me, and the family, and the firm in the town where we 've always lived and been respected by high and low, I 'll shoot him dead and give up Butterfield's and go away somewhere and die among strangers."

In vain had Uncle Joseph bred his bird up a barnyard fowl — a Baptist — a Butterfield! Blood had been too strong for him. And a blessed thing it was too, a blessed day, when this offshoot from one of the oldest yet still one of the most vigorous races among the children of men was driven into his tent for shelter, and under his wing for love and protection. In a few months the demand for Phœnix Yeast was so great that it was as much as they could do (simple as the recipe really was) to supply it. Every night Uncle Joseph and Jake sat around the big table in the little shed-room, and made it, having first locked the door and pulled down the blind so that the great secret might not get out. Uncle Joseph was so nervously afraid of this that in summer he always looked up the wide-mouthed chimney before settling to his work, to make sure that there was not "a chiel among them takin' notes." Jake would laugh mischievously at this, and Uncle Joseph would say, "It 's better to be on the safe side, Jacob. It 's a good deal easier to keep a bird in its cage than to catch it again once it gets out." Just for fun, what should Jake do one night but get up that chimney on purpose that he might be caught. Uncle Joseph, stooping down, with his hands on his knees, and peering up, received a galvanic shock, and

thought he had "got him at last." He hunted up his old ramrod, and was about to give some vigorous lunges in that quarter when Jake slipped down almost into his arms, to his intense astonishment and Jake's intense delight.

When the poodle episode was over, Uncle Joseph felt that he had been hasty with the lad, and then for the first time solemnly admitted him to the firm as a "full partner" by way of making amends. Jake was extremely pleased. He squared himself at the table that evening, and gave his whole mind to a new sign, which he designed entirely himself, with ink and cardboard and fancy papers, deciding at last on a gilt Phœnix with "Butterfield & Co." in red letters below, on a green scroll.

"I 'm Co., pappy," he said when it was mounted, "and you are Butterfield. Ain't it grand? Ain't it elegant? I mean to have that bird on every cake of soap that leaves the store, before I 'm done, and on every barrel of flour, and on every pot of butter, and on every single blessed thing we sell, as sure as my name is Co! See if I don't. That bird 's going to make Lecky and all of 'em screech yet! He looked like a buzzard until it struck me to have him gilt. I 'm going to put him on the buttons of my coat! Now we 'll just swoop over them all, won't we?" he said, addressing the fowl in question.

"Remember, Jake, you are a *full* partner," repeated Mr. Butterfield, when he bade him good-night, and with solemnity he laid his hand on Jacob's head, still curly, though Jake had tried and tried to make his locks straight. "There is n't many men as 'd give such a big responsibility to a boy, nor many boys fit to have it laid on them. My father was fifty before he became that in Butterfield's. But I reckon I 've done well, and you 'll be under my eye all the time, where you can get advice and be showed what to do. And do you always remember what it is to be in such a firm and such a business, and never do you disgrace Butterfield's, the longest day you live, sir."

"I will — I won't Uncle Joseph, I promise," declared Jake, quite affected by his new dignity. And then he began laughing. With all Jake's schemes and talents, his laugh was a better advertisement than anything he could have invented for the new firm.

The two partners were not always agreed after this, happily as their quarrel had ended. There was one very black day when Jake sold a customer (from a leading family whose name had always been on the Butterfield books in palmy days) a tea-caddy, asked three prices for it with his most delightful smile, and so sweetly declined to charge it that it was quite a pleasure to hear him, — it sounded almost like a compliment.

Mr. Butterfield was horrified and indignant. This was worse than advertising; revolutionary, atrocious, dishonest.

"But she said she would n't have anything that was cheap. I did n't want to sell to her at all, for she can't afford to buy much. She can't afford it. So I set a fancy price, hoping to scare her off. And I don't mean to charge anything to anybody. I sell only for cash."

"You ain't fit to be a partner in Butterfield's nor no other house," cried Mr. Butterfield. "I am ashamed of you, insulting a Mordaunt, that has had hundreds from us charged before now. And trying to cheat her beside. And calling it 'business.' It 's rascality! It 's that there Jew blood in you, Jacob. Leave the sto'." He was in a white heat.

As for Jake, he went off and cried his eyes out, for he had a most affectionate heart, and was not only much hurt, but very rebellious.

So keen was Mr. Butterfield's chagrin at this incident that he paid a trembling visit to Miss Augusta Mordaunt to explain away the insult. "That boy of mine is a good boy," he said, "and he 's got some good ideas about business. But,

Miss Augusta," — he approached her as he spoke, — "he warn't *born* a Butterfield. He warn't born in Slumborough at all. I don't know that he was born in Virginia even."

"Ah," said Miss Mordaunt, with a sigh, as if she had been given the clue to a great mystery, "that accounts for everything." After further apologies the offense was forgiven, and Mr. Butterfield went away, feeling that his honor was vindicated, even if he could not yet acquit Jacob of an unspeakable crime.

"Jacob," he said when he reached home, "you ain't got *no* call nor claim to be impudent to the lowest in this town, for you don't rightly belong here, only through me. And you are a foreigner, though it ain't throwed up to you through being my son by adoption; you ain't even asked where you came from. All that is overlooked; but if you go to making war on your betters, you 'll come out the small end of the horn. You can't have no business without them. Oh yes, I reckon you can make *money*, but money ain't *Butterfield's!*"

"You know I love you better than anything in this world, Uncle Jo," sobbed Jacob. "I 'd do anything in the world for you. But I *can't* do business your way. I can't, daddy. It 's no use talking; I don't know how, and when you get mad with me (boo-hoo!) and talk to me like you 've done (boo-hoo!) it 'most breaks my heart! I *ain't* a Jew at all, either. I 'm a Butterfield, and your boy."

"I know, I know my son," Uncle Joseph replied, affected by his embraces and tears and passionate protestations. "We won't say no mo'. But do you remember that you warn't born here, but have come in, a foreigner, and have got to live it down, and not go stirring up all Slumborough against you."

The town, which knew Jacob only as a most resolute, self-reliant youth, bubbling over with cheerfulness, and small jokes, and enterprise, and audacity, would have been surprised to see him with his head down on Uncle Joseph's shoulder, sobbing like a child. But if Jacob had the Jewish vice of making money *coûte que coûte*, he had every Jewish virtue, too: the strong affections and generous qualities, the industry and cleverness and ability of many kinds that make the race conspicuous in far other and higher fields than even Butterfield's.

By no means all the talks between the old man and the young one were of this distressing nature. No indeed! There was one day, when the business, under Jake's Midas touch, first gave a vigorous bound in the right direction, that neither of them ever quite forgot. Mr. Butterfield had been off in the next county visiting one of his respected and respectable Baptist brothers, though it was the busiest season of the year, in accordance with his ancient and admirable theory as to the proper way of conducting any and every business. Jake had taken advantage of his absence to carry out a certain plan, and had got in boxes and boxes and boxes from Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York. For three days he had been whistling their contents into place, and in the joy of his heart even his hair seemed to share, for it curled in the most luxuriant and splendid fashion all about his shapely head, and he was much too busy to "take the Jew" out of it, as he thanklessly called its natural and beautiful wave. He was casting his eye down the bill of lading, with a thoughtful frown, and debating with quick eye and wit what would "take," and on what he would "make," and how he should conceal little "dodges" from his "daddy," when the door opened and Mr. Butterfield walked in. Jake ran forward and embraced him, only taking time to stick his pencil behind his ear; but in spite of the supporting arm, Mr. Butterfield sank on the nearest seat.

"Jacob!" he exclaimed. "Pickles again, — a whole row of them. And

olives! And Sultana raisins! And preserves in glass! The whole side of the sto' — Get me a glass of water. Quick, Jacob, and — put something in it."

A happy evening that was, and Jacob, who loved the sound of his own tongue, and naturally was full of honest admiration for the admirable results of his talents, chirped and chattered away for hours, and showed every white tooth in his head as he threw it back to laugh, and made himself vastly entertaining as he opened his budget to show how it had all come about.

"I had n't thought to see pickles from Belfast again on my shelves, my boy, while I lived, much less fruit in glass. And them raisins! It 's just wonderful, Jake. I don't see how you do it, for the life of me, and taking things so easy, too! You are a good boy, Jake, and deserve well of Butterfield's. You *ought* to have been born here, I declare," was Uncle Joseph's comment, — with which praise Jake was quite content. He would not have been so well pleased if he had seen the old man later, when, unable to sleep, he got up, took his lamp and luxuriated in another look at the shelves, then rubbed his chin, and said to the bunch of Sultana raisins in his hand, "I would n't have *chose* him a Jew. But it 's lucky for Butterfield's, I do reckon."

Jacob had a struggle of it, sometimes, to keep the business going according to his ideas. But a merry heart is a good member of any firm, and goes not only all the day, but for many a year. When Fouché complained of the discontent of Paris, Napoleon curtly advised him to "give them more fireworks." Jacob likewise took to fireworks when business flagged, and recognized the fact that Slumborough was dull, and needed an occasional sensation; also that it could, and did, and always would enjoy and appreciate shocks from the world's great electric battery. The town abounded in spinsters and widows and girls, and the reportorial capacity of a woman's tongue cannot be overrated. Jacob, ever polite, plucky, and pleasant, saw that excitement was "a long felt want" of all country towns, and undertook to supply it, as he would have supplied anything for which there was any demand from a match to a mummy. He divined, too, by instinct, the most universal of passions in the human breast — a passion for getting something for nothing. With these two levers, it became an easy task, as soon as they were properly adjusted, to lift Butterfield's up to any level desired. He added a soda-fountain; he added an oyster saloon that soon blossomed into a restaurant; he added a bakery and a confectionery department. The store was always bulging out in fresh directions. In five years he sent his Phœnix crackers to South America, Mexico, and Cuba. He sold Phœnix Bijou Yeast in a dozen States. He provided nearly all the hotels of the five neighboring cities with Phœnix butter. In a little while no lady in Slumborough felt that the day had begun until she had seen what was going on at Butterfield's; and once at the windows she was irresistibly drawn within doors by a gift, a bargain, a novelty. Money flowed in to the till in a way that quite frightened and scandalized Mr. Butterfield.

"Are you running a sto' or are you running a circus, Jacob? That 's what I want to know," he would ask. And Jake would laugh, and say it was "a theatre." Miss Bradley's loan was repaid with interest. Lecky was perfectly crushed by such a rival. Moses, Solomons & Co. willingly let Jacob have all the money he wanted, and asked him to their respective homes. Slumborough became for the summer visitor and in the commercial world just a synonym for Butterfield's.

A great deal of comment was naturally roused in the community, first and last, by the success of Jacob. Mr. Mordaunt remarked to Mr. Bradley one day on the street: "I have always said that

slavery as practiced in Virginia was a source of justifiable emolument to the upper class, and a good thing for the negroes. They fared as well as any laboring class in the world. But as a source of revenue, take all Africa, Bradley, and give me a dozen Israelites. If one turned them out every morning on 'Change, and emptied their pockets every night, one would soon have enough to live like a gentleman again, and need never give money another thought. It is that Jewish strain in the lad coming out, you may depend upon it! I am credibly informed that he comes of that race."

At last a great day dawned for Mr. Butterfield, a great day for Jacob. For the business had burst all its bounds, so to speak. There was money laid by in the bank, where Jake was always called "Mr. Butterfield," most respectfully, now, and it was decided to rebuild. In a year there was a new Butterfield's, indeed! It had a front like the bank, and ran up six stories, and back indefinitely. It was all built of pressed brick, and tiles, and plate-glass! It had a life-size Phœnix over the door, as big as a condor. It had electric lights, and elevators, and bells, and punches, and tubes, and pipes. It had a gorgeous office that might have been that of the governor of the State. It was as full of clerks as it could hold, and a good deal fuller, often, of customers, to be Hibernian; for on field-days there was always a large crowd before the door unable to get in. It was no longer necessary, when business was hopelessly dull, for Jake to light a few matches and papers in the front of the store overnight, and do just the right amount of scorching and blackening, and have a "sacrifice sale" next day, and clear seventy-five dollars, with a laugh in his sleeve that was worth as much more.

The counters at Butterfield's were all of natural woods now, and the show-cases of plate-glass mounted in nickel, which Mr. Bortswick, the Baptist minister in Slumborough, said was "a wicked waste of the precious metals of heaven." Jake was perfectly radiant and triumphant when he gazed about him and thought of what he had accomplished, and of all the way from the shanty with the lime-barrel, the apple-basket, and the fagots of kindling to *this*. He reflected that he was not yet thirty-two; he looked down at his fashionable trousers; he looked across with a warmer and better feeling at his beloved "daddy," "pappy," "Uncle Jo," as he variously called Mr. Butterfield, "dressed as good as any gentleman in Slumborough" and carrying a gold-headed cane, his own gift at Christmas; he thought of their rooms which he had lately furnished in a high-chromo style that would have killed an æsthete outright, but in which were represented all the comforts and luxuries that either of them had ever coveted in the old days of poverty; and his cup was full. He had no regrets. He determined to marry soon. Not Rachel Schmidt, though she was very pretty, which was nice, and would have money, which was certainly no objection, though Mr. Schmidt had taken a good deal of notice of him lately, and had always been kind and had lent him money in several of his straits, without security too. No, Jacob could not get his own consent to marry a Jewess; he never owned to himself that he was a Jew, not even in the dark, in the middle of the night. He disliked the race particularly, though most unreasonably. He would marry Nanny Nicodemus, and give away twenty-five "bridal tea-sets," sweet affairs of six pieces in white-and-gold with rosebuds on a clear ground, and get back all the expenses of his wedding and a nice little sum "to boot." No wonder Jacob's face was bright as he walked down the grand entrance with his arm around Mr. Butterfield's neck, and only clouded for a moment when a lazy clerk got in the way. He pushed him aside, saying, "Don't you see my father coming?" He was on the easiest terms, as

a rule, with his employes, though he was always master. But he demanded that the most exaggerated respect should be shown his adopted father.

Mr. Butterfield, too, often looked about him at the miracles wrought by Jacob. It was all wonderful to him, very wonderful. Jacob still appeared to him a mere boy. How had he done it? "It 's as easy as turning his hand over for him," he mused. He enjoyed the increased respect that his changed position had brought him. He was grateful to Jake for all his love and thought and care. He admired his industry, and marveled at his enterprise: But this grand store, this hive, this place of perpetual sensations and fireworks and brag and blind, of traps, excitements, continual changes, continual displacements, of noise and hurry and general hurrah! What was it, after all? He remembered a long room with a low ceiling, as quiet as a church, where nobody was ever in haste, and a voice was rarely raised. He remembered a green stone jug that had been in the window for fifty years, and that he would no more have sold than he would have sold his own father. He remembered leisurely patrons, quietly and respectfully served. Patrons do I say? Friends rather of a lifetime, whom it would be shameful to deceive, who always asked after his health and were interested in the well-being of the family, and with whom his father had discussed the politics of the country and the news of the neighborhood. Not a greedy mob, eager to buy and be gone, and to save a nickel, without so much as a "good-morning," with an appetite for novelties that never was satisfied, and with death or a bailiff always at their heels apparently. The old man remembered the world before the flood, in short, as he sat near the new gilt register, wiping his face with the red bandanna which he would not give up, not even to please Jacob. "Jacob says it 's *business*," he thought sadly, his mind and eye and heart wearied by the blaze and glare and glitter that surrounded him, and all his soul protesting against the group of clerks off duty at the back of the premises, engaged in horse-play, and smoking cigarettes with their heels up well above their heads.

It was Miss Mordaunt who formulated his disjointed though ardent impressions. They met one day in front of the store, where she had been stopped by Jacob, whom she had never altogether liked. He had run after her to give her a receipt for a bill paid. She shook her head and pushed his hand away, but he said, "You must take it; it 's a rule of the house," and finally stuck it in the flap of her reticule laughingly and went indoors again. Miss Mordaunt pettishly took it out, tore it up, and threw down the pieces. "I never took a receipt from you in all my life, Mr. Butterfield," she said, "and I never will — there!"

"No, of course not," replied Mr. Butterfield. "That 's right, Miss Augusta. I 'd have known better than to offer it. It 's that Jacob of mine. He will have his own way. I hope you will be so kind as to excuse his faults. He 's made a fine place of it, has n't he, now?"

They both looked up at the gilt Phœnix above them; at the huge shop windows with Phœnixes in every material that was ever known, from gold to gingerbread; at the blue-label hams of the Phœnix brand hanging on pegs; at the rows of bottled ale with red Phœnix labels; at the boxes of soap of the green Phœnix brand.

"You have got a mighty fine establishment here," she said, "mighty fine! But it is n't Butterfield's. Oh dear, no, it is n't *Butterfield's!*"

It was not, it never would be again, and Mr. Butterfield knew it. Jacob had done wonders, but he could not call back again the day that was past. Their eyes met and filled with tears, that past was so clear to them both. Mr. Butterfield stood watching her for some moments

as she picked her way home along the muddy sidewalk with her delicate, cat-like grace of movement. He looked back at the store, and a picture in the window caught his eye, a caricature of the President, wretchedly vulgar, familiarly labeled, set there to please "the garlic-breathed many."

"She 's right. It *ain't* Butterfield's," he thought, and never in the deepest depths of poverty and misfortune had he felt a keener pang than now pierced his heart on the height of "Fortune's crowning slope:" "Butterfield's is dead, and I might as well be too." From that day and hour the old man visibly relaxed his hold on life. In vain did Jake send him here, and send him there; in vain did he try to interest him in what was going on at the store, or in his plans for the future of the business. That idol was dethroned forever, and lying prone in the dust.

So was the poor high priest of the Butterfield religion, a year from that date. The old man called Jake to his bedside as he lay dying in the smart chromo room. "Go down — that picture — take it out of the window. The chief magistrate of the nation — take it out, or I can't die in peace," he panted.

Jacob hastened to obey, and coming back knelt down by him, saying, "That 's all right. I took it out. I 'll do anything for you, daddy, anything." Joseph received his kiss, took his hand, turned over on his side, and with a long-drawn patient sigh went out of the great business of life, quietly honoring the very last draft upon Butterfield's.

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

A CAROLINA MOUNTAIN POND.

Stewart's Pond, on the Hamburg road a mile or so from the village of Highlands, North Carolina, served me, a visiting bird-gazer, more than one good turn: selfishly considered, it was something to be thankful for; but I never passed it, for all that, without feeling that it was a defacement of the landscape. The Cullasajah River is here only four or five miles from its source, near the summit of Whiteside Mountain, and already a land-owner, taking advantage of a level space and what passes among men as a legal title, has dammed it (the reader may spell the word as he chooses — "dammed" or "damned," it is all one to a mountain stream) for uses of his own. The water backs up between a wooded hill on one side and a rounded grassy knoll on the other, narrows where the road crosses it by a rude bridge, and immediately broadens again, as best it can, against the base of a steeper, forest-covered hill just beyond. The shapelessness of the pond and its romantic surroundings will in the course of years give it beauty, but for the present everything is unpleasantly new. The tall old trees and the ancient rhododendron bushes, which have been drowned by the brook they meant only to drink from, are too recently dead. Nature must have time to trim the ragged edges of man's work and fit it into her own plan. And she will do it, though it may take her longer than to absorb the man himself.

When I came in sight of the pond for the first time, in the midst of my second day's explorations, my first thought, it must be confessed, was not of its beauty or want of beauty, but of sandpipers, and in a minute more I was leaning over the fence to sweep the water-line with my opera-glass. Yes, there they were, five or six in number, one

here, another there; solitary sandpipers, so called with only a moderate degree of appropriateness, breaking their long northward journey beside this mountain lake, which might have been made for their express convenience. I was glad to see them. Without being rare, they make themselves uncommon enough to be always interesting; and they have, besides, one really famous trait, — the extraordinary secrecy of their breeding operations. Well known as they are, and wide as is their distribution, their eggs, so far as I am aware, are still unrepresented in scientific collections except by a single specimen found almost twenty years ago in Vermont; a "record," as we say in these days, of which *Totanus solitarius* may rightfully be proud.

About another part of the pond, on this same afternoon (May 8), were two sandpipers of a more ordinary sort: spotted sandpipers, familiar objects, we may fairly say, the whole country over. Few American schoolboys but have laughed at their absurd teetering motions. In this respect the solitary sandpiper is better behaved. It does not teeter — it *bobs;* standing still, as if in deep thought, and then dipping forward quickly (a fanciful observer might take the movement for an affirmative gesticulation, an involuntary "Yes, yes, now I have it!") and instantly recovering itself, exactly in the manner of a plover. This is partly what Mr. Chapman means, I suppose, when he speaks of the solitary sandpiper's superior quietness and dignity; two fine attributes, which may have much to do with their possessor's almost unparalleled success in eluding the researches of oölogical collectors. Nervousness and loquacity are poor hands at preserving a secret.

Although my first brief visit to Stewart's Pond made three additions to my local bird-list (the third being a pair of brown creepers), I did not go that way again for almost a fortnight. Then (May 21) my feet were barely on the bridge before a barn swallow skimmed past me. Swallows of any kind in the mountains of North Carolina are like hen-hawks in Massachusetts, — rare enough to be worth following out of sight. As for barn swallows, I had not expected to see them here at all. I kept my eye upon this fellow, therefore, with the more jealousy, and happily for me he seemed to have found the spot very much to his mind. If he was a straggler, as I judged likely in spite of the lateness of the season, he was perhaps all the readier to stay for an hour or two on so favorable a hunting-ground. With him were half a dozen rough-wings, — probably not stragglers, — hawking over the water; feeding, bathing, and now and then, by way of variety, engaging in some pretty spirited lovers' quarrels. In one such encounter, I remember, one of the contestants received so heavy a blow that she quite lost her balance (the sex was matter of guesswork) and dropped plump into the water; and more than once the fun was interrupted by an irate phœbe, who dashed out upon the makers of it with an ugly snap of his beak, as much as to say, "Come, now, this is my bridge." Mr. Stewart himself could hardly have held stricter notions about the rights of property. The rough-wings frequently perched in the dead trees, and once, at least, the barn swallow did likewise; something which I never saw a bird of his kind do before, to the best of my recollection. For to-day he was in Rome, and had fallen in with the Roman customs.

As I have said already, his presence was unexpected. His name is not included in Mr. Brewster's North Carolina list, and I saw no other bird like him till I was approaching Asheville, a week later, in a railway train. Then I was struck almost at the same moment by two things — a brick chimney and a barn swallow. My start at the

sight of red bricks made me freshly aware with what quickness the mind puts away the past and accustoms itself to new and strange surroundings. Man is the slave of habit, we say; but how many of us, even in middle age, have altered our modes of living, our controlling opinions, or our daily occupations, and in the shortest while have forgotten the old order of things, till it has become all like a dream, — a story heard long ago and now dimly remembered. Was it indeed we who lived there, and believed thus, and spent our days so? This capacity for change augurs well for the future of the race, and not less for the future of the individual, whether in this world or in another.

In a previous article I mentioned as provocative of astonishment the ignorance of a North Carolina man, my driver from Walhalla, who had no idea of what I meant by "swallows." His case turned out to be less singular than I thought, however, for when I spoke of it to an exceptionally bright, well-informed farmer in the vicinity of Highlands, he answered that he saw nothing surprising about it; *he* did n't know what swallows were, neither. Martins he knew, — purple martins, — though there were none hereabout, so far as I could discover, but "swallow," as a bird's name, was a novelty he had never heard of. Here on Stewart's bridge I might have tested the condition of another resident's mind upon the same point, but unfortunately the experiment did not occur to me. He came along on horseback, and I called his attention to the swallows shooting to and fro over the water, a pretty spectacle anywhere, but doubly so in this swallow-poor country. He manifested no very lively interest in the subject; but he made me a civil answer, — which is perhaps more than a hobby-horsical catechist, who travels up and down the world cross-examining his busy fellow mortals, has any good reason for counting upon in such a case. With so many things to be seen and done in this short life, it is obvious that all men's tastes cannot run to ornithology. "Yes," the stranger said, glancing at the swallows, "I expect they have their nests under the bridge." A civil answer I called it, but it was better than that; indicating, as it did, some acquaintance with the rough-wing's habits, or a shrewd knack at guessing. But the man knew nothing about a bird that nested in barns.

A short distance beyond the bridge, in a clearing over which lay scattered the remains of a house that had formerly stood in it (for even this new country is not destitute of ruins), a pair of snow-birds were chipping nervously, and near the same spot my ear caught the lisping call of my first North Carolina brown creeper. No doubt it was breeding somewhere close by, and my imagination at once fastened upon a loose clump of water-killed trees, from the trunks of which the dry bark was peeling in big sun-warped flakes, as the site of its probable habitation. This was on my first jaunt over the road, and during the busy days that followed I planned more than once to spend an hour here in spying upon the birds. A brown creeper's nest would be something new for me. Now, therefore, on this bright morning, when I was done with the swallows, I walked on to the right point and waited. A long time passed, or what seemed a long time. With so many invitations pressing upon one from all sides in a vacation country, it is hard sometimes to be leisurely enough for the best naturalistic results. Then, suddenly, I heard the expected *tseep*, and soon the bird made its appearance. Sure enough, it flew against one of the very trees that my imagination had settled upon, ducked under a strip of dead bark, between it and the bole, remained within for half a minute, and came out again. By this time the second bird had appeared, and was waiting its turn for admission.

They were feeding their young; and so long as I remained they continued their work, going and coming at longer or shorter intervals. I made no attempt to inspect their operations more nearly; the tree stood in rather deep water, and the nest was situated at an altitude of perhaps twenty feet; but I was glad to see for myself, even at arm's length, as it were, this curious and highly characteristic abode of a bird which in general I meet with only in its idle season. I was surprised to notice that the pair had chosen a strip of bark which was fastened to the trunk at the upper end and hung loose below. The nest was the better protected from the weather, of course, but it must have been wedged pretty tightly into place, it seemed to me, unless it had some means of support not to be guessed at from the ground. The owners entered invariably at the same point, — in the upper corner. The brown creeper has been flattening itself against the bark of trees for so many thousand years that a very narrow slit suffices it for a doorway.

While I was occupied with this interesting bit of household economy, I heard a clatter of wheels mingled with youthful shouts. Two boys were coming round a bend in the road and bearing down upon me, seated upon an axletree between a pair of wheels drawn by a single steer, which was headed for the town at a lively trot, urged on by the cries of the boys, one of whom held the single driving-rope and the other a whip. "How fast can he go?" I asked, as they drew near. I hoped to detain them for a few minutes of talk, but they had no notion of stopping. They had never timed him, the older one — not the driver — answered, with the merriest of grins. I expressed wonder that they could manage him with a single rein. "Oh, I can drive him without any line at all." "But how do you steer him?" said I. "I yank him and I pull him," was the laconic reply, which by this time had to be shouted over the boy's shoulder; and away the crazy trap went, the wobbling wheels describing all manner of eccentric and nameless curves with every revolution; and the next minute I heard it rattling over the bridge. Undoubtedly the young fellows thought me a green one, not to know that a yank and a steady pull are equivalent to a gee and a haw. "Live and learn," said I to myself. It was a jolly mode of traveling, at all events, as good as a circus, both for the boys and for me.

On my way through the village, at noon, I passed the steer turned out to grass by the roadside, and had a better look at the harness, a simple, home-made affair, including a pair of hames. The driving-rope, which in its original estate might have been part of a clothesline or a bed-cord, was attached to a chain which went round or over the creature's head at the base of the horns. The lads themselves were farther down the street, and the younger one nudged the other's elbow with a nod in my direction as I passed on the opposite sidewalk. They seemed to have sobered down at a wonderful rate since their arrival in the "city." I should hardly have known them for the same boys; but no doubt they would wake the echoes again on the road homeward. I hoped so, surely, for I liked them best as I saw them first.

As far as the pleasure of life goes, boys brought up in this primitive mountain country have little to complain of. They may lack certain advantages; in this imperfect world, where two bodies cannot occupy the same space at once, the presence of some things necessitates the absence of others; but most certainly they have their full quota of what in youthful phrase are known as "good times." The very prettiest sight that I saw in North Carolina, not excepting any landscape or flower, — and I saw floral displays of a splendor to bankrupt all description, — was a boy whom I met one

Sunday morning in a steep, disused road outside of the town. I was descending the hill, picking my steps, and he was coming up. Eleven or twelve years old he might have been, cleanly dressed, fit for any company, but bare-legged to the knee. I wished him good-morning, and he responded with the easiest grace imaginable. "You are going to church?" said I. "Yes, sir," and on he went up the hill, "progressing by his own brave steps;" a boy, as Thoreau says, who was "never drawn in a willow wagon;" straight as an arrow, and with motions so elastic, so full of the very spirit of youth and health, that I stood still and gazed after him for pure delight. His face, his speech, his manner, his carriage, all were in keeping. If he does not make a good and happy man, it will be an awful tragedy.

This boy was not a "cracker's" child, I think. Probably he belonged to one of the Northern families, that make up the village for the most part, and have settled the country sparsely for a few miles round about. The lot of the native mountaineers is hard and pinched, and although flocks of children were playing happily enough about the cabin doors, it was impossible not to look upon them as born to a narrow and cheerless existence. Possibly the fault was partly in myself, since I have no very easy gift with strangers, but I found them, young and old alike, rather uncommunicative.

I recall a family group that I overtook toward the end of an afternoon; a father and mother, both surprisingly young-looking, hardly out of their teens, it seemed to me, with a boy of perhaps six years. They were resting by the roadside as I came up, the father poring over some written document. "You must have been to the city," said I; but all the man could answer was "Howdy." The woman smiled and murmured something, it was impossible to tell what. They started on again at that moment, the grown people each with a heavy bag, which looked as if it might contain meal or flour, and the little fellow with a big bundle. They had four miles still to go, they said; and the road, as I could see for myself, was of the very worst, steep and rugged to the last degree. Partly to see if I could conquer the man, and partly to please myself, I beckoned the youngster to my side and put a coin into his hand. The shot took effect at once. Father and mother found their voices, and said in the same breath, "Say thank you!" How natural that sounded! It is part of the universal language. Every parent will have his child polite. But the boy, poor thing, was utterly tongue-tied, and could only smile; which, after all, was about the best thing he could have done. The father, too, was still inclined to silence, finding nothing in particular to say, though I did my best to encourage him; but he took pains to keep along with me, halting whenever I did so, and making it manifest that he meant to be with me at the turn in the road, about which I had inquired (needlessly, there is no harm in my now confessing), so that I should by no possibility go astray. Nothing could have been more friendly, and at the corner both he and his wife bade me good-by with simple heartiness. "Good-by, little boy," said I. "Tell him good-by," called both father and mother; but the boy could n't, and there was an end of it. "He 's just as I was at his age; bashful, that 's all." This little speech set matters right. The parents smiled, the boy did likewise, and we went our different ways, I still pitying the woman, with that heavy bag under her arm, having to make a packhorse of herself on that tiresome mountain road.

However, it is the mountain woman's way to do her full share of the hard work, as I was soon to see farther exemplified; for within half a mile I heard in front of me the grating of a saw, and presently came upon another family group, in the woods on the mountain side, — a

woman, three children, and a dog. The woman, no longer young, as we say in the language of compliment, was at one end of a cross-cut saw, and the largest boy, ten or eleven years old, was at the other. They were getting to pieces a huge fallen trunk. "Wood ought to be cheap in this country," said I; and the woman, as she and the boy changed hands to rest themselves, answered that it was. In my heart I thought she was paying dearly for it; but her voice was cheerful, and the whole company was almost a merry one, the younger children laughing at their play, and the dog capering about them in high spirits. The mountain family may be poor, but not with the degrading, squalid poverty of dwellers in a city slum; and at the very worst the children have a royal playground.

Mountain boys, certainly, I could never much pity; for the girls it was impossible not to wish easier and more generous conditions. Here at Stewart's Pond I detained two of them for a minute's talk: sisters, I judged, the taller one ten years old, or thereabout. I asked them if there were many fish in the pond. The older one thought there were. "I know my daddy ketched five hundred and put in there for Mr. Stewart," she said. Just then the younger girl pulled her sister's sleeve and pointed toward two snakes which lay sunning themselves on the edge of the water, where a much larger one had shortly before slipped off a log into the pond at my approach. "They do no harm?" said I. "No, sir, I don't guess they do," was the answer; a strange-sounding form of speech, though it is exactly like the "I don't think so" of which we all continue to make hourly use, no matter how often some crotchety amateur grammarian — for whom logic is logic, and who hates idiom as a mad dog hates water — may write to the newspapers warning us of its impropriety. Then the girls, barefooted, both of them, turned into a bushy trail so narrow that it had escaped my notice, and disappeared in the woods. I thought of the villainous-looking rattlesnake that I had seen the day before, freshly killed and tossed upon the side of the road, within a hundred rods of this point, and of the surprise expressed by a resident of the town at my wandering about the country without leggins.

As to the question of snakes and the danger from them, the people here, as is true everywhere in a rattlesnake country, held widely different opinions. Everybody recognized the presence of the pest, and most persons, whatever their own practice might be, advised a measure of caution on the part of strangers. One thing was agreed to on all hands: whoever saw a "rattler" was in duty bound to make an end of it; and one man told me a little story by way of illustrating the spirit of the community upon this point. A woman (not a mountain woman) was riding into town, when her horse suddenly stopped and shied. In the road, directly before her, a snake was coiled, rattling defiance. The woman dismounted, hitched the frightened horse to a sapling, cut a switch, killed the snake, threw it out of the road, remounted, and went on about her business. It is one advantage of life in wild surroundings that it encourages self-reliance.

In all places, nevertheless, and under all conditions, human nature remains a paradoxical compound. A mountain woman, while ploughing, came into close quarters with a rattlesnake. To save herself she sprang backward, fell against a stone, and in the fall broke her wrist. No doctor being within call, she set the bone herself, made and adjusted a rude splint, and now, as the lady who told me the story expressed it, "has a pretty good arm." That was plucky. But the same woman suffered from an aching tooth some time afterward, and was advised to have it extracted. She would do no

such thing. She could n't. She had had a tooth pulled once, and it hurt her so that she would never do it again.

Anthropology and ornithology were very agreeably mingled for me on the Hamburg road, — though it seems impossible for me to stay there, the reader may say, — where passers-by were frequent enough to keep me from feeling lonesome, and yet not so numerous as to disturb the quiet of the place or interfere unduly with my natural historical researches. The human interview to which I look back with most pleasure was with a pair of elderly people who appeared one morning in an open buggy. They were driving from the town, seated side by side in the shadow of a big umbrella, and as they overtook me, on the bridge, the man said "Good-morning," of course, and then, to my surprise, pulled up his horse and inquired particularly after my health. He hoped I was recovering from my indisposition, though I am not sure that he used that rather superfine word. I gave him a favorable account of myself, — wondering all the while how he knew I had been ill, — whereupon he expressed the greatest satisfaction, and his good wife smiled in sympathy. Then, after a word or two about the beauty of the morning, and while I was still trying to guess who the couple could be, the man gathered up the reins with the remark, "I 'm going after some *Ilex monticola* for Charley." "Yes, I know where it is," he added, in response to a question. Then I knew him. I had been at his house a few evenings before to see his son, who had come home from Biltmore to collect certain rare local plants — the mountain holly being one of them — for the Vanderbilt herbarium. The mystery was cleared, but it may be imagined how taken aback I was when this venerable rustic stranger threw a Latin name at me.

In truth, however, botany and Latin names might almost be said to be in the air at Highlands. A villager met me in the street, one day, and almost before I knew it, we were discussing the specific identity of the small yellow lady's-slippers, — whether there were two species, or, as my new acquaintance believed, only one, in the woods round about. At another time, having called at a very pretty unpainted cottage, — all the prettier for the natural color of the weathered shingles, — I remarked to the lady of the house upon the beauty of *Rhododendron Vaseyi*, which I had noticed in several dooryards, and which was said to have been transplanted from the woods. I did not understand why it was, I told her, but I could n't find it described in my Chapman's Flora. "Oh, it is there, I am sure it is," she answered; and going into the next room she brought out a copy of the manual, turned to the page, and showed me the name. It was in the supplement, where in my haste I had overlooked it. I wondered how often, in a New England country village, a stranger could happen into a house, painted or unpainted, and by any chance find the mistress of it prepared to set him right on a question of local botany.

On a later occasion — for thus encouraged I called more than once afterward at the same house — the lady handed me an orchid. I might be interested in it; it was not very common, she believed. I looked at it, thinking at first that I had never seen it before. Then I seemed to remember something. "Is it *Pogonia verticillata?*" I asked. She smiled, and said it was; and when I told her that to the best of my recollection I had never seen more than one specimen before, and that upwards of twenty years ago (a specimen from Blue Hill, Massachusetts), she insisted upon believing that I must have an extraordinary botanical memory, though of course she did not put the compliment thus baldly, but dressed it in some graceful, unanswerable, feminine phrase which I, for all my imaginary mnemonic powers, have long ago forgotten.

The same lady had the rare *Shortia galacifolia* growing — transplanted — in her grounds, and her husband volunteered to show me one of the few places in the neighborhood of Highlands (this, too, on his own land) where the true lily-of-the-valley — identical with the European plant of our gardens — grows wild. It was something I had greatly desired to see, and was now in bloom. Still another man — but he was only a summer cottager — took me to look at a specimen of the Carolina hemlock (*Tsuga Caroliniana*), a tree of the very existence of which I had before been ignorant. The truth is that the region is most exceptionally rich in its flora, and the people, to their honor be it recorded, are equally exceptional in that they appreciate the fact.

A small magnolia-tree (*M. Fraseri*), in bloom everywhere along the brooksides, did not attract me to any special degree till one day, in an idle hour at Stewart's Pond, I plucked a half-open bud. I thought I had never known so rare a fragrance; delicate and wholesome beyond comparison, and yet most deliciously rich and fruity, a perfume for the gods. The leaf, too, now that I came really to look at it, was of an elegant shape and texture, untoothed, but with a beautiful "auriculated" base, as Latin-loving botanists say, from which the plant derives its vernacular name, — the ear-leaved umbrella-tree. The waxy blossoms seemed to be quite scentless, but I wished that Thoreau, whose nose was as good as his eyes and his ears, could have smelled of the buds.

The best thing that I found at the pond, however, by long odds the most interesting and unexpected thing that I found anywhere in North Carolina (I speak as a hobbyist), was neither a tree nor a human being, but a bird. I had been loitering along the river-bank just above the pond itself, admiring the magnolias, the silver-bell trees, the lofty hemlocks, — out of the depths of which a "mountain boomer," known to simple Northern folk as a red squirrel, now and then emitted his saucy chatter, — and the Indian paint-brush (scarlet painted-cup), the brightest and among the most characteristic and memorable of the woodland flowers; listening to the shouts of an olive-sided flycatcher and the music of the frogs, one of them a regular Karl Formes for profundity; and in general waiting to see what would happen. Nothing of special importance seemed likely to reward my diligent idleness, and I turned back toward the town. On the way I halted at the bridge, as I always did, and presently a carriage drove over it. Inside sat a woman under an enormous black sunbonnet. She did me, without knowing it, a kindness, and I should be glad to thank her. As the wheels of the carriage struck the plank bridge, a bird started into sight from under it or close beside it. A sandpiper, I thought; but the next moment it dropped into the water and began swimming. Then I knew it for a bird I had never seen before, and, better still, a bird belonging to a family of which I had never seen any representative, a bird which had never for an instant entered into my North Carolina calculations. It was a phalarope, a wanderer from afar, blown out of its course, perhaps, and lying by for a day in this little mountain pond, almost four thousand feet above sea level.

My first concern, as I recovered myself, was to set down in black and white a complete account of the stranger's plumage; for though I knew it for a phalarope, I must wait to consult a book before naming it more specifically. It would have contributed unspeakably to my peace of mind, just then, had I been better informed about the distinctive peculiarities of the three species which compose the phalarope family; as I certainly would have been, had I received any premonition of what was in store for me. As it was, I must make sure of

every possible detail, lest in my ignorance I should overlook some apparently trivial item that might prove, too late, to be all important. So I fell to work, noting the white lower cheek (or should I call it the side of the upper neck?), the black stripe through and behind the eye, the white line just over the eye, the light-colored crown, the rich reddish brown of the nape and the sides of the neck, the white or gray-white under parts, the plain (unbarred) wings, and so on. The particulars need not be rehearsed here. I was possessed by a recollection, or half recollection, that the marginal membrane of the toes was a prime mark of distinction (as indeed it is, though the only manual I had brought with me turned out not to mention the point); but while for much of the time the bird's feet were visible, it never for so much as a second held them still, and as the water was none too clear and the bottom was muddy, it was impossible for me to see how the toes were webbed, or even to be certain that they were webbed at all. Once, as the bird was close to the shore, and almost at my feet, I crouched upon a log, thinking to pick the creature up and examine it; but it moved quietly away for a yard or so, just out of reach, and though I could probably have killed it with a stick, — as a friend of mine killed one some years ago on a mountain lake in New Hampshire,[1] — it was happily too late when the possibility of such a step occurred to me. By that time I was not on collecting terms with the bird. It was "not born for death," I thought, or, if it was, I was not born to play the executioner.

Its activity was amazing. If I had not known this to be natural to the phalarope family, I might have thought the poor thing on the verge of starvation, eating for dear life. It moved its head from side to side incessantly, dabbing the water with its bill, picking something, — minute insects, I supposed, — from the surface, or swimming among the loose grass, and running its bill down the green blades one after another. Several times, in its eagerness to capture a passing insect, it almost flew over the water, and once it actually took wing for a stroke or two, with some quick, breathless notes, like *cut, cut, cut.* One thing was certain, it did not care for polliwogs, shoals of which darted about its feet unmolested.

Once a horseman frightened it as he rode over the bridge, but even then it barely rose from the water with a startled *yip.* The man glanced at it (I was just then looking carelessly in another direction), and passed on — to my relief. At that moment the most interesting mountaineer in North Carolina would have found me unresponsive. As for my own presence, the phalarope seemed hardly to notice it, though I stood much of the time within a distance of ten feet, and now and then considerably nearer than that, — without so much as a grass-blade for cover, — holding my glass upon it steadily till a stitch in my side made the attitude all but intolerable. The lovely bird rode the water in the lightest possible manner, and was easily put about by slight puffs of wind; but it could turn upon an insect with lightning quickness. It was never still for an instant except on two occasions, when it came close to the shore and sat motionless in the lee of a log. There it crouched upon its feet, which were still under water, and seemed to be resting. It preened its feathers, also, and once it rubbed its bill down with its claw, but the motion was too quick for my eye to follow, though I was near enough to see the nostril with perfect distinctness.

I was in love with the bird from the first minute. Its tameness, the elegance of its shape and plumage, the grace and vivacity of its movements, these of themselves were enough to drive a bird-lover wild. Add to them its novelty and un-

[1] The case is recorded in The Auk, vol. vi. page 68.

expectedness, and the reader may judge for himself of my state of mind. It was the dearest and tamest creature I had ever seen, I kept saying to myself, forgetful for the moment of two blue-headed vireos which at different times had allowed me to stroke and feed them as they sat brooding on their eggs.

Another thing I must mention, as adding not a little to the pleasure of the hour. The moment I set eyes upon the phalarope, before I had taken even a mental note of its plumage, I thought of my friend and correspondent, Celia Thaxter, and of her eager inquiries about the "bay bird," which she had then seen for the first time at the Isles of Shoals — "just like a sandpiper, only smaller, and swimming on the water like a duck." And as the bird before me darted hither and thither, so amazingly agile, I remembered her pretty description of this very trait, a description which I here copy from her letter: —

"He was swimming about the wharf near the landing, a pretty, dainty creature, in soft shades of gray and white, with the 'needle-like beak,' and a rapidity of motion that I have never seen equaled in any living thing except a darting dragon-fly or some restless insect. He was never for one instant still, darting after his food on the surface of the water. He seemed perfectly tame, was n't the least afraid of anything or anybody, merely moving aside to avoid an oar-blade, and swaying almost on to the rocks with the swirl of the water. I watched him till I was tired, and went away and left him there still cheerfully frisking. I am so glad to tell you of something you have n't seen!"

A year afterward (May 29, 1892), she wrote again, with equal enthusiasm: "If I only had a house of my own here I should make a business of trying desperately hard to bring you here, if only for one of your spare Sundays, to see the 'bay birds' that have been round here literally by the *thousands* for the last month, the swimming sandpipers — *so beautiful!* In great flocks that wheel and turn, and, flying in long masses over the water, show now dark, now dazzling silver as they careen and show the white lining of their wings, like a long brilliant, fluttering ribbon. I never heard of so many before, about here."

The birds seen at the Isles of Shoals were doubtless either red phalaropes or northern phalaropes, — or, not unlikely, both, — "sea snipe," they are often called; two pelagic, circumpolar species, the presence of which in unusual numbers off our Atlantic coast was recorded by other observers in the spring of 1892. My bird here in North Carolina, if I read its characters correctly, was of the third species of the family, Wilson's phalarope, larger and handsomer than the others; an inland bird, peculiar to the American continent, breeding in the upper Mississippi Valley and farther north, and occurring in our Eastern country only as a straggler.

That was a lucky hour, an hour worth a long journey, and worthy of long remembrance. It brought me, as I began by saying, a new bird and a new family; a family distinguished not more for its grace and beauty than for the strangeness — the "newness," as to-day's word is — of its domestic relations; for the female phalarope not only dresses more handsomely than the male, but is larger, and in a general way assumes the rights of superiority. She does the courting — openly and ostensibly, I mean — and, if the books are to be trusted, leaves to her mate the homely, plumage-dulling labor of sitting upon the eggs. And why not? Nature has made her a queen, and dowered her with queenly prerogatives, one of which, by universal consent, is the right to choose for herself the father of her royal children.

Like Mrs. Thaxter, I stayed with my bird till I was tired with watching such preternatural activity; and the next day I returned to the place, hoping to tire

myself again in the same delightful manner. But the phalarope was no longer there. Up and down the road I went, scanning the edges of the pond, but the bird had flown. I wished her safely over the mountains, and a mate to her heart's liking at the end of the journey.

Bradford Torrey.

AFTER THE STORM: A STORY OF THE PRAIRIE.

When the men drove up for supper, they found the table unset, the fire out, and the woman tossing on the bed.

There were six of the men, besides Tennant, the Englishman, who, "by the bitter road the younger son must tread," had come to Nebraska and the sandhill country, ranching, and who was put over the rest of the men because he did not get drunk as often as they did.

Sharpneck, the cattleman, was in town. So was his daughter, whose hungry cats darted about the disorderly room, crying to be fed.

The men were astonished at the condition of affairs. The woman had never failed them before in all the months that she had cooked, and made beds, and washed and scrubbed for them. They swore hungry oaths, for the autumn air gets up a sharp appetite when a man is in saddle all day.

"Poor old prairie dog," said Fitzgerald, who was rather soft-hearted, "she 's clean petered out!"

Tennant had been feeling her head.

"Get in your saddles again," he said, "and ride down to Smithers' for something to eat. You, Fitzgerald, go on to town and get the doctor. Get Sharpneck, too — if you can. And you might look up Kitty."

Kitty was the daughter who owned the cats. These animals appeared to be voracious. Their eyes shone with evil phosphorescence as Tennant sent the men off and closed the door. He lit a fire in the stove, and then tried to make the woman more comfortable. Her toil-stained clothes were twisted about her; her wisps of hair straggled about her face.

"Poor old prairie dog!" he murmured, repeating Fitzgerald's words. "Not one of us noticed at noon that she was not as usual — and why should we? What do we care?"

He had his own reasons for being out of love with his kind, and with himself, and he smiled sardonically, as, in making her more comfortable on the bed, he noticed the wretched couch, the poor garments smelling of smoke, the uncared-for body.

"She has borne two sons and a daughter," he went on, "and known the brutal boot of that drunken Dutchman, and, after all, she lies here alone, dies here alone, perhaps — and it does n't make any difference."

The sick woman was a stranger to him. To be sure, he had known her for three months. He had eaten at her table three times a day. Her little brown parchment-like face looked familiar to him from the first, not because he had seen it before, but because some things have, for certain persons, an indefinable familiarity. Besides doing the housework, she milked three cows, fed the pigs and chickens, and made the butter. Tennant had often seen her working far into the night. When he was on the night shift with the cattle, he had seen her moving about noiselessly, while the others slept.

As for Sharpneck, the proprietor of the land, the cattle, and her, he was a

big fellow from Pennsylvania, who got drunk on vile compounds. Tennant never heard him address her except to give an order, and he usually gave it with an oath. Once Tennant had brought her some bell-like yellow flowers that he picked among the tall grasses. She nodded her thanks hurriedly, — she was cooking cakes for the men, — and put the blossoms in a glass. Her husband got up and tossed the flowers out of the window. Tennant did not find it worth his while even to be angry. After that, however, he thought it the part of kindness to leave her alone.

He lit his pipe now, and sat down near her. The hours passed, and the men did not return. Tennant guessed, with a good deal of accuracy, that in the allurements of a rousing game of poker they had forgotten him and his charge. It was not surprising; on the contrary, it seemed perfectly natural. Tennant decided to bend his energies to the getting up of a meal for himself. He found some bacon, which he fried, and some cold prune sauce, and plenty of bread. Then he made tea, and persuaded the sick woman to take a little of it by giving it to her a teaspoonful at a time. He placated the cats, too, but they would not sleep. He drove them all from the house, but they ran in again through holes they had scratched in the structure, near the floor — for the shack was built of sod. Their eyes, red and green, seemed to light the whole place with a baleful radiance. Once, in anger, Tennant hurled a glowing brand at them, but furious, they rushed up the sides of the room, hissing and spitting, and making themselves much more hideous than before.

Toward morning, he could see that the sick woman was sinking into a state of coma. He grew seriously worried, and wondered if Fitzgerald had forgotten to go for the doctor. When it came time for the men to be at their places, he signaled them, and Fitzgerald came in answer to his summons. He had seen the physician, who had said he would be along in the course of the day. Sharpneck had been fool-drunk, and in no mood to listen to anything. Kitty said she would be home in the morning. But the whole forenoon passed without word from any of them. In the afternoon, however, Dr. Bender came out. He was a young man, with avaricious eyes and a sensual mouth. His long body was lank and ill-constructed. His hair was red, and an untidy mustache gave color to an otherwise colorless face. When he saw the unconscious figure on the bed, so inert, so mortally stricken, a peculiar gleam came to his eye.

"Her chance is small, I'm afraid," said Tennant, "but do what you can. She is here with you and me, and none beside. We must n't fail her, you know, by Jove!"

The physician leered at him, stupidly. He looked the woman over, put some powders in a glass of water, and arose to go.

"Then you don't know what is the matter with her!" exclaimed Tennant roughly. "You 're going to leave her to her fate?"

"I 've done all there is to do," said the doctor sullenly. "I ought to have been called sooner."

"You were called sooner, you fool!" almost shouted Tennant. "Get out, will you? I 'd take more interest in a dying cow than you do in this woman."

There was a sort of menace in the man's white face as he quitted the place, but Ralph Tennant was not worrying about expressions of countenance. He gave the stuff the doctor had left — merely to satisfy his conscience, and watched the road for Sharpneck. About three o'clock, the woman's breathing became so slight, he could no longer hear it. He tried to arouse her with stimulants, but it was of no avail. The last spark of life presently went out.

He rode four miles for a neighbor

woman, who came and performed the last offices for the poor creature. She got supper for Tennant, too, and then left him. He had to sit up all night to keep off the cats, and one of the other fellows sat up with him; the two men played poker gloomily, occasionally varying the monotony by throwing brands at the cats, which, smelling death, were seized with some grim carnivorous atavism. The jungle awoke in them, and they were wild beasts, only more contemptible.

When morning came, Tennant set about making preparations for the funeral. He imagined how dismal the whole thing would be; he never dreamed that events would shape themselves otherwise than monotonously and drearily. But to his astonishment, the men came in their best clothes. They were, in fact, in a state of fine excitement.

"I'll be riding down to Gester's to see if they have a spring seat to give us the loan of," said young Fitzgerald, who was the first to appear in the morning. The other men were close behind him. They had all breakfasted at Smithers'; Smithers' was a place which sometimes served as a road-house, and they were well fed and in form for some novel entertainment.

"Spring seats?" gasped Tennant. "What is wanting with spring seats?"

"To accommodate the mourners, to be sure! You don't want the mourners to ride on boards, do you, man?"

"Mourners!" Tennant's voice was almost hollow. He felt a terrible kinship with the "poor little prairie dog," who, a small mass of mortality, lay under the cold sheet in her miserable home. "Who in God's name are the mourners?"

"We are the mourners!" cried Fitzgerald, with grandiloquence, sweeping his hand around to indicate his companions.

"And the cattle, and the other work —who, pray, will attend to them?" Tennant put this question more to drown the sardonic guffaw that was ready to leap out, than because of any care for Sharpneck's possessions.

"In times of mourning," said the Irishman, winking to his companions, but drawing a lugubrious face to Tennant, "other matters have to go to the wall."

The men nodded. Tennant wanted to roar — or would, if he had not wanted to weep. So he went back to his watch, and to fighting the cats, and let the humans have their way.

There had not been so much riding in that part of the country since Tennant came into it. Gester sent up two spring seats, which Fitzgerald and Duncan brought home across their horses' backs. Abner Farish dashed to town with the news of the event — no one, it seemed, considered the death a catastrophe — and encountered Sharpneck on the way. Sharpneck made back for town, to interview his brother, Martin Sharpneck, the undertaker, and then turned his face homeward again. With him came his daughter, silent and straight, carrying in her lap a black crape hat she had borrowed for the occasion. There was a keg of something in the rear of the wagon calculated to raise the spirits of the mourners, and the sight of this insured Sharpneck a welcome from his men.

The air was indeed charged with excitement. The horses were combed and brushed, the wagons were washed. A missionary clergyman, who happened to be passing through the next town west, was sent over by the thoughtful neighbors, who had somehow learned of Mrs. Sharpneck's demise, and he was warmly received. The house swarmed with people. There were even a number of women present, though few or none had come to see the lonely little creature while she still lived. Tennant would have fled from it all and got out with the cattle, only he felt as if he could not

desert that pitiful body. He stayed to appease his conscience, which cried out to him that he was on guard.

Kitty Sharpneck showed a bright red spot on each cheek, but her eyes were dry. The Englishman could not make her out at all. He had sometimes seen her about the house, though she spent most of her time in town, where she was serving a sort of apprenticeship with a milliner. She was little and brown, like her mother, with the same restless, nervous glance that she had had. The cats all rubbed up against her as she entered, and leaped to her shoulders and her lap. The women poured questions upon her; the men regarded her fixedly. Every one was alert to see what her deportment would be, and was quite willing that there should be a scene. They were disappointed. The girl, after a few moments' rest, brushed away her pets, and, walking over to the place where the form of her mother was lying in a cold inner room, lifted the sheet and looked at the face. The body had been wrapped in a clean sheet.

"Mother used to have a shawl," she said to Tennant; "I 'll see if I can find it."

She searched about in the drawers and finally drew it forth, a great shawl of gray silk, delicately brocaded.

"It was her wedding shawl," said Kitty. "It came from Holland."

The women made a shroud of it. Tennant still kept watch. His presence was a check on the conversation and kept it within bounds. The women baked a great meal, and they all sat down to it — except Kitty, who could not be found. The men were convivial. It was part of the inevitable programme, apparently. Tennant needed sleep, but when night came, every one went away, and he was left there alone again. Kitty could not be found even now. He had been up two nights, and being a young fellow with a fixed habit of sleeping, the strain was telling on him a little. But the red eyes of the cats showed through the holes in the shack, and his aversion to the creatures keyed him to his task.

About midnight he heard some one cautiously approaching the shack from the outside. The door opened softly. Kitty Sharpneck came in. She stole past Tennant and into the room where her mother lay. She closed the door behind her, and there was silence. Presently she came out. There were no tears in her eyes; a look of peculiar hardness marred her young face.

She went up to Tennant and stood before him, looking at him.

"You have been good," she whispered. "Why?"

"Why not?" said Tennant, horribly afraid of sentiment. But he need not have feared it from Kitty.

"No doubt you had your reason," she said sharply. "Now go to sleep. I 'll watch."

Tennant demurred.

"Get over there on the settle, I say, and go to sleep. I 'll watch."

He obeyed her and lay on the settle. She took his seat before the fire, and from time to time made flourishes at the cats, even as he had done. Periodically she went to the inner room to change the cloths on the dead woman's face. The rest of the time she sat still, looking straight before her, and as she looked, her little brown face hardened ever more and more. Sometimes for a moment bright red spots would burn on her cheeks, and then die away again.

Tennant had passed the point where he was sleepy. He lay awake, watching the girl. Her low brow, her thin, delicately curved lips, her shapely nose, the high cheek bones and dainty chin, the pretty ears and sloping shoulders, all indicated femininity and intelligence. It was difficult to account for the fineness of her quality. And yet, who could tell what the "poor little prairie dog" might have been? Women make strange marriages and travel strange roads. Tennant

knew by what devious paths a human creature could tread. He himself — But that had nothing to do with the case, and he banished thoughts of self, for they were not pleasant. Anyhow, what was the use of reminiscence? Here he was, with one good lung and one not quite so good, out in the semi-arid belt, on horseback from twelve to sixteen hours a day, eating like a Zulu, and waiting for events. He reflected that the things which affected him personally he looked upon as events. Those which touched him indirectly, such as the death of Maria Sharpneck, he looked upon as episodes. Such is the involuntary egotism of man.

"I 'm not sleeping," Tennant announced to the girl.

"I know it," she said.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

Her eye involuntarily went toward the room where the silent Thing was.

"The cats, of course," said she, her lip curling a trifle.

"Don't be angry with me," pleaded Tennant. "I feel very sorry for you."

"You need n't."

"Why not?"

"It 's none of your funeral."

She had meant merely to use the slang, not to refer to the actual event.

"Shall I keep still?"

"Yes, I guess you 'd better."

The minutes passed. Outside, silence — silence — silence. It reaches so far on the plains, does silence. The sky is higher above the earth than in other places. The night is of velvet. Vast breaths of wind and mystery blow backward and forward.

This night a wolf bayed, and gave the voice of life. Dismal as was the sound, it was not so bleak as the utter stillness had been.

"You were with mother when she died?" asked the girl suddenly.

She arose and stood near Tennant, looking down into his eyes.

"I was with her."

"Tell me what happened."

He told her.

"I 'm glad she 's dead. Of course you know I 'm glad."

"If you loved her, I know you must be glad."

"I ought to have stayed with her."

"Yes."

"But — well, it was — Oh, you know what it was."

"I can guess."

"You know what I did. I went to town and worked for my board. My father is a rich man. I washed dishes in another woman's kitchen and went to school. Then I went to the milliner. I apprenticed myself to her. But I was sorry. I did not like her, nor the other girls, nor things that happened. I did not like the town. I dared not come home. Father was worse then. We always quarreled. He and mother quarreled about me."

"I never heard your mother say anything."

"No, she did n't say much, except when father pitched on me. But it was different — once."

She turned, went into the inner room, opened a drawer, and took something out. When she came back, she placed it in Tennant's hand. It was an ambrotype of a young girl with a face like that of the girl before him. The hair was parted smoothly from the low, lovely brow. Alert dark eyes looked gently from the picture. Around the bared neck was a coral necklace with a gold clasp, and the miniature-maker had gilded the clasp and tinted the cheeks and lips, and made the coral its natural tint. A dainty low-necked gown and big puffed sleeves confessed to the coquetry of the wearer.

"That was mother," said Kitty.

And then the storm broke at last, and she was on the floor, face downward, in a passion of weeping, and the young man — he who had trod the bitter road

— felt his own frame quiver at sight of her woe, at thought of his own, at knowledge of the world's big burden.

By and by, when Kitty lay on the settle and Tennant sat beside her, she grew confidential, and told him in detail the life at which he had guessed.

"He 'll expect me to be the drudge now," she said in conclusion, referring to her father. "Now I 'll be the one to get breakfast and dinner and supper, and breakfast and dinner and supper, and stay here at home forever, and wear dirty clothes, and scrub and wash and iron! I know how it will be. That is — if" —

"If what?"

"If I stay."

"What else can you do? Go back to the millinery shop?"

"No. He would n't give me a minute's peace there. He never comes to town that he does n't make me ashamed of him. I suppose you wonder why I did n't come out as soon as you sent word that mother was sick. Well, he would n't let me. He sat himself down there, and swore I ought to stay. Miss Hiner, the milliner, was having her fall opening, and she got round him and said I ought to stay. So I stayed."

She set her teeth hard and looked unutterable protest at the young man.

Tennant was a gentleman, and not given to parading his own troubles, yet now, in the desolation and silence, with the dead within and the wolves without, it seemed natural that he should tell the girl something of his own life. It was a familiar tale. Thousands of young Englishmen, crowded out of their own land and their own families, who come here to wring something from fortune's greedy grasp, could tell a similar one. But given the personal quality, it seemed unique, particularly to the inexperienced girl who listened. The two had a community of suffering and deprivation and loneliness. They looked at each other with eyes of profound sympathy. Each felt so deep a pity for the other that for a time self-pity was submerged.

Morning dawned. Presently the men came from the adjoining buildings for breakfast. Kitty had risen to the emergency, — the emergency of breakfast; she had it ready, — corn bread, salt pork, potatoes, eggs, and black coffee. In her fear lest she should not have enough to satisfy these men of prodigious appetite, she had cooked even more than they could eat. She had set the table just as her mother had been in the habit of doing. Everything was cluttered together. As she worked, imitating in each most trifling particular the ways of the dead woman, a gray look settled about her face. Tennant, who had both sympathy and imagination, knew she was looking down the long, long road of monotonous and degrading toil which lay before her. He saw her soul shuddering at the captivity to which it was doomed. Now and then she cast at him a glance of mute horror.

The men were excited, and eager to do anything to help to the success of the day. Sharpneck himself was restless. His little green eyes rolled around in their fleshy sockets. He shuffled about constantly, and at last said he was going to town to make the final arrangements, but would be back soon. A number of men immediately offered to go for him. In spite of all they knew of the truth, they had created a fiction regarding him now in this supreme hour, and had actually persuaded themselves that he was a sufferer. He insisted on making the journey himself, and some of the simple fellows chose to believe this to be an evidence of devotion.

Kitty did not share this belief. She cast an apprehensive glance at Tennant. He looked as reassuring as he could. They both feared he was going to get drunk and shirk the funeral altogether. But he was back in a wonderfully short time, wearing a new suit of clothes. Kitty had the house cleared up,

and the neighbors began to arrive. The coffin came, — a brilliantly varnished coffin, with much nickel plate on it. It was placed in the front room. The men stood around, the big sombreros in their hands, their pretty, high-heeled boots carefully cleaned. Five women were present. Their sobs, oddly enough, were genuine, and at moments became even violent, though none of them had known the dead woman well. But who could know that silent and inscrutable creature?

The minister wore squeaky boots, and had a red beard, which claimed much of his attention. Fitzgerald, who found the whole proceeding tamer than it ought to have been, took him into an inner room and braced him for his melancholy duties. The clergyman had never met Mrs. Sharpneck, but he seemed to be cognizant of all her virtues, and exploited them in tones at once strident and nasal. Poor Kitty, behind her crape veil, grew hard and angry, and Tennant knew that the quivering of her frame did not denote grief so much as inarticulate rage and revolt. The girl's passion was setting her apart from her world in his estimation. Something tragic in her surroundings and her soul put her above the others.

The men did not appear to be at all surprised at the way the women wept. They considered weeping the function of women at a funeral. That they were weeping from self-pity did not once occur to them. The minister neglected none of his duties, and they included an address lasting forty-five minutes and two prayers, one of thirty minutes' duration. The people sang Nearer, my God, to Thee. At this Kitty grew almost rigid, and at last, her misery passing all bounds, she caught Tennant's hand in hers — he was sitting near her — and pressed it in a bitter grasp.

"What is it? What is it?" he whispered.

"The song!" she managed to say. "As if she knew anything about God, or ever thought" —

"Hush! Hush! Perhaps it was n't as bad as you think. She did her duty well, you know, and may be she will be rewarded."

Kitty looked about the room, — at the stove where she had seen the soiled little figure of her mother standing these years and years, at the pots she had patiently scoured, at the low walls, the deep windows, the unstable sandhills beyond, the wind-stricken pool where the cattle stood, — she looked at it all, and thought of the slave bound to it, loaded with heavy chains, starved in the midst of it, and her eyes turned to meet those of Tennant, big with knowledge which knew no words.

Since Ralph Tennant put the world behind him and came out into the wilderness with the cattle and the men who herd them, he had never seen so comprehensive a glance, or been so conscious of the fact of mind. Though the hour was so hideous, though the poor girl beside him was bowed with shame and tortured with inexpressible grief, yet a joy came to his heart at finding once more the human soul, sane, susceptible, responsive, courageous. He drew his chair a little closer, as if he would protect her from the facts that confronted her.

But the people, watching him and her, while the minister droned on and on in dull explanation to his Creator, saw in his sympathy only what was natural and the outcome of the occasion. They guessed at nothing more.

The getting of the coffin into the wagon was no easy task.

"By the saints, it ought to go in feet first," said Fitzgerald, who was one of the pall-bearers. "You 'll not be launchin' the woman head foremost into her own grave!"

"It goes head on, you fool!" replied Watson.

The six men stood still, arguing.

"Oh, what 's the difference?" asked a

bystander. But Watson, who had been an Englishman some time or other, — or at least the father before him had, — was not one to yield to a man who had once called the British jack a dirty rag, as Fitzgerald had, more than once, in the heat of argument. So the discussion waxed hot, and might have ended in a manner more or less sensational, for the men had had a taste of novelty and their appetites were whetted by it, had it not been for Tennant, who came out, leaving Kitty standing in the door, and pointed a stern finger at the wagon; and poor Maria Sharpneck was laid in, head foremost as it happened. It was thought proper that Sharpneck should ride in this wagon, but he was somewhat loath to do so, as the owner of the team, who insisted on driving his own horses, was not of the same politics as himself, and was, moreover, stone-deaf. He had an offensive way of airing his own opinions, and he was so deaf — or affected to be — that he never could hear anything his opponent might say. There was only one bond of sympathy between them, and that was plug tobacco. Some sympathizing friend, endeavoring to mitigate present woes, loaded Sharpneck up with this succulent commodity, and, thus placated, the enemies sat side by side in a semblance of amicability. Behind came two wagon-loads of chief mourners, composed of the men of the ranch, and Kitty. After them came five or six loads of neighbors who took this opportunity to enjoy an outing, to which they considered themselves entitled after weeks of monotonous toil. It happened that the horses which drew the wagon containing the coffin were very frisky, and it was not long before this wagon was well in advance of the others, the coffin bumping meantime from side to side.

"Hold on, man!" cried Sharpneck to his deaf driver, "hold on, I say! There 's reasons why I don't want that there coffin scratched up. Hold in the horses, I say!"

The driver did not hear, and the horses were really too excitable for Sharpneck to risk meddling with the reins.

The mourners were soon left well behind, though they did their utmost to urge on their animals. In fact, the Dickeys, who had some freshly broken colts of their own raising, had taken another road to town, boasting confidently to the Abernethys that their colts would get them there before the far-famed black team of the Abernethys saw the first church spire. The Abernethys were behind the mourners, and when it developed that the off horse on the second wagon was winded, and it was proved to be impossible for one team to get ahead of another on the steep grade of the road, indignation ran high. The Abernethys fumed, knowing that their neighbors were amused at their predicament.

The mourners were not very far distant, and, being on a rise of ground, they could see the Sharpneck wagon brought to a halt by a horseman who had dashed out from town.

"It 's Martin Sharpneck. It 's the undertaker," the men made out. He had apparently brought out a big rubber cloth to protect the coffin, for it was beginning to look like rain, and by the time the others were up with the group, the coffin was wrapped from sight.

Tennant began to wonder what this could mean. Not a man living would have ridden out that way to meet the "poor little prairie dog" in her lifetime — not a man!

"You 're to come around to my place after it 's over," the undertaker said. "You 'll need to steady your nerves a bit. Come around as soon as you can, boys. You must be about used up." He looked with solicitude at the strapping bronzed men in the wagons.

Tennant glanced sharply at Kitty. Was she not conscious that there was something in the wind? But she watched the wheels rolling in the sand, — watched them turning and dripping the sallow

granules from the wheels, as if she dared look neither behind nor before, — and she did not see his look.

The minister had not accompanied the cortége to the cemetery. (One always refers to a cortége in the West, on even a very slight provocation.) So the coffin, shining and gleaming with its nickel plate, was dropped gently into the grave, and then, presently, the undertaker was urging all the boys to come around to his place and brace up, and they all went — Tennant with the rest. Etiquette in such matters is imperative in that section of the country. Tennant could not have refused without paying the penalty of a quarrel, and it was no time for self-assertion. So he cast a look of appeal and apology at Kitty, and went. Sharpneck followed them. There was no one left save the gravedigger, who insisted that he knew his business and did not need any one to help him.

The women drove the wagons back to town, and went into the stores to gossip and trade. Kitty accompanied them. She had no place to go to except the millinery shop, and it had never seemed more dreadful to her than this day. She felt she could not endure the scrutiny of the girls. She crept out of the big store at the back, and sat on a pair of stairs which made their way to the upper story. The day was growing bleak, and gray shadows trailed along the plain. Kitty was not warmly clothed, and the wind sifted through her black garments and chilled her. She had not an idea of what was to happen next. She did not know whether her father would look for her or not. She did not believe Tennant would remember to seek her. Indeed, why should he? She had known him no better than she had known the other men in her father's employ. She had, of course, always felt him to be different. No one could help noticing that he was not a part of his environment. But, after all, young English gentlemen were not an uncommon sight in the sandhill country, and every one was quite aware that of all fools an Englishman was the worst, and could go to the dogs generally with a rapidity which none could rival. With the reasons for this the natives did not trouble themselves. These poor tragedies merely amused them, or awoke their contempt.

The afternoon grew late. Kitty still sat crouched upon the stairs. She was facing her future. She was looking into the eyes of her destiny — and it was a fearsome thing to do.

The base drudgery of the ranch presented itself to her vision with no compensation. The life at the little millinery shop, with its temptations, its wretched scandal, it petty, never-ending talk, came before her too. On every side there seemed to be only what was unspeakably distasteful and disgustingly common. Romance and youth were fair and fleeting things; they were as the mirage which in August days trembled on the heat-misted horizon.

In the midst of all this she saw Tennant crossing over from the millinery shop, which stood, almost solitary, on the street behind the main one. He was looking for her. Kitty ran to meet him, glad to set aside her terrible scrutiny of the future. Perhaps he represented a change or a possibility.

His face was white. He had been drinking a little, but some sudden knowledge had banished all trace of it, save that in the shock his face had suffered.

"We went with your uncle," he began at once, too full of his theme to use judgment or mercy, — "we all went with him, and he 'braced us up,' though God knows why! I scented something in the wind — else why such generosity? It is n't your uncle's way — no, nor your father's — to give something for nothing. The others drank heavily. I drank some, but not enough to dull my curiosity. I got out unnoticed, Miss Kitty, and went back to — to the grave."

"Well — well?" gasped Kitty.

"Well, it was already empty!"

"What?"

"Yes, the coffin was" —

"Where?"

"Back in Martin Sharpneck's shop, by God!"

"And the — and my" —

"And the red-headed doctor had — had the rest!"

The wind blew the sand into dirty yellow spirals, and these danced in drunken fashion about the two who stood there. Down the street could be heard the voices of the drunken men. Kitty saw her father come out of his brother's shop and reel along the street. The women who had ridden to the funeral were coming out of the stores with their arms full of parcels. Their vociferous husbands were about to join them.

"Shall I go to the doctor," asked Tennant, "and" —

"No. What does it matter! It is of a piece with the rest."

Ralph Tennant felt a sudden revulsion. The girl seemed — but, after all, how could he judge her?

"There 's no use in trying to do anything. We could n't. There 's no one to help us. Besides, father can do what he pleases — with his own."

"But if he was exposed?"

"No one would care — it would only give them something to talk about. They would pretend to care — but they would n't, really."

"Then you are going back, to-night, of course, with" —

"I 'm not going back with anybody. I am never going back."

At the last her resolution was taken quite suddenly.

"What will you do, then?"

"In half an hour the train will be here. I am going to take it."

"I 'll take it with you."

They were very young; they were half-mad with horror and disgust. They stood alone, and they were in revolt. This accounted for it.

"Very well," said Kitty.

"It is impossible to stay here longer," said the poor younger son, who might, had things been different, have wooed some sweet and well-bred girl in England, instead of this poor, angry savage of the sand wastes.

"It is impossible," said she. "We will go away."

"I have a little money with me."

"I have a little."

"I know the men on the freight, due here in an hour. If you like" —

"Do you think we could manage it?"

"I feel sure of it."

"Then we can save our money."

"Yes. We will go to Omaha."

"As you please."

The gray sky showed a gleam of pale gold at the horizon. The sun was setting. The wagons were driving out of town. Tennant and Kitty saw her father looking for her, and she and Tennant hid in a coal-shed, till Sharpneck's patience being exhausted he drove furiously out of town, cursing.

"He thinks I have gone home with some of the others," said Kitty.

The passenger train rushed into the town and out again. After a time they heard the freight in the distance, and ran down to the little station. Every one was home at supper. Only the station agent saw them talking with the conductor of the freight.

"Goin' away, Miss Sharpneck?" he asked. He did not blame her, but he wanted to know.

"I 'm going away," she replied steadily, but hardly hearing him.

Tennant looked too severe to be questioned. He helped the girl into the caboose. She was famished with cold, hunger, and misery. He and the blowzy Irishman on the train built up a brisk fire, and laid her down on a bench near it, wrapped in their cloaks. The Irishman shared his luncheon with them, and made coffee on the stove.

Kitty felt no anticipation. She looked forward to the morning with no emotion whatever. She did not taste the food she put in her mouth. But little by little the warmth of the friendly fire reached her, and she fell asleep and lay as still as — her mother.

. . . . . .

"Better come on to Council Bluffs," said the conductor when they reached Omaha.

"Why not?" said Tennant, and laughed.

"Why not?" echoed Kitty.

Both "why nots" sounded bitter. These young persons were adventurers by force of circumstances.

Council Bluffs is a charming place. Part of it lies on a flat lowland, beyond which are the bottom-lands of the river. The rest of the town is built on serrated bluffs, covered with foliage. Although the yellow Missouri separates it from the great American plain, yet it has the sky of the plain, which is a throbbing and impenetrable blue. Its abrupt bluffs have made precipitous and irregular streets. Some of them are almost in the shape of a scimitar; some run like a creek between high terraces; others look up to heights which drip with vineyards; many of them present yellow clay banks which the graders have cut like gigantic cheeses to make way for practical thoroughfares. In these clay cuts the swallows burrow industriously, and perforate the face of the cut with innumerable Zuñi-like residences. The squirrels chatter in the fine old trees. Charming houses stand in the "dells," that is, in the umbrageous cul-de-sacs where the graded streets terminate in bluffs too bold to be penetrated.

Why nature is more prolific there than across the river it would be hard to say; but it is a fact that flowers and vines, and, no doubt, vegetables and fruit, grow better in that locality than in the great grain State over the way. It often happens in America that natural beauty fails to instruct the people who live in the midst of it. This has not been the case at Council Bluffs. From the time when the Mormons first settled there in their historical hegira and built their odd little huts with the numerous outside doors, — cutting an entrance for each housewife, — there has been something involuntarily quaint about the architecture of the place. Roofs slope off into the bluffs, houses are built on green ledges of earth, and back yards shoot skyward, so that the vineyards grow at an angle of forty-five degrees, and he who goes to look at his garden must needs take an alpenstock in his hands. Hammocks hang under the trees; cottages riot in porches; old mansions wander with a sort of elegant negligence over ground which has never been held at a fictitious value. An exclusive and self-conscious aristocracy looks down upon the ostentation of the fashionable set of Omaha, and lives its quiet life of sociable exclusion, making much of music and ceramics, and attaching no very great importance to commercial aggression or to literature.

Into this peaceful town the adventurers came one bleak autumn day, when the leaves were skirring about the narrow and tortuous streets and the nuts were rattling to the ground. Coming as they did from the treeless region, the place was enchanting to them. No sooner had they sat down to their breakfast than things began to wear a rosier hue. They ate in a fascinating restaurant, where a steel engraving of the destruction of Johnstown, with innumerable remarques, hung above them. Kitty had never eaten a breakfast just like it, and even Tennant, who had known flesh-pots, found it delicious.

As they sipped their coffee, they talked, scrutinizing each other all the time. Tennant was thinking the situation enchanting. Kitty was waiting — waiting for events — for life! She did not reflect. Her hour was a subjective one.

"What shall we do after breakfast?" asked Kitty.

"We must be married," said Tennant decidedly. The girl paled, then blushed and paled again.

"Oh no, no!" she gasped.

"There is nothing else to do," went on Tennant decidedly. "You need n't worry about it a bit. You need n't pay any particular attention to me, you know. But we 've got to be married, my dear. We have cut loose from every one and everything. We must go into partnership. Perhaps you don't love me now, — how could you? — but we have cast in our lot together, and we 're coming out on top, somehow. We 're going to succeed. Moreover, I don't mind telling you that I 'm happier and more contented with you here, this morning, and was happier and more contented all last night, while we were rushing along through the darkness escaping from all manner of hideous things, than I have been since — well, since I was a little boy, and thought my mother was greater than the Queen of England and lovelier than the angels."

The blush came gently back to the girl's cheeks and stayed there this time. She ventured on her confession, too.

"I never felt — well — safe, I guess you call it, before in all my life. Until that night when I talked with you (and I was so cross at first), there in the shack, with poor mother, I never told any one the whole truth about anything, or cared what they thought, or was glad to have them understand what I was thinking."

"What made you so cross with me?"

"Oh, I don't know. You bothered me. You made me want to be different. I thought you were hating me."

"I thought all the time you were hating me."

"I guess we were just hating the world."

"Probably that was it. Anyhow, fate has thrown us together. It 's a case of united we stand."

They looked about the town after breakfast, and found a tiny cottage with three rooms on the side of a hill. A grassy bluff rose immediately behind it, and the roof of the kitchen ran into the bluff. Grapevines rioted down the side. Catalpas grew on the level ledge of ground, and straggling up the hill, holding on tenaciously by their roots, were great chestnut-trees. The little house was painted green, and in summer, Kitty could imagine, it would seem quite to melt into the hill.

"We can have a hammock up there," cried Tennant, after he had arranged to rent it for a trifle, and forgetful that winter was coming. There was actually a rude brick fireplace in the front room — indeed, the place had been the summer retreat of an artist. This filled the young Englishman with delight, and he was off to order some wood.

"To think that we shall have a wood fire!" he exclaimed over and over again. "I will put my pipe on the shelf, and smoke evenings, eh?"

"Yes," cried Kitty. Then she was silent, and something troubled came into her face.

"Well," said Tennant, seeing it, "what is it, my child?"

"I was thinking."

"Yes?"

"Well, please don't be offended with me. But — well, I don't like drinking."

"Don't you, my dear? Well, neither do I."

"But" —

"Oh, I know. But what else was there to do out there? You don't know how lonely I was. You need n't worry about that now!"

They had a wonderful day. They bought a pine table and three pine chairs, and a little second-hand cook-stove, and some shades for the window. Then Tennant asked every man he met for work. He would have made a nuisance of himself if he had not been so excited and

generally filled with anticipation that the people pardoned him for his effervescence.

"I 've got to have work," he declared to every one. "Anything — anything — manual, clerical, it makes no difference to me. I 'll chop wood, or keep books, or coach for college, or work on the road — but I 've got to have work!"

He got it — never mind what it was. It was not the sort he was destined to do by and by, but it served for bread and butter, and a little more. Incidentally, that day, he and Kitty were married. Tennant would have a clergyman perform the ceremony, though Kitty, poor little heathen, was indifferent about it. So they stood before the altar of a curious church up one of the tortuous streets, and were married by a young Episcopal priest, while the merry wind sang outside and red leaves tumbled down the wild hills beyond. They told a bit of their story to the young priest, and he took them to his home, which was on the very top of one of the hills, and they had dinner there, and met the young man's wife, who was a lovely girl from the East, and who took to Kitty at once. That was the beginning of many things — friendships, and little gayeties, and hours of study, — but it is easy to guess what could happen.

Ah, how bare the little green cottage was! But what of it? What of it?

Frequently Kitty spent an hour of her day up at the little wind-haunted rectory, hemming tablecloths and pillow-cases, and she learned to keep a potted fern on her table, — the minister's wife taught her that, — and to have the hearth swept at night, and the big chunks of wood blazing. Then Tennant smoked, and she read to him in the evening.

It was delightful to watch the new home grow! Neat clothes finally were hung up in the closets, and the demure little lady who was Kitty's friend taught her all manner of things that could not be learned in books. She helped her buy her furniture bit by bit, and Tennant and Kitty would sit a whole evening and look at a new chair in amazement at the knowledge that it was their own.

Presently they had their hospitalities and their institutions and their beaten paths. It was quite wonderful how quickly they became an orderly part of the community — these two from the wilderness. Moreover, they were very happy. It was all simple and commonplace enough; but it was their life, and they lived it with honesty and with courage. Still, perhaps that is not remarkable either. Honesty and courage are so common — in the West.

Elia W. Peattie.

WILLOW DALE.

THE water slipped the falls all day,
And clear beyond the little wood
The cuckoo's monotone held sway,
Until we almost understood

Why willow, wave, and far-off throat
Hold the same instinct, strange and sad,
That vibrates in the human note
As haunting sorrow when most glad.

Lucy S. Conant.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.

Amelia Porter sat by her great open fireplace, where the round, consequential black kettle hung from the crane and breathed out a steamy cloud to be at once licked up and absorbed by the heat from a snatching flame below. It was exactly a year and a day since her husband's death, and she had packed herself away in his own corner of the settle, her hands clasped across her knees, and her red-brown eyes brooding on the nearer embers. She was not definitely speculating on her future, nor had she any heart for retracing the dull and gentle past. She had simply relaxed hold on her mind; and so, escaping her, it had gone wandering off into shadowy prophecies of the immediate years. For, as Amelia had been telling herself for the last three months, since she had begun to outgrow the habit of a dual life, she was not old. Whenever she looked in the glass, she could not help noting how free from wrinkles her swarthy face had been kept, and that the line of her mouth was still scarlet over white, even teeth. Her crisp black hair, curling in those tight fine rolls which a bashful admirer had once commended as "full of little jerks," showed not a trace of gray. All this evidence of her senses read her a fair tale of the possibilities of the morrow; and without once saying, "I will take up a new life," she did tacitly acknowledge that life was not over.

It was a "snapping cold" night of early spring, so misplaced as to bring with it a certain dramatic excitement. The roads were frozen hard, and shone like silver in the ruts. All day sleds had gone creaking past, set to that fine groaning which belongs to the music of the year. The drivers' breath ascended in steam, the while they stamped down the probability of freezing, and yelled to Buck and Broad until that inner fervor raised them one degree in warmth. The smoking cattle held their noses low and swayed beneath the yoke.

Amelia, shut snugly in her winter-tight house, had felt the power of the day without sharing its discomforts; and her eyes deepened and burned with a sense of the movement and warmth of living. To-night, under the spell of some vague expectancy, she had sat still for a long time, her sewing laid aside and her room scrupulously in order. She was waiting for what was not to be acknowledged even to her own intimate self. But as the clock struck nine she roused herself, and shook off her mood in impatience and a disappointment which she would not own. She looked about the room, as she often had of late, and began to enumerate its possibilities in case she should desire to have it changed. Amelia never went so far as to say that change should be; she only felt that she had still a right to speculate upon it, as she had done for many years, as a form of harmless enjoyment. While every other house in the neighborhood had gone from the consistently good to the prosperously bad in the matter of refurnishing, John Porter had kept his precisely as his grandfather had left it to him. Amelia had never once complained; she had observed toward her husband an unfailing deference, due, she felt, to his twenty years' seniority; perhaps, also, it stood in her own mind as the only amends she could offer him for having married him without love. It was her father who made the match; and Amelia had succumbed, not through the obedience claimed by parents of an elder day, but from hot jealousy and the pique inevitably born of it. Laurie Morse had kept the singing-school that winter. He had loved Amelia; he had bound himself to her by all the most holy vows sworn

from aforetime, and then in some wanton exhibit of power — gone home with another girl. And for Amelia's responsive throb of feminine anger she had spent fifteen years of sober country living with a man who had wrapped her about with the quiet tenderness of a strong nature, but who was not of her own generation either in mind or in habit; and Laurie had kept a music-store in Saltash, seven miles away, and remained unmarried.

Now Amelia looked about the room, and mentally displaced the furniture, as she had done so many times while she and her husband sat there together. The settle could be taken to the attic. She had not the heart to carry out one secret resolve indulged in moments of impatient bitterness, — to split it up for firewood. But it could at least be exiled. She would have a good cook-stove, and the great fireplace should be walled up. The tin kitchen, sitting now beside the hearth in shining quaintness, should also go into the attic. The old clock — But at that instant the clash of bells shivered the frosty air, and Amelia threw her vain imaginings aside like a garment, and sprang to her feet. She clasped her hands in a spontaneous gesture of rapt attention; and when the sound paused at her gate, with one or two sweet, lingering clingles, "I knew it!" she said aloud. Yet she did not go to the window to look into the moonlit night. Standing there in the middle of the room, she awaited the knock which was not long in coming. It was imperative, insistent. Amelia, who had a spirit responsive to the dramatic exigencies of life, felt a little flush spring into her face, so hot that, on the way to the door, she involuntarily put her hand to her cheek and held it there. The door came open grumblingly. It sagged upon the hinges, but, well used to its vagaries, she overcame it with a regardless haste.

"Come in," she said at once to the man on the step. "It 's cold. Oh, come in!"

He stepped inside the entry, removing his fur cap, and disclosing a youthful face charged with that radiance which made him, at thirty-five, almost the counterpart of his former self. It may have come only from the combination of curly brown hair, blue eyes, and an aspiring lift of the chin, but it always seemed to mean a great deal more. In the kitchen he threw off his heavy coat, while Amelia, bright-eyed and breathing quickly, stood by, quite silent. Then he looked at her.

"You expected me, did n't you?" he asked.

A warmer color surged into her cheeks. "I did n't know," she said perversely.

"I guess you did. It 's one day over a year. You knew I 'd wait a year."

"It ain't a year over the services," said Amelia, trying to keep the note of vital expectancy out of her voice. "It won't be that till Friday."

"Well, Saturday I 'll come again." He went over to the fire and stretched out his hands to the blaze. "Come here," he said imperatively, "while I talk to you."

Amelia stepped forward obediently, like a good little child. The old fascination was still as dominant as at its birth, sixteen years ago. She realized, with a strong, splendid sense of the eternity of things, that always, even while it would have been treason to recognize it, she had known how ready it was to rise and live again. All through her married years she had sternly drugged it and kept it sleeping. Now it had a right to breathe, and she gloried in it.

"I said to myself I would n't come to-day," went on Laurie, without looking at her. A new and excited note had come into his voice, responsive to her own. He gazed down at the fire, musing the while he spoke. "Then I found I could n't help it. That 's why I 'm so late. I stayed in the shop till seven, and some fellows come in and wanted me to play. I took up the fiddle, and begun. But I had n't more 'n drew a note before I laid it down and put for the door.

'Dick, you keep shop,' says I. And I harnessed up, and drove like the devil."

Amelia felt warm with life and hope; she was taking up her youth just where the story ended.

"You ain't stopped swearin' yet!" she said, with a little excited laugh. Then, from an undercurrent of exhilaration, it occurred to her that she had never laughed so in all these years.

"Well," said Laurie abruptly, turning upon her, "how am I goin' to start out? Shall we hark back to old scores? I know what come between us. So do you. Have we got to talk it out, or can we begin now?"

"Begin now," replied Amelia faintly. Her breath choked her. He stretched out his arms to her in sudden passion. His hands touched her sleeves, and, with an answering rapidity of motion, she drew back. She shrank within herself, and her face gathered a look of fright. "No! no! no!" she cried strenuously.

His arms fell at his sides, and he looked at her in amazement.

"What 's the matter?" he demanded.

Amelia had retreated, until she stood now with one hand on the table. She could not look at him, and when she answered her voice shook.

"There 's nothin' the matter," she said. "Only you must n't — yet."

A shade of relief passed over his face, and he smiled.

"There, there!" he said, "never you mind. I understand. But if I come over the last of the week, I guess it will be different. Won't it be different, Milly?"

"Yes," she owned, with a little sob in her throat, "it will be different."

Thrown out of his niche of easy friendliness with circumstance, he stood there in irritated consciousness that here was some subtle barrier which he had not foreseen. Ever since John Porter's death, there had been strengthening in him a joyous sense that Milly's life and his own must have been running parallel all this time, and that it needed only a little widening of channels to make them join. His was no crass certainty of finding her ready to drop into his hand; it was rather a childlike, warm-hearted faith in the permanence of her affection for him, and perhaps, too, a shrewd estimate of his own lingering youth compared with John Porter's furrowed face and his fifty-five years. But now, with this new whiffling of the wind, he could only stand rebuffed and recognize his own perplexity.

"You do care, don't you, Milly?" he asked, with a boy's frank ardor. "You want me to come again?"

All her own delight in youth and the warm naturalness of life had rushed back upon her.

"Yes," she answered eagerly. "I 'll tell you the truth. I always did tell you the truth. I do want you to come."

"But you don't want me to-night!" He lifted his brows, pursing his lips whimsically; and Amelia laughed.

"No," said she, with a little defiant movement of her own crisp head, "I don't know as I do want you to-night!"

Laurie shook himself into his coat. "Well," said he, on his way to the door, "I 'll be round Saturday, whether or no. And Milly," he added significantly, his hand on the latch, "you 've got to like me then!"

Amelia laughed. "I guess there won't be no trouble!" she called after him daringly.

She stood there in the biting wind, while he uncovered the horse and drove away. Then she went shaking back to her fire; but it was not altogether from cold. The sense of the consistency of love and youth, the fine justice with which nature was paying an old debt, had raised her to a stature above her own. She stood there under the mantel, and held by it while she trembled. For the first time, her husband had gone utterly out of her life. It was as though he had not been.

"Saturday!" she said to herself. "Saturday! Three days till then!"

Next morning the spring asserted itself; there came a whiff of wind from the south and a feeling of thaw. The sled-runners began to cut through to the frozen ground, and about the tree-trunks, where thin crusts of ice were sparkling, came a faint musical sound of trickling drops. The sun was regnant, and little brown birds flew cheerily over the snow and talked of nests.

Amelia finished her housework by nine o'clock, and then sat down in her low rocker by the south window, sewing in thrifty haste. The sun fell hotly through the panes, and when she looked up the glare met her eyes. She seemed to be sitting in a golden shower, and she liked it. No sunlight ever made her blink or screw her face into wrinkles. She throve in it like a rose-tree. At ten o'clock, one of the slow-moving sleds out that day in premonition of a "spell o' weather" swung laboriously into her yard and ground its way up to the side-door. The sled was empty save for a rocking-chair where sat an enormous woman enveloped in shawls, her broad face surrounded by a pumpkin hood. Her dark brown front came low over her forehead, and she wore spectacles with wide bows, which gave her an added expression of benevolence. She waved a mittened hand to Amelia when their eyes met, and her heavy face broke up into smiles.

"Here I be!" she called in a thick, gurgling voice, as Amelia hastened out, her apron thrown over her head. "Did n't expect me, did ye? Nobody looks for an old rheumatic creatur'. She 's more out o' the runnin' 'n a last year's bird's-nest."

"Why, aunt Ann!" cried Amelia in unmistakable joy. "I 'm tickled to death to see you. Here, Amos, I 'll help get her out."

The driver, a short thick-set man of neutral ashy tints and a sprinkling of hair and beard, trudged round the oxen and drew the rocking-chair forward without a word. He never once looked in Amelia's direction, and she seemed not to expect it; but he had scarcely laid hold of the chair when aunt Ann broke forth: —

"Now, Amos, ain't you goin' to take no notice of 'Melia, no more 'n if she wa'n't here? She ain't a bump on a log, nor you a born fool."

Amos at once relinquished his sway over the chair, and stood looking abstractedly at the oxen, who, with their heads low, had already fallen into that species of day-dream whereby they compensate themselves for human tyranny. They were waiting for Amos, and Amos, in obedience to some inward resolve, waited for commotion to cease.

"If ever I was ashamed, I be now!" continued aunt Ann, still with an expression of settled good nature, and in a voice all jollity though raised conscientiously to a scolding pitch. "To think I should bring such a creatur' into the world, an' set by to see him treat his own relations like the dirt under his feet!"

Amelia laughed. She was exhilarated by the prospect of company, and this domestic whirlpool had amused her from of old.

"Law, aunt Ann," she said, "you let Amos alone. He and I are old cronies. We understand one another. Here, Amos, catch hold! We shall all get our deaths out here, if we don't do nothin' but stand still and squabble."

The immovable Amos had only been awaiting his cue. He lifted the laden chair with perfect ease to one of the piazza steps, and then to another; when it had reached the topmost level, he dragged it over the sill into the kitchen, and, leaving his mother sitting in colossal triumph by the fire, turned about and took his silent way to the outer world.

"Amos," called aunt Ann, "do you mean to say you 're goin' to walk out o' this house without speakin' a civil word to anybody? Do you mean to say that?"

"I don't mean to say nothin'," confided Amos to his worsted muffler, as he took up his goad and began backing the oxen round.

Undisturbed and not at all daunted by a reply for which she had not even listened, aunt Ann raised her voice in cheerful response: "Well, you be along 'tween three an' four, an' you 'll find me ready."

"Mercy, aunt Ann!" said Amelia, beginning to unwind the visitor's wraps, "what makes you keep houndin' Amos that way? If he has n't spoke for thirty-five years, it ain't likely he 's goin' to begin now."

Aunt Ann was looking about her with an expression of beaming delight in unfamiliar surroundings. She laughed a rich, unctuous laugh, and stretched her hands to the blaze.

"Law," she said contentedly, "of course it ain't goin' to do no good. Who ever thought 't would? But I 've been at that boy all these years to make him like other folks, an' I ain't goin' to stop now. He never shall say his own mother did n't know her duty towards him. Well, 'Melia, you *air* kind o' snug here, arter all! Here, you hand me my bag, an' I 'll knit a stitch. I ain't a mite cold."

Amelia was bustling about the fire, her mind full of the possibilities of a company dinner.

"How 's your limbs?" she asked, while aunt Ann drew out a long stocking and began to knit with an amazing rapidity of which her fat fingers gave no promise.

"Well, I ain't allowed to forgit 'em very often," she replied comfortably. "Rheumatiz is my cross, an' I 've got to bear it. Sometimes I wish 't had gone into my hands ruther 'n my feet, an' I could ha' got round. But there! if 't ain't one thing, it 's another. Mis' Eben Smith 's got eight young ones down with the whoopin'-cough. Amos dragged me over there yisterday; an' when I heerd 'em tryin' to see which could bark the loudest, I says, 'Give me the peace o' Jerusalem in my own house, even if I don't stir a step for the next five year no more 'n I have for the last.' I dunno what 't would be if I had n't a darter. I 've been greatly blessed."

The talk went on in pleasant ripples, while Amelia moved back and forth from pantry to table. She brought out the mixing-board, and began to put her bread in the pans, while the tin kitchen stood in readiness by the hearth. The sunshine flooded all the room, and lay insolently on the paling fire; the Maltese cat sat in the broadest shaft of all, and, having lunched from her full saucer in the corner, made her second toilet for the day.

"'Melia," said aunt Ann suddenly, looking down over her glasses at the tin kitchen, "ain't it a real cross to bake in that thing?"

"I always had it in mind to buy me a range," answered Amelia reservedly, "but somehow we never got to it."

"That 's the only thing I ever had ag'inst John. He was as grand a man as ever was, but he did set everything by such truck. Don't turn out the old things, I say, no more 'n the old folks; but when it comes to makin' a woman stan' quiddlin' round doin' work back side foremost, that beats me."

"He 'd have got me a stove in a minute," burst forth Amelia in haste, "only he never knew I wanted it!"

"More fool you not to ha' said so!" commented aunt Ann, unwinding her ball. "Well, I s'pose he would. John wa'n't like the common run o' men. Great strong creatur' he was, but there was suthin' about him as soft as a woman. His mother used to say his eyes 'd fill full o' tears when he broke up a settin' hen. He was a good husband to you, — a good provider an' a good friend."

Amelia was putting down her bread for its last rising, and her face flushed.

"Yes," she said gently, "he *was* good."

"But there!" continued aunt Ann,

dismissing all lighter considerations, "I duano 's that 's any reason why you should bake in a tin kitchen, nor why you should need to heat up the brick oven every week, when 't was only done to please him, an' he ain't here to know. Now, 'Melia, le's see what you could do. When you got the range in, 't would alter this kitchen all over. Why don't you tear down that old-fashioned mantelpiece in the fore-room ? "

"I could have a marble one," responded Amelia in a low voice. She had taken her sewing again, and she bent her head over it as if she were ashamed. A flush had risen in her cheeks, and her hand trembled.

"Wide marble! real low down!" confirmed aunt Ann in a tone of triumph. "So fur as that goes, you could have a marble-top table." She laid down her knitting, and looked about her, a spark of excited anticipation in her eyes. All the habits of a lifetime urged her on to arrange and rearrange, in pursuit of domestic perfection. People used to say, in her first married days, that Ann Doby wasted more time in planning conveniences about her house than she ever saved by them "arter she got 'em." In her active years, she was, in local phrase, "a driver." Up and about early and late, she directed and managed until her house seemed to be a humming hive of industry and thrift. Yet there was never anything too urgent in that sway. Her beaming good humor acted as a buffer between her and the doers of her will; and though she might scold, she never rasped and irritated. Nor had she really succumbed in the least to the disease which had practically disabled her. It might confine her to a chair and render her dependent upon the service of others, but over it also was she spiritual victor. She could sit in her kitchen and issue orders; and her daughter, with no initiative genius of her own, had all aunt Ann's love of "springin' to it." She cherished, besides, a worshipful admiration for her mother; so that she asked no more than to act as the humble hand under that directing head. It was Amos who tacitly rebelled. When a boy in school he virtually gave up talking, and thereafter opened his lips only when some practical exigency was to be filled. But once did he vouchsafe a reason for that eccentricity. It was in his fifteenth year, as aunt Ann remembered well, when the minister had called; and Amos, in response to some remark about his hope of salvation, had looked abstractedly out of the window.

"I 'd be ashamed," announced aunt Ann, after the minister had gone, — "Amos, I *would* be ashamed, if I could n't open my head to a minister of the gospel! "

"If one head 's open permanent in a house, I guess that fills the bill," said Amos, getting up to seek the woodpile. "I ain't goin' to interfere with nobody else 's contract."

His mother looked after him with gaping lips, and for the space of half an hour spoke no word.

To-day she saw before her an alluring field of action; the prospect roused within her energies never incapable of responding to a spur.

"My soul, 'Melia!" she exclaimed, looking about the kitchen with a dominating eye, "how I should like to git hold o' this house! I al'ays did have a hankerin' that way, an' I don't mind tellin' ye. You could change it all round complete."

"It 's a good house," said Amelia evasively, taking quick, even stitches, but listening hungrily to the voice of outside temptation. It seemed to confirm all the long-suppressed ambitions of her own heart.

"You 're left well on 't," continued aunt Ann, her shrewd blue eyes taking on a speculative look. "I 'm glad you sold the stock. A woman never undertakes man's work but she comes out the

little eend o' the horn. The house is enough, if you keep it nice. Now, you 've got that money laid away, an' all he left you besides. You could live in the village, if you was a mind to."

A deep flush struck suddenly into Amelia's cheek. She thought of Saltash and Laurie Morse.

"I don't want to live in the village," she said sharply, thus reproving her own errant mind. "I like my home."

"Law, yes, of course ye do," replied aunt Ann easily, returning to her knitting. "I was only spec'latin'. The land, 'Melia, what you doin' of? Repairin' an old coat?"

Amelia bent lower over her sewing. "'T was his," she answered in a voice almost inaudible. "I put a patch on it last night by lamplight, and when daytime come I found it was purple. So I 'm takin' it off, and puttin' on a black one to match the stuff."

"Goin' to give it away?"

"No, I ain't," returned Amelia, again with that sharp, remonstrant note in her voice. "What makes you think I 'd do such a thing as that?"

"Law, I did n't mean no harm. You said you was repairin' on 't,—that 's all."

Amelia was ashamed of her momentary outbreak. She looked up and smiled sunnily.

"Well, I suppose it *is* foolish," she owned, — "too foolish to tell. But I 've been settin' all his clothes in order to lay 'em aside at last. I kind o' like to do it."

Aunt Ann wagged her head, and ran a knitting-needle up under her cap on a voyage of discovery.

"You think so now," she said wisely, "but you 'll see some time it 's better by fur to give 'em away while ye can. The time never 'll come when it 's any easier. My soul, 'Melia, how I should like to git up into your chambers! It 's six year now sence I 've seen 'em."

Amelia laid down her work and considered the possibility.

"I don't know how in the world I could h'ist you up there," she remarked, from an evident background of hospitable good will.

"H'ist me up? I guess you could n't! You 'd need a tackle an' falls. Amos has had to come to draggin' me round by degrees, an' I don't go off the lower floor. Be them chambers jest the same, 'Melia?"

"Oh yes, they 're just the same. Everything is. You know he did n't like changes."

"Blue spread on the west room bed?"

"Yes."

"Spinnin'-wheels out in the shed chamber where his gran'mother Hooper kep' 'em?"

"Yes."

"Say, 'Melia, do you s'pose that little still 's up attic he used to have such a royal good time with, makin' essences?"

Amelia's eyes filled suddenly with hot, unmanageable tears.

"Yes," she said; "we used it only two summers ago. I come across it yesterday. Seemed as if I could smell the peppermint I brought in for him to pick over. He was too sick to go out much then."

Aunt Ann had laid down her work again, and was gazing into vistas of rich enjoyment.

"I 'll be whipped if I should n't like to see that little still!"

"I 'll go up and bring it down after dinner," said Amelia soberly, folding her work and taking off her thimble. "I 'd just as soon as not."

All through the dinner hour aunt Ann kept up an inspiring stream of question and reminiscence.

"You *be* a good cook, 'Melia, an' no mistake," she remarked, breaking her brown hot biscuit. "This your same kind o' bread, made without yeast?"

"Yes," answered Amelia, pouring the tea. "I save a mite over from the last risin'."

Aunt Ann smelled the biscuit critically.

"Well, it makes proper nice bread," she said, "but seems to me that 's a terrible shif'less way to go about it. However 'd you happen to git hold on 't? You wa'n't never brought up to 't."

"His mother used to make it so. 'T was no great trouble, and 't would have worried him if I 'd changed."

When the lavender-sprigged china had been washed and the hearth swept up, the room fell into its aspect of afternoon repose. The cat, after another serious ablution, sprang up into a chair drawn close to the fireplace, and coiled herself symmetrically on the faded patchwork cushion. Amelia stroked her in passing. She liked to see puss appropriate that chair; her purr from it renewed the message of domestic content.

"Now," said Amelia, "I 'll get the still."

"Bring down anything else that 's ancient!" called aunt Ann. "We 've pretty much got red o' such things over t' our house, but I kind o' like to see 'em."

When Amelia returned, she staggered under a miscellaneous burden: the still, some old swifts for winding yarn, and a pair of wool-cards.

"I don't believe you know so much about cardin' wool as I do," she said in some triumph, regarding the cards with the saddened gaze of one who recalls an occupation never to be resumed. "You see you dropped all such work when new things come in. I kept right on because he wanted me to."

Aunt Ann was abundantly interested and amused.

"Well, now, if ever!" she repeated over and over again. "If this don't carry me back! Seems if I could hear the wheel hummin' an' gramma Balch steppin' back an' forth as stiddy as a clock. It 's been a good while sence I 've thought o' such old days."

"If it 's old days you want" — began Amelia, and she sped upstairs with a new light of resolution in her eyes.

It was a long time before she returned, — so long that aunt Ann exhausted the still, and turned again to her thrifty knitting. Then there came a bumping noise on the stairs, and Amelia's shuffling tread.

"What under the sun be you doin' of?" called her aunt, listening, with her head on one side. "Don't you fall, 'Melia! Whatever 't is, I can't help ye."

But the stairway door yielded to pressure from within: and first a rim of wood appeared, and then Amelia, scarlet and breathless, staggering under a spinning-wheel.

"Forever!" ejaculated aunt Ann, making one futile effort to rise, like some cumbersome fowl whose wings are clipped. "My land alive! you 'll break a blood-vessel, an' then where 'll ye be?"

Amelia triumphantly drew the wheel to the middle of the floor, and then blew upon her dusty hands and smoothed her tumbled hair. She took off her apron and wiped the wheel with it rather tenderly, as if an ordinary duster would not do.

"There!" she said. "Here 's some rolls right here in the bedroom. I carded them myself, but I never expected to spin any more."

She adjusted a roll to the spindle, and, quite forgetting aunt Ann, began stepping back and forth in a rhythmical march of feminine service The low hum of her spinning filled the air, and she seemed to be wrapped about by an atmosphere of remoteness and memory. Even aunt Ann was impressed by it; and once, beginning to speak, she looked at Amelia's face and stopped. The purring silence continued, lulling all lesser energies to sleep, until Amelia, pausing to adjust her thread, found her mood broken by actual stillness, and gazed about her like one awakened from dreams.

"There!" she said, recalling herself. "Ain't that a good smooth thread? I 've sold lots of yarn. They ask for it in Sudleigh."

"'T is so!" confirmed aunt Ann cor-

dially. "An' you 've al'ays dyed it yourself, too!"

"Yes, a good blue; sometimes tea-color. There, now, you can't say you ain't heard a spinnin'-wheel once more!"

Amelia moved the wheel to the side of the room, and went gravely back to her chair. Her energy had fled, leaving her hushed and tremulous. But not for that did aunt Ann relinquish her quest for the betterment of the domestic world. Her tongue clicked the faster as Amelia's halted. She put away her work altogether, and sat, with wagging head and eloquent hands, still holding forth on the changes which might be wrought in the house: a bay window here, a sofa there, new chairs, tables, and furnishings. Amelia's mind swam in a sea of green rep, and she found herself looking up from time to time at her mellowed four walls to see if they sparkled in desirable yet somewhat terrifying gilt paper.

At four o'clock, when Amos swung into the yard with the oxen, she was remorsefully conscious of heaving a sigh of relief; and she bade him in to the cup of tea ready for him by the fire with a sympathetic sense that too little was made of Amos, and that perhaps only she, at that moment, understood his habitual frame of mind. He drank his tea in silence, the while aunt Ann, with much relish, consumed doughnuts and cheese, having spread a wide handkerchief in her lap to catch the crumbs. Amelia talked rapidly, always to her, thus averting a verbal avalanche from Amos, who never varied in his rôle of automaton. But she was not to succeed. At the very moment of parting, aunt Ann, enthroned in her chair, with a clogging stick under the rockers, called a halt just as the oxen gave their tremulous preparatory heave.

"Amos!" cried she. "I 'll be whipped if you 've spoke one word to 'Melia this livelong day! If you ain't ashamed, I be! If you can't speak, I can!"

Amos paused, with his habitual resignation to circumstances, but Amelia sped forward and clapped him cordially on the arm; with the other hand she dealt one of the oxen a futile blow.

"Huddup, Bright!" she called, with a swift, smiling look at Amos. Even in kindness she would not do him the wrong of an unnecessary word. "Good-by, aunt Ann! Come again!"

Amos turned half about, the goad over his shoulder. His dull-seeming eyes had opened to a gleam of human feeling, betraying how bright and keen they were. Some hidden spring had been touched, though only they would tell its story. Amelia thought it was gratitude. And then aunt Ann, nodding her farewells in assured contentment with herself and all the world, was drawn slowly out of the yard.

When Amelia went indoors and warmed her chilled hands at the fire, the silence seemed to her benignant. What was loneliness before had miraculously translated itself into peace. That worldly voice, strangely clothing her own longings with form and substance, had been stilled; only the clock, rich in the tranquillity of age, ticked on, and the cat stretched herself and curled up again. Amelia sat down in the waning light and took a last stitch in her work; she looked the coat over critically with an artistic satisfaction, and then hung it behind the door in its accustomed place, where it had remained undisturbed now for many months. She ate soberly and sparingly of her early supper, and then, leaving the lamp on a side-table, where it brought out great shadows in the room, she took a little cricket and sat down by the fire. There she had mused many an evening which seemed to her less dull than the general course of her former life, while her husband occupied the hearthside chair and told her stories of the war. He had a childlike clearness and simplicity of speech and a self-forgetful habit of reminiscence. The war was the war to him, not a theatre for boastful individual action; but Amelia remem-

bered now that he had seemed to hold heroic proportions in relation to that immortal past. One could hardly bring heroism into the potato-field and the cow-house; but after this lapse of time it began to dawn upon her that the man who had fought at Gettysburg and the man who marked out for her the narrow rut of an unchanging existence were one and the same. And as if the moment had come for an expected event, she heard again the jangling of bells without, and the old vivid color rushed into her cheeks, reddened before by the fire-shine. It was as though the other night had been a rehearsal, and as if now she knew what was coming. Yet she only clasped her hands more tightly about her knees and waited, the while her heart hurried its time. The knocker fell twice with a resonant clang. She did not move. It beat again the more insistently. Then the heavy outer door was pushed open, and Laurie Morse came in, looking exactly as she knew he would look: half angry, wholly excited, and dowered with the beauty of youth recalled. He took off his cap and stood before her.

"Why did n't you come?" he asked imperatively. "Why did n't you let me in?"

The old wave of irresponsible joy rose in her at his presence; yet it was now not so much a part of her real self as a delight in some influence which might prove foreign to her. She answered him, as she was always impelled to do, dramatically, as if he gave her the cue, calling for words which might be her sincere expression, and might not.

"If you wanted it enough, you could get in," she said perversely, with an alluring coquetry in her mien. "The door was unfastened."

"I did want to enough," he responded. A new light came into his eyes. He held out his hands toward her. "Get up off that cricket!" he commanded. "Come here!"

Amelia rose with a swift, feminine motion, but she stepped backward, one hand upon her heart. She thought its beating could be heard.

"It ain't Saturday," she whispered.

"No, it ain't. But I could n't wait. You knew I could n't. You knew I 'd come to-night."

The added years had had their effect on him; possibly, too, there had been growing up in him the strength of a long patience. He was not an heroic type of man; but, noting the sudden wrinkles in his face and the firmness of his mouth, Amelia conceived a swift respect for him which she had never felt in the days of their youth.

"Am I goin' to stay," he asked sternly, "or shall I go home?"

As if in dramatic accord with his words, the bells jangled loudly at the gate. Should he go or stay?

"I suppose," said Amelia faintly, "you 're goin' to stay."

Laurie laid down his cap and pulled off his coat. He looked about impatiently, and then, moving toward the nail by the door, he lifted the coat to place it over that other one hanging there. Amelia had watched him absently, thinking only, with a hungry anticipation, how much she had needed him; but as the garment touched her husband's, the real woman burst through the husk of her outer self and came to life with an intensity that was pain. She sprang forward.

"No! no!" she cried, the words ringing wildly in her own ears. "No! no! don't you hang it there! Don't you! don't you!" She swept him aside, and laid her hands upon the old patched garment on the nail. It was as if they blessed it, and as if they defended it also. Her eyes burned with the horror of witnessing some irrevocable deed.

Laurie stepped back in pure surprise. "No, of course not," said he. "I 'll put it on a chair. Why, what 's the

matter, Milly? I guess you 're nervous. Come back to the fire. Here, sit down where you were, and let 's talk."

The cat, roused by a commotion which was insulting to her egotism, jumped down from the cushion, stretched into a fine curve, and made a silhouette of herself in a corner of the hearth. Amelia, a little ashamed, and not very well understanding what it was all about, came back, with shaking limbs, and dropped upon the settle, striving now to remember the conventionalities of saner living. Laurie was a kind man. At this moment, he thought only of reassuring her. He drew forward the chair left vacant by the cat and beat up the cushion.

"There," said he, "I 'll take this, and we 'll talk."

Amelia recovered herself with a spring. She came up straight and tall, a concluded resolution in every muscle. She laid a hand upon his arm.

"Don't you sit there!" said she. "Don't you!"

"Why, Amelia!" he ejaculated, in a vain perplexity. "Why, Milly!"

She moved the chair back out of his grasp, and turned to him again.

"I understand it now," she went on rapidly. "I know just what I feel and think, and I thank my God it ain't too late. Don't you see I can't bear to have your clothes hang where his belong? Don't you see 't would kill me to have you sit in his chair? When I find puss there, it 's a comfort. If 't was you — I don't know but I might do you a mischief!" Her voice sank in awe of herself and her own capacity for passionate emotion.

Laurie Morse had much swift understanding of the human heart. His own nature partook of the feminine, and he shared its intuitions and its fears.

"I never should lay that up against you, Milly," he said kindly. "But we would n't have these things. You 'd come to Saltash with me, and we 'd furnish all new."

"Not have these things!" called Amelia, with a ringing note of dismay, — "not have these things he set by as he did his life! Why, what do you think I 'm made of, after fifteen years? What did *I* think I was made of, even to guess I could? You don't know what women are like, Laurie Morse, — you don't know!"

She broke down in piteous weeping. Even then it seemed to her that it would be good to find herself comforted with warm human sympathy; but not a thought of its possibility remained in her mind. She saw the boundaries beyond which she must not pass. Though the desert were arid on this side, it was her desert, and there in her tent must she abide. She began speaking again between sobbing breaths: —

"I did have a dull life. I used up all my young days doin' the same things over and over, when I wanted somethin' different. It *was* dull; but if I could have it all over again, I 'd work my fingers to the bone. I don't know how it would have been if you and I 'd come together then, and had it all as we planned; but now I 'm a different woman. I can't any more go back than you could turn Sudleigh River and coax it to run uphill. I don't know whether 't was meant my life should make me a different woman; but I *am* different, and such as I am, I 'm his woman. Yes, till I die, till I 'm laid in the ground 'longside of him!" Her voice had an assured ring of triumph, as if she were taking again an indissoluble marriage oath.

Laurie had grown very pale. There were forlorn hollows under his eyes; now he looked twice his age.

"I did n't suppose you kept a place for me," he said, with an unconscious dignity. "That would n't have been right, and him alive. And I did n't wait for dead men's shoes. But somehow I thought there was something between you and me that could n't be outlived."

Amelia looked at him with a frank

sweetness which transfigured her face into spiritual beauty.

"I thought so, too," she answered, with that simplicity ever attending our approximation to the truth. "I never once said it to myself; but all this year, 'way down in my heart, I knew you 'd come back. And I wanted you to come. I guess I 'd got it all planned out how we 'd make up for what we 'd lost, and build up a new life. But, so far as I go, I guess I did n't lose by what I 've lived through. I guess I gained somethin' I 'd sooner give up my life than even lose the memory of."

So absorbed was she in her own spiritual inheritance that she quite forgot his pain. She gazed past him with an unseeing look; and, striving to meet and recall it, he faced the vision of their divided lives. To-morrow Amelia would remember his loss and mourn over it with maternal pangs; to-night she was oblivious of all but her own. Great human experiences are costly things; they demand sacrifice not only of ourselves but of those who are near us. The room was intolerable to Laurie. He took his hat and coat and hurried out. Amelia heard the dragging door closed behind him. She realized, with the numbness born of supreme emotion, that he was putting on his coat outside in the cold; and she did not mind. The bells stirred, and went clanging away. Then she drew a long breath, and bowed her head on her hands in an acquiescence that was like prayer.

It seemed a long time to Amelia before she awoke again to temporal things. She rose, smiling, to her feet, and looked about her as if her eyes caressed every corner of the homely room. She picked up puss in a round, comfortable ball and carried her back to the hearthside chair; there she stroked her until her touchy ladyship had settled down again to purring content. Then Amelia, still smiling, and with an absent look, as if her mind wandered through lovely possibilities of a sort which can never be undone, drew forth the spinning-wheel and fitted a roll to the spindle. She began stepping back and forth as if she moved to the measure of an unheard song, and the pleasant hum of her spinning broke delicately upon the ear. It seemed to waken all the room into new vibrations of life. The clock ticked with an assured peace, as if knowing it marked eternal hours. The flames waved softly upward without their former crackle and sheen; and the moving shadows were gentle and rhythmic ones come to keep the soul company. Amelia felt her thread lovingly.

"I guess I 'll dye it blue," she said, with a tenderness great enough to compass inanimate things. "He always set by blue, did n't he, puss?"

Alice Brown.

IN QUEST OF A SHADOW: AN ASTRONOMICAL EXPERIENCE IN JAPAN.

Bears, the barbarous Ainu, the Imperial Agricultural College at Sapporo, and the fine harbor of Hakodate, where the men-of-war of various nationalities are apt to take refuge from the summer heats of Yokohama, — these comprise practically everything that the average traveler in the Mikado's empire connects with the great northern island of Yezo. Indeed, few of the Japanese themselves know much of this island, with its intensely cold winters, its deep snows, and its general life, so different from the pleasure-loving, semi-tropical existence of the lower provinces. A missionary may be encountered here and there in southern Yezo, and still more rarely, perhaps, a foreign or Japanese ethnologist or naturalist makes his somewhat difficult investigations around Volcano Bay or along the southern coast. But the island is largely an unknown region. It is one of the few places in a supercivilized world where primitive nature prevails, where rude aborigines still pursue their unmolested way, and where many hundred miles of trackless forest await the first step from an outer civilization.

Across this island the slender shadow of the sun's total eclipse rushed in its swift passage over the earth in August of last year. Toward localities of the very existence of which few had been aware, scientific men turned, so soon as the track of anticipated darkness was found to lie along those unexplored shores; and for three years the meteorological conditions in the provinces of Kitami, Kushiro, and Nemuro had been the subject of careful investigation by the Imperial Weather Service, at the request of an American astronomer.

Japan is emphatically a country of moisture and decorative cloud-effects, of soft warmth and fitful sunshine. Yet in its remote northern regions the astronomical conditions were more favorable, and the observations in July and August of 1893, 1894, and 1895 showed the chances of clear skies to be equal to the chance of clouded skies. And so it fell out that a scientific expedition from Massachusetts and another from France wended their way in July of 1896 toward this remote portion of the globe, and threw their flags for the first time to breezes blowing straight to Yezo from the island of Saghalien, over the tossing waves of the sea of Okhotsk.

An overland journey to Esashi, the objective point in Kitami province, would have been impossible, involving the transportation of several tons of apparatus by packhorse over roadless mountains, through unexplored forests, and across bridgeless rivers; but the Japanese government, with characteristically generous courtesy, ordered the detail of a steamship especially to convey the American expedition from Yokohama to whatever point it might select for the observing-station; giving free transportation to its members and instruments, and affording every facility for the successful completion of its mission.

Early in July, 1896, an American settlement sprang up in the midst of a greatly surprised little fishing-hamlet. Telegrams from the central government to the chief ruler of the island, and from him to the local authorities, placed practically the entire resources of the region at our disposal. Guards and interpreters, a telegraph operator who understood English, an empty schoolhouse as headquarters, a tract of land adjoining for setting up instruments, and every intelligent Japanese resident as willing assistant so far as possible, were the pleasant outcome of kindliness in high places.

Esashi itself has a few characteristic Japanese features — tea-houses, whose little attendant maids were quite as daintily dressed as those in the far south; while a gnarled tree-trunk formed the street-lamp pillar just outside my window, — a picturesque corner decoration. Strolling pilgrim beggars in dingy white solicited alms. Attempts were made at temple festivals, where, instead of the gorgeous floats of Kyoto, the devotees, supposably riding in grandeur, were really walking amid artificial cherry blossoms, in little floorless inclosures under canopies, simulating rolling cars, — a pathetic deception deceiving nobody; and more secular festivals occurred, when booths were erected and plays were performed. As no other foreign lady had ever visited Esashi, curiosity was even more active than is usual in remote Japanese villages. Children, young people of both sexes, and even a few withered grandparents formed a procession when I walked abroad, and three ecstatic little boys marched close at my side blowing tin trumpets. Truly I had never before made so triumphant a progress. The crowds were chiefly Japanese, but on the outskirts lurked a few of the shy and "hairy" Ainu, who had come to this metropolis from a neighboring village, the men distinguishable at any distance by their bushy black hair and enormous beards, the women tattooed in imitation of their lords.

The most picturesque spot in Esashi was a small Shinto temple with a neatly kept graveled courtyard and two handsome *torii*, one of fine granite. The ministering priest, an odd-looking Japanese with a sparse beard and an indifferent expression, was often to be seen watering various handsome plants growing in vases around the temple. Near by, a little lighthouse rose abruptly from the rocks of the shore, in which every evening a student-lamp was dutifully lighted. The narrow platform around the summit, reached by an open outside ladder, was the point where I was to draw the long and faint streamers of the corona during the precious two minutes and forty seconds of totality on August 9th.

Just beyond our eclipse camp, Professor Deslandres, of Paris, had located his expedition, with a fine collection of spectroscopes for attacking coronal problems; and in the offing lay a French man-of-war to carry away the instruments and members of his expedition after the eclipse should have come and gone. Out in the scrub bamboo, perhaps half a mile from the village, Professor Terao had established his party from the Imperial University; and our own instruments — twenty telescopes and spectroscopes, all attached to one great central polar axis and operated by electricity — were daily becoming more perfectly adjusted for the eclipse. In leaving the south we had apparently left the region of low-lying fogs and constant cloud. Here the sunsets were clear and yellow like autumnal skies in New England, the nights cool after hot and brilliant days. One long storm had been discouraging, but afterward the air was clearer and quieter.

Nothing could have exceeded the interest and courtesy of the leading inhabitants. The mayor, or "chief officer," even gave orders that on eclipse day no fires were to be lighted anywhere in town. No chance smoke should be suffered to make the air thick or unsteady. All cooking should be done the day before, or else only the *hibachi* with its glowing charcoal could be used; and if dry weather had prevailed, the streets were all to be carefully watered against the risk of rising dust.

Early in the morning, just as the sun was rising, and sleep had been effectually banished by the awkward waltzes of the crows on the shingled roof over our heads, was the favorite time for official calls. A knock preceded the immediate entrance of our interpreter with members of the Board of Education and govern-

ment officials who had come to Esashi to see the eclipse and to assist in dedicating a new schoolhouse. So with ante-breakfast coffee prepared by our smiling cook, and gifts of the interesting fossils and jasper of the region from them, these occasions could not fail to be mutually gratifying.

We received these visitors in the office or headquarters of the chief of the expedition. Around the walls, on convenient shelves, were eyepieces, lenses, electrical appliances, a few books, object-glasses in their shining brass holders, levels, a transit, photographic plates, and other valuable paraphernalia of an astronomical expedition. During one of these impromptu receptions at five in the morning, the mayor, glancing about the apartment, gave utterance to a long and elaborate speech, duly accompanied by low bows and the most friendly smiles. It must have lost much of its grace in translation, but it seemed to be to the effect that on those shelves the children in former days had been wont to keep their shoes. He hoped a sort of reflex action from the wonderful objects now filling the same space might extend to every child whose straw or wooden clogs had once occupied it, giving them something of the scientific and devoted spirit that animated the famous men who had come so far for a sublime celestial spectacle.

On Friday the 7th no callers arrived; it rained heavily. The next day, too, no one came through the storm. But in the evening a glorious sunset filled the sky; the clouds broke into shreds of pink and salmon and lavender against a yellow background, and all the guests of distinction in the village, with the mayor and the leading citizens, came in together. Elaborate speeches were made again, wherein they said that while it rained for two days their hearts had failed them; they could not bear to look at all the fine apparatus and the extensive preparations, with the prospect of cloud on Sunday. But now, in the face of the sunset glory, they came joyfully, with congratulations from all the fishermen, who knew the signs of the sky; and with hopeful portents from a book of prophecy, and a local oracle just interrogated at a neighboring shrine. In truth, everything promised well. Stars enough came out in the evening for testing the instruments, and hearts more contented slept than awoke once again to the sound of rain.

The nerve-tension of that Sunday morning was beyond what one would often be able to endure. Shower succeeded sunshine, cloud followed blue sky, northwest wind supplanted a damp breeze from the south full of scudding vapor. The hours rolled on toward two o'clock and "first contact." The chief astronomer kept calmly at work, giving final directions to each person for every instrument, keeping each of the multitudinous details in mind, with a philosophy as imperturbable as if the skies had been unchangingly clear, and cloudless totality were a celestial certainty. The vagaries of the western horizon, the moods of the wind, and the prevailing drift of cirrus and cumulus had no further charm. Time was too precious. It remained for the unofficial member of the party to feel the alternations of hope and despair.

At one o'clock almost half the sky was blue; two o'clock, and the moon had already bitten a small piece from the bright disk of the sun, slightly obscured by a drifting vapor; half after two all the people of the town were ranged along the fence about our inclosure, looking once in a while at the narrowing crescent of the sun, but generally at the instruments, the sober faces in curious contrast to the sooty decorations made by looking through the wrong side of smoked glass. And still the drifting vapor passed, — sometimes so thin as to be hardly perceptible, often heavy, but constantly changing.

Then perceptible darkness began to creep onward. Everything grew quiet. The black moon was stealing her silent

way over the sun, until the crescent grew thin and wan. The Ainu suppose an eclipse to be the fainting or dying of the sun, and they whisk drops of water from sacred god-sticks toward him, as they do in the face of a fainting person. But no one spoke.

Just before totality, to occur at two minutes after three o'clock, I went over to the little lighthouse, taking up my appointed station on the summit, an ideal vantage-ground for a spectacle beyond anything else I ever witnessed. Grayer and grayer grew the day, narrower and narrower the crescent of shining sunlight. The sea faded to leaden nothingness. Armies of crows which had pretended entire indifference, fighting and flapping as usual on gables and flag-poles with unabated fervor, finally succumbed, and flew off with heavy haste to the pine forest on the mountain side. The French man-of-war disappeared in gloom, the junks blended in colorlessness; but grass and verdure suddenly turned strangely, vividly yellow-green.

It was a moment of appalling suspense; something was being waited for, the very air was portentous. The flocks of circling sea-gulls disappeared with strange cries. One white butterfly fluttered by, vaguely.

Then an instantaneous darkness leaped upon the world. Unearthly night enveloped all things. With an indescribable outflashing at the same second, the corona burst forth in wonderful radiance. But dimly seen through thinly drifting cloud, it was nevertheless beautiful, a celestial flame beyond description. Simultaneously the whole northwestern sky was instantly flooded with a lurid and startlingly brilliant orange, across which floated clouds slightly darker, like flecks of liquid flame, while the west and southwest gleamed in shining lemon-yellow. It was not like a sunset; it was too sombre and terrible.

Still the pale circle of coronal light glowed peacefully, while Nature held her breath for the next stage in the amazing spectacle. It might well have been the prelude to the shriveling and disappearing of the whole world. Absolute silence reigned. No human being spoke. No bird twittered. Even the sighing of the surf breathed into silence; not a ripple stirred the leaden sea. One human being seemed so small, so helpless, so slight a part of all the mystery and weirdness.

It might have been hours, for time seemed annihilated; and yet when the tiniest possible globule of sunlight, like a drop, a pin-hole, a needle-shaft, reappeared, the fair corona and all the color in sky and cloud flashed from sight, and a natural aspect of stormy twilight filled all the wide spaces of the day. Then the two minutes and a half in memory seemed but a few seconds, — like a breath, a tale that is told.

The fine detail of the corona was lost in the thick sky, but its brilliance must have been unusual to show so plainly through cloud; and it was remarkably flattened at the solar poles, and extended equatorially, thus indicating to the astronomer new lines of research for eclipses in the future. A few photographs of the corona were taken, — too misty through vapors for much subsequent scientific study. One or two hand-drawings give its general outline well; and a most interesting experiment seems to indicate the presence of Roentgen radiations in the corona, — singularly enough, since they appear to be absent in sunlight.

But the invention, the perfect working, and the manifest advantage of an automatic system of celestial photography, operated electrically, by which twenty telescopes can be manipulated by one observer and his assistant, and between four and five hundred coronal photographs secured in two or three minutes, was the most practical result of the expedition, only hindered from its fullest success by cloud at the critical moment.

Just after totality, a telegram came

from the astronomer royal of England, far away on the southeastern coast: "Thick clouds. Nothing done."

Nature knows how to be cruel, — though it may be mere indifference. But until, in his search for the unknown, man learns to circumvent clouds, I must still feel that she keeps the advantage. On that Sunday afternoon, the sun, emerging from the partial eclipse, set cheerfully in a clear sky; the next morning dawned cloudless and sparkling.

The astronomer must keep his hope perennial. The heavens remain, and sun and moon still pursue their steady cycle. In celestial spaces shadows cannot fail to fall, and the solid earth must now and then intercept them. In January of 1898, India will be darkened; in 1900, our own Southern States; in 1901, Sumatra and Celebes will be the scientific Mecca for six wonderful minutes of totality. Somewhere the shadow will be caught, beneficently falling through unclouded skies.

Mabel Loomis Todd.

A MAN AND THE SEA.

On the great shiny plain of the Atlantic, hushed and passive as though resting after the gale, the dismasted, storm-stricken hull of a vessel rolled sickishly from side to side in the trough of the sluggish swells. Her decks, previously a tar-lined stretch of boards shadowed by the sails above, now lay desolate beneath the sun, strewn with broken bits of planking from the shattered deck-house and covered with a meshwork of tangled ropes and spars. The after-part of the starboard gunwale had been washed away, leaving the deck in that section open to the sea; and facing the gap, propped up against the jagged stump of the mainmast, sat a man.

There had been six of them in all when the vessel cleared from Rio Janeiro. Five the sea had already taken. This one had yet to wait. He was a large man, well along in middle age. His face was dark, heavy-featured, almost hard; with a bold, self-contained look about the black eyes that showed him to be a man determined to have his own way in all things, and accustomed to dominate over his fellow men. But a falling yard-arm had broken his leg, and he remembered, with a half-cynical smile on his pain-drawn lips, how, when the gale was screeching and seething about him, he had seen the fifth man sweep down the deck in the swash of the boarding sea, hurled straight through that gap in the gunwale; and how he had sat there powerless even to cast the poor devil a rope.

So all through the morning of the calm he gazed stupidly out over the illimitable heaving level of the sea to where the blue dome of the heavens bent down to the sun-white water, drawing at the imagined meeting the curved and delusive line of the horizon. He seldom moved, for the pain in his leg was less intense when he kept very still; but he knew the sea was the same behind him, and over the bows, and over the stern the same.

Now and again he heard a strange bumping, and felt the shocks tremble through the hull. At first he thought it some hindrance in the ceaseless clanking of the wheel-gear; then it occurred to him it was the end of the mainmast, held close to the vessel by the ratlines, thumping against her quarter. After that he waited for the shocks. But they came irregularly. When two of them followed each other in quick succession it startled him; when a longer spell of quiet intervened, he thought he must snatch up the

great spar from the water and smash it against the planking. He reasoned against it. The thirst and heat, he told himself, were drying him up, and it was only natural that the spar should pound. His teeth came together hard for a minute; then he grew calmer, and waited no more for the shocks.

The morning passed slowly away. The sun, almost directly overhead now, shone blazing from the sky and softened the tar in the decking, so that the man could poke shallow holes in the black lines with his stubby finger. Then a blotch of cloud crept up from behind the edge of sea before him, wafted along in an upper draft of air. It grew larger as it approached, changing in form. Finally it reached the sun and cast its shadow over the deck. The man breathed deep in the cool it afforded, thankful for the respite from the stifling heat. The ragged end of the cloud, however, was drawing near on the water. It came to the vessel, drifting in silence over the litter of boards and ropes. Just one more breath in the cool. He must have it. Instinctively he stretched out his hands as if he could hold the line back. But the cloud above was moving fast, the shadow moved with it, and as the man inhaled he sucked into his aching throat the warm, dry air of the sunshine.

A whimpering cry broke from his lips, and in sheer desperation at his helplessness he picked up the end of a board and hurled it into the sea. A slight splash, and the circle of little waves scampered outward over the water. Larger and larger grew the arch of the circle, the little waves less distinct. The man watched the wrinkles intently, — watched them until they disappeared. But what had become of them? Had they quietly sunk back again into the ocean, or were they still spreading, somewhere outside the range of sight, running toward the distant horizon, and beyond?

The sun sank lower in the west, and at last dropped into the sea. A great red daub of varying color lingered in the sky, which simmered in reflection on the water and streaked the glaring surface prettily with pink. Thus the water appeared to the eye, in the sunset. Below, unconscious of sunset, storm, or calm, the unknown depths of the ocean lay hidden in ominous mystery.

The swells had quieted down. The spar must have drifted from under the vessel's quarter, for the bumping had ceased. Only the uneasy squeaking of the helm and the splashing chuckle of the water on the sides of the hull broke upon the silence of the evening.

As the still night came on, the man watched the dim horizon narrow in to vanish in the black of the water alongside, and saw the multitude of stars grow in the heavens. Then after a little while he fell into a turbulent sleep, whilst the huge night hung thick about him.

He awoke some hours later with the pain in his leg. And there before him, as if suspended from a star, a chain of bright red lights ran down obliquely to the sea. He rubbed his eyes wonderingly, but the lights remained hanging brilliant against the blackness of the sky. He remembered how a former shipmate of his, in mid-ocean, had seen lights along the shore before turning insane, and the fear of madness choked his lungs. A nameless something was creeping stealthily upon him; in from the sea, squirming along the deck, and sliding down the stump of spar at his back. Not a sound now disturbed the stillness. The large man, unmindful of his broken leg, cowered before it. He tried to crawl away. But on came the thing, noiseless and slimy, like the closing in of the fog. He could almost feel it touch him. Then of a sudden the well-known bump of the mast-end, with its vibrating shock, shattered the strain, and he fell backward upon the deck with a groan.

The pounding continued, less frequent, still irregular; but now in the dark it came as a friendly companionship to the

man. Each time the spar struck the quarter he smiled contentedly to himself; each time it waited longer than usual he became afraid lest it had slipped away.

After a while the dawn appeared in the east and widened rapidly over the sky. Every moment it grew lighter. The stars above paled out and disappeared; the gray and misty sea stretched below. The spar all the time had been thumping at the planking. He noticed that the vessel, when she rolled, seemed clumsy and awkward in the movement, and he heard the slopping of the water inside. As the morning broke clear the vessel sank lower and lower.

So the end of it all was near. He tried to think, — tried to collect his senses and find out what the sinking meant. It came to him that as he had been a swimmer since his childhood he would not drown at once; that he would be left behind on that vast plain of sea. It would not be long, for his broken leg would soon exhaust him, but while it lasted the great sky and indefinite ocean would be worse than the dark and the crawling thing of madness. And another fear, that of being alone in his universe, rushed upon him, and rolling to where a rope lay, made fast to a belaying-pin at the gunwale, he tied the end hastily about his waist.

He stopped suddenly with his hand upon the knot, gazing fixedly over the stern. The fear was still upon him, but a certain quiet had come over him in which he was made to realize that he was afraid. Again, as on the day before, when the pounding of the mast-end was torturing him, his teeth clicked sharply together. He began tugging at the knot to unloosen it, trembling lest he should not free himself in time. As the rope fell from about his waist he dragged himself up until he stood on one foot, leaning against the battered gunwale, — a man alone beneath the morning light, staring desperately over the vastness of the space before him.

Then the hull staggered and plunged bow first. A green wall of water poured over the gunwale with a clinging chill, throwing him to the deck, and the suction of the sinking vessel dragged him down.

Guy H. Scull.

MEN AND LETTERS.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant, who died at Wimbledon on the 25th of June, was in many respects the most remarkable woman of our time. No other woman of any time, indeed, has ever written both so much and so well. For nearly half a century, from her twenty-first year to her seventieth, her invention never flagged, nor her industry, nor her ready command of pure and fitting English; while that which was undoubtedly the highest quality of her mind, and hardly less a moral than an intellectual one, her deep insight into human nature and sympathetic divination of human motive, seemed to grow in strength and gentle assurance as the long, laborious years went by. It was to this quality that her success as a story-teller and her yet more striking success, in some instances, as a biographer was mainly due. She was naturally more analytic than dramatic, but knew where her own weakness lay, and her fine literary conscience led her to fortify herself exactly there; so that the best of her tales are scarcely more remarkable as character-studies than for ingenuity of plot and

liveliness of action. She had that which is so rare among women, even clever ones, that it is often summarily denied them all, — spontaneous and abundant humor; a humor not dry and sarcastic, as that of her nation is apt to be (for Mrs. Oliphant was a loyal Scotchwoman), and still less having any sub-flavor of bitterness or *acidia*, but broad, genial, sunshiny, a quality which, more than any other human endowment, helps its possessor to see human things in their true proportions and relations, their large natural masses of light and shade.

Her works were so numerous — about a hundred volumes in all, of fiction, biography, history, and criticism — that one is compelled in a brief notice like this to regard them in classes rather than individually. Her novels are almost all stories of modern English or Scottish life; that life of which the setting is so mellow and harmonious, the class-distinctions so picturesque, the historic background so deep, and the soil so prolific of strong character-types that the artist with a good eye and a moderately well-trained hand works easily at its representation and under specially favorable conditions. "No wonder the English water-colors are good," we say, or used to say while they were still the height of artistic fashion; "all England is a water-color."

Mrs. Oliphant will probably be thought to have touched the height of her creative and dramatic power in the Chronicles of Carlingford, stories of the quiet, decorous, and yet concentrated life of an old-fashioned English provincial town, in several of which the same characters reappear. In their manner of treatment, midway between the demure conventionalism and half-unconscious drolleries of Miss Austen and the labored intellectuality and excessive research of the more imposing George Eliot, they seem to me among the soundest, sweetest, fairest fruits we have of the unforced feminine intelligence. Mrs. Oliphant was on the summit of her own life and in the ripeness of her power when she wrote these charming tales; and to the same rich years between thirty-five and forty belong also the most moving of her admirable biographies, the Life of Edward Irving and the remarkably brilliant series of literary studies first published in Blackwood's Magazine and afterward collected under the title of Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II. The chapter on Queen Caroline, which I have not seen, it must be confessed, for more years than I care to number, remains in my memory as something very near perfection in that style of portraiture.

Mrs. Oliphant was for many years a member of the regular corps of able and accomplished but always anonymous contributors to Maga, and many of her best stories first appeared in the ever welcome pages of the fine old Edinburgh periodical. The name of her novels is legion, and their merits, upon the whole, are wonderfully even, though a few detach themselves from the rest, as excelling in the mingled humor and pathos of their situations, in a well-prepared climax of interest, or in the irresistible effect of a never obtruded moral. Such are The Story of Valentine and his Brother, In Trust, The Greatest Heiress in England, He that Will not when he May, A House divided against Itself, and, in later years, Kirsteen, which lacks but little of the distinction of Stevenson or the local color of Barrie and his followers, and The Cuckoo in the Nest. Each of these titles recalls others, half forgotten in the ungrateful haste of modern life or the breathless pursuit of modern publications, until one doubts, after all, whether one has done more than put on record a personal bias.

I myself attempted in these pages, about a dozen years ago, a rather elaborate review of Mrs. Oliphant's work as it then stood. I was in the main, I believe, very laudatory; I dare say impertinently so; but I thought it my duty discreetly to intimate that so enormous

a production as hers must needs imply something of haste and carelessness. Her inimitably graceful and amiable acknowledgment of my ambitious critique lies before me, addressed, not to myself, but to Mr. Aldrich, who was then editing The Atlantic Monthly: —

"I feel inclined to explain that I don't really work at the breakneck pace my kind reviewer supposes, but am, in fact, very constant, though very leisurely, in my work, . . . and my faults must be set down to deficiencies less accidental than want of time. The occasions, now and then, when I am hurried are those on which I usually do my best. . . . I have had a long time to do my work in, and I always feel inclined to apologize for having written so much, or, indeed, sometimes for having written at all. But I have always tried, though never entirely to my own satisfaction, to do the best I know."

One can no more doubt the transparent truth of this than question its beautiful modesty, and one reconsiders, almost abashed, one's own most confident opinions. If the Life of Edward Irving is the most thrilling of the half dozen biographies which all deserve a permanent place in English literature, both those of Count Charles de Montalembert and of Mrs. Oliphant's own erratic but most interesting kinsman, Laurence Oliphant, show a larger knowledge of the world and of men and a more exquisite poise of judgment, while that of Jeanne d'Arc, her last effort in the line where she had so rare a gift, is a model in the way of patiently amassed and carefully sifted testimony; and it is undervalued by certain pedants merely because the author firmly declines to advance any rationalizing theory or hasty explanation of the mystic and spiritual side of the Maid's extraordinary career.

Herself, Mrs. Oliphant, had faith in faith as St. Augustine had love for love. And this brings us to another group of writings which are, at least, among the most original which she produced. The series called collectively Studies of the Unseen began, almost twenty years ago, with the highly imaginative and impressive story of The Beleaguered City, and closed only last winter by a solemn meditation upon the possibilities of a future state, which may have been written with full knowledge that the "last necessity" was near at hand for the author, and the great secret very soon to be disclosed.

The Studies of the Unseen can leave no reader quite indifferent. To some few, I suppose, they have been almost a revelation. To others they are specially touching from the proof they seem to afford of race instincts and the temperamental proclivity to mysticism and "second sight" of the long-descended Scot, awakening and gathering strength as life declines. All must acknowledge the immense literary merit of some of them, the serious and reverent courage, the candor, the entire absence of anything hysterical or fancifully sentimental with which the writer's imagination is disciplined to the most solemn of its possible uses, and the inevitable unknown scrutinized and interrogated.

I have spoken above of the essentially feminine character of Mrs. Oliphant's great talent, and I return to the point, for it seems to me full of significance and, in a certain way, of admonition. I cannot help thinking that her power of sustained effort and production, her exceptional clearness and sanity of spirit, and the elastic vigor which her faculties retained for threescore years and ten, were due most of all to the fact that her mind was suffered to grow and develop in freedom; not compelled into any academic groove, nor teased to overpass its native limitations; that her precious intellectual instincts, in short, were not smothered and slain in the enforced service of an uncertain reason. She was a lady and a writer of that old school which gave a better training in some few essentials than all the new colleges, and a

cachet which their diplomas do not confer. She was highly endowed, but found scope and use for all her generous gifts under the antiquated conditions of private and domestic life.

She dwelt, indeed, in so dignified a seclusion that one hesitates even now, when all is over, to pry into the circumstances which she preferred to withhold. We know that her life was a full as well as a long one; rich in affection, but crowded with care, and that the joy of excellent achievement was often dimmed, for her, by shadows of heavy trouble. She worked always under the pressure of a tyrannous, if not sordid necessity, and she worked bravely, with indomitable spirit and untiring pains. One by one her natural props and comforts were withdrawn, until the death, in 1894, of her last surviving son left her almost alone to confront the spectre of incurable disease. The hour of evensong had struck, and the heroically busy pen might at last be laid aside.

For several years Mrs. Oliphant had lived at Windsor, where her royal neighbor came to know and have a warm regard for her, and had showed her such sympathy when her children died as a mother and a queen may do. Now, at the very moment of the aged sovereign's jubilee, amid the bells and salvos and loyal acclamations which hailed the longest and most blameless reign in English history, the uncrowned queen received her quiet summons into that far country which she had so often visited in thought, and heard, we may hope, over all the exultant noise abroad, that voice of a yet more satisfying welcome and surpassing commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Harriet Waters Preston.

CONCERNING A RED WAISTCOAT.

Hero-worship is appropriate only to youth. With age one becomes cynical, or indifferent, or perhaps too busy. Either the sense of the marvelous is dulled, or one's boys are just entering college and life is agreeably practical. Marriage and family cares are good if only for the reason that they keep a man from getting bored. But they also stifle his yearnings after the ideal. They make hero-worship appear foolish. How can a man go mooning about when he has just had a good cup of coffee and a snatch of what purports to be the news, while an attractive and well-dressed woman sits opposite him at breakfast-table, and by her mere presence, to say nothing of her wit, compels him to be respectable and to carry a level head? The father of a family and husband of a federated club woman has no business with hero-worship. Let him leave such folly to beardless youth.

But if a man has never outgrown the boy that was in him, or has never married, then may he do this thing. He will be happy himself, and others will be happy as they consider him. Indeed, there is something altogether charming about the personality of him who proves faithful to his early loves in literature and art; who continues a graceful hero-worship through all the caprices of literary fortune; and who, even though his idol may have been dethroned, sets up a private shrine at which he pays his devotions, unmindful of the crowd which hurries by on its way to do homage to strange gods.

Some men are born to be hero-worshipers. Théophile Gautier is an example. If one did not love Gautier for his wit and his good-nature, one would certainly love him because he dared to be sentimental. He displayed an almost comic excess of emotion at his first meeting with Victor Hugo. Gautier smiles as he tells the story; but he tells it exactly, not being afraid of ridicule. He went to call upon Hugo with his friends Gérard de Nerval and Pétrus Borel. Twice he mounted the staircase leading to the poet's door. His feet dragged as if they had been shod with lead instead

of leather. His heart throbbed; cold sweat moistened his brow. As he was on the point of ringing the bell, an idiotic terror seized him, and he fled down the stairs, four steps at a time, Gérard and Pétrus after him, shouting with laughter. But the third attempt was successful. Gautier saw Victor Hugo — and lived. The author of Odes et Ballades was just twenty-eight years old. Youth worshiped youth in those great days.

Gautier said little during that visit, but he stared at the poet with all his might. He explained afterwards that one may look at gods, kings, pretty women, and great poets rather more scrutinizingly than at other persons, and this too without annoying them. "We gazed at Hugo with admiring intensity, but he did not appear to be inconvenienced."

What brings Gautier especially to mind is the appearance within a few weeks of an amusing little volume entitled Le Romantisme et l'éditeur Renduel. Its chief value consists, no doubt, in what the author, M. Adolphe Jullien, has to say about Renduel. That noted publisher must have been a man of unusual gifts and unusual fortune. He was a fortunate man because he had the luck to publish some of the best works of Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Gérard de Nerval, Charles Nodier, and Paul Lacroix; and he was a gifted man because he was able successfully to manage his troop of geniuses, neither quarreling with them himself nor allowing them to quarrel overmuch with one another. Renduel's portrait faces the title-page of the volume, and there are two portraits of him besides. There are facsimiles of agreements between the great publisher and his geniuses. There is a famous caricature of Victor Hugo with a brow truly monumental. There is a caricature of Alfred de Musset with a figure like a Regency dandy, — a figure which could have been acquired only by much patience and unremitted tight-lacing; also one of Balzac, which shows that that great novelist's waist-line had long since disappeared, and that he had long since ceased to care. What was a figure to him in comparison with the flesh-pots of Paris!

One of the best of these pictorial satires is Roubaud's sketch of Gautier. It has a teasing quality, it is diabolically fascinating. It shows how great an art caricature is in the hands of a master.

But the highest virtue of a good new book is that it usually sends the reader back to a good old book. One can hardly spend much time upon Renduel; he will remember that Gautier has described that period when hero-worship was in the air, when the sap of a new life circulated everywhere, and when he himself was one of many loyal and enthusiastic youths who bowed the head at mention of Victor Hugo's name. The reader will remember, too, that Gautier was conspicuous in that band of Romanticists who helped to make Hernani a success the night of its first presentation. Gautier believed that to be the great event of his life. He loved to talk about it, dream about it, write of it.

There was a world of good fellowship among the young artists, sculptors, and poets of that day. They took real pleasure in shouting Hosanna to Victor Hugo and to one another. Even Zola, the Unsentimental, speaks of *ma tristesse* as he reviews that delightful past. He cannot remember it, to be sure, but he has read about it. He thinks ill of the present as he compares the present with "those dead years." Writers then belonged to a sort of heroic brotherhood. They went out like soldiers to conquer their literary liberties. They were kings of the Paris streets. "But we," says Zola in a pensive strain, "we live like wolves each in his hole." I do not know how true a description this is of modern French literary society, but it is not difficult to make one's self think that those other days were the days of magnificent

friendships between young men of genius. It certainly was a more brilliant time than ours. It was flamboyant, to use one of Gautier's favorite words.

Youth was responsible for much of the enthusiasm which obtained among the champions of artistic liberty. These young men who did honor to the name of Hugo were actually young. They rejoiced in their youth. They flaunted it, so to speak, in the faces of those who were without it. Gautier says that young men of that day differed in one respect from young men of this day; modern young men are generally in the neighborhood of fifty years of age.

Gautier has described his friends and comrades most felicitously. All were boys, and all were clever. They were poor and they were happy. They swore by Scott and Shakespeare, and they planned great futures for themselves.

Take for an example Jules Vabre, who owed his reputation to a certain Essay on the Inconvenience of Conveniences. You will search the libraries in vain for this treatise. The author did not finish it. He did not even commence it, — only talked about it. Jules Vabre had a passion for Shakespeare, and wanted to translate him. He thought of Shakespeare by day and dreamed of Shakespeare by night. He stopped people in the street to ask them if they had read Shakespeare.

He had a curious theory concerning language. Jules Vabre would not have said, As a man thinks so is he, but, As a man drinks so is he. According to Gautier's statement, Vabre maintained the paradox that the Latin languages needed to be "watered" (*arroser*) with wine, and the Anglo-Saxon languages with beer. Vabre found that he made extraordinary progress in English upon stout and extra stout. He went over to England to get the very atmosphere of Shakespeare. There he continued for some time regularly "watering" his language with English ale, and nourishing his body with English beef. He would not look at a French newspaper, nor would he even read a letter from home. Finally he came back to Paris, anglicized to his very galoshes. Gautier says that when they met, Vabre gave him a "shake hand" almost energetic enough to pull the arm from the shoulder. He spoke with so strong an English accent that it was difficult to understand him; Vabre had almost forgotten his mother tongue. Gautier congratulated the exile upon his return, and said, "My dear Jules Vabre, in order to translate Shakespeare it is now only necessary for you to learn French."

Gautier laid the foundations of his great fame by wearing a red waistcoat the first night of Hernani. All the young men were fantastic in those days, and the spirit of carnival was in the whole Romantic movement. Gautier was more courageously fantastic than other young men. His costume was effective, and the public never forgot him. He says with humorous resignation: "If you pronounce the name of Théophile Gautier before a Philistine who has never read a line of our works, the Philistine knows us, and remarks with a satisfied air, 'Oh yes, the young man with the red waistcoat and the long hair.' . . . Our poems are forgotten, but our red waistcoat is remembered." Gautier cheerfully grants that when everything about him has faded into oblivion this gleam of light will remain, to distinguish him from literary contemporaries whose waistcoats were of soberer hue.

The chapter in his Histoire du Romantisme in which Gautier tells how he went to the tailor to arrange for the most spectacular feature of his costume is lively and amusing. He spread out the magnificent piece of cherry-colored satin, and then unfolded his design for a "pourpoint," like a "Milan cuirass." Says Gautier, using always his quaint editorial *we*, "It has been said that we know a great many words, but we don't know

words enough to express the astonishment of our tailor when we lay before him our plan for a waistcoat." The man of shears had doubts as to his customer's sanity.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, "this is not the fashion!"

"It will be the fashion when we have worn the waistcoat once," was Gautier's reply. And he declares that he delivered the answer with a self-possession worthy of a Brummel or "any other celebrity of dandyism."

It is no part of this paper to describe the innocently absurd and good-naturedly extravagant things which Gautier and his companions did, not alone the first night of Hernani, but at all times and in all places. They unquestionably saw to it that Victor Hugo had fair play the evening of February 25, 1830. The occasion was a historic one, and they with their Merovingian hair, their beards, their waistcoats, and their enthusiasm helped to make it an unusually lively and picturesque occasion.

I have quoted a very few of the good things which one may read in Gautier's Histoire du Romantisme. The narrative is one of much sweetness and humor. It ought to be translated for the benefit of readers who know Gautier chiefly by Mademoiselle de Maupin, and that for reasons among which love of literature is perhaps the least influential.

It is pleasant to find that Renduel confirms the popular view of Gautier's character. M. Jullien says that Renduel never spoke of Gautier but in praise. "Quel bon garçon!" he used to say. "Quel brave cœur!" M. Jullien has naturally no large number of new facts to give concerning Gautier. But there are eight or nine letters from Gautier to Renduel which will be read with pleasure, especially the one in which the poet says to the publisher, "Heaven preserve you from historical novels, and your eldest child from the smallpox."

Gautier must have been both generous and modest. No mere egoist could have been so faithful in his hero-worship or so unpretentious in his allusions to himself. One has only to read the most superficial accounts of French literature to learn how universally it is granted that Gautier had skillful command of that language to which he was born. Yet he himself was by no means sure that he deserved a master's degree. He quotes one of Goethe's sayings, — a saying in which the great German poet declares that after the practice of many arts there was but one art in which he could be said to excel, namely, the art of writing in German; in that he was almost a master. Then Gautier exclaims, "Would that *we*, after so many years of labor, had become almost a master of the art of writing in French! But such ambitions are not for us!"

Yet they were for him; and it is a satisfaction to note how invariably he is accounted, by the artists in literature, an eminent man among many eminent men in whose touch language was plastic.

Leon H. Vincent

A MATINÉE PERFORMANCE.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet was about to be performed. For an elderly person like myself the situation was strange enough. Rows on rows of young girls in their new spring dresses filled the theatre, — blondes and brunettes, city girls and suburban girls, with a sprinkling of country cousins. Hardly a male form dared to show itself in the orchestra chairs, and the average age of the whole audience could scarcely have exceeded nineteen years. Four "pigtails" depended immediately in front of me, and at the head of their wearers sat a noble maiden, a chaperon for the nonce, tall and beautifully formed, with brows such as Joan of Arc might have had, — more robust than Juliet, not quite so passionate, but fit to be the mother of heroes.

How grave the youthful audience was! I confess that I felt almost like an inter-

loper at some sacred ceremony. These girls knew what they were about: they were drawn hither by Nature herself; they knew that the business in hand was the chief business of their lives. Love and marriage! Pedagogues and parents might prate about books and accomplishments, about music and culture, the art class and Radcliffe College; but the owner of the shortest pigtail there knew in her secret heart that Juliet and Juliet's experience were of more moment to her than all the learning of the schools. And she was right. At twenty, and thereabout, the romance of life is duly appreciated; at twenty-five or thirty, the man, not the woman, begins to think that the world has something of more value and importance in store for him; but when he has quaffed the cup of life to the bottom, he realizes that the first taste was the best.

Up rose the curtain, and disclosed the Romeo and the Juliet of the occasion. No need for paint or padding here! There stood the immortal lovers, young and beautiful, as Shakespeare himself might have imagined them. The audience gasped simultaneously. What a voice Juliet had! — rich, full, young, but with such a melancholy ring in it that every word she spoke presaged the end. Well might she say, —

"O God, I have an ill-divining soul!"

It is a thought precipitate, the courtship of Romeo and Juliet, — at least it seems so to elderly persons who go cautiously about their affairs; but youth and Shakespeare know better. The pigtails before me exhibited not a quiver of surprise when Juliet cried to the nurse, some twenty minutes after she had first laid eyes on Romeo, —

"Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed."

Then came the balcony scene. You could have heard the fall of a ribbon, so still was the theatre. Flushed faces and parted lips bent toward the stage, as Juliet's melodious and pathetic voice spoke those exquisite lines: —

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!"

A tear quivered in the young chaperon's eye as these words dropped like pearls from Juliet's lips. What better school for a girl could there be than that which Shakespeare keeps? Even Juliet, with all her youthful passion, in spite of her scant fourteen years, has a true woman's sense of what is right and fitting. There are no lines in the whole play more touching than those with which she takes leave of Romeo on that first night: —

"Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, 'It lightens.' Sweet, good-night!"

Between the acts I felt the strangeness of my situation most acutely, so difficult were the questions put to me. The fact is — I have had no opportunity to mention it till now — I had been sent to the theatre as escort for a girl from the country, no older than Juliet; a tall, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Anglo-Saxon maiden, — the beauty of a village which lies among the hills of remote New England, fourteen miles from a railroad. Sad was the havoc wrought in her acute but untutored mind by the scenic representation of Romeo and Juliet. At an early period in the play, she wisely conjectured that "Romeo's folks could n't get on with Juliet's folks." And it was easy for me to reply that she was quite right. But later, after Romeo had been banished from Verona for killing Tybalt, what was I to say, when she inquired with the utmost seriousness, "Was it wrong for Romeo to kill Tybalt?" God knows. Fourteen years of study and thought at

a German university would not have enabled me to answer the question, and here was I called upon to settle it offhand! The feudal system, chivalry, the duel, the theory of Honor, and its relation to ethics and to Christianity, — a few trifling matters like these had first to be disposed of before I could pronounce upon Romeo's conduct. I hesitated, and the blue eyes of rustic Juliet beside me dilated with astonishment. The question was a simple one, — as it seemed to her; why could not I, a person, like Friar Laurence, of "long-experienced time," give it a simple answer? At last I replied, with the awkwardness of conscious ignorance, "I don't know, but the Prince thought he was wrong." The answer was not satisfactory, and she turned away with a sigh, as if for the first time it occurred to her that perhaps life was more complex than it appeared as she had been wont to view it from her home in North Jay.

As the play progressed and the tragedy began to deepen, a kind of awe settled down upon the youthful audience, now sitting almost in darkness, for the lights had been extinguished. The pigtails within my view hung tense and rigid, and my young companion frowned, as she endeavored to follow the working of Juliet's mind.

There is a beautiful simplicity, an utter absence of affectation or self-consciousness, in Juliet's declaration of what she would rather do than be false to Romeo. An answering fire kindled in the eyes of the youthful chaperon, and the four pigtails in the same row trembled with horror when the climax was reached in these lines: —

> "Or bid me go into a new-made grave
> And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
> Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
> And I will do it without fear or doubt,
> To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love."

But Juliet was capable not only of courageous action, but of despair; and that is the last test of an heroic mind. The ordinary person cannot endure to look despair in the face; he shuffles, endeavors to compromise, pretends to himself, against his reason, that the end has not been reached, and takes refuge in any form of evasion that presents itself. Not so with Juliet.

> "If all else fail, myself have power to die."

Moreover, it was the peculiarity of the Elizabethan age, — perhaps one should say, of the age of chivalry, — that any high and difficult course of conduct presented itself to the mind of the actor not merely as a matter of duty, but as a matter of honor. This identification of duty with honor gave to conduct an artistic as well as a moral element, and invested human speech and act with an ideal dignity. Thus Juliet exclaimed to Friar Laurence: —

> "Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
> 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
> Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
> Which the commission of thy years and art
> Could to no issue of true honour bring."

There lies the moral of the story. Mercutio, Tybalt, Paris, Romeo, and Juliet, all young and vigorous persons, with the world before them, preferred "true honour" to life. But Juliet had the hardest part to play. It is probable that Shakespeare in his modesty never dreamed that the words which he puts in the mouth of Montague would come true of himself:

> "For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
> That while Verona by that name is known,
> There shall no figure at such rate be set
> As that of true and faithful Juliet."

The audience passed demurely out, after the horrors of the final scene, with a gentle rustle of silken skirts. Outside, the sun still rode high in heaven, and the bells on the electric cars still profaned the air; but the spell which the great poet had cast over the witnesses of the tragedy shut out the light of common day — even to my elderly perceptions — till night had fallen.

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TWO PRINCIPLES IN RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

I.

Not very long ago, — some twenty-five or thirty years, — there reached our fiction a creative movement that must be identified as a wave of what is known in the art of the world as the Feminine Principle. But what are three essential characteristics of the Feminine Principle wherever and whenever it may have made its appearance as a living influence in a living literature? They are Refinement, Delicacy, Grace. Usually, and markedly in the case now to be considered, it will put forth three other characteristics, closely akin to the foregoing and strictly deducible from them: Smallness, Rarity, Tact.

Each of these two groups of characteristics applies to the Feminine Principle in determining the material it shall choose no less than the methods it shall employ upon the material it may have chosen. Thus, whenever a writer has passed under its control, and, being so controlled, begins to look over human life for the particular portion of truth that he shall lay hold upon as the peculiar property of his art, he invariably selects the things that have been subdued by refinement, the things that have been moulded by delicacy, the things that invite by grace, the things that secrete some essence of the rare, the things that exhibit the faultless circumspection toward all the demeanors of the world that make up the supremely feminine quality of tact. And when, having chosen any or all of these things, he thereupon looks within himself for some particular method to which they shall be mated during transformation from the loose materials of life to the constructive materials of his art, he invariably and most reasonably selects the method that answers to them as their natural counterpart: that is, to things refined he will apply only a method of refinement, to things delicate a method of delicacy; he will treat with grace the things that are graceful, he will invest things minute with their due minuteness; what is rare he will not despoil of its rarity, in what is tactful he will preserve the fitting tact. The Feminine Principle, then, is twofold in its operation and significance: it is a law of selection, it is a law of treatment. Like the real Woman it is, if it once be allowed to have its will, it must have its way.

Having thus reached our literature as a tidal wave might reach the coast of our country, it proceeded to spread abroad this law of choice and this law of method. It brought certain American novelists and short-story writers of that day under its domination, and they, being thus dominated, at once began to lay sympathetic fingers on certain refined fibres of our civilization, and to weave therefrom astonishingly refined fabrics; they sought the coverts where some of the more delicate elements of our national life escaped the lidless eye of publicity, and paid their delicate tributes to these; on the clumsy canvases of our

tumultuous democracy they watched to see where some solitary being or group of beings described lines of living grace, and with grace they detached these and transferred them to the enduring canvases of letters; they found themselves impelled to look for the minute things of our humanity, and having gathered these, to polish them, carve them, compose them into minute structures with minutest elaboration; they were inexorably driven across wide fields of the obvious in order to reach some strip of territory that would yield the rare; and while doing all things else, they never omitted from the scope of their explorations those priceless veins of gold from which human nature perpetually adorns itself for the mere comity of living.

When this law of selection and this law of method had been rigorously enforced for some years, the result declared itself in a body of American novels and short stories, — quite definite, quite new, quite unlike anything we had produced before, and to us of quite inestimable value. In the main and for a while the world of critics and the world of readers were surprised, were delighted, were grateful, — though perhaps never grateful enough. Here, beyond question, was a literature of the imagination that embodied certain fixed, indispensable elements of our common humanity; here was a literature that embodied certain fresh and characteristic elements of our New World ways; and here, whether concerning itself about the one or about the other, here was a literature that held itself fast, and that held us fast, to those primary standards of good taste, good thought, and good breeding which we can no more afford to do without in our novels than we can afford to do without them in our lives.

But for the reason that the work of the Feminine Principle is always definite in any art, and was very definite here, it was of necessity so far partial, so far inadequate and disappointing, when viewed as a full portrayal of American civilization; and very soon, therefore, this department of our fiction began to encounter, and more and more to provoke, that temper of dissatisfaction with which the human spirit must in the end regard every expression of itself that is not complete. Any complete expression of itself in any art the human spirit can of course never and nowhere have. The very law of its own existence is the law of constant growth and change, so that what is most true of it to-day will be most false to-morrow. But though doomed never to attain anything like complete expression, it is none the less doomed forever to strive toward it; and thus its entire history throughout the centuries behind us is a long restless passage from one art to another art, and within each art from one phase of that art to another phase of that art, — always disappointed of entire self-realization, yet always hoping for the full peace of the millennial ages.

This universal, this eternal, this perfectly natural temper of dissatisfaction, having turned upon the operations of the Feminine Principle in our fiction and upon the works it had produced, began to discredit them for what they were never meant to be, to upbraid them for the lack of what they could not possibly contain. Refinement, it objected, is a good quality as far as it goes; but if you left out of American fiction everything that was not refined, you left out most of the things of value that were truly American. Delicacy, — yes; but there was something better than delicacy, — Strength. Grace, — true; yet of how little value are things graceful, in the United States, as compared with a thousand and one that are clumsy or misshapen, but that are vital! The little things of our human nature and of our national society, — are they to be preferred to the large things? As for the rare, give us rather the daily bread of the indispensable. And regarding the matter of tact, — that ceaseless state of being on guard, of holding one's self in

and holding one's self back, and of seeing that not a drop overflows the artistic banks, — have done with it and away with it! Let us try for a while the literary virtues and the literary materials of less self-consciousness, of larger self-abandonment, and thus impart to our fiction the free, the uncaring, the tremendous fling and swing that are the very genius of our time and spirit.

Dropping for a moment the subject of this plea and of this reaction, and returning to the further consideration of the work of the Feminine Principle, the writer is of the opinion that it wrought for American literature at least one service to be universally acknowledged as of the highest value. Out of those same characteristics, — out of all that delicacy, that refinement, that grace, that minute and patient and loving toil over little things, that sense of rarity and that sense of tact, — out of all these things valued as standards and as ends, the Feminine Principle became for us, as a nation of imaginative writers, the beneficent Mother of Good Prose.

Before it began its work, the literature of our fiction was well-nigh barren of names that stood accepted both at home and abroad as those of masters of style. There was Irving, there was Hawthorne, there was Poe: who, with the assurance that his claim would everywhere pass unchallenged, could add to these a fourth? More significant still, there prevailed no universal either conscious or unconscious recognition of style as an attainment vitally inseparable from the writing of any acceptable American short story or any acceptable American novel. Now, on the contrary, it is not too much to say that whether or not any new master of style has been produced by this movement, there is absolutely no abiding-place in the literature of our country for an author of indifferent prose. All the most successful writers of our day, whether viewed together as a generation, or viewed apart as the adherents of especial schools, have at least this in common: that they have carried their work to its high and uniform plane of excellence mainly by reason of the high and uniform excellence of their workmanship. And if there is anywhere in this land any youthful aspirant who may be tripping it joyously, carelessly, from afar toward our national Temple of Letters, let him understand in advance that if he will not consent to learn first of all things the sacred use of language as masterfully as a painter learns the sacred use of brush and pigment, or a sculptor the sacred use of chisel and marble, or a violinist the sacred use of strings, there will be no possible entrance, no possible audience, for him. He may, indeed, be listened to on the outside of the walls by many loiterers, merely for what he has to say and for the caprice or amusement of the hour; but he will not be greatly respected even by these, and very soon he will most surely be forgotten.

There can be no doubt that this great change, this widespread development among us of the purely artistic appreciation of literature in its form and finish, has been directly and indirectly the work of the Feminine Principle; and while, therefore, some may choose to decry the substance of the whole movement on account of its polishing and adornment of the little things of life, — little ideas, little emotions, little states of mind and shades of feeling, climaxes and dénouements, little comedies and tragedies played quite through or not quite played through by little men and women on the little stages of little playhouses, — it is but fair, it is but reasonable, to remember that this same Age of the Carved Cherry-Stones brought in the taste and the patience to do so much with so little, and to do it with such high art; introduced into the literature of our impatient Western world of to-day the conscientiousness of the Oriental and of the mediæval craftsman, firing us to finish the work behind the altar as the work

before the altar, the point of deepest shadow as the point of highest light; in a word, established among us the reign — may it be long and prosperous! — the reign and the national era of adequate prose. However wisely or unwisely, therefore, the scoffer may repudiate the material embodied in this department of our fiction, he will at least not deny that it is well written. It is a shapely, highly wrought drinking-cup, although to one the cup may be empty, although another may not care for its wine. Or if the historian of our literature should hereafter come severely to regard it as but a thin moss which served rather to hide the deep rocks of American character, still he will never be able to deny that the moss was a natural, a living verdure, and that it grew thriftily and fitly wherever it was planted.

II.

No undue conclusion should be drawn from all this as to the passing of the Feminine Principle; fortunately, it still remains an active tendency in one part of our fiction. But the contention here put forth is that, as respects the choice and the handling of material, this principle has for the time ceased to be the governing influence to which the mind of the nation once looked most curiously and expectantly for the further development of American letters. Some thirty years ago it entered upon its solitary course. It has described its path, it has closed its orbit. It may continue to traverse this curve, it may describe again and again this beautiful orbit, but the eye refuses to follow it with the same zest of discovery or with the same accession of fascinating knowledge.

Meantime, a novelty has made its appearance among us, and the curiosity, the enthusiasm, and the faith of the nation stand ready to be transferred to it. This stranger, this new favorite, approaches us under the guise of what is known in the art of the world as the Masculine Principle.

Before any attempt can be made to trace this obscure presence and as yet most dubious influence in our recent fiction, it will be well to state as clearly as brevity will permit what are three essential characteristics of the Masculine Principle, and what are the three relations any one of which it may sustain to the Feminine.

These characteristics are Virility as opposed to Refinement, Strength as opposed to Delicacy, Massiveness as opposed to Grace. Usually during the course of its operations three other qualities become disengaged, closely akin to those just mentioned and strictly deducible from them: Largeness as opposed to Smallness, Obviousness as opposed to Rarity, Primary or Instinctive Action as opposed to Tact, which is always Secondary or Premeditated Action: and all these things are true of this principle whether it be regarded as a law determining the choice of material, or as a law determining the choice of method. Thus, whenever and wherever a writer in any age or civilization has been brought under the sway of the Masculine Principle, whether by virtue of his own temperament, or by race or environment, or by any or all of these combined, and being thus swayed looks out upon life for the things wherefrom he shall fabricate his peculiar creations, always and primarily he chooses the Virile, — those life-holding, life-giving forces of the universe which scatter abroad and perpetuate the forms of leadership and of mastery; the Strong, — those types that represent both the dynamic builders and the static pillars by whose hands are fashioned and on whose shoulders rest the foundations and roofs of things; the Massive, — the bulk and weight of which, not the fibre and shape, are the properties he demands and must consider; the Large, — in the survey and grasp of which the imagination may realize at once the triumph of its capabilities and the pathos of its limitations; the Obvious, — those outer and inner elements

of experience that beleaguer sadly our common lot, or that attend as a gay pageant upon the issues of our destiny; the Instinctive, — those primitive impulses, actions, passions, that lie always close to the beating of the heart and the action of the muscles. Having chosen any or all of these things for his materials, as regards his methods he will need only to match worthily kind with kind.

Such, then, being the main characteristics of the Masculine Principle, what are the three relations any one of which it may possibly hold to the Feminine? First, it may make its appearance in any literature — for let the illustration be narrowed to literature — before the Feminine, and be followed by the Feminine as a reaction pledged to accomplish what it did not; secondly, it may make its appearance after the Feminine, becoming itself, in this case, the reaction pledged to accomplish what the Feminine did not; or thirdly, it may make its appearance at the same time as the Feminine, and the two may either work against each other as enemies, or work with each other as friends.

The last situation is most seldom realized. Most rare, most happy the land, happy the people, in which it has been witnessed. To one race alone on our planet has it been given to celebrate the ideal nuptials of this mighty pair, and afterwards to dwell surrounded by the offspring of their perfectly blended powers, — the Greeks. In Greek art alone, in its sculpture, in its literature, virility and refinement achieved and maintained a perfect balance. There strength was made to gain by reason of delicacy, and delicacy to be founded on strength. There the massive could be graceful, and the graceful could be massive. There the obvious was so ennobled that it became the rare, and the rare was revealed in lineaments so essential to the human soul that it was hailed as the obvious. There the smallest things of life were so justly valued that they grew large to the eye and heart, and the largest things — even the divinest images of the imagination — were brought down to the plane of the little and became the every-day treasures of the humble. There instinct and tact, all the primary elements of life and all the secondary elements of culture, — the low earth of humanity and the high heaven of thought, — were presented each in its due relation, as naturally as the ground in a landscape stretches itself under the sky, or the sky stretches itself above the ground.

Outside the Greeks, no race has ever known what it is to celebrate a perfect union of the Masculine and Feminine Principles in its art. Without a doubt some races have always been preponderantly masculine in their genius, and their masterpieces have been widely and deeply stamped with the evidences of this bias; other races have as surely been rather feminine in their genius, with a prevalence of corresponding æsthetic expression. In yet others, whose history lies revealed as drawn unbrokenly across many centuries, these two mighty tendencies exhibit themselves on a vast scale of operation, as by turn succeeding each other, and as accomplishing, either alone or together, but a partial work.

Of this kind is the imperfect art history of our own Anglo-Saxon race; for be its limitations what they may, it has never proposed to itself any lesser end than to conquer and occupy the whole realm of mortal art for the heritage of its spirit, as it has resolved to win the entire earth for the measure of its strength. It has never thus far achieved such a triumph in any art but one, nor in the case of any man but one. On the throne of that universe which was Shakespeare's mind these two august principles sat side by side as coequal sovereigns, entitled each to rule over half a realm, but consenting both to rule each half conjointly. His art came thus to include all that is most feminine in woman, all that is most masculine in man. For the first time in

the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, and possibly for the last, perfect virility and perfect refinement, strength and delicacy, massiveness and grace, things the vastest and things the most minute, things close to the common eye and things drawn for an instant into the remotest ether of human ken, the deepest bases of life and the loftiest insubstantial pinnacles of cloudlike fancy, — each of these old pairs of artistic opposites, which were lashed together in friendliness, but have so lived at variance, laid aside their enmity, and wrought each for the good of the other, and each for the good of all.

Shakespeare excepted, what man or woman can be named, in the imaginative literature of the race, whose genius has not been masculine rather than feminine, or feminine rather than masculine, and whose writings do not fall mainly on the one side or the other side of this line of vital classification? Is it not true, likewise, of the definite movements or schools or ages in the history of our racial literature, that each represents the temporary supremacy of one of these principles rather than the other, or the clash and inadequate expression of both?

III.

In the opinion of the writer, then, the peculiar state of American fiction at the present time is due to the fact that it is passing through one of those intervals which separate the departing supremacy of one principle from the approaching supremacy of the other.

During such intervals — such interregna of both critical authority and creative obedience — there are two phases of activity by which the change of dynasty is always effected. The first of these is a destructive work: it sums up those evidences of impatience, displeasure, and revolt — all the injustice and unkindness — with which the latest ruler is overturned and banished. The second is a constructive work: it sums up those signs and preparations of approval with which the coming sovereign is to be received. If our existing literary situation is closely analyzed, it will be found to comprise exactly these two components, these two phases of activity.

As to the first, reference has already been made to a general and ever growing temper of dissatisfaction with the operations of the Feminine Principle in our fiction and with the works it has produced. If we state in its most radical form the substance of the protest, we conceive it to be as follows: —

"You American novelists and short-story writers, as the result of following the leadership of this principle, have succeeded in producing a literature of what kind? Of effeminacy, of decadence. For in the main it is a literature of the over-civilized, the ultra-refined, the hyper-fastidious; of the fragile, the trivial, the rarefied, the bloodless. All your little comedies and tragedies, played through or not played through by little actors and actresses on the little stages of little playhouses, — what do they amount to in the end? What kind of men are these, what kind of women? Gather this entire body of your fiction into one library, and what adequate relation does it bear in its totality to the drama of the Anglo-Saxon race in its civilization of the New World? Or what satisfying relation to the human soul, which more and more looks to literature for delight and guidance in its present, for wisdom and consolation as to its past, for the fresh wings of hope and faith on which to breast evermore its viewless future?

"And meantime what has become of the greater things of our land, of our race, of our humanity? The greater actions and passions and ideals, the greater comedies and tragedies played by greater men and women on the greater stages of the greater playhouses of the imagination? Henceforth, for a while, at least, we will work to embody these in the literature of our country, our race, our destiny."

Such is the protest: he who has not heard it of late in some form, in many forms, has had no ear for the decisive voices of his time. But what is this protest, with its ingratitude, its unfairness, its forgetfulness of genuine services otherwise rendered, — what is this new cry but the old, old cry with which the human spirit has time and again turned away from the Feminine Principle, having tried it and found it wanting, and taken up the Masculine Principle which promises it completer self-liberation?

If, on the other hand, we consider the remaining phase of our transitional activity, that second component of our literary situation which is made up of pledges of allegiance to the new tendency, we shall come upon something more significant still; for we shall discover that these pledges already lie embodied in our latest fiction itself.

Entering upon this subject of our latest fiction as a whole, we shall readily note that it consists of a certain miscellaneous portion, which cannot be said to lie within any zone of tendency whatever; and this, as foreign to the immediate purpose in hand, may be at once and finally disregarded. Then there is a second portion, which continues on and on under the leadership of the Feminine Principle; and this is likewise to be set aside. But finally there is a third portion, which does lie within a definite zone of tendency, yet does not fall under the leadership of the Feminine Principle; and it is this that we are now to study, as containing the germs of our future development, as exhibiting already the earliest buds of tendency.

At first glance, it is true, this third portion does not appear to reveal any prevalent characteristics or to be susceptible of classification. It has sprung up quite naturally and unconsciously in unrelated parts of the nation as independent centres; it continues no artistic traditions; it has no common subject matter; it has no common form; it ranges in scope from a short story to a full-sized novel; in method it is either realistic or romantic; while as to personal leadership, alas, it is like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, a school of pupils without a master.

Upon a second and closer inspection, however, this part of our fiction does reveal a group of characteristics that give it a certain sameness of kind and definiteness of boundary. For one thing, it has lost something of the refinement of the older work. Beyond a doubt it is less delicate, less graceful. Nor does it give such heed to little things, fondle them with such patience and loving toil in order to make sure that they shall each be exquisitely polished, exquisitely mounted. It is less strenuous in its quest of the rare, less imperious in demand for mere quality. Withal, it is not so finely mannered, either, so held in and held down, so self-mastered, nor, as respects its materials, so precise and unrelaxed in its mastery of these. Finally, and in consequence, it is not so well written, the prose of it is not so good prose.

What do all these things denote in common if not a distinct falling away from devotion to the Feminine Principle? What but a disposition to value as of less than prime importance the canons and standards of the preceding craftsmen? As respects those canons and standards, therefore, this newest body of our fiction is marked by a set of purely negative characteristics: it shows simply a letting down, a lessening, in respect to every artistic virtue that they have been upholding and magnifying as supreme.

A final and yet closer inspection of this same part of our literature reveals a second group of characteristics, not negative at all, — rather, most positive; and it is these that constitute its last differentia, its true distinction. For there is in it, first of all, more masculinity and also more passion; and being at once more masculine and more passionate, it is more virile. Then, again, it is resolutely

working for strength, — for strength as a quality freshly to be cultivated and achieved in our literature, freshly to be enjoyed; a present need, an everlasting stand-by. Quite as surely, also, it is bent upon treating its subjects rather in the rough natural mass than in graceful detail; bent upon getting truth, or beauty, or whatever else may be wanted, from them as a whole, instead of stretching each particular atom on a graceful rack of psychological confession, and bending the ear close to catch the last faint whispers of its excruciating and moribund self-consciousness. It is striking out boldly for larger things, — larger areas of adventure, larger spaces of history, with freer movements through both: it would have the wings of a bird in the air, and not the wings of a bird on a woman's hat. It reveals a disposition to place its scenery, its companies of players, and the logic of its dramas, not in rare, pale, half-lighted, dimly beheld backgrounds, but nearer to the footlights of the obvious. And if, finally, it has any one characteristic more discernible than another, it is the movement away from the summits of life downward toward the bases of life; from the heights of civilization to the primitive springs of action; from the thin-aired regions of consciousness which are ruled over by Tact to the underworld of unconsciousness where are situated the mighty workshops, and where toils on forever the cyclopean youth, Instinct.

It is by no means an easy matter, of course, to trace even thus imperfectly the evidences of all these things in this portion of our newest literature; but certainly they are there, recognizable as the earliest buds of development, as a common growth toward the common light of a single tendency; and it is because, in the opinion of the writer, they do thus exhibit themselves in this common guise and do possess this common character, that he has ventured to gather them together as the first embodied pledges of our allegiance to the Masculine Principle.

If this reasoning be true and this conclusion just, then we are fairly in a position to understand exactly what stage we have reached in our literary evolution. There is, first, a miscellaneous portion of our fiction that does not contain or indicate any tendency at all; there is a second portion that continues its development under the leadership of the Feminine Principle; and there is a third portion that constitutes our first literature of reaction, as a rise of another movement, a Masculine School. From this point of view, likewise, we should be in a position to watch henceforth with clearer understanding the reciprocal behavior of these two old artistic antagonists, now encountering each other among us. Will the one wane apart, fade out, disappear? Will the other wax, become omnipresent, omniprevalent? Or will they, as sometimes happens, will they later on haply and happily blend? Can it be possible that we are on the verge of one of those most wide-minded, peaceful eras of the imagination, during which it is granted these two principles to dwell together in unity, and to bring forth their doubly endowed children?

Whatever the future may reveal in this regard, one thing has been made very clear to us by our present and by our past: we have never, as a nation, been able to handle the Masculine Principle alone in fiction with the same success that we have handled the Feminine; and never with so much success as our kindred across the sea. Our best novels, our best short stories, are in the main an expression of feminine rather than of masculine genius, and bear the marks of the one rather than the other. That is, our consummate and most valued works of prose imaginative art are such by reason of their refinement, their delicacy, their grace, their slightness of compass and texture, their fineness of quality, and

their subtlety of insight joined to exquisitely poised reflection, rather than by the tremendous vigor, the colossal strength, the nobler massiveness, the simple bigness in everything, the more palpable truth, and the deeper instinctive energy, on all which rest both the earliest and the latest masterpieces of masculine English fiction.

Among American books there may be found, of course, some novels of undoubted masculinity; but the question is, To how many such novels can we point as taking high rank in our literature to the glory of our art? In how many memorable instances have we solved the problem of being at once wholly masculine and thoroughly artistic?

It may well be, therefore, that we are now about to be tested, as never in the past, for our ability to wield with entire success this mighty principle in its solitary exercise. If so, the latest output of our masculine fiction does not yet bring us the comforting assurance that we have become its masters. For the admission must in candor be made that, on the score of art pure and simple, this is below the level of the feminine literature that lies just behind it. Furthermore, there can be no question that sometimes, in seeking to be virile, this literature has merely become vulgar; in seeking strength, it has acquired rather violence and coarseness. On the other hand, a woeful day it will be for us when the grace of the work of our predecessors becomes the tender grace of a day that is dead.

If, then, it should strangely turn out that we as a nation prove ourselves but poor artists in the mastery of all those qualities that underlie the fiction of distinctive masculinity, there could be no happier issue imaginable out of our discomfiture than that we should thus be thrown back upon the qualities of the feminine, and should be made to reconcile and to blend the two principles.

For they are not irreconcilable. In life there is no antagonism between virility and refinement, between strength and delicacy, as any gentleman may know. There is none between them in art, as the greatest art of the world will bear witness. In truth, what better conclusion could await this brief paper on so vast a theme than the actual citation of a newest piece of literature in which they should be exhibited as inseparably inwrought with perfect balance and perfect harmony? The specimen that the writer ventures to introduce for this purpose is not, indeed, American; it would be invidious if it were. Nor is it prose; an illustration in prose would be too spacious. But it is all the better for being poetry, and for being the work of an Englishman, since he, among all young living writers of the Anglo-Saxon race, is believed to represent, both in his poetry and in his prose, the utmost expression of the Masculine Principle, and to stand to us in the New World as the authoritative exponent of its living tendency. But in this his very latest, probably his noblest and most enduring poetic achievement, Mr. Kipling has gone farther than that: he has interfused the Masculine with the Feminine; he has achieved a triumph *through* them both and *for* them both.

A faithful analysis of his remarkable poem, Recessional, is needed to confirm this with the force of a demonstration. It is virile, — nothing that he ever wrote is more so; yet is refined, — as little else that he has ever written is. It is strong, but it is equally delicate. It is massive as a whole; it is in every line just as graceful. It is large enough to compass the scope of British empire; it creates this immensity by the use of a few small details. It may be instantly understood and felt by all men in its obviousness; yet it is so rare that he alone of all the millions of Englishmen could even think of writing it. The new, vast prayer of it rises to the Infinite; but it rises from the ancient sacrifice of a contrite heart.

James Lane Allen.

THE FRENCH MASTERY OF STYLE.[1]

"THE natural bent, the need, the mania, to influence others is the most salient trait of French character. . . . Every people has its mission; this is the mission of the French. The most trifling idea they launch upon Europe is a battering-ram driven forward by thirty million men. Ever hungering for success and influence, the French would seem to live only to gratify this craving; and inasmuch as a nation cannot have been given a mission without the means of fulfilling it, the French have been given this means in their language, by which they rule much more effectually than by their arms, though their arms have shaken the world." This praise, possibly the highest the French language has ever received, cannot be said to emanate from one who was an entire foreigner: he was a native of Savoy, and everybody knows what affection, frequently chiding and captious, the Savoyards, from Vaugelas to François Buloz, have shown toward the French language. On the other hand, it can hardly be called the utterance of a Frenchman, coming as it does from Joseph de Maistre, ambassador from his Majesty the King of Sardinia to his Majesty the Tsar of all the Russias: and that is why I venture to quote it. There are things that modesty forbids us to say ourselves, but which we have the right to appropriate when others have said them, especially when their way of saying them makes us feel that there is a little jealousy mingled with the genuineness of their admiration. This same Joseph de Maistre writes furthermore: "I recollect having read formerly a letter of the famous architect Christopher Wren, in which he discusses the right dimensions for a church. He fixes upon them solely with reference to the carrying power of the human voice, and he sets the limits beyond which the voice for any English ear becomes inaudible; 'but,' he says on this point, 'a French orator would make himself heard farther away, his pronunciation being firmer and more distinct.'" And finally, de Maistre adds by way of comment on this quotation: "What Wren has said of oral speech appears to me still truer of that far more penetrating speech heard in books. The speech of Frenchmen is always audible farther away." Let us take his word for it.

What, then, is the reason of this fact? It is a question which has seemed to me worth discussing, now that all the great American universities are organizing their "departments of Romance languages" on a more liberal scale than they have done hitherto. If, speaking from the other side of the Atlantic, I could give them good reasons for persevering in this path, I should possibly be rendering them a service. For, these reasons being purely literary, the American universities would doubtless then grant to "literature" proper an attention that several of them seem up to the present to have reserved entirely for "philology." We, for our part, should gain through coming into closer relations with these universities, and thereby with what is best in the American democracy. It is hard to see who in Europe or America could take exception to this exchange of kindly offices, at least if it be true that the French language and literature possess the distinctive features which I shall attempt to show.

Let us put aside at the start all thought of any superiority in French as a natural organism over other languages, especially over the other Romance languages. If our language has its native points of excellence, other lan-

[1] Author's manuscript translated by Irving Babbitt.

guages have theirs: Italian, for instance, is sweeter, and Spanish more sonorous. Sonorousness and sweetness are neither of them points of excellence which we can afford to despise in a language; and because they are to a certain extent "physical," they are none the less real or unusual. A fine voice, too, is only a fine voice; and yet how much does it not contribute to the success of a great orator. It may even be said almost literally of Demosthenes and Cicero that they are the "greatest voices" that have been heard among men. It must be confessed that the physical properties of the French language are not at all out of the common; and the truth is that, before turning them to account, most of our great writers in prose and verse have had a preliminary struggle to surmount them.

We must not be led, either, into thinking that we have had greater writers than the English or the Germans. This would be mere impertinence. If we could be tempted into believing it, all the labor of criticism for more than a hundred years would have been thrown away. Victor Hugo is a great poet, but Goethe and Shakespeare are great poets also. Genius has no national preferences.

But what may be truthfully said is that in France, from the very start, and especially during the last four hundred years, everybody has conspired to make of the French language that instrument of international exchange and universal communication which it has become. Noble ladies, from Marguerite de Valois, author of the Heptameron, to the Marquise de Rambouillet; ministers of state, like the Cardinal de Richelieu; princes and kings, Francis I., Charles IX. (the protector and rival of Ronsard), Louis XIV., have formed, as it were, part of a conspiracy which had as its definite object to gain for French universal acceptance in place of the classics. The French Academy was founded with no other purpose; its charter attests the fact, as also its membership, which, happily, has never been entirely confined to men of letters. Our writers, in order to conform to this design, have usually consented to give up a part of their originality. It has not been enough for them to understand themselves, or to be understood by their countrymen and within the limits of their frontiers. They believed long before Rivarol said it — in an Essay on the Universal Diffusion of the French Language, a subject for the best treatment of which the Berlin Academy had offered a prize in 1781 — that "what is not clear is not French." To achieve this transparent and radiant clearness, to make some approach, at least, to this universal diffusion, so that in Germany and England, in Italy and America, the knowledge of the French language is a sign of culture, a mark of education, — to arrive at these results, I do not deny that they have been forced to make some sacrifices. These, however, I shall choose to ignore for the present, and I propose simply to discuss here two or three of the principal means that these conspirators of a somewhat unusual kind have taken to compass their end.

I.

In the first place, for three or four hundred years back, French writers, and we the public in common with them, have treated our language as a work of art. Let us have a clear understanding of the meaning of this word "art." The Greeks in antiquity, the Italians of the Renaissance, gave an artistic stamp or character to the commonest utensils, — to an earthen jar or a tin plate, an amphora, a ewer. It is a stamp of a similar kind that our writers from the time of Ronsard have tried to give the French language. They have thought that every language, apart from the services it renders in the ordinary usage and every-day intercourse of life, is capable of receiving an artistic form, and this form they

have desired to bestow upon our own language. Read with reference to this point the manifesto of the Pléiade, The Defense and Ennoblement of the French Language by Joachim du Bellay, which bears the date of 1549, and you will see that such is throughout not merely its general spirit, but its special and particular object. Since then not only have French prose writers and poets had the same ambition, but all their readers, even princes themselves, have encouraged it, have made it almost a question of state; and the consequence is that no literary revolution or transformation has taken place in France which did not begin by being, knowingly and deliberately, a transformation or a modification of the language. This is what Malherbe, after Ronsard and in opposition to him, desired to do: namely, to give to the French language a precision and a clearness of outline, a musical cadence, a harmony of phrase, and finally a fullness of sense and sound, which seemed to him to be still lacking in the work of Ronsard; and along with Malherbe, by other means, but in a parallel direction, this was likewise the aim of the *précieuses*. The same is true of Boileau, as well as of Molière. It was through language, since it was by the means of style and the criticism of style, as is seen in works like the Satires and the Précieuses Ridicules, that they brought the art of their time back to the imitation of nature. Even in our own days, what was romanticism, what were realism and naturalism, at the start? The answer is always the same: they were theories of style before being doctrines of art; ways of writing before being ways of feeling or thinking; a reform of the language and an emancipation of the vocabulary, the striving after a greater flexibility of syntax, before it was known what use would be made of these conquests.

There is, then, in French, in the method of handling the language, a continuous artistic tradition. By very different and sometimes even opposing means, our writers have desired to please, in the best sense of the word,— to please themselves first of all, to please the public, to please foreigners; to make of their language a universal language, analogous in a fashion to the language of music, to that of sounds or colors; and as the crowning triumph to make of a page of Bossuet or Racine, for instance, a monument of art, for qualities of the same order as a statue of Michael Angelo or a painting of Raphael.

From our great writers, and the cultivated and intelligent readers who are their natural judges, this concern for art has spread to the whole race, if indeed it were not truer to say that it was a matter of instinct. Who is not familiar with the phrase, "Duas res . . . gens Gallica industriosissime persequitur: rem militarem et argute loqui"? "Argute loqui," — this is to be artistic in one's speech, and this everybody has been and tries to be among us; and nowhere, surely, possibly not even in Greece, in the Athenian cafés, would you come across more "elegant talkers" (*beaux parleurs*) than in France: they are to be met with in the villages; they are to be found in the workshops. Some of them, I am well aware, are insufferable withal, as for example the druggist Homais in Madame Bovary, and again the illustrious Gaudissart in the Comédie Humaine of Honoré de Balzac. But what medal is without its reverse? If we have so many "elegant talkers," it is because, in our whole system of public education, and even in our primary schools, this concern for art prevails. The fact is worthy of remark. What our little children learn in the schools under the name of orthography — the word itself, when connected with its etymology, expresses the idea clearly enough — is to see in their language a work of art, since it is to recognize and enjoy what is well written. It is not possible, indeed, to fix in the memory

the outer form of a word, its appearance, its physiognomy, so as not to confuse it with any other word, without its exact meaning being also stamped in the mind.

In this respect, the oddities, or, as we sometimes call them, the "Chinese puzzles" (*chinoiseries*) of orthography help to preserve shades of thought. The same may be said of the peculiarities of syntax. You will not teach children that Goliath was a tall man (*un homme grand*), and David a great man (*un grand homme*), without teaching them at the same time a number of ideas that are epitomized in these two ways of placing the adjective. You will not explain to little Walloons or to little Picards that a *bonnet blanc* is a white cap, and that a *blanc bonnet* is a woman, in their patois, without their deriving some profit even from this pastime or playing on words. Need I speak of the rules of our participles, — those participles which, as the vaudeville says, are always getting one into a muddle,[1] so much apparent fancifulness and caprice there is in their agreements; and is it necessary for me to show that the most delicate analysis of the relations of ideas is implied in these very rules? The whole question here is not whether our farmers or our workingmen have need of all this knowledge, whether it would not be more profitable for them to learn other things, and whether they might not give less time to picking up the peculiarities of orthography or the *exceptions* of French grammar. I am not passing judgment; I am simply taking cognizance of the facts, and trying to arrive at an explanation. Whatever qualities, then, are to be peculiarly admired in French, we may say without hesitation, are due less to the language itself, to its original nature, than to the intensive cultivation which it has always received at every step of our educational system, and which, for my part, I hope it may long continue to receive.

[1] Ces *participes* avec lesquels, comme dit le vaudeville, on ne sait jamais quel *parti prendre*.

Not that this cultivation may not have and has not had its dangers, like those to which "euphuism," "Marinism," and "Gongorism" have, in their time, exposed English, Italian, and Spanish. So much importance must not be attached to form as to lead to the sacrifice of substance; more than one writer in French could be named who has fallen into this mistake, — for it is a mistake. They are the writers to whom we have given the name of *précieux*. However, before condemning them in a lump on the authority of Molière, it is well to remember that we find in their number men like Fontenelle, Marivaux, Massillon, and Montesquieu. But it remains true that to treat a language as a work of art is to run the risk of seeing in it, sooner or later, only itself. Its words take on a mystical value, independent and entirely apart, as it were, from the ideas they are meant to convey. "Examine," said Baudelaire, "this word," — any ordinary word. "Is it not of a glowing vermilion, and is the heavenly azure as blue as that word? Look: has not this word the gentle lustre of the morning stars, and that one the livid paleness of the moon?" And Flaubert has written: "I recollect that my heart throbbed violently . . . from looking at a wall of the Acropolis, a perfectly bare wall! . . . The question occurs to me, then, Cannot a book, *quite apart from what it says*, produce the same effect? Is there not an intrinsic virtue in the choiceness of the materials, in the nicety with which they are put together, in the polish of the surfaces, in the harmony of the total effect?" They both failed to remember one thing, — which is that words express ideas before having a "color" or "virtue" peculiar to themselves, and that they are precise and luminous only with the clearness or the precision of these ideas. But Flaubert and Baudelaire are consistent with the principles of their school, and they show us what a man comes to when he no

longer sees in language anything more than a work of art. Like them, he values words for themselves, for their appearance, for the sound they render, for various reasons which have nothing to do with the art of thinking. He detects genius in the turn of a phrase. Style becomes something intrinsic and mysterious, existing in and for itself. Virtuosity, which is only the indifference to the content of forms, gets possession of art, makes a plaything of it, perverts it or corrupts it; and through the sheer desire "to write well," one finally comes, as George Sand pointed out to Flaubert, to write only for a dozen initiates; even they do not always understand one, and besides, they never admire one for the reasons one would prefer.

II.

In what way may we avoid this danger? Is it possible to point out several ways, or is there perhaps only one? In any case, we can easily define and characterize the one our great writers have taken, although not always of their own accord. They have understood, or have been made to understand, that language, though a work of art, still continues to be above all a medium for the communication of thoughts and feelings, — what may be called their instrument of exchange, their current coin; and that consequently perfect art cannot be conceived or sought for apart from those attributes which are the attributes of thought itself.

In French, as in English or German, and I presume also in Chinese, both prose writers and poets have always tended to make of their art an image or expression of themselves. It is for this very reason that they are writers, — because the things that had been said did not satisfy them, or because they wished to say them in another way, or else to say things that had not been said. Only in France, the court, "society," criticism, have reminded them that if they wrote, it was in order to be understood. From Ronsard to Victor Hugo, they have had imposed upon them, as a rule, the twofold condition to remain themselves, and at the same time to talk the language of everybody. The interest which they had inspired in a whole people for the things of literature turned in some sort against them. Having themselves invited all the cultivated minds about them to become judges of art, they were not allowed, when the fancy came over them later, to arrogate to themselves the right to be the sole judges of art. Public opinion, in return for the admiration and applause they solicited from it, felt constrained to ask of them certain definite concessions, — concessions which they consented to make; and doubtless they were right in so doing, after all, since they were thus enabled to give, not only to French literature, but to the French language, that social character which it possesses in so high a degree.

It was in this wise, in fact, that there found its way into our literature — or if the reader prefers, into our rhetoric — that tenet which Buffon summed up at the end of the classic period in the recommendation never to name things except by "the most general terms." Those who have ridiculed this phrase have misunderstood it; they have quibbled about the words; they have feigned to believe, and possibly they really have believed, that the most general terms are the most abstract, the vaguest, the most colorless, the opposite of the exact, appropriate, and special term. Yet it would have been enough for them to read more carefully Buffon himself, and Voltaire, and Racine, and Molière, and Bossuet, and Pascal! They would then have seen that the most general terms are the terms of ordinary usage, those in everybody's vocabulary, — terms that are intelligible without any need of going to the dictionary, that are not the peculiar dialect of a trade or the jargon of a coterie. "If in talking of savages or of the ancient Franks," Taine writes some-

where, "I say the 'battle-axe,' every one understands at once; if I say the 'tomahawk' or the 'francisca,' a great many people will fancy I am talking Teutonic or Iroquois." And this strikes him as extremely amusing. It is natural that it should, harboring, as he does, the superstition of "local color" and of the "technical term." But he is wrong, and to prove it I need only seven lines of Boileau, from the tenth Satire: —

"Le doux charme pour toi de voir, chaque journée,
De nobles champions ta femme environnée,
. . . . . .
S'en aller méditer une vole au jeu d'hombre,
S'écrier sur un as mal à propos jeté,
Se plaindre d'un gâno qu'on n'a point écouté,
Ou querellant tout bas le ciel qu'elle regarde,
A la bête gémir d'un roi venu sans garde."

Whereby, it seems to me, two things are made plain: the one, that upon occasion Boileau — Boileau himself! — called things by their names, did not shrink from technical terms; and the other, that in thus using technical terms in his verse, and because he did use them, he has rendered himself unintelligible to every one who is not acquainted with the game of *ombre*. Is a cultivated man required to know the game of ombre? Therein lies the danger of technical terms. In the first place, few persons understand them; and when it happens that everybody does understand them, they are no longer technical. This is what Buffon meant: Use general terms, because if you do not use them, you condemn yourself by your own act to be understood by only a small number of readers; because technical terms, in so far as they are technical, are a stumbling-block in the way of expressing general truths, which alone constitute the domain of literature. Nay, more: try by means of general terms to bring into this very domain as much as possible of what is technical; do what Descartes did for philosophy, Pascal for theology, Montesquieu for politics, or what I myself, Buffon, have done for natural history. — Such has been the practice of our great writers; and doubtless nothing has contributed more to the success of the French language than its having become, thanks to them, the best fitted for the expression of general ideas.

It has likewise become the most "oratorical;" and by this word I do not mean at all the most eloquent or the most grandiloquent, — Spanish might claim this honor, — but, on the contrary, the nearest to conversation and to the spoken language. We are sometimes told that we must not write as we talk. This is a mistake, against which, in case of need, our whole classic literature would protest. To write as we talk is precisely what we should do, with the proviso, of course, that we talk correctly. Vaugelas, who, as everybody knows, was the great French grammarian of the classic period, has said so expressly: "The spoken word is the first in order *and in dignity*, inasmuch as the written word is only its image, as the other is the image of thought." Possibly this may seem an odd bit of reasoning; it may even strike one as an amusing application of the law of primogeniture to criticism; and one is quite free to deny that the dignity of the different kinds of composition and literary forms is to be measured by their age. But what, on the other hand, is certain, and what I recollect to have pointed out more than once, in conformity with Vaugelas's suggestion, is that all the blunders with which puristical and pedantic grammarians are fond of reproaching Molière and La Fontaine, Pascal and Bossuet, are not even irregularities; on the contrary, they are seen to be the most natural and expressive form of their thought, as soon as we "speak" their comedies or sermons instead of "reading" them. In verse, as in prose, the grand style of the seventeenth century was a spoken style. Its merits are the merits of the conversation of well-bred people.

Or again, to use the language of ex-

perimental psychology of the present day, if it is true that writers are to be divided into "hearers" (*auditifs*) who hear themselves speak, and "visualizers" (*visuels*) who see themselves write, the greater part of the French writers of the seventeenth century belong to the first class. The ear, and not the eye, was their guide. It was not of their paper that they thought in writing, but of a body of hearers; and just as they use the most general terms to make themselves better understood by these hearers, so they strive to give to their "discourse," as they call it, the swing, the flexibility, and, it would not be too much to say, the familiar tone of conversation. Their way of arranging this discourse, which seems artificial to us, is, on the contrary, the most natural, since it follows the very movement of the thought. Their long periods, which we suppose to be premeditated and balanced by dint of laborious application, are, in truth, only the necessary form of sustained improvisation. If they happen to raise their voices, as do Pascal in his Thoughts and Bossuet in his Sermons, it is because the grandeur or the seriousness of the subject calls for it; and as a matter of fact, neither God nor death is to be spoken of lightly. But Molière in his great comedies and La Fontaine in his Fables give us the illusion of what is least set and formal in daily conversation. "You might think that you were there yourself;" you will see, too, if you scrutinize them closely, that their sentence structure does not differ from that of Bossuet and Pascal. That is what is meant when French is said to be of all modern languages the most "oratorical," the most similar when written — I mean, of course, when well written — to what it is when spoken, and consequently the most natural.

It is also "the most exact and the clearest:" the clearest, because what is obscure is precisely what is peculiar, special, or technical, the speech of the artilleryman or that of the sailor, the dialect of the factory or workshop; the most exact, because conversation would become a monologue if its finest shades of meaning were not caught, understood, and taken up immediately and as fast as the words fall from the lips. We cannot wait a quarter of an hour to laugh at a joke, and an epigram or a madrigal should have no need of commentary.

This clearness, moreover, is a result of the oratorical character of the French language as it has just been defined. We must think of other men, since we are speaking to them or for them, and spare no effort to give them ready access to our thought. This, again, is thoroughly French. Great writers, especially poets and philosophers, Carlyle and Browning in English, Schelling and even Goethe in German, have thought less of being intelligible to others than to themselves. "I have just finished reading Sordello," wrote Carlyle to his wife, "without being able to find out whether Sordello was a poem, a city, or a man;" and who will deny that there is some obscurity — willful and deliberate obscurity, it is true — in Sartor Resartus and in the famous lectures on Hero Worship? But a French writer always speaks to his reader as he would to a hearer, or to one with whom he is conversing. He believes with Boileau that "the mind of man teems with a host of confused ideas and vague half-glimpses of the truth," and also that "we like nothing better than to have one of these ideas *well elucidated and clearly presented* to us." His endeavor is, not to veil his thought, but, on the contrary, to lay it bare. He does not try to screen it, as it were, from the eyes of the profane, but, on the contrary, he takes every pains to render it accessible to them. He does not keep his secret jealously to himself, but he desires rather to impart it to everybody, — to his countrymen, to foreigners, to the world. "The only good works," Voltaire has said, "are those that *find their way into foreign countries* and are translated there." Is

it surprising, then, that French, the one modern language having this ambition, has succeeded, so far as it has realized its purpose, only by divesting itself of all ambiguity; only by filtering its ideas, so to speak, and ridding them of all impurities which would sully their transparent clearness; and sometimes, too, by sacrificing everything which calls for too close reflection? That is why, as I said, its precision and clearness did not come to it from any special or innate property, from any virtue which it brought with it as a natural dower, but from the application, the toil, the conscious effort, of its great writers. I may add that in this particular, the greatest of these writers, reserving for themselves other means of originality, have followed rather than guided public opinion.

What is indeed remarkable about these characteristics, which have come with time to belong to the French language, is that the demands of public opinion, its watchfulness and persistency, have done no less than the talent or even the genius of the individual writer in fixing and establishing them. Who took the first step, the public or the writer? It would be difficult to find an answer for the question stated thus barely: at one time it has chanced to be the public, at another time the writer, who has taken the lead. Yet it will be observed that nearly all the literary revolutions in France have been anticipated, desired, and encouraged before a Ronsard, a Pascal, or a Hugo has appeared to bring them about. The revolution once begun, the public has always taken pains to see that the writer did not indulge his idiosyncrasies too far. Free to choose their thought, — this our writers have rarely been; they have rarely even been more than half free in their manner of expressing this thought. They have been brought back, as often as they showed signs of wishing to depart from it, to the respect of an ideal, or rather to the working out of a design which was that of a whole race. To use the fine expression of Bossuet, praising this very feature in Greek literature, and admiring it there above all others, they have been forced to labor to "the perfecting of civil life." They have not been forced to confound art with morality, but they have not been allowed to forget that in a highly organized civilization literature is in some sort a social institution. They have even been rather sharply reminded of the fact, at times, when they have seemed to forget it. What they may have lost by being forced to bend to these requirements is not at present for me to say, concerned as I am with what they have gained: this is to have made of French literature a literature eminently human.

III.

"Men's passions," it has been truly said, "everywhere originally the same, live amidst the ices of the pole as well as under the tropical sun. The Cossack Poogatchef was ambitious, like the Italian Masaniello, and the fever of love burns the Kamschatkan no less than the African." These are the "original" passions which the greatest of the French writers have studied in man. Other writers may have portrayed them more energetically, but surely no one has penetrated more thoroughly their innermost workings, or has had a closer knowledge of their psychology. This, we venture to say, is what foreigners like or value in our great writers. They are vaguely grateful to them, almost unconsciously so, for this effort to observe and note in man what is most general and most permanent. For in this way a particular literature has passed beyond its own boundaries, not in order to encroach on the boundaries of other literatures, or to appropriate qualities which did not belong to it, but to adapt them to its uses, and thereby establish itself, as it were, outside of space and time. It has not specially affected either its own ideas or those of others; but with

the ideas of others and with its own mingled, fused together, and made to correct one another, freed from what was transitory in some of them and in some local, and consequently in either case accidental, French literature has tried to attain to an universal ideal which should be as lasting as the form in which it was clothed. Is not this very much what Italian painting of the Renaissance and Greek sculpture of the great period had done before? And is not that why the tragedies of Racine and the sermons of Bossuet, like the marbles of Phidias and the paintings of Raphael, speak very nearly the same language to everybody? Andromaque is for the drama what the Madonnas of Raphael are in the history of painting; and in like manner, the Funeral Oration of Henrietta of England holds a position in oratory not unlike that of the Daughters of Niobe in sculpture.

The result has been a tendency in French literature, and secondarily a special fitness in the language, to discuss what are called nowadays "social problems." Whether the rights of man in general, or those of woman in particular, are being debated, we have in French a large vocabulary more suitable than any other, more precise and more extensive, to plead for them; we have what the ancients called *loci*, — a store of ready-made phrases on which the orator and the publicist have only to draw. If we must turn to the English for arguments and even for words to discuss the "rights of the individual," and to the Germans for reasons to uphold the "rights of association," no literature has found more generous accents than ours, nor any language words more capable of expressing the rights of man so far as he is a subject for justice and charity. No loftier strains of eloquence have ever been uttered, to remind men of their equality in the presence of pain and death, than by our great preachers, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon; and this in language of marvelous strength, simplicity, and harmony. And where has all that can be said to make the powers of this world tremble for the validity of their claims been expressed in a keener or more impassioned form than in some of the pamphlets of Voltaire or in the fiery discourses of Rousseau?

Nothing, again, was more characteristic of the French press for many years, — I say "was," for of late things have changed somewhat, — as compared with the English or American press, for example, than the satisfaction, the copiousness, and the perfect clearness with which it treated those doctrinal questions which are the point of contact, or, if I may be allowed the expression, the point of intersection of morals and politics. The reason is that French journalism found in the language an instrument ready for its use, and had only to draw on the common stock of literary tradition. If it wanted, for instance, to show the iniquity of slavery, it had only to remember the Philosophic History of the two Indias or the Spirit of Laws. If it wished to remind wealth of its duties, it could consult, not Rousseau merely, but Massillon in his sermon on Dives, or Bossuet in his sermon on the Eminent Dignity of the Poor. Rather, it had no need of consulting the latter or remembering the former; the dictionary of every-day speech was sufficient. Two hundred years of literature had made social problems circulate in the very veins of the language; it had embodied them in its words. It had made of French the conspiracy spoken of by Joseph de Maistre: "Omnia quæ loquitur populus iste conjuratio est." Even to-day no other language has a power of propaganda like French, and so long as it keeps this power we need have no fear of its being neglected. To assure its position in the world, we have only to guard against giving up lightly the qualities it still retains; the abandonment of them, so far from being a progress, as some of the

"symbolists" have supposed, would be a retrogression toward the origins.

Need I add here, to reassure those who may possibly see in the French language only an instrument of socialistic propaganda, that it is possible to give a good meaning to the word "socialism;" or should I not say rather that nothing is more dangerous than to leave the monopoly of the word to those who abuse it? This is to do violence to its etymology! It would be better to point out that social problems, comprising as they do all that is of interest or concern to society, include in their number the problems of the "polite world." And so, for the same reasons that have made French the language of social discussion, it has become, in the hands of our great writers, the language of polite conversation. This is one of the rare services we owe to the salons, — not to those most in repute, the salon of Madame Geoffrin or that of Madame Tencin, but, on the contrary, to those most ridiculed, especially to the salon of the Marquise de Rambouillet. Now, inasmuch as "society," or what passes under that name, has no other object than the putting in common of all that is deemed agreeable, elegant, and noble in life in order to enjoy it more fully, we can readily imagine what vivacity, flexibility, and ease two hundred years of society must have given to the French language. It was there, in society, and in the salons where women held sway, that a literature till then too pedantic and too masculine was forced to bend and yield, to learn to have respect for their modesty or for their delicacy, and to adorn itself, so to speak, with some, at least, of the virtues of their sex. It was there that due stress, and at times a little more than due stress, was laid on the art of enhancing what one says by the way of saying it. It was there that the plan was formed to make of French a universal language in place of the classics, and to this end to give it the qualities it still lacked. It was there, too, that the fact was realized that, language being a human product, it was the duty of men to rescue it from the fatality of its natural development, and to subordinate it not only to the requirements of art, but also to the necessities of social progress.

In conclusion, it is well to remember that Horace's line is only half true: —

> "Usus
> Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

No! Usage is not wholly this master or this capricious tyrant of language. Granting that it were, its fluctuations or its peculiarities would still have their history, this history its reasons, and these reasons their explanation; or rather, usage is only a name which serves to hide our ignorance of the causes, and if, instead of taking it for granted, we analyze it, languages are found to be the work of those who write them. The example of French would be enough to prove this. It was not naturally clearer than any other language; it has become so. It was no better fitted than any other language for the expression of general ideas; it has become so. It was not a work of art in the time of the Strasburg Oaths or the Canticle of St. Eulalia, and yet it has become so. I have tried to show how, by what means, in virtue of what united effort, and I hope I have made it clear. Americans, I fancy, will not be sorry to see thus restored to the domain of the will what philologians or linguists had unjustly taken away from it, — if indeed this be not, in their eyes, an additional reason for valuing our language. They are supposed to prize nothing more highly than the victories of the will: the diffusion of the French language in the world is one of these victories; and may I not say that what renders it more precious is the fact — evident, I trust, from the foregoing — that our writers have won it only by identifying the interests of their self-love with the interests of art and of humanity?

F. Brunetière.

CALEB WEST.

I.

THE CAPE ANN SLOOP.

WHEN Sanford signed the contract for the building of Shark Ledge Light off Keyport Harbor, he found himself confronted with a problem.

The Light was to be erected on a mass of rough stone which had been placed over a sunken ledge to form an artificial island. This was situated eight miles from land, and breasted a tide running six miles an hour. The government plans provided that this island should be protected not only from sea action, but from the thrust of floating ice as well. This was to be done by paving the under-water slopes of the artificial island with huge granite blocks forming an enrockment. The engineer-in-chief of the Lighthouse Board at Washington had expressed grave doubts as to the practicability of the working plans which Sanford had submitted, questioning whether these protecting enrockment blocks, weighing twelve tons each, could be swung overboard from the deck of a vessel while moored in a six-mile current. As, however, the selection of the methods to be employed lay with the contracting engineer, and not with the Board, Sanford's working plans had been accepted, and the responsibility for their success rested with him.

So soon, therefore, as the notification to begin work had come from Washington, Sanford had telegraphed to Captain Joe Bell, his foreman of construction, at Keyport, to secure a sloop at once, with hoisting-engine and boiler of sufficient power to handle the heavy stones, and to report to him at his apartments in New York. The sloop was to be of so light a draught that she could work in the rolling surf on the shoal of the Ledge, and yet be stanch enough to sustain the strain of a derrick and boom rigged to her mast. If such a sloop could be found, Sanford's problem would solve itself; the rest would depend on the pluck and grit of his men.

Sanford received Captain Joe in his working office, separated by a small vestibule from his bachelor apartments.

"Are you sure she 'll handle the stones?" were the first words that Sanford in his eagerness addressed to the captain. There were no formalities between these men; they knew each other too well. "Nothing but a ten-horse engine will lift them from the dock. What 's the sloop's beam?"

"Thirty foot over all, an' she 's stiff 's a church," answered Captain Joe, tugging at his stubby chin-beard with his thole-pin fingers. "I see her cap'n 'fore I come down yesterday. Looks 's ef he hed th' right stuff in him. Says he ain't afeard o' th' Ledge, an' don't mind layin' her broadside on, even ef she does git a leetle mite scraped."

"How 's her boiler?"

"I ain't looked her b'iler over yit, but her cylinders is big enough. If her steam gives out, I 'll put one of our own aboard. She 'll do, sir. Don't worry a mite; we 'll spank that baby when we git to 't," — his leathery, weather-tanned face cracking into smiles as he spoke.

Sanford laughed. He found his anxieties disappearing before the cheerful courage of this man, whose judgment of men never failed him, and whose knowledge of sea-things made him invaluable.

"I 'm glad you like her skipper," he said, taking from a pigeonhole in his perfectly appointed desk, as he spoke, the charter-party of the sloop. "I see his name is Brandt, and the sloop's name is the Screamer. The charter-party, I think, ought to contain some allusion to

the coast-chart, in case of any protest Brandt may make afterwards about the shoaliness of the water. Better have him put his initials on the chart," he added, with the instinctive habit of caution which always distinguished his business methods. "Do you think the shoals will scare him?" he continued, as he crossed the room to a row of shelves filled with mechanical drawings, in search of a round tin case holding the various charts of Long Island Sound.

Captain Joe moved back the pile of books from the middle of the table with the same consideration he would have shown to so many bricks; corked a bottle of liquid ink for safety; flattened with his big hands the chart which Sanford had unrolled, weighted the four corners with a T square and some color-pans, and then, bending his massive head, began studying its details with all the easy confidence of a first officer on a Cunarder. He had not yet answered Sanford's question.

As the light from the window fell across his head, it brought into stronger relief the few gray hairs which silvered the short brown curls crisped about his neck and temples. These hairs marked the only change seen in him since the memorable winter's day, when off Hoboken he had saved the lives of the passengers on the sinking ferry-boat by calking with his own body the gash left in her side by a colliding tug. He was the same broad-as-he-was-long old sea-dog; tough, sturdy, tender-eyed, and fearless; his teeth were as white, his mouth was as firm, his jaw as strong and determined. It was only around his temples and neck that time had touched him.

The captain placed his horn-tipped finger on a dot marked "Shark's Ledge Spindle," obliterating in the act some forty miles of sea-space; repeated to himself in a low voice, "Six fathoms — four — one and a half — hum, 't ain't nothin'; that Cape Ann sloop can do it;" and then suddenly remembering Sanford's question, he answered, with quick lifting of his head and with a cheery laugh, "Scare him? Wait till ye see him, sir."

When the coast-chart had been rolled and replaced in the tin case, to be taken to Keyport for the skipper's initials, both men resumed their seats by Sanford's desk.

"Anything left of the old house, captain?" asked Sanford, picking up a rough sketch of the new shanty to be built on the Ledge, — the one used the previous year, while the artificial island was being built, having been injured by the winter storms.

"Not much, sir: one side 's stove in an' the roof 's smashed. Some o' the men are in it now, gittin' things in shape, but it 's purty rickety. I 'm a-goin' to put the new one here," — his finger on the drawing, — "an' I 'm goin' to make it o' tongue-an'-grooved stuff an' tar the roof ter git it water-tight. Then I 'll hev some iron bands made with turnbuckles to go over the top timbers an' fasten it all down in the stone-pile. Oh, we 'll git her so she 'll stay put when hell breaks loose some night down Montauk way!" and another hearty laugh rang out as he rolled up the drawing and tucked it in the case for safety.

"There 's no doubt we 'll have plenty of that, captain," said Sanford, joining in the laugh. "And now about the working force. Will you make many changes?"

"No, sir. We 'll put Caleb West in charge of the divin'; ain't no better man 'n Caleb in er out a dress. Them enrockments is mighty ugly things to set under water, an' I won't trust nobody but Caleb to do it. Lonny Bowles 'll help tend derricks; an' there 's our regular gang, — George Nickles an' the rest of 'em. I only got one new man so far: that 's a young feller named Bill Lacey. He looks like a skylarkin' chap, but I kin take that out o' him. But he kin climb like a cat, an' we want a man like that to shin the derricks. He 's tended

divers, too, he says, an' he 'll do to look after Caleb's life-line an' hose when I can't. By the way, sir, I forgot to ask ye about them derricks. We got to hev four whackin' big sticks to set them big stone on top o' the concrete when we git it finished, an' there ain't no time to lose on 'em. I thought may be ye 'd order 'em to-day from Medford?"

Sanford wrote a telegram to a shipbuilder at Medford ordering "four, clean, straight, white pine masts not less than twenty inches at the butt," called his negro servant, Sam, from the adjoining room, and directed the dispatch sent at once.

Captain Joe had risen from his chair and put on his Derby hat, without which he never came to New York, — it was his one concession to metropolitan exactions.

"But, Captain Joe," said Sanford, looking up, "breakfast will be ready in a minute. Young Mr. Hardy is coming, whom you met here once before. You must n't go."

"Not this mornin', sir. I 've got a lot o' things to look after 'fore I catch the 3.10. I 'm obleeged to ye all the same." As he spoke he humped his arms and shoulders into his pea-jacket and picked up the tin case.

"Well, I wish you would." Sanford's hand now rested on the captain's shoulder. "But you know best," he said, with real disappointment in his tone.

The tie between these two men was no ordinary one. They had worked together long enough to believe in each other. What one lacked, the other possessed. There was, too, a feeling of close comradeship between them, which had strengthened in the years of their acquaintance to downright affection. Sanford shook the big brown hand of the captain and followed him to the top of the stairs, where he stood watching the burly figure descending the spiral staircase, the tin case under his arm, spy-glass fashion.

"You 'll see me in the morning, captain," Sanford called out, not wanting him to go without another word. "I 'll come by the midnight train."

The captain looked up and waved his hand cheerily in lieu of a reply.

When he had finally disappeared, Sanford turned, and, drawing the heavy curtains of the vestibule, passed through it to his private apartments.

II.

A MORNING'S MAIL.

Sanford dropped into a brown leather chair, and Sam, with the fawning droop of a water spaniel, placed the morning paper before him, moved a small table nearer, on which his master could lay the morning's mail as it was opened, adjusted the curtains so as to keep the glare from his eyes, and with noiseless tread withdrew to the kitchen.

Whatever the faults of this product of reconstruction might have been, — and Sam had many, — neglect of Sanford's comfort was not one of them. While he dressed with more care on Sunday afternoons than his master, — generally in that gentleman's cast-off clothes, and always in his discarded neckties and gloves; while he smoked his tobacco, purloined his cigars, and occasionally drank his wine, whenever the demands of his social life made such inroads on Sanford's private stock necessary to maintain a certain prestige among his ebonized brethren, he invariably drew the line at his master's loose change and his shirt-studs. He had, doubtless, trickling down through his veins some drops of blood, inherited from an old family butler of an ancestor, which, while they permitted him the free use of everything his master ate, drank, and wore, — a common privilege of the slave days, — debarred him completely from greater crimes. He possessed, moreover, certain paramount virtues: he

never burned a chop, overcooked an egg, or delayed a meal.

His delinquencies — all of them perfectly well known to Sanford — never lost him his master's confidence. He knew the race, and never expected the impossible. Not only did he place his servant in charge of his household expenditures, but he gave him entire supervision as well of his rooms and their contents.

Sam took the greatest pride in the young engineer's apartments. They were at the top of one of those old-fashioned, hip-roofed, dormer-windowed houses still to be found on Washington Square, and consisted of five rooms, with dining-room and salon. Of them all, the salon was by far the most spacious. It was a large, high-ceiled room with heavy cornices and mahogany doors; with wide French windows, one of which opened on a balcony overlooking the square. Against the walls stood low bookcases, their tops covered with curios and the hundred and one knickknacks that encumber a bachelor's apartment. Above these again hung a collection of etchings and sketches in and out of frames; many of them signed by fellow members of the Buzzards, a small Bohemian club of ten who often held their meetings here.

Under the frieze ran a continuous shelf, holding samples of half the pots of the universe, from a Heidelberg beer-mug to an East Indian water-jar; and over the doors were grouped bunches of African arrows, spears, and clubs, and curious barbaric shields; while the centre of the room was occupied by a square table covered with books and magazines, ash-trays, Japanese ivories, and the like, and set in among them was an umbrella-lamp with a shade of sealing-wax red. At intervals about the room were smaller tables, convenient for decanters and crushed ice, and against the walls, facing the piano, were wide divans piled high with silk cushions.

Within easy reach of reading-lamp and chair rested a four-sided bookcase on rollers. This was filled with works on engineering and books of reference; while a high, narrow case between two doors was packed with photographs and engravings of the principal marine structures of our own and other coasts.

Late as was the season, a little wood fire smouldered in the open fireplace, — one of the sentiments to which Sanford clung, — while before it stood the brown leather chair in which he sat.

"Captain Bell will not be here to breakfast, Sam, but Mr. Hardy is coming," said Sanford, suddenly recollecting himself.

"Yaas, sah; everything 's ready, sah," replied Sam, who, now that the telegram had been dispatched and the morning papers and letters delivered, had slipped into his white jacket again.

Sanford glanced at the shipping news, ran over the list of arrivals to see if any vessels bringing material for the Light had reached Keyport, picked up the package of letters, a dozen or more, and began cutting the envelopes. He read most of them rapidly, marked them in the margin, and laid them in a pile beside him. There were two which he placed by themselves without opening them. One was from his friend Mrs. Morgan Leroy, inviting him to luncheon the following day, and the other from Major Tom Slocomb, of Pocomoke, Maryland, informing him of his approaching visit to New York, accompanied by his niece, Miss Helen Shirley, of Kent County, — "a daughter, sir, of Colonel Talbot Shirley, one of our foremost citizens, whom I believe you had the honor of meeting during your never-to-be-forgotten visit among us."

The never-to-be-forgotten visit was one Sanford had made the major the winter before, when he was inspecting the site for a stone and brush jetty he was about to build for the government, in the Chesapeake. This jetty was to be near the major's famous estates which he had in-

herited from his wife, "the widow of Major Talbot, suh."

Sanford's daily contact with the major during his visit had rather endeared him to the young engineer. Under all the Pocomokian's veneer of delightful mendacity, utter shiftlessness, and luxurious extravagance he had detected certain qualities of true loyalty to those whom he loved, and a very tender sympathy for the many in the world worse off than himself. The major's conversion from a vagabond with gentlemanly instincts to a gentleman with strong Bohemian tendencies, Sanford felt, might have been easily accomplished had a little more money been placed at the Pocomokian's disposal. Given an endless check-book with unlimited overdrafts, and with settlements made every hundred years, the major would have been a prince among men.

The niece to whom the major referred in his letter lived on an adjoining estate with a relative much nearer of kin. Like many other possessions of this acclimated Marylander, she was really not his niece at all, but another heritage from his deceased wife. Her well-bred air and her lovely face and character had always made her a marked figure wherever she went. The major first saw her on horseback, in a neat-fitting riding-habit which she had made out of some blue army kersey bought at the country store. The poise of her head, the easy grace of her seat, and her admirable horsemanship decided the major at once. Henceforward her name was emblazoned on the scroll of his family tree.

It was not until Sanford had finished his other letters that he turned to that from Mrs. Leroy. He looked first at the circular postmark to see the exact hour at which it had been mailed; then rising from the big chair, he threw himself on the divan, tucked a pillow under his head, and slowly broke the seal. The envelope was large and square, decorated with the crest of the Leroys in violet wax, and addressed in a clear, round, almost masculine hand. It contained only half a dozen lines, beginning with "My dear Henry, — If you are going to the Ledge, please stop at Medford and see how my new dining-room is getting on. Be sure to come to luncheon to-morrow, so we can talk it over," etc., and ending with the hope that he had not taken cold when he left her house the night before.

When Mrs. Leroy's letter, which Sanford held for some time before him, had been placed at last in its envelope and thrust under the sofa-pillow, he picked up again that of the major, looking for the date of Helen Shirley's arrival.

"Jack Hardy will be glad," he said, as he threw the major's epistle on the table. Then glancing again at the date and initials of Mrs. Leroy's missive, he put the envelope, as well as the letter, in his pocket, and began pacing the room.

He was evidently restless. He threw wide the sashes of the French window which opened on the iron balcony, letting in the fresh morning air. He looked for a moment over the square below, the hard, pen-line drawing of its trees blurred by the yellow-green bloom of the early spring, rearranged a photograph or two on the mantel, and, picking up a vase filled with roses, inhaled their fragrance and placed them in the centre of the dainty breakfast-table, with its snowy linen and polished silver, that Sam had just been setting near him. Then reseating himself in his chair, he called again to the ever watchful darky, who had been following his movements through the crack of the pantry door. "Sam."

"Yaas, 'r," came a voice apparently from the far end of the pantry; "comin', sah."

"Look over the balcony again and see if Mr. Hardy is on his way across the square. It 's after ten now," he said, consulting the empire clock with broken columns which decorated the mantel.

"I 'spec's dat 's him a-comin' up now, sah. I yeared de downstairs do' click a

minute ago. Dar he is, sah," drawing aside the curtain that hid the entrance to the outer hall.

"Sorry, old man," came a voice increasing in distinctness as the speaker approached, "but I could n't help it. I had a lot of letters to answer this morning, or I should have been on time. Don't make any difference to you; it 's your day off."

"My day off, is it? I was out of bed this morning at six o'clock. Captain Joe stopped here on his way from the train; he has just left; and if you had stayed away a minute more, I 'd have breakfasted without you. And that is n't the worst of it. That Cape Ann sloop I told you of has arrived, and I go to Keyport to-night."

"The devil you do!" said Jack, a shade of disappointment crossing his face. "That means, I suppose, you won't be back this spring. How long are you going to be building that lighthouse, anyhow?"

"Two years more, I 'm afraid," said Sanford thoughtfully. "Breakfast right away, Sam. Take the seat by the window, Jack. I thought we 'd breakfast here instead of in the dining-room; the air 's fresher."

Jack opened his cutaway coat, took a rose from the vase, adjusted it in his buttonhole, and spread his napkin over his knees.

He was much the younger of the two men, and his lot in life had been far easier. Junior partner in a large banking-house down town, founded and still sustained by the energy and business tact of his father, he had not found it a difficult task to sail through life without a jar.

"What do you hear from Crab Island, Jack?" asked Sanford, a sly twinkle in his eye, as he passed him the muffins.

"They 've started the new club-house," said Jack, with absolute composure. "We are going to run out that extension you suggested when you were down there last winter." He clipped his egg lightly, without a change of countenance.

"Anything from Helen Shirley?"

"Just a line, thanking me for the magazines," Jack answered in a casual tone, not the faintest interest betraying itself in the inflections of his voice. Sanford thought he detected a slight increase of color on his young friend's always rosy cheeks.

"Did she say anything about coming to New York?" Sanford asked, looking at Jack quizzically out of the corner of his eye.

"Yes; now I come to think of it, I believe she did say something about the major's coming, but nothing very definite."

Jack spoke as if he had been aroused from some reverie entirely foreign to the subject under discussion. He continued to play with his egg, flecking off the broken bits of shell with the point of his spoon, but with all his pretended composure he could not raise his eyes to those of his host.

"What a first-class fraud you are, Jack!" said Sanford, laughing at last. He leaned back in his chair and looked at Hardy good-humoredly from under his eyebrows. "I would have read you Slocomb's letter, lying right before you, if I had n't been sure you knew every detail in it. Helen and the major will be here next week, and you have been told the very hour she 'll arrive, and have staked out every moment of her time. Now don't try any of your boy's games on me. What are you going to do next Tuesday night?"

Jack laughed, but made no attempt to parry a word of Sanford's thrust. He looked up at last inquiringly over his plate and said, "Why?"

"Because I want you to dine here with them. I 'll ask Mrs. Leroy to matronize Helen. Leroy is still abroad, and she can come. We 'll get Bock, too, with his 'cello. What ladies are in town?"

Jack's face was aglow in an instant.

The possibility of dining in Sanford's room, with its background of rich color and with all the pretty things about that Helen he knew would love so well, lent instant interest to Sanford's proposition. He looked about the room. He saw at a glance just where he would seat her after dinner: the divan nearest the curtains was the best. How happy she would be, and how new it would all be to her! He could have planned nothing more delightful for her. Then remembering that Sanford had asked him a question, he nonchalantly gave the names of several young women he knew who might be agreeable guests. After a moment's silence he suggested that Sanford leave these details to Mrs. Leroy. Jack knew her tact, and he knew to a nicety just how many young girls Mrs. Leroy would bring. The success of bachelor dinners, from Hardy's standpoint, was not due to half a dozen young women and two men; quite the reverse.

The date for the dinner arranged, and the wisdom of leaving the list of guests to Mrs. Leroy agreed upon, the talk drifted into other channels: the Whistler pastels at Klein's; the garden-party to be given at Mrs. Leroy's country-seat near Medford when the new dining-room was finished and the roses were in bloom; the opportunity Sanford might now enjoy of combining business with pleasure, Medford being a short run from Shark Ledge; the success of Smearly's last portrait at the Academy, a photograph of which lay on the table; the probable change in Slocomb's fortunes, now that, with the consent of the insurance company who held the mortgage, he had rented what was left of the Widow Talbot's estate to a strawberry planter from the North, in order to live in New York; and finally, under Jack's guidance, back to Helen Shirley's visit.

When the two men, an hour later, passed into the corridor, Sanford held two letters in his hand ready to mail: one addressed to Major Slocomb, with an inclosure to Miss Shirley, the other to Mrs. Morgan Leroy.

Sam watched them over the balcony until they crossed the square, cut a double shuffle with both feet, admired his black grinning face in the mirror, took a corncob pipe from the shelf in the pantry, filled it with some of Sanford's best tobacco, and began packing his master's bag for the night train to Keyport.

III.

CAPTAIN BOB HOLDS THE THROTTLE.

It was not yet five o'clock, though the sun had been up for an hour, when Sanford arrived at Keyport. He turned quickly toward the road leading from the station to Captain Joe's cottage, a spring and lightness in his step which indicated not only robust health, but an eagerness to reach at once the work absorbing his mind. When he gained the high ground overlooking the cottage and dock, he paused for a view that always charmed him with its play of light and color, and which seemed never so beautiful as in the early morning light.

Below him lay Keyport village, built about a rocky half-moon of a harbor, its old wharves piled high with rotting oil-barrels and flanked by empty warehouses. Behind these crouched low, gray-roofed houses, squatting in a tangle of streets, with here and there a slender white spire tipped with a restless weather-vane. Higher, on the hills, nestled some old houses with sloping roofs and wide porches, and away up on the crest of the heights, overlooking the sea, stood the more costly structures with well-shaved lawns.

The brimming harbor itself was dotted with motionless yachts and various fishing-craft, all reflected upside down in the still sea, its glassy surface rippled now and then by the dipping buckets of men washing down the decks, or by the

quick water-spider strokes of some lobster-fisherman pulling homeward with his catch, the click of the rowlocks pulsating in the breathless morning air.

On the near point of the half-moon stood Keyport Light, an old-fashioned factory chimney of a light, built of brick, but painted snow-white with a black cigar band around its middle, its top surmounted by a copper lantern. This flashed red and white at night, over a radius of twenty miles. Braced up against its base, for a better hold, was a little building hiding a great fog-horn, which on thick days and nights bellowed out its welcome to Keyport's best. On the far point of the moon — the one opposite the Light, and some two miles away — stretched sea-meadows broken with clumps of rock and shelter-houses for cattle. Between these two points, almost athwart the mouth of the harbor, like a huge motionless whale, its backbone knotted with summer cottages, lay Crotch Island. Beyond the island away out under the white glare of the risen sun could be seen a speck of purplish-gray fringed with bright splashes of spray glinting in the dazzling light. This was Shark's Ledge.

As Sanford looked toward the site of the new Light a strange sensation came over him. There lay the work on which his reputation would rest and by which he would hereafter be judged. Everything else he had so far accomplished was, he knew, but a preparation for this his greatest undertaking. Not only were the engineering problems involved new to his experience, but in his attitude in regard to them he had gone against all precedents as well as against the judgments of older heads, and had relied almost alone on Captain Joe's personal skill and pluck. The risk, then, was his own. While he never doubted his ultimate success, there always came a tugging at his heartstrings whenever he looked toward the site of the lighthouse, and a tightening of his throat which proved, almost unconsciously to himself, how well he understood the magnitude of the work before him.

Turning from the scene, he walked with slackened step down the slope that led to the long dock fronting the captain's cottage. As he drew nearer he saw that the Screamer had been moored between the captain's dock (always lumbered with paraphernalia required for sea-work) and the great granite-wharf, which was piled high with enormous cubes of stone, each as big as two pianos.

The sloop was just such a boat as Captain Joe had described, — a stanch, heavily built Eastern stone-sloop, with a stout mast and a heavy boom always used as a derrick. On her forward deck was bolted a hoisting-engine, and thrust up through the hatch of the forecastle was the smoke-stack of the boiler, already puffing trial feathers of white steam into the morning air. Captain Joe had evidently seen no reason to change his mind about her, for he was at the moment on her after-deck, overhauling a heavy coil of manilla rope, and reeving it in the block himself, the men standing by to catch the end of the line.

When Sanford joined the group there was no general touching of hats, — outward sign of deference that a group of laborers on land would have paid their employer. In a certain sense, each man was chief here. Each man knew his duty and did it, quietly, effectually, and cheerfully. The day's work had no limit of hours. The pay was never fixed by a board of delegates, one half of whom could not tell a marlinespike from a monkey-wrench. The men had enlisted for a war with winds and storms and changing seas, and victory meant something more to them than pay once a month and plum duff once a week. It meant hours of battling with the sea, of tugging at the lines, waist-deep in the boiling surf that rolled in from Montauk. It meant constant, unceasing vigilance day and night, in order that some exposed site

necessary for a bedstone might be captured and held before a southeaster could wreck it, and thus a vantage-point be lost in the laying of the masonry.

Each man took his share of wet and cold and exposure without grumbling. When a cowardly and selfish spirit joined the force, Captain Joe, on his first word of complaint, handed him his money and put him ashore. It was only against those common enemies, the winds and the seas, that murmurs were heard. "Drat that wind!" one would say. "Here she 's a-haulin' to the east'rd agin, an' we ain't got them j'ints [in the masonry] p'inted." Or, "It makes a man sick to see th' way this month 's been a-goin' on, — not a decent day since las' Tuesday."

Sanford liked these men. He was always at home with them. He loved their courage, their grit, their loyalty to one another and to the work itself. The absence of ceremony among them never offended him. His cheery "Good-morning" as he stepped aboard was as cheerily answered.

Captain Joe stopped work long enough to shake Sanford's hand and to present him to the newcomer, Captain Bob Brandt of the Screamer.

"Cap'n Bob!" he called, waving his hand.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the ready response of his early training.

"Come aft, sir. Mr. Sanford wants ye." The "sir" was merely a recognition of the captain's rank.

A tall, straight, blue-eyed young fellow of twenty-two, with a face like an open book, walked down the deck toward where Sanford stood, — one of those perfectly simple, absolutely fearless, alert men found so often on the New England coast, with legs and arms of steel, body of hickory, and hands of whalebone: cabin-boy at twelve, common sailor at sixteen, first mate at twenty, and full captain the year he voted.

Sanford looked him all over, from his shoes to his cap. He knew a round man when he saw him. This one seemed to be without a flaw. He saw too that he possessed that yeast of good nature without which the best of men are heavy and dull.

"Can you lift these blocks, Captain Brandt?" he asked in a hearty tone, more like that of a comrade than an employer, his hand extended in greeting.

"Well, I can try, sir," came the modest reply, the young man's face lighting up as he looked into Sanford's eyes, where he read with equal quickness a ready appreciation, so encouraging to every man who intends to do his best.

Captain Brandt and every member of the gang knew that it was not the mere weight of these enrockment blocks which made the handling of them so serious a matter; twelve tons is a light lift for many boat-derricks. It was the fact that they must be loaded aboard a vessel not only small enough to be easily handled in any reasonable weather, but with a water-draught shoal enough to permit her lying safely in a running tide alongside the Ledge while the individual stones were being lowered over her side.

The hangers-on about the dock questioned whether any sloop could do this work.

"Billy," said old Marrows, an assumed authority on stone-sloops, but not in Sanford's employ, although a constant applicant, "I ain't sayin' nothin' agin her beam, mind, but she 's too peaked forrud. 'Nother thing, when she 's got them stones slung, them chain-plates won't hold 'er shrouds. I would n't be s'prised to see that mast jerked clean out'er her."

Bill Lacey, the handsome young rigger, leaned over the sloop's rail, scanned every bolt in her plates, glanced up at the standing rigging, tried it with his hand as if it were a tight-rope, and with a satisfied air remarked: "Them plates is all right, Marrows, — it 's her b'iler that 's a-worryin' me. What do you say,

Caleb?" turning to Caleb West, a broad-shouldered, grizzled man in a sou'wester, who was mending a leak in a diving-dress, the odor of the burning cement mingling with the savory smell of frying ham coming up from the galley.

"Wall, I ain't said, Billy," replied Caleb in a cheery voice, stroking his bushy gray beard. "Them as don't know better keep shet."

There was a loud laugh at the young rigger's expense, in which everybody except Lacey and Caleb joined. Lacey's face hardened under the thrust, while Caleb still smiled, a quaint expression overspreading his features, — one that often came when something pleased him, and which by its sweetness showed how little venom lay behind his reproofs.

"These 'ere sloops is jes' like women," said George Nickles, the cook, a big, oily man, with his sleeves rolled up above his elbows, a greasy apron about his waist. He was dipping a bucket overboard. "Ye can't tell nothin' about 'em till ye tries 'em."

The application of the simile not being immediately apparent, nobody answered. Lacey stole a look at Nickles and then at Caleb, to see if the shot had been meant for him, and meeting the diver's unconscious clear blue eyes, looked seaward again.

Lonny Bowles, a big derrickman from Noank quarries, in a red shirt, discolored on the back with a pink Y where his suspenders had crossed, moved nearer and joined in the discussion.

"She kin h'ist any two on 'em," he said, "an' never wet 'er deck combin's. I seen them Cape Ann sloops afore, when we wuz buildin' Stonin'ton breakwater. Yer would n't believe they had it in 'em till ye see 'em work. Her b'iler 's all right."

"Don't you like the sloop, Caleb?" said Sanford, who had been listening, moving a rebellious leg of the rubber dress to sit the closer. "Don't you think she 'll do her work?"

"Well, sir, of course I ain't knowed 'er long 'nough to swear by yit. She 's fittin' for loadin' 'em on land, may be, but she may have some trouble gittin' rid of 'em at the Ledge. Her b'iler looks kind o' weak to me," said the master diver, stirring the boiling cement with his sheath-knife, the rubber suit sprawled out over his knees, the awkward, stiff, empty legs and arms of the dress flopping about as he patched its many leaks. "But if Cap'n Joe says she 's all right, ye can pin to her."

Sanford moved a little closer to Caleb, one of his stanchest friends among the men, holding the pan of cement for him, and watching him at work. He had known him for years as a fearless diver of marvelous pluck and endurance; one capable of working seven consecutive hours under water. He had done this only the year before, just after entering Sanford's employ, — when an English bark ran on top of Big Spindle Reef and backed off into one hundred and ten feet of water. The captain and six of the crew were saved, but the captain's wife, helpless in the cabin, was drowned. Caleb went below, cleared away the broken deck that pinned her down, and brought her body up in his arms. His helmet was spattered inside with the blood that trickled from his ears, owing to the enormous pressure of the sea.

The constant facing of dangers like these had made of the diver a quiet, reticent man. There was, too, a gentleness and quaint patience about him that always appealed to Sanford. Of late his pale blue eyes seemed to shine with a softer light, as if he were perpetually hugging some happiness to himself. Since he had joined Sanford's working force he had married a second and a younger wife, — a mere child, the men said, — young enough to be his daughter, too young for a man of forty-five. But those who knew him best said that all this happy gentleness had come with the girl wife.

His cabin, a small, two-story affair, bought with the money he had saved during his fifteen years on the Lightship and after his first wife's death, lay a short distance up the shore above that of Captain Joe, and in plain sight of where they both sat. Just before Sanford had taken his seat beside the diver, he had seen him wave his hand gayly in answer to a blue apron tossing on its distant porch. Bill Lacey had seen the apron too, and had answered it a moment later with a little wave of his own. Caleb did not notice Billy's signal, but Captain Joe did, and a peculiar look filled his eye that the men did not often see. In his confusion Lacey flushed scarlet, and upset the pan of cement.

When the men turned to wash their hands for breakfast, Sanford slipped his clothes and plunged overboard, one of the crew holding the sail flat to shield him from the shore. His frequent dips always amused Captain Joe, who was so often overboard without his consent and in his clothes, that he could never understand why any other man should take to the element from choice, even if he left his garments on board ship.

Captain Joe soused a bucket overboard, rested it on the rail and plunged in his hands, the splashing drops glistening in the sunlight.

"Come, Mr. Sanford, — breakfast 's ready, men," he called. Then, waving his hand to Caleb and the others, he said laughing, "All you men what 's gittin' skeery 'bout the Screamer kin step ashore. I 'm a-goin' to load three o' them stone aboard the sloop after breakfast, if I roll her over bottom side up."

Sanford sat at the head of the table, his back to the companionway, the crew's bunks within reach of his hand. He was the only man who wore a coat. Before him were fried eggs sizzling in squares of pork; hashed potatoes, browned in what was left of the sizzle; saleratus biscuit, full of dark spots; and coffee in tin cups. There was also a small jug of molasses, protected by a pewter top, and a bottle of tomato catsup, its contents repeatedly spattered over every plate.

Long years of association had familiarized Sanford with certain rules of etiquette to be always observed at a meal like this. Whoever finished first he knew must push back his stool out of the way and instantly mount to the deck. In confined quarters, elbow-room is a luxury, and its free gift a courtesy. He also knew that to leave anything on his plate would have been regarded as an evidence of extreme bad manners, suggesting beside a reflection upon the skill of the cook. It was also a part of the code to wipe one's knife carefully on the last piece of bread, which was to be swallowed immediately, thus obliterating all traces of the repast, except, of course, the bones, which must be picked clean and piled on one side of the plate. Captain Joe never neglected these little amenities.

Sanford forgot none of them. He drank from his tin cup, and ate his eggs and fried ham apparently with the same zest that he would have felt before one of Sam's choicest breakfasts. He found something wonderfully inspiring in watching a group of big, strong, broad-breasted, horny-handed laboring men intent on satisfying a hunger born of fresh air and hard labor. There was an eagerness about their movements, a relish as each mouthful disappeared, attended by a good humor and sound digestion that would have given a sallow-faced dyspeptic a new view of life, and gone far toward converting a dilettante to the belief that although forks and napkins were perhaps indispensable luxuries, existence would not be wholly desolate with plain fingers and shirt-cuffs.

Captain Joe was the first man on deck. He had left his pea-jacket in the cabin, and now wore his every-day outfit — the blue flannel shirt, long since stretched out of shape in its efforts to accommodate itself to the spread of his shoulders, and a pair of trousers in

which each corrugated wrinkle outlined a knotted muscle twisted up and down his sturdy rudder-posts of legs.

"Come, men!" he called in a commanding voice, with none of the gentler tones heard at the breakfast-table. "Pull yourselves together. Bill Lacey, lower away that hook and git them chains ready. Fire up, Cap'n Brandt, and give 't every pound o' steam she 'll carry. Here, one or two of ye, run this 'ere line ashore and make her bow fast. Drop that divin'-suit, Caleb; this ain't no time to patch things."

These orders were volleyed at the men one after another, as he stepped from the sloop to the wharf, each man springing to his place. Sanford, standing by him, gave suggestions in lowered tones, while the sloop was made ready for the trial.

Captain Joe moved down the dock and adjusted with his own hands the steel "Lewis" that was to be driven into the big trial stone. Important details like this he never left to others. If this Lewis should slip, with the stone suspended over the sloop's deck, the huge block would crush through her timbers, sinking her instantly.

The sloop was lying alongside the wharf, with beam and stern lines made fast to the outlying water-spiles to steady her. When the tackle was shaken clear, the boom was lowered at the proper angle; the heavy chain terminating in an enormous S-hook, which hung immediately over the centre of one of the big enrockment blocks.

The Screamer's captain held the throttle, watching the steadily rising steam-gauge.

"Give 'er a turn and take up the slack!" shouted Captain Joe.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the quick answer of the skipper, as the cogs of the hoisting-engine began to move, winding all the loose slackened "fall" around the drum, until it straightened out like a telegraph wire.

"What 's she carryin' now, Cap'n Bob?" again shouted Captain Joe.

"Seventy-six pounds, sir."

"Give 'er time — don't push 'er."

A crowd began to gather on the dock: fishermen and workmen on their way to the village, idlers along the shore road, and others. They all understood that the trial of the sloop was to be made this morning, and great interest was felt. The huge stones had rested all winter on this wharf, and the loungers around every tavern stove in Keyport had discussed and rediscussed their size, until each one outweighed the Pyramids. Loading such pieces on board a vessel like the Screamer had never been done in Keyport before.

Old Marrows's whispered misgivings, as he made fast a line far up on the wharf, were soon shared by others. Some of the onlookers moved back across the road, yielding to the vague fear of the inexperienced. Bets were offered that "her mast would be tore clean out of her;" or that "she 'd put her starboard rail under water afore she 'd start 'em;" and that "she 'd sink where she lay."

The needle of the gauge on the sloop's boiler revolved slowly until it registered ninety pounds. Little puffs of blue vaporless steam hissed from the safety-valve. The boiler was getting ready to do its duty.

Captain Joe looked aloft, ordered the boom topped a few inches, so that the lift would be plumb, sprang upon the sloop's deck, scrutinized the steam-gauge, saw that the rope was evenly wound on the drum, emptied an oil-can into the sunken wooden saddle in which the butt of the boom rested, followed with his eye every foot of the manilla fall from the drum through the double blocks to the chain hanging over the big stone, called to the people on the dock to get out of harm's way, and saw that every man was in his place; then rang out the order, clear and sharp, —

"Go ahead!"

The cogs of the drum of the hoisting-engine spun around until the great weight began to tell; then the strokes of the steam-pistons slowed down. The outboard mooring-lines were now tight as standing rigging. The butt of the boom in the sunken saddle was creaking as it turned, a pungent odor from the friction-heated oil filling the air. The strain increased, and the sloop careened toward the wharf until her bilge struck the water, drawing taut as bars of steel her outboard shrouds. Ominous clicks came from the new manilla as its twists were straightened out.

Captain Bob Brandt still stood by the throttle, one of his crew firing, sometimes with cotton waste soaked in kerosene. He was watching every part of his sloop then under strain to see how she stood the test.

The slow movement of the pistons continued. The strain became intense. A dead silence prevailed, broken only by the clicking fall and the creak of the roller blocks. Twice the safety-valve blew a hoarse note of warning.

Slowly, inch by inch, the sloop settled in the water, — stopped suddenly, — quivered her entire length, — gathered herself together, like a strong man getting well under his load; the huge stone canted a point, slid the width of a dock plank, and with a hoarse, scraping sound swung clear of the wharf.

A cheer went up from the motley crowd on the dock. Not a word escaped the men at work. Not a man moved from his place. The worst was yet to come. The swinging stone must yet be lowered on deck.

"Tighten up that guy," said Captain Joe quietly, between his teeth, never taking his eyes from the stone; his hand meanwhile on the fall, to test its strain.

Bill Lacey and Caleb ran to the end of the dock, whipped one end of a line around a mooring-post, and with their knees bent to the ground held on with all their strength. The other end of the guy was fastened to the steel S-hook that held the Lewis in the stone.

"Easy — ea-s-y!" said Captain Joe, a momentary shadow of anxiety on his face. The guy held by Caleb and Lacey gradually slackened. The great stone, now free to swing clear, moved slowly in mid-air over the edge of the wharf, passed above the water, cleared the rail of the sloop, and settled on her deck as gently as a grounding balloon.

The cheer that broke from all hands brought the fishwives to their porches.

IV.

AMONG THE BLACKFISH AND TOMCODS.

Hardly had the men ceased cheering when the boom was swung back, another huge stone was lifted from the wharf, and loaded aboard the sloop. A third followed, was lowered upon rollers on the deck and warped amidships, to trim the boat. The mooring-lines were cast off, and the sloop's sail partly hoisted for better steering, and a nervous, sputtering little tug tightened a tow-line over the Screamer's bow.

The flotilla now moved slowly out of the harbor toward the Ledge. Captain Brandt stood at the wheel. His face was radiant. His boat had met the test, just as he knew she would. Boat and captain had stood by each other many a time before; that night at Rockport was one, when they lay bow on to a gale, within a cable's length of the breakwater. This saw-toothed Ledge could not scare him.

Yet not a word of boasting passed his lips. Whatever the risk to come might be, while she lay to these new floating buoys of Captain Joe's, he meant to put the stones where the captain wanted them, if the sloop's bones were laid beside them. Captain Joe, he well knew, never sent another man's vessel where he would not have sent his own. So Cap-

tain Brandt spun his wheel and held his peace.

Close association with Captain Joe always inspired this confidence; not only among his own men, but in all the others who sprang to his orders. His personal magnetism, his enthusiasm, his seemingly reckless fearlessness, and yet extreme caution and watchful care for the safety of his men, had created among them a blind confidence in his judgment that always resulted in immediate and unquestioned obedience to his orders, no matter what the risk might seem.

When the open harbor was reached, the men overhauled the boom-tackle, getting ready for the real work of the day. Bill Lacey and Caleb West lifted the air-pump from its case, and oiled the plunger. Caleb was to dive that day himself, and find a bed for these first three stones as they were lowered under water. Work like this required an experienced hand. Lacey was to tend the life-line.

As the tug and sloop passed into the broad water, Medford Village could be seen toward the southeast. Sanford adjusted his marine-glass, and focused its lens on Mrs. Leroy's country-house. It lay near the water, and was surmounted by a cupola he had often used as a look-out when he had been Mrs. Leroy's guest, and the weather had been too rough for him to land at the Ledge. He saw that the bricklayers were really at work, and that the dining-room extension was already well under way, the scaffolding being above the roof. He meant, if the weather permitted, to stop there on his way home.

Soon the Ledge itself loomed up, with its small platforms, and what was left of last year's shanty. The concrete men were evidently busy, for the white steam from the mixers rose straight into the still air.

An hour more and the windows on the lee side of the shanty could be distinguished, and a little later, the men on the platform as they gathered to await the approaching flotilla. When they caught sight of the big blocks stored on the Screamer's deck, they broke into a cheer that was followed by a shrill saluting whistle from the big hoisting-engine on the Ledge. This was answered as cheerily by the approaching tug. Work on the Ledge could now begin in earnest.

If Crotch Island was like the back of a motionless whale, Shark's Ledge was like that of a turtle, — a turtle say one hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred wide, lying still in a moving sea, and always fringed by a ruffling of surf curls, or swept by great waves that rolled in from Montauk. No landing could ever be made here except in the eddy formed by the turtle itself, and then only in the stillest weather.

The shell of this rock-incrusted turtle had been formed by dumping on the original Ledge, and completely covering it, thousands of tons of rough stone, each piece as big as a bureau. Upon this stony shell, which rose above high-water mark, a wooden platform had been erected for the proper storage of stone, sand, barrels of cement, hoisting-engines, concrete mixers, tools, and a shanty for the men. It was down by the turtle's side — down below the slop of the surf — that the big enrockment blocks were to be placed, one on the other, their sides touching close as those on a street pavement. The lowest stone of all was to be laid on the bottom of the sea in thirty feet of water; the top one was to be placed where its upper edges would be thrust above the sea. In this way the loose rough stones of the turtle's shell would have a cover, and the finished structure be protected from the crush of floating ice and the fury of winter gales.

By a change of plan the year before, a deep hole nearly sixty feet in diameter had been made in the back of this turtle. This hole was now being filled with concrete up to low-water level and

retained in form by circular iron bands. On top of this enormous artificial bed-stone was to be placed the tower of the lighthouse itself, of dressed stone, many of the single pieces to be larger than those now on the Screamer's deck. The four great derrick-masts with "twenty-inch butts" which had been ordered by telegraph the day before in Sanford's office — the telegram Sam took — were to be used to place these dressed stones in position.

The nearest land to the Ledge was Crotch Island, two miles away. To the east stretched the wide sea, hungry for fresh victims, and losing no chance to worst the men on the Ledge. For two years it had fought the captain and his men without avail. The Old Man of the Sea hates the warning voice of the fog-horn and the cheery light in the tall tower — they rob him of his prey.

The tug continued on her course for half a mile, steered closer, the sloop following, and gained the eddy of the Ledge out of the racing tide. Four men from the platform now sprang into a whaleboat and pulled out to meet the sloop, carrying one end of a heavy hawser which was being paid out by the men on the Ledge. The hawser was made fast to the sloop's cleats and hauled tight. The tug was cast loose and sent back to Keyport. Outboard hawsers were run by the crew of the whaleboat to the floating anchor-buoys, to keep the sloop off the stone-pile when the enrockment blocks were swung clear of her sides.

Caleb and Lacey began at once to overhaul the diving-gear. The air-pump was set close to the sloop's rail; a short ladder was lashed to her side, to enable the diver to reach the water easily. The air-hose and life-lines were then uncoiled. Caleb threw off his coat and trousers, that he might move the more freely in his diving-dress, and with Lonny Bowles's assistance wormed himself into his rubber suit, — body, arms, and legs being made of one piece of air and water tight rubber cloth.

By the time the sloop had been moored, and the boom-tackle made ready to lift the stone, Caleb stood on the ladder completely equipped, except for his copper helmet, which Captain Joe always adjusted himself. On his breast and between his shoulders hung two lead plates weighing twenty-five pounds each, and on his feet were two iron-shod shoes of equal weight. These were needed as ballast, to overbalance the buoyancy of his inflated dress, and enable him to sink or rise at his pleasure. Firmly tied to his wrist was a stout cord, — his life-line, — and attached to the back of the copper helmet was a long rubber hose, through which a constant stream of fresh air was pumped inside his helmet and dress.

In addition to these necessary appointments there was hung over one shoulder a canvas haversack, containing a small cord, a chisel, a water-compass, and a sheath-knife. The sheath-knife is the last desperate hope of the diver when his air-hose becomes tangled or clogged, his signals are misunderstood, and he must either cut his hose in the effort to free himself and reach the surface, or suffocate where he is.

Captain Joe adjusted the copper helmet, and stood with Caleb's glass face-plate in his hand, thus leaving his helmet open for a final order, before he lowered him overboard. The cogs of the Screamer's drum began turning, followed by the same creaking and snapping of manilla and straining of boom that had been heard when she was loaded.

Between the sea and the sloop a fight was now raging. The current which swept by within ten feet of her bilge curled and eddied about the buoy-floats, tugging at their chains, while wave after wave tried to reach her bow, only to fall back beaten and snapping like hungry wolves.

The Cape Ann sloop had fought these

fights before. All along her timber rail were the scars of similar battles. If she could keep her bow-cheeks from the teeth of these murderous rocks, she could laugh all day at their open jaws.

When the hoisting-engine was started and the steam began to hiss through the safety-valve, the bow-lines of the sloop straightened like strands of steel. Then there came a slight, staggering movement as she adjusted herself to the shifting weight. Without a sound, the stone rose from the deck, cleared the rail, and hung over the sea. Another cheer went up — this time from both the men on board the sloop and those on the Ledge. Captain Brandt smiled, with closed lips. Life was easy for him now.

"Lower away," said Captain Joe in the same tone he would have used in asking for the butter, as he turned to screw on Caleb's face-plate, shutting out the fresh air, and giving the diver only pumped air to breathe. Screwing on the glass face-plate is the last thing done before a diver goes under water.

The stone sank slowly into the sea, the dust and dirt of its long storage discoloring the clear water.

"Hold her," continued Captain Joe, his hand still on Caleb's face-plate, as he stood erect on the ladder. "Stand by, Billy. Go on with that pump, men, — give him plenty of air."

Two men began turning the handles of the pump. Caleb's dress filled out like a balloon; Lacey took his place near the small ladder, the other end of Caleb's life-line having been made fast to his wrist, and the diver sank slowly out of sight, his hammer in his hand, the air bubbles from his exhaust-valve marking his downward course.

As Caleb sank, he hugged his arms close to his body, pressed his knees together, forcing the surplus air from his dress, and dropped rapidly toward the bottom. The thick lead soles of his shoes kept his feet down and his head up, and the breast-plates steadied him.

At the depth of twenty feet he touched the tops of the sea-kelp growing on the rocks below, — he could feel the long tongues of leaves scraping his legs. Then, as he sank deeper, his shoes struck an outlying boulder. Caleb floated around this, measured it with his arms, and settled to the gravel. He was now between the outlying boulder and the Ledge. Here he raised himself erect on his feet and looked about: the gravel beneath him was white and spangled with star-fish; little crabs lay motionless, or scuttled away at his crunching tread; the sides of the isolated boulder were smooth and clean, the top being covered with waving kelp. In the dim, greenish light this boulder looked like a weird head, — a kind of submarine Medusa, with her hair streaming upward. The jagged rock-pile next it resembled a hill of purple and brown corn swaying in the ceaseless current.

Caleb thrust his hand into his haversack, grasped his long knife, slashed at the kelp of the rock-pile to see the bottom stones the clearer, and sent a quick signal of "All right — lower away!" through the life-line, to Lacey, who stood on the sloop's deck above him.

Almost instantly a huge green shadow edged with a brilliant iridescent light fell about him, growing larger and larger in its descent. Caleb peered upward through his face-plate, followed the course of the stone, and jerked a second signal to Lacey's wrist. This signal was repeated in words by Lacey to Captain Brandt, who held the throttle, and the shadowy stone was stopped within three feet of the gravel bottom. Here it swayed slowly, half turned, and touched on the boulder.

Caleb watched the stone carefully until it was perfectly still, crept along, swimming with one hand, and measured carefully with his eye the distance between the boulder and the Ledge. Then he sent a quick signal of "Lower — all gone," up to Lacey's wrist. The great

stone dropped a chain's link; slid halfway the boulder, scraping the kelp in its course; careened, and hung over the gravel with one end tilted on a point of the rocky ledge. As it hung suspended, one end buried itself in the gravel near the boulder, while the other end lay aslant up the slope of the rock-covered ledge.

Caleb again swam carefully around the stone, opened his arms, and inflating his dress rose five or six feet through the green water, floated over the huge stone, and grasping with his bare hand the lowering chain by which the stone hung, tested its strain. The chain was as rigid as a bar of steel. This showed that the stone was not fully grounded, and therefore dangerous, being likely to slide off at any moment. The diver now sent a telegram of short and long jerks aloft, asking for a crowbar; hooked his legs around the lowering chain and pressed his copper helmet to the chain links to listen to Captain Joe's answer. A series of dull thuds, long and short, struck by a hammer above — a means of communication often possible when the depth of water is not great — told him that the crowbar he had asked for would be sent down at once. While he waited motionless, a blackfish pressed his nose to the glass of his face-plate, and scurried off to tell his fellows living in the kelp how strange a thing he had seen that day.

A quick jerk from Lacey, and the point of the crowbar dangled over Caleb's head. In an instant, to prevent his losing it in the kelp, he had lashed another and smaller cord about its middle, and with the bar firmly in his hand laid himself flat on the stone. The diver now examined carefully the points of contact between the boulder and the hanging stone, inserted one end of the bar under its edge, sent a warning signal above, braced both feet against the lowering chain, threw his whole strength on the bar, and gave a sharp, quick pull. The next instant the chain tightened; the bar, released from the strain, bounded from his hand; there was a headlong surge of the huge shadowy mass through the waving kelp, and the great block slipped into its place, stirring up the bottom silt in a great cloud of water-dust.

The first stone of the system of enrockment had been bedded!

Caleb clung with both hands to the lowering chain, waited until the water cleared, knocked out the Lewis pin that held the S-hook, thus freeing the chain, and signaled "All clear — hoist." Then he hauled the crowbar towards him by the cord, signaled for the next stone, moved away from the reach of falling bodies, and sat down on a bed of sea-kelp as comfortably as if it had been a sofa-cushion.

These breathing spells rest the lungs of a diver and lighten his work. Being at rest he can manage his dress the better, inflating it so that he is able to get his air with greater ease and regularity. The relief is sometimes so soothing that in long waits the droning of the air-valve will lull the diver into a sleep, from which he is suddenly awakened by a quick jerk on his wrist. Many divers, while waiting for the movements of those above, play with the fish, watch the crabs, or rake over the gravel in search of the thousand and one things that are lost overboard and that everybody hopes to find on the bottom of the sea.

Caleb did none of these things. He was too expert a diver to allow himself to go to sleep, and he had too much to think about. He sat quietly awaiting his call, his thoughts on the day of the week and how long it would be before Saturday night came again, and whether, when he left that morning, he had arranged everything for the little wife, so that she would be comfortable until his return. Once a lobster, thinking them some tidbit previously unknown, moved slowly up and nipped his red fingers with its claw. The dress terminates at the wrist with a waterproof and air-tight band, leaving the hands bare. At an-

other time two tomcods came sailing past, side by side, flapped their tails on his helmet, and scampered off. But Caleb, sitting comfortably on his sofa-cushion of seaweed thirty feet under water, paid little heed to outside things.

In the world above, a world of fleecy clouds and shimmering sea, some changes had taken place since Caleb sank out of the sunlight. Hardly had the second stone been made ready to be swung overboard and lowered to Caleb, when there came a sudden uplifting of the sea. One of those tramp waves preceding a heavy storm had strayed in from Montauk and was making straight for the Ledge.

Captain Joe sprang on the sloop's rail and looked seaward, and a shade of disappointment crossed his face.

"Stand by on that outboard guy!" he shouted in a voice that was heard all over the Ledge.

The heavy outboard hawser holding the sloop whipped out of the sea with the sudden strain, thrashed the spray from its twists, and quivered like a fiddle-string. The sloop staggered for an instant; plunged bow under, careened to her rail, and righted herself within oar's touch of the Ledge. Three feet from her bilge streak crouched a grinning rock with its teeth set!

Captain Joe smiled and looked at Captain Brandt.

"Ain't nothin' when ye git used to 't, Cap'n Bob. I ain't a-goin' ter scratch 'er paint. The jig 's up now till the tide turns. Got to bank yer fires. Them other two stone 'll have to wait."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the skipper, throwing the furnace door wide open. Then he walked down the deck and said to Captain Joe in a tone as if he were only asking for information, but without a shade of nervous anxiety, "If that 'ere hawser 'd parted, Cap'n Joe, when she give that plunge, it would 'a' been all up with us, — eh?"

"Yes, — 'spec' so," answered the captain, his mind, now that the danger had passed, neither on the question nor on the answer. Then suddenly awakening with a look of intense interest, "That line was a new one, Cap'n Bob. I picked it out a-purpose; them kind don't part."

Sanford, who had been standing by the tiller, anxiously watching the conflict, walked forward and grasped the skipper's hand.

"I want to congratulate you," he said, "on your sloop and on your pluck. It is not every man can lie around this stone-pile for the first time and keep his head."

Captain Brandt flushed like a bashful girl, and turned away his face. "Well, sir — ye see" — He never finished the sentence. The compliment had upset him more than the escape of the sloop.

All was bustle now on board the Screamer. The boom was swung in aboard, lowered, and laid on the deck. Caleb had been hauled up to the surface, his helmet unscrewed, and his shoes and breast-plate taken off. He still wore his dress, so that he could be ready for the other two stones when the tide turned. Meanwhile he walked about the deck looking like a great bear on his hind legs, his bushy beard puffed out over his copper collar.

During the interval of the change of tide dinner was announced, and the Screamer's crew went below to more sizzle and dough-balls, and this time a piece of corned beef, while Sanford, Captain Joe, Caleb, and Lacey sprang into the sloop's yawl and sculled for the shanty, keeping close to the hawser still holding the sloop.

The unexpected made half the battle at the Ledge. It was not unusual to see a southeast roll, three days old, cut down in an hour to the smoothness of a mill-pond by a northwest gale, and before night to find this same dead calm followed by a semi-cyclone. Only an expert could checkmate the consequences

of weather manœuvres like these. Before Captain Joe had filled each man's plate with his fair porportion of cabbage and pork, a whiff of wind puffed in the bit of calico that served as a curtain for the shanty's pantry window, — the one facing east. Captain Joe sprang from his seat, and, bareheaded as he was, mounted the concrete platforms and looked seaward. Off towards Block Island he saw a little wrinkling line of silver flashing out of the deepening haze, while toward Crotch Island scattered flurries of wind furred the glittering surface of the sea with dull splotches, — as when one breathes upon a mirror. The captain turned quickly, entered the shanty, and examined the barometer. It had fallen two points.

"Finish yer dinner, men," he said quietly. "That 's the las' stone to-day, Mr. Sanford. It 's beginnin' ter git lumpy. It 'll blow a livin' gale o' wind by sundown."

A second and stronger puff now swayed the men's oilskins, hanging against the east door. This time the air was colder and more moist. The sky overhead had thickened. In the southeast lay two sundog clouds, their backs shimmering like opals, while about the feverish eye of the sun gathered a reddish circle like an inflammation.

Sanford was on the platform, reading the signs of the coming gale. It was important that he should reach Keyport by night, and he had no time to spare. As the men came out one after another, each of them glanced toward the horizon, and quickening his movements fell to work putting the place in order. The loose barrow planks were quickly racked up on the shanty's roof, out of the wash of the surf; an extra safety-guy was made fast to the platform holding the hoisting-engine, and a great tarpaulin drawn over the cement and lashed fast. Captain Joe busied himself meanwhile in examining the turnbuckles of the iron holding-down rods, which bound the shanty to the Ledge, and giving them another tightening twist. He ordered the heavy wooden shutters for the east side of the shanty to be put up, and saw that the stovepipe that stuck through the roof was taken down and stored inside.

The Screamer tugged harder at her hawser, her bow surging as the ever-increasing swell raced past her. Orders to man the yawl were given and promptly obeyed. Captain Joe was the last to step into the boat.

"Keep everything snug, Caleb, while I 'm gone," he shouted. "It looks soapy, but it may be out to the nor'ard an' clear by daylight. Sit astern, Mr. Sanford. Pull away, men, we ain't got a minute."

When the Screamer, with two unset stones still on her deck, bore away from the Ledge with Sanford, Captain Joe, and Lacey on board, the spray was flying over the shanty roof.

Caleb stood on the platform waving his hand. He was still in his diving-dress.

"Tell Betty I 'll be home for Sunday," the men heard him call out, as they flew by under close reef.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREVER AND A DAY.

A SONG.

I.

I LITTLE know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May —
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

II.

It 's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she come again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

A FULL account of the extraordinary advances made in Africa during the last twenty-five years would require volumes, and in a single magazine article I can give but a résumé of the progress which has taken place in the equatorial portion of the continent. I begin with 1872, for in July of that year I returned to England with the six years' journals and latest news of Dr. Livingstone.

If the reader will take the trouble to lay a sheet of tracing-paper on the now crowded map of Africa, mark out a track from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganika, and from about the centre of that line another running north to the Victoria Nyanza, then draw a curving line of march through the intra-lake region to the outlet of the lake on the north side and add the eastern coast of Lake Albert, he will

realize far better than from any verbal description how little of Equatorial Africa was known at that time. He will see that nine tenths of inner Africa remained unexplored. The tracks drawn will illustrate what Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker had accomplished in seven years, 1857–64.

In September, 1872, I was requested to meet the British Association at Brighton, to tell its geographical section what new discoveries Livingstone had made during his six years' absence between Lakes Nyassa, Mweru, and Tanganika, and along the Lualaba River. At that meeting one geographer insisted that, since domestic swine were unknown in Africa, the "Old Traveler" must have lost his wits when he declared that he had found natives who kept tame pigs. The president observed that it was his duty to "veto" stories of that kind, because a geographical society discussed facts, not fictions. Sir Henry Rawlinson was inclined to believe that the great river discovered by Livingstone, if not the Congo, emptied into some vast marsh or swamp. The kindly way in which Livingstone had referred to the amiable Manyuemas was suspected by some of those present to be an attempt on his part to create a favorable impression of the people, from among whom, it was said by Captain Burton, he had taken a princess for a wife. When the audience filed out from the hall, I was mobbed by persons who were curious to know if Zanzibar was an island!

But the way in which Americans received the news of Livingstone's achievements was the most amusing of all. They did not resort to personal detraction of Livingstone, but turned their powers of raillery upon me. Every humorous expression in the Old Traveler's letters to the New York Herald was taken to be a proof that I must have concocted the fables about "winsome Manyuema girls," and so on. One journalist went so far as to assert that he had reason to know I had never left New York city, and that I was a married man with a large family, who occasionally relieved my imagination by attempts to rival Defoe. Mark Twain dealt me the worst stroke of all. He wrote in the Hartford Courant, with the most perfect assurance, that when I found Livingstone, I was urged by him to relate first what great national events had happened during the long years in which he had been wandering, and that after describing how the Suez Canal had been opened, reporting the completion of the American transcontinental railway, the election of General Grant to the presidency, and the Franco-German war, I began to tell how Horace Greeley had become a candidate for the presidential honor, whereupon Livingstone exclaimed suddenly, "Hold on, Mr. Stanley! I must say I was inclined to believe you at first, but when you take advantage of my guilelessness and tell me that Horace Greeley has been accepted as a candidate by the American people, I 'll be —— if I can believe anything you say now." The English papers reprinted this solemn squib, and asked "if Mr. Stanley could be surprised that people expressed doubt of his finding Livingstone when he attributed such profanity to a man so noted for his piety"!

All this seems to me to have occurred ages ago. It will be incredible to many in this day that my simple story was received with such general unbelief. But such was the obscurity hanging over the centre of Africa in 1872 that, befogged by stay-at-home geographers, the public did not know whom to believe. Nine tenths of Equatorial Africa, as we have seen, were unknown, and the tenth that was known had required fifteen years for Burton, Speke, Baker, and Livingstone to explore. At such a rate of progress it would have taken 135 years to reveal inner Africa. Several things had conspired to keep Africa dark. In the first place, the public appeared to con-

sider that the exploration of continents and oceans should be reserved for governments or for wealthy societies. Then geographical associations regarded private enterprises with suspicion, or as impertinent intrusions upon their domain. The maps of Africa were generally accepted as drawn from authentic surveys and accurate observations, whereas in reality they were mere inferences based upon native reports and exaggerated estimates of distances. Traditions of disastrous expeditions also discouraged pioneers. Mungo Park's violent death on the Niger closed that river for over forty years. The fatalities attending Tuckey's expedition on the Congo in 1816 prejudiced every one against that river for sixty-two years. The failure of Macgregor Laird's mission at Lukoja, on the Lower Niger, in 1841 turned men's thoughts away from that river for another forty years. The misfortunes which followed Bishop Mackenzie's mission to the Zambesi in 1863–64 suspended mission work inland for twelve years. The singularly bad repute of the West Coast, the murders of Van der Decken and Le Saint on the East Coast, contributed to make Africa a terror to explorers. Another strong deterrent, I think, was the impression, derived from the books of travelers, that Africa had a most deadly climate, which only about six per cent of those who braved it could survive. Burton's book, The Lake Regions of Central Africa, was enough to inspire horror in any weak mind. To him the aspect of the interior "realized every preconceived idea at once hideous and grotesque, so that the traveler is made to think a corpse lies hidden behind every bush, and the firmament a fitting frame to the picture of miasma."

My experience during the search for Livingstone had proved to me that these were morbid and puerile stories, and when Livingstone's death occurred, in 1873, I was easily induced to undertake a second journey to Africa.

It was during this journey to the unexplored Victoria Nyanza, in 1874, that it first dawned upon me that Africa had been sadly neglected, and deserved a better future than to be kept as a continental reserve for the benefit of explorers and geographical societies; and once this idea became fixed in my mind I found myself regarding the land and people with kindlier eyes. Ebullitions of temper from a few tribes, chance accidents and misadventures in a savage land, did not prejudice me against the region, for balm soon succeeded bane, and the next view and the next experience generally compensated me for past sufferings. During the voyage around Lake Victoria the ever varying shores and the character of the natives developed this considerate judgment, and by the time I had completed the survey of the fountain head of the Nile, I was possessed by the belief that Africa should be explored for its purely human interest as much as for its geographical features.

In 1876 I came at last to "Livingstone's farthest" on the mighty Lualaba. The first glance at the magnificent stream fascinated me, and I felt that I had before me a problem the solution of which would settle once and for all time whether the heart of Africa was to remain forever inaccessible.

The nine months occupied in descending 1800 miles to the ocean gave me ample time to consider the question from every point of view, and when I reached the Atlantic my conclusions were suggested in the last sentence of the last letter I wrote to the journals which had dispatched the expedition. "I feel convinced," I then wrote, "that this mighty waterway will become an international question some day. It is bound to be the grand highway of commerce to Central Africa. A word to the wise is sufficient."

In pursuit of this idea, I devoted the greater part of 1878 to addressing English commercial communities upon the ne-

cessity of taking possession of this "No Man's Land" before it should be too late. But my connection with journalism was invariably associated by business men with a "want of ballast" and general impracticableness. Geographers were also wanting in breadth of mind in their estimates of the value of the river. One day in April of that year Colonel Grant and Lord Houghton visited my rooms, and after exchanging some general remarks the latter asked, "How many years will elapse before another traveler will see Stanley Falls?"

"Two, perhaps," I answered.

"Two!" he exclaimed. "I should have thought fifty years would have been nearer the mark."

"Ah, Lord Houghton," I said, "you may be sure that twenty-five years hence there will scarcely be one hundred square miles left unexplored."

"What!" cried Colonel Grant. "I would like to make a small bet on that."

"Done!" I said. "What do you say to making a note of it, and letting ten pounds be the forfeit?"

The bet was accepted, and we both laughingly recorded it.

Nineteen years have passed since that date, and we have still six years before us. Meantime, sixteen travelers have crossed Africa; the Congo basin has been thoroughly explored; the horn of East Africa from the Red Sea to Masai Land has been several times traversed; countless travelers have been up and down the Masai region; the intra-lake region has been fairly mapped out, and military stations have been founded in it; the Germans know their East African colony thoroughly; Mozambique Africa is almost as well known as Massachusetts; and French explorers have repeatedly crossed the Congo-Shari watershed to Lake Chad. To-day there is scarcely a thousand-square-mile plot of inner Africa left unpenetrated, and considering that there are over 2800 white men in the central Africa which in 1877 contained only myself, I think I shall be able to claim my forfeit.

The process of waking Europe to the value of Africa was slow at first, and had it not been for the king of the Belgians it might have lasted fifty years longer. As probably I should not have returned to Africa after the finding of Livingstone but for the universal skepticism, so this new and general unbelief contributed to induce me to accept the commission of King Leopold by which I was to prove, by actual practice, that African lands were habitable, their cannibal aborigines manageable, and legitimate commerce possible. The reports of our steady progress during the first six years so stimulated the European nations that, in 1884, they were at fever-heat, and the scramble for African territory began. At the close of the Congo Conference in February, 1885, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and finally Great Britain, were prepared to imitate the example of King Leopold, in conformity with the regulations laid down by that great assembly of ambassadors.

Since that period the whole of Equatorial Africa has been annexed as follows:

	Sq. Miles.	Population.
The Congo State . . .	905,900	16,300,000
Congo Française . . .	496,290	8,950,000
Portuguese Africa . .	810,450	5,140,000
German East Africa and Cameruns	544,610	7,370,000
British Central Africa, Zanzibar and Pemba, Uganda and White Nile, East Africa . .	954,540	9,568,000
Italian Somal and Galla Lands	277,330	800,000
Total	3,989,120	48,128,000

It will be seen that this area is equal to the whole of the United States, including Alaska, and two thirds of Mexico, put together. Yet, outside of Angola and a thin fringe of coast, Livingstone and myself were the only whites within this territory between 1866 and 1872; between

1874 and 1876 there were only Cameron and myself within it; in 1877 I was the sole white there; between 1877 and 1884 our own expedition and some missionaries had increased the number to one hundred Europeans.

The first body to move toward Africa in answer to my appeals was the Church Missionary Society, which sent five English missionaries to Uganda. A year later, these were followed by the French Fathers. The third expedition was sent by the International Association; the fourth, by the Belgian Société d'Etudes du Haut Congo; the fifth was the English Baptist mission; the sixth was M. de Bruzza's political mission to what is now Congo Française, after which numerous religious societies followed, and European powers began the work of annexation.

The honor of first mention must be accorded to the Uganda mission, not only because it preceded the army of missionaries now at work, but for the splendid perseverance shown by its members, and the marvelous success which has crowned their efforts. The story of the Uganda missionary enterprise is an epic poem. I know of few secular enterprises, military or otherwise, deserving of greater praise. I am unable to view it with illusions, for I am familiar with the circumstances attending the long march to Uganda, the sordid pagans who harassed it at every camp, the squalid details of African life, the sinister ambitions of its rivals, the atmosphere of wickedness in which it labored; when I brush these thoughts aside, I picture to myself band after band of missionaries pressing on to the goal, where they are to be woefully tried, with their motto of "Courage and always forward," each face imbued with the faith that though near to destruction "the gates of hell shall not prevail" against them. For fifteen years after they had landed in Uganda we heard frequently of their distress: of tragedy after tragedy, of deaths by fever, of horrible persecution, the murder of their bishop, the massacre of their followers, the martyrdom of their converts, and finally of their expulsion. Still a glorious few persevered and wrestled against misfortune, and at last, after twenty years' work, their achievements have been so great that the effect of them must endure.

The letter which invited this mission was written by me April 14, 1875, and was published on the following 15th of November in the London Daily Telegraph. The editor, in commenting upon it, was almost prophetic when he said: "It may turn out that the letters which bring this strange and earnest appeal to Christendom, saved from oblivion by a chance so extraordinary, had this as their most important burden; and that Mr. Stanley may have done far more than he knew." My letter had been committed to Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, who with his entire company of thirty-six Soudanese soldiers was murdered by the Baris. Near the body of the colonel it was found by General Gordon, blood-stained and tattered. The care of the message from Uganda, as well as the wonderful results which followed its publication, was wholly due to another.

Eight days after the appearance of my appeal in the Telegraph the Church Missionary Society was stimulated by an offer of $25,000 to undertake the enterprise. A few days later the fund was increased to $75,000. In the following March the mission left England, and on the 30th of June, 1877, while I was yet six weeks from the Atlantic Ocean, the missionaries entered Uganda. For five years they labored with poor results. In the seventh year twenty-one converts partook of the Lord's Supper, and seventy-five had been baptized. In the eighth year the baptized numbered 108. After eleven years' work the missionaries were expelled from Uganda by

the young Nero, the son of King Mtesa who had received them. In 1890 they reoccupied it, and by January, 1891, the Christians here numbered 2000. By January, 1897, Uganda contained twenty-three English Protestant clergymen, 699 native teachers, 6905 baptized Christians, 2591 communicants, 57,380 readers, 372 churches, and a cathedral which can hold 3000 worshipers.

These figures do not represent the whole of what has been achieved by the zealous missionaries, for the church of Uganda imitates the example of the parent church in England, and dispatches native missionaries to all the countries round about. Nasa in Usukuma, south of Lake Victoria, has become a centre of missionary effort. In Usoga, east of the Nile, native teachers impart instruction at nine stations. Unyoro, to the north of Uganda, has been invaded by native propagandists. Toro, to the west, has been so moved that it promises to become as zealous as Uganda; and Koki witnesses the power of native eloquence and devotion to the cause. What is most noticeable among all these people around the lake is their avidity for instruction. Every scrap of old paper, the white margins of newspapers, the backs of envelopes, and parcel wrappers are eagerly secured for writing purposes. Books and stationery find ready purchasers everywhere. The number of converts has become so formidable that it would task the powers of a hundred white missionaries to organize, develop, and supervise them properly.

The French Roman Catholics in Buddu, west of the lake, have also been most successful, but the statistics of their operations are not so accessible. The number of their proselytes is estimated at 20,000. The Catholic field is just emerging from the transitional stage consequent upon the transfer of the diocese to the English. Under French superintendence there existed a constant soreness between them and the Protestants, owing to the inclination of the Fathers for politics; but since the arrival of the English Roman Catholic bishop the natives have become tranquilized.

The line of stations founded by the International Association is in German East Africa, and need not be alluded to here.

The next to be mentioned is, therefore, the Congo Free State. In August, 1879, I began operations at the mouth of the Congo with thirteen European officers and sixty-eight Zanzibaris. At the date of my departure in 1884, my force had increased to 142 European officers, 780 colored troops, and 1500 native carriers. There were also twenty-two missionaries occupying seven stations.

Between the years 1884 and 1897 the state has made such rapid progress in every branch that, for brevity's sake, I must be statistical only. When I surrendered my command to my successor we had launched three steamers and three barges on the Upper Congo, one large stern wheeler was a third of the way on the overland route, and one mission steamer was on the stocks at Stanley Pool. It will be remembered, of course, that the Lower Congo is separated from the Upper Congo by a 230-mile stretch of rapids and cataracts which make a land transport past the rapids inevitable. Everything, therefore, destined for the upper river must be conveyed by porters in loads not exceeding sixty pounds in weight. Since there are now forty-five steamers and twice as many barges, or rowboats of steel, afloat on the Upper Congo, these represent, with their fittings, a total of nearly one hundred thousand porter loads. Of these steamers, twenty belong to the Congo State, four to France, eight to the Belgian Commercial Company, four to the Dutch Company, one to an Anglo-Belgian Company, four to Protestant missions, and three to Roman Catholic missions. The length of navigable rivers above Stanley Pool exceeds eight thousand

miles. Being a region remarkable for its natural produce of gums, oils, rubber, ivory, and timber of the finest description, the Upper Congo must, a few years hence, present such a sight of steamboat navigation as the Mississippi used to exhibit before the civil war.

Until 1890 the Congo State had very little commerce, but by December, 1896, the value of its imports and exports amounted to $6,226,302. The principal exports were groundnuts, coffee, rubber, gum copal, palm-oil, nuts, and ivory. Since 427,491 coffee plants and 87,896 cocoa plants are now thriving, a great forest of 400,000 square miles has scarcely been tapped for its rubber or timber, and a vast area has not been searched for its gums, it is probable that, after the completion of the railway past the rapids, the chief exports will consist of coffee, cocoa, gum, rubber, and timber.

The revenue in 1896 had increased to $1,873,860, of which $600,000 consists of subsidies given by King Leopold and Belgium. The expenditure naturally exceeds the revenue annually, for a new country requires to be developed. The frontiers which stretch to a length of 4500 miles must be policed, as well as the main avenues of commerce. England, France, and Germany need be under no anxiety as to their African frontiers: their power commands sufficient respect for their possessions. But a state which is a dependency of the king of the Belgians must vindicate its ability to meet its obligations according to the rules of the Brussels Conference, and therefore the sovereign must have an observant eye against possible trespassers.

The supreme power of the state is vested in the sovereign, King Leopold II. He is assisted by a secretary of state, a chief of cabinet, a treasurer-general, and three secretaries-general, who conduct foreign affairs, finances, and internal matters. The local government has its seat at Boma, the principal town on the Lower Congo. It is administered by a governor-general, an inspector of state, a secretary-general, and several directors-general. The state is divided into fourteen administrative divisions, guarded by 115 military stations or small forts and seven camps of instruction. The army at present consists of 8000 Congoese militia, 4000 native volunteers, and 2000 soldiers from other African countries. There are, besides, a special force raised for the defense of the railway line, and three special police corps for the security of public order at Matadi, Boma, and Leopoldville. Post-offices are established at fifty-one stations, and the number of letters which passed through them last year aggregated 227,946. The telegraph line extends from Boma, the capital, to the head of the railway. It crosses the Congo where the river is but 877 yards wide. A cable to connect the Congo with St. Thomas Island is about to be constructed at a cost of $350,000.

The white population of the Congo State, which in 1884 consisted of 142 officials and twenty-two missionaries, had increased by December, 1896, to 1277 officials and traders, and 223 missionaries representing fifteen different missionary societies. In 1895 there were 839 Belgians, eighty-eight British, eighty-three Portuguese, seventy-nine Swedes and Norwegians, forty-nine Italians, forty-five Americans, forty-two French, thirty-nine Dutch, twenty-one Germans, and forty of other nationalities. The missionaries are established at sixty-seven stations, the larger number belonging to the Catholics, through whom about 5000 children receive instruction. The Protestants have also been singularly successful, and have made a greater number of converts. From results in East and West Africa one is inclined to think that a mission makes scarcely any serious impression on the native mind before the sixth year of work, but there have been several remarkable instances of wholesale conversion in a later period.

In 1878 I began agitating for a rail-

way to connect the Lower with the Upper Congo, but although I nearly succeeded that year in forming a company, it was deemed best to defer its organization until my expedition of 1879–84 had demonstrated more clearly the practicability of the project. After the Berlin Conference of 1884–85 I renewed the attempt, and by the spring of 1886 I was so far advanced that a charter was drawn up, and over a million dollars were subscribed. There was, however, one article in the charter which was pronounced inadmissible by the capitalists, and since the king was inflexible the idea was abandoned. Subsequently the success of the Emin Relief Expedition revived interest in the project, and soon after my return from Africa in 1890 a Belgian company was formed, and a surveying party was sent out. In 1891 the first twenty kilometres of the railway were laid. The line is to be 247 miles long, extending from Matadi on the Lower Congo to the port at Stanley Pool. At the piers at Matadi the ocean steamers will discharge their freight, and at the terminus on the Pool, well above the Cataracts, the Upper Congo steamers will receive their cargoes. At last accounts the line was in running order for 165 miles, and it is confidently stated that by June, 1898, the entire line will be opened for traffic. I had estimated the cost of construction at $25,000 a mile, and I find that the actual cost of the 247 miles will not exceed $6,000,000, a little under my estimate. In some parts the difficulties have been so great that a mile has cost nearly $50,000, but the many stretches of level plateau between the various gorges and rocky defiles were railed at comparatively slight expense.

Congo Française did not exist before the advent of M. le Comte de Brazza on the river in 1880. He had been commissioned by the International Association to form a line of stations from the Ogowai River to Stanley Pool, but his method differed from mine. He took with him a number of French officers, whom he distributed along the route, and delegating to them the task of building, he marched lightly to his destination, making treaties with the natives as he went. Since these treaties were made on behalf of France, it was only then discovered that the International Association had no control over the territory acquired by De Brazza, and on this basis Congo Française was founded. It has now expanded to an area covering half a million square miles, and has become a confirmed possession of the French by treaties with Germany and the Congo Free State.

The white population of the territory numbers to-day over 300, exclusive of the coast garrisons. The Gaboon portion, however, was settled as early as 1842, and in 1862 the mouth of the Ogowai was occupied by the administration. Twenty-seven stations are established in the interior, eleven of which are along the Ogowai. The seat of government is at Brazzaville, at Stanley Pool. Although France has not been over-liberal toward her new colony, the settlement exhibits the aptitudes of the French for giving a civilized appearance to whatever they touch. From all accounts, the houses are better built and the gardens and avenues are finer than those on the Belgian side, although the practical results are not so favorable.

The French missionaries have established twenty schools, which contain nearly one thousand pupils. There are thirty-one post-offices in the territory. The revenue of Congo Française for 1895 was $618,109, while the expenditure was only $439,572. The surplus shows the difference of method pursued by the French as compared with that of the Belgians. The name of France is a sufficient bulwark against aggression, while the poor Congo State must possess substantial defenses. The French expect their colonies to remunerate them

for their outlay, while the Belgians are bent more upon stimulating development.

In considering the progress of Portuguese Africa we must not include that made in Angola and Mozambique, for both these colonies are comparatively old. Yet it is undoubted that the neighborhood of the Congo State to Angola has given the latter a great impetus, just as the proximity of Nyassa Land to Mozambique has added thousands to the revenue of that colony. For until the eighties the condition of Angola and Mozambique was deplorable. They were hedged around by high protective duties which stifled enterprise; their officials were so meanly paid that the administration was corrupt. Of late, however, the examples furnished to these colonies by their progressive neighbors have materially changed them for the better. Within seven years the trade of Angola has doubled, and it is now valued at $7,650,000. Its revenue amounts to $2,050,000, while the expenditure is only $1,920,000. Mozambique north of the Zambesi, stimulated by the enterprise of the British Lakes Company, shows now a trade worth $1,520,000, — a remarkable showing when it is considered that seven years ago it reached scarcely a third of that amount.

German East Africa dates from the Berlin Conference of 1885. The advent of Germany into the Dark Continent would have been hailed with more pleasure had she appeared with less violence. East Africa became German by the simple process of Bismarck's laying his hands on the map and saying, "This shall be mine." He was not challenged, because France had not recovered from her terror, and England was paralyzed by Gladstonism. Of such moral right as exploration, discovery, protection of natives, establishment of religious missions, or philanthropic sympathy gives, Germany had none. Might was right in her case. But, indirectly, this forcible acquisition of the territory first made known to the world by Burton, Speke, and myself had a beneficial influence on England; for without this determined aggressiveness of Germany it is doubtful whether Great Britain would have stirred at all in Equatorial Africa. She had absolutely refused to move in the matter of the Congo; she had turned a deaf ear to the reproaches of her pioneers in East Africa, and she had miserably equivocated in Southwest Africa, although for forty-four years she had patrolled the two coasts, had been the protector of Zanzibar for nearly fifty years, had explored the interior, and had planted all the missions in Equatorial Africa. Fortunately, before it was too late, Lord Salisbury was roused to write a few dispatches which saved for England a small portion of East Africa, and it may be that we are indebted for this small mercy as much to admiration of Germany's energy as to the entreaties of Englishmen. We ought, certainly, to be grateful that Germany is our neighbor, for she is likely to be as stimulative in the future as she has been since 1890. Indeed, without the influence of her example, I doubt if England would have treated Uganda any better than Portugal has treated Angola.

The Germans in East Africa now number 378. In the Tanga district there are 151, who are engaged in cultivation; in the Kilimanjaro district there are twenty-six, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza eighteen, in Kilossa twelve; and there are 171 officials in the constabulary force. The troops number about 2000, with fifty-eight pieces of artillery. In the Christianizing of the natives seven Protestant and three Roman Catholic missions are engaged. Thirty miles of railway have been laid from Tanga to the interior, and it is asserted that this line will be continued as far as the lakes.

Ujiji, now the principal port on Lake Tanganika, is the place where I met Livingstone in November, 1871. Ac-

counts received from it as late as last March state that the place has quite a civilized appearance. The government buildings are of stone, pointed with lime, and two stories high. One long, wide street runs through the entire length of the town, and a large number of mango-trees serve to beautify and shade it. The population is about 20,000, and order is maintained by a garrison of 200 soldiers.

The trade of German East Africa is valued at $2,907,500. The revenue reaches the sum of $1,092,500, while the expenditure is $1,517,450.

The Cameruns, also German, which ought to be included in Equatorial Africa, has a white population of 236, and a trade which figures up to $2,419,220.

Of the British territories we must first consider the British Central African Protectorate, which has a native population of 845,000, and covers an area of 285,900 square miles. It has sprung mainly from the reverence which Scotchmen bear the memory of Livingstone. In the year 1856 the British government confided to Livingstone the task of opening the region about the Nyassa Lake to trade, and at the same time the universities sent out a mission under Bishop Mackenzie to avail itself of Livingstone's experience in missionary work, in which he had spent sixteen years in South Africa. The region at that time was very wild, owing to slave raids and internecine wars. Through overzeal the missionaries were soon drawn into strife with the natives, and what with fatal fevers and other accidents due to their ignorance of African habits, few survived long. Accordingly, Livingstone was withdrawn, and the Universities mission was transferred to Zanzibar. In 1881 Bishop Steere undertook a journey to Nyassa Lake, and, being more practical than his two predecessors, saw enough to justify him in reëstablishing the Universities mission in Nyassa Land. The Livingstonia Free Church mission planted itself at Blantyre as early as 1875; the Church of Scotland mission followed in 1876; then came the Dutch Reformed Church in 1889, the Zambesi industrial mission in 1892, and the Baptist industrial mission the same year. Altogether, there are now thirty-six white clergy and five white women teachers, who, with 129 native teachers, conduct fifty-five schools in which 6000 children are taught.

Meantime commercial Scotchmen had not been idle. Led by a worthy gentleman named James Stevenson, they had founded the African Lakes Company to assist the secular business of the missions and the development of trade generally. The company has been eminently successful, and is now the mainstay of the Protectorate.

The British government took charge of the region in 1891, with the assistance of an annual subsidy of $50,000 from the famous Cecil Rhodes. Although the administration has been only six years at work, principally under Sir H. H. Johnston, the signs of prosperity are numerous. The white population numbers 289, the British Indians 263. Twenty post-offices have been established, through which 29,802 letters and parcels have passed. The exports for 1895–96 reached $99,340, while the imports amounted to $512,140.

The Protectorate possesses, on Lake Tanganika, one steamer and one boat; on Lake Nyassa, five steamers and one boat; on the Upper Shire, two steamers and fifteen boats; on the Lower Shire and Zambesi, sixteen steamers and forty-five boats: altogether, twenty-four steamers and sixty-two steel boats or barges. The public force of the administration is composed of two hundred Sikh soldiers from India, and five hundred native police.

British East Africa extends along the Indian Ocean from German territory to the Juba River, and inland as far as the Victoria Nyanza and Usoga. It is divided into four administrative districts,

under the chief control of the consul-general at Zanzibar. Mombasa, an old Arabo-Portuguese town, situated on an island in the midst of a deep bay which forms an excellent natural harbor, is the capital. Its beginning as a British African territory dates from a trifling concession granted to Sir H. H. Johnston by the African chief of Taveta. Upon this as a basis, Sir William Mackinnon, Mr. J. F. Hutton, and I formed a small limited liability company in December, 1885. Its utility is proved by the agreement of December 3, 1886, which marks out the line of demarcation between the German district of Chagga and the British district of Taveta. Two years later, this small district was merged in the East African concessions obtained by Mackinnon from the Sultan of Zanzibar, upon which the Imperial British East African Company was formed with a capital of $5,000,000. Between 1889 and 1892 this chartered company expended enormous sums in expanding its possessions. By 1892 the British sphere of influence included all the native lands from the Indian Ocean to Lake Albert Edward and the Semliki River, and from the German frontier to north latitude eight degrees; and it covered an area of about 750,000 square miles. In that year the Radical administration of Lord Rosebery came into power, and the operations of the "I. B. E. A.," as the company was called, received a check. The company had already spent about $2,000,000 in rescuing this territory from the grasp of the Germans, and had neglected its own duties of developing its concessions in its zeal for furthering the imperial cause. Convinced by parliamentary criticism that the Rosebery administration did not intend to support it, the company made the fact known that it intended to withdraw from the interior, and devote itself to its own proper commercial business. Hence began an agitation throughout England for the retention of Uganda under imperial protection, to prevent the utter collapse of the missionary work, which, under the company's rule, had made such striking progress. Large subscriptions from the public prolonged for a year the occupation of Uganda by the company's troops, but at the end of March, 1893, the final withdrawal was made, and shortly after Uganda became an imperial protectorate. In the middle of 1895 the government assumed entire control of the company's territory, at an expense of only $250,000 to the British nation.

The region acquired by the Mackinnon company now forms the two protectorates of British East Africa and Uganda. The customs revenue of the first is about $86,000, while the trade is valued at $1,093,750. During the session of 1895 the Unionist Parliament voted $15,000,000 for the construction of a railway from the port of Mombasa to Lake Victoria, of which, at last accounts (May 18, 1897), fifty-eight miles have been laid.

Since July, 1896, the Uganda protectorate has included all that intermediate country lying between Lakes Victoria, Albert Edward, and Albert, with Usoga. The administration is supported by a subsidy from the British government, which last year amounted to $250,000. The trade for 1896, despite the fact that the produce and goods had to be transported by porters a thousand miles overland, amounted to nearly $150,000. Although the commerce is meagre, Uganda being the youngest and most distant protectorate, the results from a moral and Christian point of view exceed those obtained from all the rest of Equatorial Africa. Until Uganda is connected with civilization by the railway there can be no great expansion of trade; but I believe that its unique geographical position, coupled with the remarkable intelligence of the people, will make it, upon the completion of the line, as brilliant commercially as it was renowned in pagan days for its martial

prowess, and is to-day remarkable for its Christian zeal. Uganda is preëminently the Japan of Africa.

I do not think I need mention the Italian possessions in Equatorial Africa, for since the disaster at Adowa a blight seems to have fallen upon them, which will probably soon result in their complete abandonment.

The tabular summary below may enable the reader more clearly to realize the difference between the tropical Africa of 1872–77 — in which Livingstone, Cameron, and I were the only white visitors, and which had neither mission, school, church, convert, nor any trade — and the Equatorial Africa of January, 1897, exhibiting the following results: —

Name of State or Territory.	White Population.	Railway in Miles.	Missions, Schools, or Churches.	Christian Converts.	Value of Trade in Dollars.	Revenues including Subsidies.
Uganda Protectorate..	68	—	372	97,575	$142,000	$250,000
British East Africa....	90	68	6	600	1,094,000	86,000
British Central Africa.	289	—	55	5,000	611,480	100,000
Congo Free State.....	1,500	165	67	10,000	6,226,302	1,873,860
Congo Française.....	300	—	25	2,500	2,261,414	618,109
German East Africa...	378	30	15	2,500	2,907,500	1,092,500
German Cameruns	236	—	5	900	2,419,220	176,705
Total.....	2,861	263	545	119,075	$15,661,916	$4,197,174

It is only about twenty-five years ago that Monteiro said he could see no hope of the negro ever attaining to any considerable degree of civilization, and that it was impossible for the white race to people his country sufficiently to enforce his civilization. Burton wrote, a few years before, that the negro united the incapacity of infancy with the unpliancy of age, the futility of childhood with the skepticism of the adult and the stubbornness of the old. As soon as travelers returned from Africa they either joined the Burtonian clique or ranged themselves on the side of Livingstone, who held a more favorable opinion of the African. The old Athenians employed similar language regarding all white barbarians beyond Attica, and the Roman exquisites in the time of Claudius as contemptuously underrated our British ancestors. We know to-day how grossly mistaken they were.

When I think of the cathedral church of Blantyre, which, without exaggeration, would be a credit to any provincial town in New England, and which has been built by native labor; or of the stone and brick mission buildings on the shores of Lake Tanganika or of the extensive establishments in brick erected on the Upper Congo by the Bangalas, who so late as 1883 were mere ferocious cannibals; or of the civilized-looking town of Ujiji; or of Brazzaville's neat and picturesque aspect; or of the shipbuilding yards and foundries of Leopoldville, where natives have turned out forty-five steel steamers, — when I contemplate such achievements, I submit that Burton and Monteiro must have been somewhat prejudiced in their views of Africa and her dark races.

Twenty-five years ago the outlook for Africa was dark indeed. Its climate was little understood, and inspired terror in the white pioneer. But to-day travelers go and return by fifties, and they have ceased to generalize in a bitter style. The white men retain kindly memories of the Africans among whom they have lived and labored, and their dearest wish is to return, at the end of their furloughs, to the land once so dreaded. The post-bags are weighted with the correspondence which they maintain with their dark

friends. It is only the new and casual white who speaks of the African as a "nigger," and condemns the climate of the tropics. The whites have created valuable interests in the land; they understand the dialects of their workmen; and they know that the black who distinguished himself in his village, by his self-taught art and industry, in fashioning his fetish god, his light canoe, his elegant assegai or sword, may be taught to turn a screw at the lathe, to rivet a boiler-plate, to mould bricks, to build a stone wall or a brick arch. No one now advocates, like Monteiro, the introduction of coolies, or Chinese or European "navvies," to show the native African how to work. There are 7200 native navvies on the Congo railway, and all the stone piers and long steel structures which bridge the ravines and rivers, and the gaps cleft in the rocky hills, have been made by them.

Twenty-five years ago, the explorer might land on any part of east or west Equatorial Africa, unquestioned by any official as to whither he was bound and what baggage he possessed. To-day, at every port there are commodious custom-houses, where he must declare the nature of his belongings, pay duties, and obtain permits for traveling. In 1872, the whole of Central Africa, from one ocean to the other, was a mere continental slave-park, where the Arab slave-raider and Portuguese half-caste roamed at will, and culled the choicest boys and girls, and youths of both sexes, to be driven in herds to the slave-marts of Angola and Zanzibar. To-day, the only Arabs in Africa, excepting some solitary traders who observed the approach of civilization in time, are convicts, sentenced to hard labor for their cruel devastations.

Twenty-five years ago it took me eight months to reach Ujiji from the coast, whereas now it takes a caravan only three months. Up to four years ago it required five months to reach Uganda from the coast, but to-day loaded porters do the journey in less than ninety days, while bicyclists have performed it in twenty-one days. Fourteen years ago the voyage from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls was made by me, in the first steamer that was floated in the Upper Congo, in 379 hours. Now steamers accomplish the distance in 120 hours. In 1882–83 I was forty-six days going from Europe to Stanley Pool. The ordinary passenger in these times requires but twenty-five days; and two years hence the trip will take only twenty days.

Throughout the region now known as the Congo State death raged in every form, twenty-five years ago. Once a month, on an average, every village, of the hundred thousand estimated to be in the state, witnessed a fearful tragedy of one kind or another. In each case of alleged witchcraft, upon the death of a chief, a sudden fatality, the outbreak of a pest, the evil effects of debauch or gluttony, the birth of twins, a lightning stroke, a bad dream, the acquisition of property, a drought or a flood, ill luck or any mischance, native superstition demanded its victims according to savage custom. The Mganda, or witch-doctor, had but to proclaim his belief that expiation was necessary, and the victims were soon haled to the place of death. I should not be far wrong if I placed these public murders at a million a year for the state, and two millions for the whole of Equatorial Africa. Added to these was the fearful waste of human life caused by intertribal wars, the wholesale exterminations under such sanguinary chiefs as Mtesa, Kabba Rega, Mirambo, Nyungu, Msidi, the destructive raids of such famous slavers as Said bin Habib, Tagamoyo, Tippu-Tib, Abed bin Salim, Kilonga-Longa, and hundreds of others. In fact, every district was a battlefield, and every tribe was subject to decimation.

I do not say that the awful slaughters resulting from native lawlessness and superstition have ceased altogether, but the 540 missions, schools, and churches,

and as many little military forts that have been planted across the continent with the aid of the steam flotillas of the Congo and the swift cruisers which navigate the great lakes, have completely extirpated the native tyrants and the Arab freebooters; and wherever military power has established itself or religion has lent a saving hand, the murderous witch-doctor can no longer practice the cruel rites of paganism. But although in parts of the far interior there yet remains many a habitation of cruelty awaiting the cleansing light of civilization, there is every reason for believing confidently that the time is not far distant when Africa, neglected for so long, shall as fully enjoy the blessings of freedom, peace, and prosperity as any of her sister continents.

Henry M. Stanley.

RECENT DISCOVERIES RESPECTING THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE.

I.

THE origin of the heavenly bodies was one of the earliest philosophical subjects which engaged the attention of the Greeks. With their keen sense of the beautiful and the orderly, and their genuine admiration of surrounding nature and of all celestial phenomena, they were the first to realize that the processes of cosmical evolution, by which the existing order of things has come about, must ever be regarded as one of the ultimate problems of the inquiring mind. Whence and how came the beautiful cosmos? was the question of the Ionian nature-philosophers of the seventh century. Yet with even so keen an interest in natural phenomena, the undeveloped state of the physical sciences in the pre-Socratic age permitted the acute reasoning of Anaximander and Anaxagoras, and also of Democritus and Plato at a later date, to reach only the general conclusion that the earth and other heavenly bodies had gradually arisen from the falling together of diffused atoms. After the decline of the ancient civilization and the advent of the less philosophical races and ideas which continued dominant till modern times, further advances in a purely speculative, not practical or moral question could hardly be expected; and we meet with no important cosmogonic inquiry till the publication of Kant's Natural History and Theory of the Heavens, in 1755. In this work we have a distinct advance, based upon the laws of mechanics and of gravitation discovered in the preceding age by Galileo, Huyghens, and Newton; and hence the work of Kant is to be regarded as the first speculation founded upon exact physical laws. But in that age the whole question of cosmogony was so completely unfathomed, and so little was known of the universe of fixed stars, that Kant not unnaturally limited his inquiries to the most simple phenomena, and gave little consideration to the manifold detail with which all nature abounds. His most important contribution to cosmogonic thought consisted in the assumption (at that time nearly incredible) that the universe had not been created in a day or a week, but was the outgrowth of indefinite ages, under the operation of natural mechanical laws. Important as was this conception, and suggestive as was his theory of the formation of the planets from an extensive nebula originally including the whole solar system, it could hardly be expected that such heterodox ideas would get much consideration

in the circles of court philosophy dominating the middle of the eighteenth century. Accordingly, they gained little or no authority, or even notice, for many years.

In the meantime France had become the centre of the philosophic world, and the great geniuses who adorned the Academy of Sciences just before and after the French Revolution — that strong impetus to new ideas, even though some should not survive the turbulent times in which they arose — were destined to arouse and to fix philosophic attention on the sublime question of the formation of the heavenly bodies. Five celebrated geometers — Clairaut, Euler, d'Alembert, Lagrange, and Laplace — in the course of fifty years had well-nigh perfected the mathematical theory of gravitation; and Laplace, who had solved the problems which all his illustrious predecessors and contemporaries had declared to be insoluble, became above all others the dominant power in the scientific world. He had explained all known anomalies in the motion of the planets and the moon by the simple law of gravitation, and now for the first time it was possible to assign the exact places of the heavenly bodies in the most remote ages, account being taken of their mutual gravitation according to the Newtonian law.

Lagrange and Laplace had proved, under certain conditions holding among the planets, that the solar system would never be destroyed by the mutual gravitation of its parts, and hence they found no difficulty in conceiving its existence during past millions of years. After his unrivaled career of discovery, Laplace formed the design of presenting in his Système du Monde (published in 1796) a concise and luminous popular account of the existing state of astronomy, which he had done so much to perfect; and as if to add one more laurel to his brow, he inserted at the end of this work a Seventh and Last Note. This was the celebrated nebular hypothesis, which from its origin at once commanded the attention of the age. In a short note of eleven pages the author of the Mécanique Céleste has condensed his theory of the formation of the planets and satellites. He conceives that at some remote epoch in the past the matter now constituting our system was expanded into a vast rotating fiery nebula extending beyond the limits of the outermost planet, and that as the heat radiated into surrounding space the mass gradually contracted, and by the law of the conservation of areas began to rotate more rapidly. As the mass accelerated its rotation by its gravitational condensation, the whole assumed the form of an oblate spheroid, a disk, or a double convex lens; finally, at the periphery of the disk the centrifugal force became equal to the force of gravity, and as the contraction continued a ring of particles was left behind, revolving freely around the central mass. The condensation of this ring of matter would form the first planet, and so on for the other planets nearer the sun, as the nebula condensed. The planetary masses condensing and rotating in like manner would give birth to their satellites. This simple mechanical conception would account for the motion of all the planets in the same direction around the sun and nearly in the plane of its equator, and also for the rotations of the planets and satellites in the same direction in which they revolve in their orbits. The rings of Saturn were cited as a case of an uncondensed satellite, a model which had been left undisturbed to show us just how the system had formed.

The nebular hypothesis as thus outlined by the profound dynamical judgment and imaginative genius of Laplace was supported by Sir William Herschel's contemporary and independent discovery of all classes of celestial objects between the finished star and the embryo nebula, and this testimony to the truth of the

nebular hypothesis was afterward confirmed by Sir John Herschel's more critical survey of the nebulæ of the whole face of the heavens. But while both the mechanical speculations and the observations of the younger Herschel tended to support Laplace's views, the huge reflector of Lord Rosse, erected about the middle of the century, began to turn the scale of evidence the other way. Under the power of Lord Rosse's six-foot speculum some of the so-called nebulæ of Herschel were resolved into clusters, and the conclusion seemed imminent that under sufficient power perhaps all nebulæ might be resolved into discrete stars. Fortunately, the invention of the spectroscope about 1860, and Huggins's application of it to the heavenly bodies, showed that many of the nebulæ are masses of glowing gas gradually condensing into stars, and so far as possible realized the postulates laid down by Laplace. The confirmation arising from the demonstrated existence of real nebulæ in the sky was supplemented by Helmholtz's proof that the heat of the sun is maintained by the contraction of its own mass, and that our central luminary is therefore the core of the nebula first conceived by Laplace in 1796. The theoretical possibility of Laplace's assumption was further established by Lane's investigation of the condensation of gaseous masses, wherein it was proved that a cold nebula or diffused body of gas condensing under its own gravitation would rise in temperature; also by Lord Kelvin's researches on the age of the sun and the duration of the sun's heat; and by various researches into the actual conditions of the planets of the solar system.

But while all sound speculations since Joule's discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat have confirmed the essential parts of the nebular hypothesis, other recent investigations have introduced modifications of which Laplace took no account. It is particularly of these later discoveries, which throw an entirely new light upon the general problems of cosmogony, that we shall treat in this paper.

II.

Prior to the year 1875 the labors of astronomers and mathematicians had been devoted to the questions raised by Laplace over three quarters of a century before, and very little, if any, advance had been attempted on new lines, though many new researches and observations had been accumulating which confirmed the sagacity of the bold conceptions embodied in the Seventh and Last Note to the Système du Monde. About this time, the young mathematician G. H. Darwin, son of the illustrious naturalist, became occupied with certain tide-reductions undertaken by Lord Kelvin for determining the rigidity of the earth, and in the course of this work was led to develop the mathematical theory of the bodily tides which would arise in the earth on the supposition that it is not highly rigid as at present, but *fluid*, as, according to Laplace, it must have been at some past age. These researches were presented to the Royal Society between 1878 and 1882, and led to the conclusion that *bodily tidal friction*, as it is called, had played a prominent part in the cosmogonic history of the earth and the moon.

By *tidal friction* is meant the gravitational reaction arising from change of form due to tidal distortion of figure, with the resulting effects on the motions of bodies revolving around the tidally distorted mass; for the attraction of a heavenly body depends upon its form as well as upon its mass and distance. Now, when the moon raises tides in the earth, the form of the latter (in case it were fluid throughout) would not be spheroidal, but ellipsoidal or egg-shaped, with one end of the ellipsoid pointed somewhere in advance of the moon in its orbit. This tidal apex in the earth exercises a disturbing force on the moon's

motion, and in fact tends to accelerate the velocity in the orbit, which results in an increase in the moon's distance, and at the same time renders her orbit more eccentric, so that the earth is relatively nearer one end of her orbit the next time the moon goes round. This action is very minute, and, like the mills of God, grinds slowly, but in the course of immense ages, millions of years, the effects become very conspicuous and the whole character of the orbit is changed.

In this way, by a most profound analysis, Darwin showed that the moon was formerly much nearer the earth, and indeed a part of our globe, the whole probably rotating in about two hours and forty-one minutes; that the moon, after parting from Mother Earth, had been gradually driven away to its present distance by the tidal action of the fluid globe working over a great space of time. He was enabled to explain all the essential features of the system of the earth and moon, and, encouraged by this novel and unexpected result, wherein tidal friction had modified the course of evolution as predicted by Laplace, he tried to extend his new theory to other parts of the solar system. But while he found that tidal friction had played some part in the other planets of our system and in the system as a whole, the effects in general were much less considerable than in the case of the earth and moon, where the satellite is relatively quite large, amounting to one eightieth of the planet's mass; elsewhere the satellites are very small compared to the planet, and all the planets are very small compared to the sun. Where the attendant bodies are so small compared to the central body, the effects of tidal friction are greatly diminished; for, among other things, the effects depend on the mass and rotational velocity of the body in which the tides are raised. The mathematical methods which Darwin employed in his researches are extremely elegant, and in their line as appropriate as the proofs devised by his father in the Origin of Species, but it would be vain to attempt any popular account of them. It must suffice to say that we can trace our moon through the most remote ages by a simple process of computation.

After Darwin had developed the theory of bodily tides and applied it to the planets and satellites, he gave his attention to other researches on the figures of equilibrium of rotating masses of fluid, with a view to finding out exactly what process is involved in the birth of a satellite from a planet. Just prior to the publication of his paper a similar investigation was made in France by Poincaré. Both geometers had essentially the same object in view, namely, the testing of Laplace's nebular hypothesis, and their results were identical in proving that a rotating mass (like the fluid earth when the moon was formed) would not break up into two extremely unequal parts, but that the two bodies would be fairly equal, or at least comparable, in size. Nor would the separation necessarily lead to the formation of a ring; the detached satellite might, and probably would, take instead the form of a lump or globular mass without the intervention of the annular form assumed by Laplace and previous investigators.

Comparing these results with the facts of the solar system, neither Darwin nor Poincaré could see that his profound researches had thrown much light upon the theories of cosmogony; for the satellites are quite small compared to their planets, and the planets are insignificant compared to the sun. I may remark here that the sun has a mass 1047 times larger than that of Jupiter, the largest planet, and 746 times the mass of all the planets combined. In the formation of our system, therefore, substantially all the matter has gone into the sun. Here the case rested in the year 1888, with no indication of further advance along either old or new lines. Indeed, such advance might be considered the more

improbable as the problem had well-nigh baffled the efforts of two of the foremost mathematicians of the age, — one of them the successor of Newton, the other of Laplace.

III.

Apparently this was only the calm before a more decisive step than any which had yet been taken. Having always felt a deep interest in cosmogonic inquiries, and without knowledge of the results of Darwin and Poincaré, I ventured to approach the general question of cosmogony from a new point of view. The first effort was elementary, of course, since it was made when I was still an undergraduate at the Missouri State University; yet it contained the germ of the researches which have since occupied my attention. All previous investigators from the time of Laplace had fixed their eyes steadily upon the planets and satellites, and had given no attention to the universe of fixed stars. It seemed to me that something should be done to throw light upon the formation of the stellar systems, and therefore I set about the problem of explaining the formation of the double and multiple stars.

At first there were few results available for a careful study of the stellar systems, as the researches were scattered in all manner of publications, and no one had ever reduced the observations to a homogeneous form and sifted the wheat from the chaff. When this work had been hastily done, I found that the orbits are very eccentric, and in this respect totally unlike the nearly circular orbits of the planets and satellites. It was evident that it would not be possible to explain the formation of these systems if we could not account for the high eccentricities; and it occurred to me as if by intuition that as the stars are melted fluid masses, not cold solid bodies like the earth, the mutual gravitation of two neighboring suns would raise enormous bodily tides, and the secular working of the tidal friction in the bodies of the stars would render the orbits eccentric. I had not then read or seen Darwin's papers, and had only heard of them by popular reports which ignored their most important results. Before I got access to his works, I succeeded in proving that, under the conditions probably existing among the stars, the eccentricity of the orbits would steadily increase. To my surprise and to my delight, I afterwards found that Darwin had reached the same result ten years before, though it had attracted no attention, and was but little known. Indeed, no one had thought of the changes in the eccentricity except in connection with the orbit of the moon, and as this orbit is almost circular the matter was passed over in silence.

The subsequent investigation was based upon Darwin's method, and consisted in showing that if two fluid stars were rotating about axes perpendicular to the plane of their orbital motion and in the same direction in which they revolve in their orbits, the tides raised in either star would react upon the other star, and by the action of tidal friction continued over great ages their orbits would be rendered more and more eccentric, so that they would finally resemble the elongated orbits of the periodic comets rather than the circular orbits of the planets and satellites. Now, continued investigation has proved that the orbits of the double stars are on the average twelve times as eccentric as those of the planets and satellites, and this is shown by my recent researches to be *a fundamental law of nature*, so far as we yet understand the visible universe. We reach, then, the remarkable result that tidal friction, working over millions of years, has elongated the orbits of the stars, and at the same time has expanded their dimensions, so that their paths are both larger and more eccentric than formerly. Going back in time, we reach an age when their orbits must have been smaller and rounder than at present, and at last when the two stars were parts of the

same nebula. The agency of tidal friction, which Darwin showed to be of small importance in our system, except in the case of the moon, is thus shown to be of general application and of the vastest significance in the universe at large, because the bodies constituting the stellar systems are not solid, but fluid, not very unequal, but equal or comparable in mass, so that the tidal effects are enormously increased. The stellar systems are thus different from our system in two respects: —

(1.) *The orbits are highly eccentric, on the average twelve times more elongated than those of the planets and satellites.*

(2.) *The components of the stellar systems are frequently equal and always comparable in mass, whereas our satellites are insignificant compared to their planets, and the planets are equally small compared to the sun.*

I may add here that about ten thousand double stars have been discovered since the time of Sir William Herschel, and that of this number about five hundred objects are known to be in motion. In the course of the past century only about forty have shown sufficient motion to enable us to fix their orbits accurately, while about twenty more may be determined approximately. The longest-period binary star known with certainty is Sigma Coronæ Borealis, which completes its immense circuit in about three hundred and seventy years; it has thus made but little more than one revolution since Columbus landed in America. Other systems have periods ranging from two hundred and thirty to eighty years; while others are still more rapid, completing their orbits in only twenty-five, eighteen, eleven, and five and a half years. This last is the period of a small star just visible to the naked eye, situated in the constellation Orion; its rapid motion, detected by me during the present year, has now made it the most interesting of all double stars. It is known as Burnham 883, from the astronomer who first noticed its duplicity in 1879. Since that time it has made more than three revolutions, yet so difficult is the object that it can be investigated only with very powerful telescopes. Our observations last year with the Lowell twenty-four-inch refractor were the first to furnish the key to its mysterious movement.

The known periods of the binary stars, therefore, vary from five and a half to about three hundred and seventy years. In other cases, yet to be investigated, it is certain that thousands of years are required for a single revolution, while some of the close and difficult stars now being discovered are likely to give periods even shorter than five years. The distances of some of the systems from the earth have been carefully measured, and we are thus enabled to compare them with our solar system. The companion of Sirius, for example, completes its period in about fifty years, and moves in an orbit somewhat larger than that of Uranus, the mean distance from the central star being twenty-one times the distance of the earth from the sun. In the case of 70 Ophiuchi the period is eighty-eight years, and the mean distance about twenty-eight times the distance of the sun. This system is celebrated for the long period over which it has been observed, and the perturbation by which its motion is affected; there is some dark body or other cause disturbing the regularity of its elliptical motion, but heretofore all efforts to see it with the telescope have been unsuccessful. Alpha Centauri, the nearest of all the fixed stars, is removed from us 275,000 times farther than the sun; the companion is found to revolve around the central star in an orbit with dimensions which are about a mean between those of Uranus and Neptune. Its period is eighty-one years, and each of the stars is just equal to our sun in mass. In the case of Sirius the mass is 3.47, and in that of 70 Ophiuchi it is 2.83; the combined mass of the sun and

earth being unity. It is thus seen that the stellar systems are grand almost beyond conception, and the investigation of such glorious natural phenomena may well occupy our attention.

How, then, did the double stars originate? By the breaking up of a Laplacean ring? Certainly not. It had always been a favorite objection of those who did not accept the process of separation outlined by Laplace to say that there are only a few ring nebulæ in the heavens, and that what few exist are by no means so regular as the rings of Saturn; but at this point the objectors ceased. In my earliest essay, before I was acquainted with the researches of Darwin and Poincaré on rotating masses of fluid, I suspected that the double stars arose from double nebulæ by a division into two nearly equal masses. As soon as I ascertained from the papers of Darwin and Poincaré that such a division was theoretically possible, I no longer hesitated to affirm that if their results were inapplicable in the solar system, they were of the widest application among the stars; and this conviction was made a certainty when I found from the drawings of Sir John Herschel that double nebulæ exactly resembling the figures computed by the mathematicians actually exist in the heavens. These admirable sketches of Herschel had been published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for 1833, and were now almost forgotten. Darwin and Poincaré had looked for applications of their results in the solar system, but it was only among the stars and nebulæ of remote space, with the details of which neither was acquainted, that the real discovery was to be made; and it was possible only to one who held in mind the results of mathematical analysis on the one hand and those of Herschel's observations on the other. We may conclude, then, that the annular process by which Saturn's rings were separated, while a theoretical possibility, is not generally realized in the actual universe, but that the nebulæ divide into two nearly equal parts by a process externally resembling "fission" among the protozoa. When the rotating mass has thus divided into two nearly equal parts, each part will begin to rotate on its own axis, and the tides raised in either mass by the attraction of the other will cause the orbit to grow gradually larger as well as more eccentric, and in the course of some millions of years we shall have a double star such as Alpha Centauri or 70 Ophiuchi.

It may be pointed out here that notwithstanding all the labors of astronomers on double and multiple stars since the time of Sir William Herschel, they have not yet recognized in all the immensity of the heavens a single system in any way resembling our own. The obstacle to seeing such insignificant bodies as our planets at the distance of the fixed stars is at present insurmountable even with our largest telescope; and hence we must not conclude that systems like our own — a star with a large number of small dark planets — do not exist in the heavens, but only that all such bodies would be invisible even if the power of our telescopes were increased a hundredfold, and consequently no such systems are *known*.

On the contrary, we do know of several thousands of stellar systems of a radically different type; indeed, I myself have augmented by several hundred the number of such systems during the past year, in the course of a survey of the southern heavens undertaken by the Lowell Observatory. These systems are composed of two or more self-luminous suns moving under the law of gravitation, and subject to the tidal effects described above. It is very singular that no visible system yet discerned has any resemblance to the orderly and beautiful system in which we live; and one is thus led to think that probably our system is unique in its character. At

least it is unique among all *known* systems. Our observations during 1896–97 have certainly disclosed stars more difficult than any which astronomers had seen before. Among these obscure objects about half a dozen are truly wonderful, in that they seem to be dark, almost black in color, and apparently are shining by a dull reflected light. It is unlikely that they will prove to be self-luminous. If they should turn out dark bodies in fact, shining only by the reflected light of the stars around which they revolve, we should have the first case of planets — dark bodies — noticed among the fixed stars. The difficulties of seeing these objects may be imagined when we recall that they are visible only in the blackest and clearest sky, when the atmosphere is so still that the definition of the great telescope is perfect; even then they are recognized by none but the trained observer.

These reflections, as well as investigations on the perturbation of certain stellar systems, lead us to suppose that there are many dark bodies in the heavens; but not even such bodies furnish us evidence of any other system similar to our own, as respects complexity and orderly arrangement. It must therefore strike every thoughtful person as astonishing that all the previous cosmogonic investigations should be based upon facts derived from the planetary system, which is now shown to be absolutely unique among the thousands of known systems, and in the present state of our knowledge appears to be an exceptional formation. In like manner it cannot fail to surprise us to recall the historical fact that it took two centuries after Newton detected the cause of the oceanic tides upon the earth's surface for any one to conceive the existence of bodily tides; and after Darwin had developed his theory of tidal friction, it still apparently had little place in philosophic thought till it was extended and applied to the stellar systems observed in the immensity of space. Aside from this delay, it is alike gratifying and honorable to the human mind to recall that the tidal oscillations first noticed by the navigators of our seas are at last found to be but a special case of cosmic phenomena as universal and almost as important as gravitation itself, and that by the known laws of these phenomena we are enabled to interpret the development of the universe, — a great mystery extending over millions of years, and therefore forever sealed to mortal vision.

These recent cosmogonic investigations have also enabled us to realize for the first time that the visible universe is composed mainly of fluid bodies, self-luminous stars and nebulæ, and that some day celestial mechanics will become a science of the equilibrium and motions of fluids. To the theory of the mutual action of solid bodies according to the old theories must be added secular tidal friction, which by its cumulative effects may in time enormously modify the figures and motions of the heavenly bodies.

It may not be inappropriate to add that these recent researches among the stars have thrown a new light upon the formation of the planets and satellites. If the nebulæ as a class do not shed rings which form into stars, but divide into globular masses, as mentioned above, may it not be that the planets and satellites also were separated in the form of lumpy masses? It is now known, by investigations made since the time of Laplace, that such a separation is a mathematical possibility; and as this avoids the necessity of explaining how a regular ring would condense, — a thing not easy to understand, — and as the planets now have a globular form, it is the most acceptable explanation that can be made. The objection has frequently been raised by mathematicians that a great outspread ring, such as Laplace imagined, would rapidly cool off, and become a swarm of small particles like those now constitut-

ing Saturn's rings, and that such particles could never get together to form a single large body. To me this reasoning appears valid, and hence I take it that rings such as Laplace supposed never existed in the solar system, except in the case of Saturn's rings and possibly the asteroidal zone between Mars and Jupiter.

It follows from the researches of Darwin and Poincaré that if the rotating nebula be extremely heterogeneous, very dense in the centre and very rare at the surface, the portion detached would be much smaller than in case the mass were homogeneous. Hence if in the beginning the solar nebula were very heterogeneous, it might detach small masses such as the planets and satellites; and on this view the formation of our system would be exceptional only as regards the primitive condition of the solar nebula. Since we find that the number of the asteroids is unlimited, and that they are scattered over a very wide belt, it seems fairly certain that by whatever process they were formed, the matter was originally diffused over the whole zone now occupied by them. A ring such as Laplace conceived would probably condense into just such a multitude of small masses. In the case of Saturn's rings another cause comes into play, and prevents them from ever forming one or more large bodies. This is the tidal action of the planet upon bodies near its surface, — or within a certain distance called Roche's limit, — and it happens that the rings of Saturn are actually within this critical distance. Even if the particles of the rings were to get together within this region, the tidal action of Saturn upon the resulting mass would tear it to pieces, and the particles would again be diffused into rings such as we now find about the planet. The rings of Saturn will therefore never form a satellite.

For the same reason satellites or planets could not exist too near the surface of Jupiter or the sun. All the known satellites are without this limit for their respective planets, but Jupiter's fifth satellite, discovered by Barnard in 1892, is perilously near the danger-line within which it would be disintegrated by the tidal action of Jupiter.

It will be clear from the foregoing that the principal hope of cosmogony lies in the study of the systems of the universe at large rather than that of our own unique system, though the correct explanation of the planetary cosmogony will always be a desideratum of science. What is needed is a profound investigation of the stellar systems, of the double nebulæ, and of certain branches of celestial mechanics, particularly the theories of the figures of equilibrium and of the bodily tides of gases and liquid masses and their secular effects under conditions such as exist in the heavens. The time has now come when it is no longer sufficient to be able to predict the motions of the heavenly bodies in the most remote centuries; we must essay to trace the systems of the universe back through cosmical ages, and to investigate from laws and causes known to be at work in the heavens just how the present order of things has come about. The solution of this sublime problem, even if it takes centuries for its full realization, will be an achievement not unworthy of the past history of physical astronomy.

T. J. J. See.

SARGASSO WEED.

Out from the seething Stream
To the steadfast trade-wind's courses,
Over the bright vast swirl
Of a tide from evil free, —
Where the ship has a level beam,
And the storm has spent his forces,
And the sky is a hollow pearl
Curved over a sapphire sea.

Here it floats as of old,
Beaded with gold and amber,
Sea-frond buoyed with fruit,
Sere as the yellow oak,
Long since carven and scrolled,
Of some blue-ceiled Gothic chamber
Used to the viol and lute
And the ancient belfry's stroke.

Eddying far and still
In the drift that never ceases,
The dun Sargasso weed
Slips from before our prow,
And its sight makes strong our will,
As of old the Genoese's,
When he stood in his hour of need
On the Santa Maria's bow.

Ay, and the winds at play
Toy with these peopled islands,
Each of itself as well
Naught but a brave New World,
Where the crab and sea-slug stay
In the lochs of its tiny highlands,
And the nautilus moors his shell
With his sail and streamers furled.

Each floats ever and on
As the round green Earth is floating
Out through the sea of space,
Bearing our mortal kind,
Parasites soon to be gone,
Whom others be sure are noting,
While to their astral race
We in our turn are blind.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT IN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

In the extreme northern part of the Chinese Empire, about one thousand miles from the city of Pekin and an equal distance from the coast of the Pacific, there is a wild, mountainous, densely wooded, and almost trackless region, known to Chinese geographers as Khelun-tsan. It forms a part of the great frontier province of Manchuria, and lies, somewhat in the shape of an equilateral triangle, between the rivers Argun and Amur, which separate it from eastern Siberia on the north, and the rivers Ur-son, Khalga-gol, and Sungari, which bound it on the south. A post-road leads along its southern frontier from Khailar to the capital town of Tsitsikhar, and there is a fringe of Cossack stations and Manchu pickets on the rivers Argun and Amur, which form the other two sides of the triangle; but the vast region bounded by these thin lines of settlement is a wilderness of forests and mountains, traversed only by Tongus or Manchu hunters, and as little known to the Chinese who own it as to the Russians whose territory it adjoins. Near the apex of this triangle, between two lateral spurs of the Great Khingan Mountains, there is a deep, wooded valley called the Zhelta, through which flows a shallow tributary of the small Manchurian river Albazikha. It is an insignificant ravine, only ten or fifteen miles in length, and, from a topographical point of view, it does not differ in any essential respect from thousands of other nameless ravines which lie among the wooded mountains of Manchuria and the Trans-Baikal; but it has a distinction not based upon topography and not dependent upon geographical situation, — a distinction arising out of its relation to human interests and human institutions. In this wild, lonely valley was born, a little more than twelve years ago, the first and only true republic that ever existed on the continent of Asia, and its birthplace was a Tongus grave.

In the year 1883 a Tongus hunter and trapper called Vanka, who spent most of his life roaming through the forests and over the mountains of Manchuria and the Trans-Baikal, came, with a bundle of furs, to the shop of a merchant named Seredkin, in the little Cossack post of Ignashina on the upper Amur, and reported that while digging a grave in the valley of the Zhelta for his mother, who had died during a temporary stay there, he had found, at a depth of three or four feet in the gravelly soil, a number of small flakes and nuggets of yellow metal which had the appearance of gold. He wished the merchant to examine them and tell him what they were worth. Seredkin looked at the specimens, subjected them to a few simple tests, and soon satisfied himself that gold they were. He purchased them at a good price, promised Vanka a suitable reward if he would act as guide to the place where they were found, and immediately made preparations to equip and send into Manchuria a small prospecting party, under the direction of a trusted and experienced clerk named Lebedkin. Two or three days later this party crossed the Amur, marched eighteen or twenty miles through the forest to the valley of the Zhelta, and began digging a short distance from the grave in which the Tongus had buried his mother and out of which he had taken the gold. From the very first panful of earth washed they obtained a quarter of a teaspoonful or more of the precious dust, and the deeper they sank their prospecting pits the richer the gravel became. In a dozen or more places, and at various depths ranging from ten to fourteen feet, they found gold in amazing quantities; and Lebed-

kin, the chief of the party, became so excited — not to say crazed — by the vision of sudden wealth that he drank himself to the verge of delirium tremens, and was finally carried back to Ignashina in a state of alcoholic coma and complete physical collapse. The laborers who had been digging under his direction thereupon threw off their allegiance to their employer, formed themselves into an artel,[1] and proceeded to prospect and mine on their own joint account and for their own common benefit.

Seredkin tried to keep the matter a secret while he organized and equipped a second party; but the news of the discovery of a wonderfully rich gold placer on Chinese territory, only fifteen or twenty miles from the Amur, was too important and too exciting to be either suppressed or concealed. From the village of Ignashina it was carried to the neighboring Cossack post of Pokrofka, from there to Albazin, from Albazin to Blagoveshchinsk, and thence to all parts of eastern Siberia. Before the end of the spring of 1884 gold-seekers bound for the new Eldorado were pouring into Ignashina at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day, and the little Cossack settlement was suddenly transformed into a pandemonium of noise, tumult, drunkenness, fighting, and wild, feverish excitement. In vain the Russian authorities at Chita and Blagoveshchinsk tried to stop the frenzied rush of miners and prospectors into Manchuria, first by threatening them with arrest, and then by forbidding station-masters on the government post-roads to furnish them with transportation. The tide of migration could no more be stopped in this way than the current of the Amur could be arrested or diverted by means of a paper dam. The excited gold-seekers paid no attention whatever to official proclamations or warnings, and if they could not obtain horses and vehicles at the post-stations, they hired telegas[2] from the muzhiks, or canoes from the Amur Cossacks, and came into Ignashina, by land and by water, in ever increasing numbers. As fast as they could obtain food and equipment they crossed the Amur in skiffs, shouldered their picks, shovels, and bread-bags, and plunged on foot into the wild, gloomy forests of Manchuria. Before the 1st of September, 1884, the Tongus grave in the valley of the Zhelta was surrounded by the tents and log huts of at least three thousand miners; and a more motley, heterogeneous, and lawless horde of vagabonds and adventurers never invaded the Chinese Empire. There were wandering Tongus from the mountains of the Trans-Baikal; runaway Russian laborers from the east-Siberian mines of Butin Brothers, Niemann, and the Zea Company; Buriats and Mongols from the province of Irkutsk; discharged government clerks and retired ispravniks[3] from Nerchinsk, Stretinsk, Verkhni Udinsk, and Chita; exiled Polish Jews from the Russian Pale of Settlement; Chinese laborers and teamsters from Kiakhta and Maimachin; a few nondescript Koreans, Tatars, and Manchus from the lower Amur; and finally, more than one thousand escaped convicts — thieves, burglars, highwaymen, and murderers — from the silver-mines of Nerchinsk and the gold-mines of Kara.

As the valley of the Zhelta lies outside the limits and beyond the jurisdiction of Russia, and is separated by hundreds of miles of trackless wilderness from the nearest administrative centre in China, its invaders were not subject to any au-

[1] An artel is a Russian form of labor union, in which from six to fifty or more men unite to do a particular piece of work, or to labor together for a certain specified time. It is virtually a small joint stock company, whose members share equally in the work, expenses, and profits of the enterprise in which they are engaged.

[2] Small, springless, four-wheeled carts, drawn usually by a single horse.

[3] Local officials who act as chiefs of police and magistrates in a Russian district.

thority nor bound by any law; and its history, for a time, was little more than a record of quarreling, claim-jumping, fighting, robbery, and murder. Gradually, however, the better class of Russian miners, impelled by the instinct of association and coöperation which is so marked a characteristic of the Slavonic race, began to organize themselves into artels, whose members contributed equally to the common treasury, worked together for the common weal, shared alike in the product of their industry, and defended as a body their individual and corporate rights. As these little groups or associations, united by the bond of a common interest, began to grow stronger and more coherent, they took counsel together and drew up a series of regulations for the uniform government of the artels and for the better protection of their members. These regulations, however, did not have the force of a constitution, binding upon all citizens of the camp, nor were they intended to take the place of a civil or criminal code. They resembled rather, in form and effect, the by-laws of a chartered corporation; and they had no recognized or enforceable validity outside the limits of the artels that adopted and sanctioned them. In the camp at large, every man who was not a member of an artel defended himself and his property as best he could, without regard to law or authority. For some months after the establishment of the camp there was no law except the law of might, and no recognized authority other than the will of the strongest; but as the feeling of solidarity, fostered by the artels, gradually permeated the whole mass of the population, an attempt was made to establish something like a general government. The logic of events had convinced both honest men and criminals that unless they secured life and property within the limits of the camp, they were all likely to starve to death in the course of the winter. Traders would not come there with food, and merchants would not open shops there, unless they could be assured of protection for themselves and safety for their goods. Such assurance could be given them only by an organized government, willing and able to enforce the provisions of a penal code. At the suggestion, therefore, of some of the artels, the whole body of miners was invited to assemble in what is known to the Russian peasants as a "skhod," a Slavonic variety of the New England town-meeting. At this skhod, which was largely attended, the situation was fully and noisily discussed. Robbery and murder were declared to be crimes of which the camp, as a community, must take cognizance; a penal code was adopted, providing that robbers should be flogged and murderers put to death; and a committee of safety, consisting of one representative from the artels, one from the escaped convicts, and one from the unattached miners, was appointed to govern the camp, enforce the law, and act generally as the executive arm of the skhod.

The effect of this action was to diminish, for a time, the frequency of robbery and murder, and greatly to increase the population and promote the prosperity of the camp. The news that a government had been organized and three starostas elected to maintain order and punish crime in the "Chinese California" soon spread throughout eastern Siberia, and gave a fresh impetus to the tide of migration across the Manchurian frontier. Russian peasant farmers from the Trans-Baikal — a much better and steadier class than the runaway mining laborers — caught the gold fever, and started for the camp; merchants from Nerchinsk, Stretinsk, and Chita sent thither caravans of horses and camels laden with bales of dry goods, hardware, and provisions; actors, jugglers, gamblers, musicians, and amusement-purveyors of all sorts from the east-Siberian towns, joined in the universal rush, and before midwinter the gold-placer of Zheltuga, as it was then called, had grown into a rough, noisy,

turbulent mining-town of more than five thousand inhabitants.

To a traveler ascending the Zhelta River from the Amur, in the autumn of 1884, the site of the town presented itself as a nearly level valley-bottom about a quarter of a mile in width, strewn with water-worn boulders and heaps of gravel from the pits and trenches of the gold-diggers, and bounded on its northwestern and southeastern sides by high hills covered with forests of spruce, pine, and silver birch. In the foreground was a flat, grassy plain, known to the miners as "Pitch-Penny Field," where the underlying gravel was not rich enough to pay for working, and where the surface, consequently, had not been much disturbed. From this field stretched away, on the right-hand side of the valley, under the shadow of the mountain, a double line of tents, yourts,[1] bologans,[2] and log houses, to which the miners had given the name Millionaire Street, for the reason that it adjoined the richest part of the placer. This street was a mile and a half or more in length, and along it, at short intervals, were scattered the principal shops of the town, each surmounted by a flag; twenty or thirty drinking-saloons with evergreen boughs nailed over their doors; and about a dozen hotels and "houses for arrivers," whose rudely painted sign-boards bore such names as The Assembly, The Marseilles, The Zheltuga, The California, and The Wilderness Hotel. Filling the spaces between the semi-public buildings, on both sides of the narrow, muddy street, stood the shedlike barracks of the artels, the flat-roofed, earth-banked yourts of the convicts, and the more carefully built houses of the well-to-do Russian peasants, all made of unhewn logs chinked with moss, and provided with windows of cheap cotton sheeting. But Millionaire Street, although it was the business and aristocratic quarter of the town, did not by any means comprise the whole of it. On the opposite or southeastern side of the valley there was a straggling encampment of skin tents, birch-bark lodges, and wretched hovels, tenanted by poor Chinese, Tongus, and Buriats, who were employed as day laborers by the artels; and from the southeastern end of Millionaire Street there was a thin, broken line of detached huts and cabins, extending up the Zhelta almost to its source. The camp, as a whole, therefore, occupied an area about a quarter of a mile wide and four miles long, with the head of the ravine at one end, Pitch-Penny Field at the other, and a desert of stones, gravel, ditches, flumes, and sluices between.

At the beginning of the winter of 1884–85, there had been staked out, within the productive limits of the placer, about four hundred claims, more than two thirds of which were being worked. The stratum of gravel and sand from which the gold was obtained probably formed at one time the bed of the Zhelta River. It lay at an average depth of about twelve feet, under a covering of alluvial soil known to the miners as "torf," which, doubtless, in the course of ages, had been gradually washed down into the valley from the circumjacent hills. This thick superficial layer of torf had to be removed, of course, before the auriferous sand could be reached; and as the labor of taking it away was very great, all the individual miners, and nearly all the artels, had adopted what was then known in Siberia as the "orta," or subterranean method of working a deep placer. By this method, the torf, instead of being removed, was undermined. The digger sunk a shaft to the bottom of the auriferous stratum,

[1] Quadrangular log huts, shaped like deeply truncated pyramids, and banked and roofed with sods or earth.

[2] Conical structures of logs, roughly resembling wigwams or tepees, and sometimes mounted on four high posts and reached by a ladder.

and then drove tunnels through the pay-gravel in every direction to the boundary lines of his claim, leaving the torf intact above as a roof, and supporting it, if necessary, with timbers. The gravel taken out of these subterranean tunnels and chambers was hoisted to the surface through the shaft by means of a large wooden bucket attached either to a windlass or to an old-fashioned well-sweep, and the gold was then separated from the sand by agitation with water in shallow pans, troughs, or cradles. The pay-gravel of Zheltuga yielded, on an average, about four ounces of gold per ton; and the precious metal was worth on the spot from twelve to sixteen dollars an ounce. In many cases the yield was much greater than this. One fortunate digger unearthed a mass of virgin gold weighing five pounds; and lucky finds of nuggets varying in weight from one ounce to ten ounces were of frequent occurrence. Even in parts of the placer that were comparatively barren, isolated "pockets" were sometimes found that yielded gold at the rate of twelve ounces to the Russian pud, or more than fifty-five pounds to the ton. In the early part of 1885 it was estimated that the Zheltuga placer, as a whole, was yielding about thirty-five pounds of gold per day, and the accumulated stock on hand weighed 3600 pounds and represented a cash value of nearly $1,000,000.

The currency of the camp, for the most part, was gold-dust, which, when transferred from hand to hand, was weighed in improvised balances with ordinary playing-cards. An amount of dust that would just balance four cards, of standard size and make, was everywhere accepted as a zolotnik,[1] and the zolotnik was valued at about $1.75. One card of dust, therefore, represented forty-four cents. This was practically the unit of the Zheltuga monetary system; but if a buyer or seller wished to give or receive a smaller sum than this, the card used as a weight was cut into halves or quarters, — a method that suggests the "bit" of the American miners on the Pacific Coast. A pound of sugar, for example, was valued in the Zheltuga currency at "two bits" of a quartered playing-card; that is, at one eighth of a zolotnik in dust. Russian paper money circulated to some extent, but the supply was insufficient, and gold-dust was the ordinary medium of exchange.

Once a week, on Saturday, the lower part of the valley, near Pitch-Penny Field, was turned into a great market or bazaar, where traders and Cossacks from the neighboring settlements sold meat, flour, hard-bread, tea, sugar, soap, candles, clothing, and hardware, and where thousands of miners, from all parts of the placer, assembled to purchase supplies. In no other place and at no other time could the population and life of the great mining-camp be studied to better advantage. The field was dotted with white cotton tents and rude temporary booths, erected to shelter the goods of the traders; scores of telegas, filled with produce and provisions, were drawn up in long parallel lines, with shaggy Cossack ponies tethered to their muddy wheels; the strident music of hand-organs and concertinas called the attention of the idle and the curious to yourts and bologans where popular amusement was furnished in the form of singing, juggling, or tumbling; and in and out among these tents, booths, wagons, and bologans surged a great horde of rough, dirty, unshaven miners: some munching bread or cold meat as they elbowed their way from one booth to another; some crowding around a wagon loaded with apples and dried Chinese fruits from the valley of the Ussuri; some stuffing their multifarious purchases into big gray bags of coarse Siberian linen; and all shouting, wrangling, or bargaining in half a dozen Asiatic languages.

No American mining-camp, probably,

[1] One ninety-sixth part of a pound troy.

ever presented such an extraordinary diversity of types, costumes, and nationalities as might have been seen any pleasant Saturday afternoon in that Manchurian market. Thin-faced, keen-eyed Polish Jews, in skull-caps and loose black gabardines, stood here and there in little stalls exchanging Russian paper money for gold-dust, which they weighed carefully with dirty playing-cards in apothecaries' balances; sallow, beardless Tongus hunters, whose fur hoods, buckskin tunics, and tight leather leggings showed that they had just come from the mountain fastnesses of the Trans-Baikal, offered gloves, mittens, and squirrel-skin blankets to red-shirted Russian peasants in flat caps and high-topped boots; wrinkle-eyed Mongol horsemen, dressed in flapping orange gowns and queer dishpan-shaped felt hats, rode through the crowded market-place on wiry ponies, leading long files of solemn, swaying camels laden with goods from Verkhni Udinsk or Nerchinski Zavod; uniformed Siberian Cossacks, standing at the tail-boards of the small four-wheeled wagons in which they had brought rye flour and fresh fish from the Amur, exchanged loud greetings or rough jokes with the runaway convicts who strolled past, smoking home-made cigarettes of acrid Circassian tobacco rolled in bits of old newspaper; and now and then, strangely conspicuous in black frock coat and civil service cap, might be seen a retired ispravnik, or a government clerk from Chita, buying tea and white loaf sugar at the stall of a Chinese trader.

On the outskirts of the bazaar amusements and diversions of all kinds were provided in abundance, and from half a dozen different directions came the discordant music of hand-organs and balalaikas[1] calling attention to lotteries, peep-shows, exhibitions of trained Chinese monkeys, and large circular tents in which acrobats and tumblers performed feats of strength or agility before crowds of shouting and applauding spectators. In one place, a huge tiger, caught in a trap on the lower Amur and confined in an iron cage, was an object of wonder and admiration to a throng of swarthy, bullet-headed Buriats; in another, a professional equestrian in dirty spangled tights exhibited the horsemanship of the *haute école* to a circle of hard-featured ruffians in gray overcoats, who were easily recognizable as escaped convicts from the Siberian mines, and who still wore on their backs, in the shape of two yellow diamonds, the badge of penal servitude.

Taken as a whole, the great bazaar, with its unpainted booths, its white cotton tents, its long lines of loaded wagons, its piles of merchandise, its horses, cattle, and double-humped Bactrian camels, its music, its vari-colored flags, and its diversified population of traders, miners, Cossacks, Russian peasants, runaway convicts, and Asiatic nomads, formed a picture hardly to be paralleled in all the Chinese Empire, and a picture strangely out of harmony with the solemn mountains and primeval forests of the lonely Manchurian wilderness in which it was framed.

The government of so heterogeneous and lawless a population as that assembled in the valley of the Zhelta presented, of course, a problem of extraordinary difficulty; and it is not at all surprising that the first attempt of the artels to provide the camp with a civil administration proved to be a failure. The three starostas elected by the skhod were not men of much education or character; their authority was not backed, as it should have been, by an adequate police force; and even when their intentions were good and their orders judicious, they were virtually powerless to carry them into effect. The runaway convicts from the mines in east Siberia, who composed at least a third of the whole population, soon discovered that

[1] A Russian variety of guitar, with three or four strings and a triangular sounding-board of thin seasoned wood.

the starostas had neither the nerve nor the power to enforce order and honesty in the only way in which they could be enforced, — with the hangman's rope and the lash, — and therefore they promptly resumed their criminal activity. Theft, claim-jumping, fighting, and robbery with violence soon became as common as ever; the influence and authority of the administration steadily declined as one board of starostas after another was discharged for cowardice or inefficiency; men of good character from the artels refused to take positions which no longer had even the semblance of dignity or power; and finally the government itself became criminal, the latest board of starostas participated in a crime and fled across the Siberian frontier with their plunder, and the camp lapsed again into virtual anarchy.

This state of affairs continued for several weeks, in the course of which time no attempt was made either to reëstablish the ineffective and discredited administration of the starostas, or to substitute for it a form of government better adapted to the circumstances of the case. Petty crimes of various sorts were committed almost daily in all parts of the placer; but as the sufferers from them were, for the most part, the weaker and less influential members of the community, public feeling was not roused to the point of renewed action until the latter part of December, 1884, when a brutal murder, in the very heart of the camp, brought everybody to a sudden realization of the dangers of the situation. One of the members of an artel of escaped convicts, who was known to have had in his possession a considerable quantity of gold-dust, was found one morning in his tent, dead and cold, with his head and face beaten into an almost unrecognizable mass of blood, hair, brains, and shattered bones. From the position and appearance of the body, it was evident that the murderer had crept into the tent at a late hour of the night, and killed his victim, while asleep, with repeated blows of a heavy sledge-hammer, which was found, lying in a pool of half-frozen blood, beside the bed. The dead man's gold-dust had disappeared, and there was no clue to the identity of the assassin.

The news of this murder spread in a few hours to all parts of the placer; and thousands of miners, attracted either by morbid curiosity or by a desire to verify the statements they had heard, came to look at the disfigured corpse, and to discuss with one another means of preventing such crimes. In the absence of an authorized and responsible government, no one ventured to remove or bury the body, and for nearly a week it remained untouched, just where it had been found, as a ghastly and impressive object-lesson to the citizens of the camp. Meanwhile, the need of a strong and effective government, to maintain order, protect life, and punish crime, was earnestly and noisily discussed in hundreds of tents and cabins throughout the valley; and the outcome of the discussion was the calling of another skhod, composed of delegates representing the four great classes into which the population of the camp was divided, — the artels, the convicts, the unattached miners, and the Asiatics. At this skhod it was decided to organize a republican form of government, with a single chief or president, who should be authorized to draft a code of laws, and who should be supported in the rigorous enforcement of them by the full-armed strength of the camp. As the starostas elected under the previous régime had been common peasants, wholly without administrative experience or training and almost wholly without education, and as the result of their efforts to maintain order had been general dissatisfaction and disappointment, it was resolved that the president to be chosen in the second experiment should be a man of character and ability from the cultivated class, and, if possible, a

man who had had some experience as an administrative or executive officer. The number of such men in the community was extremely small; but among them there happened to be a retired government official — a clerk from one of the provincial departments of Siberia — named Fasse, whose personal bearing, dignity, and upright character had attracted general attention, and who had the respect and confidence of all the best men in the camp. Upon Fasse the choice of the skhod fell; and a deputation, bearing a plate of bread and a small cup of salt on a wooden tray, was sent to apprise him of the assembly's action, and to congratulate him upon his unanimous election as "first President of the Zheltuga Republic."

Fasse, who was not ambitious of distinction in this field, and who fully appreciated the serious nature of the responsibilities that would devolve upon the "first President," was disposed to decline the honor; but when the skhod agreed in advance to sanction any laws that he might suggest, to recognize and obey any assistants whom he might appoint, and to give him the fullest possible coöperation and support, he decided that it was his duty, as a good citizen, to waive personal feeling, accept the position, and give the community the benefit of all the knowledge and experience he had. His first official act was to divide the territory which constituted the placer into five districts (subsequently known as "states"), and to invite the residents of each district to elect two starshinas, whose duty it should be to act in their respective localities as justices of the peace, and who should together constitute the President's Council.

In the course of three or four days, starshinas were elected in all of the districts (two of them Chinese from the Asiatic quarter of the camp), certificates of election were duly signed and returned to the President, and the Council was summoned to draw up a code of laws and regulations for the government of the republic. The result of their deliberations was the following constitution, which was submitted to the skhod at a special meeting, and adopted without dissent: —

On this —— day of ——, in the year of our Lord 188–, we, the Artels and Free Adventurers of the Zheltuga Command, imploring the blessing of Almighty God upon our undertaking, do hereby promise and swear implicit obedience to the authorities elected by us at this skhod, and to the rules and regulations drawn up by them for the government of the camp, as follows: —

1. The territory belonging to the Zheltuga Command shall be known as the "Amur California," and shall be divided into five districts or states.

2. The officers of the republic shall be a President and ten starshinas, who shall be elected by the skhod, and who shall hold office for a period of four months, or until the skhod relieves them from duty. Executive and judicial authority, in each one of the five districts, shall be vested in two starshinas, and the ten starshinas together shall constitute the President's Council. These officers of the government shall wear on their left arms, as evidence of their official authority, brass badges bearing in incised letters the words "Starshina of the Amur California, ——th District." The President shall receive a salary of four hundred rubles, and each starshina a salary of two hundred rubles, per month.

3. Every artel and every miner in the camp shall come to the assistance of the starshinas at the first call, by night or day, and shall aid them in enforcing the law and maintaining order. Coöperation in the infliction of punishment for crime, under direction and by order of the President, the Council, or the starshinas, shall be an imperative obligation of every citizen.

4. The lightest punishment that shall be inflicted for an offense committed

within the territorial limits of the Amur California shall be banishment from the camp without right of return. More serious crimes shall be punished by flogging, with whip or rods, the number of blows to be proportioned to the criminal's health or strength, but not to exceed in any case five hundred. Murder shall be punished in accordance with the Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye," and the murderer shall be put to death in the same manner and with the same weapon that he employed in killing his victim. Every sentence of the authorities shall be executed, if possible, forthwith, and in no case shall punishment be delayed more than twenty-four hours.

5. Starshinas, in their respective districts, shall have the right to punish, up to one hundred blows, at their own discretion and without consulting either the President or the Council; but they shall make to the President, at a fixed hour every day, a report of all such cases, and an official statement of the condition of affairs in their districts.

6. The authorities shall have the right to put any person suspected of criminal conduct under the surveillance of any artel or individual, paying the latter for such supervision at the rate of one ruble per day; and the artel or individual shall be held responsible for such suspect's safeguard and good behavior.

7. The selling of spurious and manufactured gold, and also the wearing of a starshina's badge without authority, as a means of intimidating or extorting money from any person, shall be punished with five hundred blows of a blackthorn rod.

8. In gambling with cards, the wagering of clothing, tools, implements, or other like objects of absolute necessity is strictly prohibited, upon penalty of severe punishment, as is also the pledging or pawning of such objects for a loan or debt.

9. The firing of a gun or pistol, at any hour of the day or night, without sufficient and legal cause, and the carrying of deadly weapons while in a state of intoxication, are strictly forbidden.

10. Among those who have recently come to the Amur California, ostensibly to work, are a large number of persons who have no regular occupation, and who hang about restaurants and saloons, living a drunken and disorderly life or maintaining themselves by dishonest card-playing. Their evil example exerts a demoralizing influence upon the great mass of honest and industrious miners, and the citizens of the camp are requested, in their own interest and for the sake of public tranquillity, to point out such persons to the authorities, in order that they may be banished from the placer.

11. Every artel or individual miner who employs, or ostensibly employs, laborers shall personally see that such laborers are actually at work, or shall make a report of them to the district starshinas, so that the latter may either set them at work or expel them from the settlement.

12. In view of the fact that many persons who have come here are unable, for various reasons, to acquire mining territory or find work, and are therefore in a suffering condition, and in view of the further fact that certain artels are nominally in possession of much more territory than they are able to develop, it has been decided to regard all unoccupied and unworked claims as public lands, and to distribute them among honest and sober citizens who have not been able to find either work or unclaimed ground. Such distribution will begin in seven days from the date hereof. Henceforth the number of claims that artels will be permitted to hold in reserve without development shall be limited to two for an artel of nine men, four for an artel of eighteen men, and six for an artel of twenty-seven men. Relying upon the generosity and humanity of all Russians, the government hereby gives notice that undeveloped and unworked

claims held by artels in excess of the numbers above set forth will hereafter be treated as public lands, and will be distributed in accordance with the best interests of the community among the poorer members thereof.

13. A fund to defray the expenses of the government shall be raised by means of taxes imposed at the discretion of the skhod upon all liquor-sellers, restaurant-keepers, traders, and merchants.

14. Every person who has a store, shop, or trading-place within the limits of the placer shall cause a flag to be displayed on the building in which such business is carried on. Failure to do so within three days from the date hereof shall be punished with a fine of from twenty-five to one hundred rubles.

15. Every merchant or trader who pays a tax or license fee for the right to carry on his business shall obtain from the person authorized to collect the tax a duly executed receipt for the same, bearing the seal of the government and the signature of the President, and shall post this receipt in a prominent place in his shop, store, restaurant, or saloon.

16. The sale of spirituous liquor within the limits of the camp by persons who have no regular place of business is strictly and absolutely forbidden. Persons who have regular places of business shall not sell spirituous liquor until they have obtained special permission to do so. For every bottle sold without such permission the seller shall pay a fine of from twenty-five to one hundred rubles.

17. The laws of the Zheltuga Free Adventurers shall apply without exception to all citizens of the camp, regardless of rank, condition, nationality, or previous allegiance. Officers of the government, however, chosen by election, shall not be punished for illegal actions until they shall have been tried by the Council, found guilty, and dismissed from the service. They shall then be tried and punished as private citizens under the general law.

18. Every artel or individual coming hereafter within the territorial limits of the Amur California shall appear within three days at the headquarters of the government to read and sign these laws. Those who fail to make such appearance within three days from the time they cross the Amur will be proceeded against as persons unwilling to submit to the authority and obey the laws of the Zheltuga Command of Free Adventurers of the Amur California.

19. As evidence that the President and starshinas referred to herein have been chosen by us of our own free will, we append hereto our signatures, and we hereby promise to treat them with honor and respect. Those of us who fail to do so shall be severely punished as disturbers of the peace and insulters of the officers whom the Command has trusted as honest and impartial guardians of its safety and tranquillity.

(Signed) —— ——

—— ——

Electors.

Five copies of the constitution, or code of laws, were prepared in manuscript, and delivered to the starshinas of the five districts, who called local meetings and read the documents aloud to the electors. They were then signed by representatives of the latter and returned to the President, who affixed to them the seal of the Amur California, and deposited them in a place of security as the organic law of the Chinese republic.

With the beginning of the year 1885 the new government entered upon the discharge of its duties, and the inevitable conflict arose between law and authority on one side and lawlessness and crime on the other. If there were any doubt of the ability of the new administration to maintain its existence and enforce its decrees, such doubt was speedily removed by the boldness, promptness, and energy with which the new officials acted. Supported by a majority of the citizens,

backed by a strong *posse comitatus*, and accompanied by an adequate force of zealous executioners, the starshinas patrolled their districts from morning to night, listening to complaints, settling disputes, punishing crimes, and administering justice generally in accordance with the summary processes of a drum-head court-martial. Evil-doers who thought they could deal with the starshinas as they had dealt with their predecessors, the starostas, soon discovered their mistake. The new officials enforced order and justice, by means of the lash, without fear, favor, or mercy, and punishment followed crime with as much certainty as if the sequence were a fixed law of nature.

The place of execution was a frozen pond in the lower part of the valley, near Pitch-Penny Field, where half a dozen able-bodied Russian peasants, armed with flexible rods and formidable rawhide whips, carried the decrees of the starshinas into effect. The regular formula of condemnation was, "To the ice with him!" And from this sentence there was no appeal. The criminal thus condemned was taken forthwith to the frozen pond, and, after having been stripped to the hips, was laid, face downward, on the ice. One executioner then sat on his head, another on his legs, and a third, with a rod or rawhide plet, covered his naked back with the crisscross lacing of swollen crimson stripes which is known to Siberian hard-labor convicts as "the bloody gridiron."

In the sentences of the starshinas no partiality whatever was shown to criminals of any particular class or social rank. For stealing a keg of hard-bread a Russian peasant was given five hundred blows with a birch rod, and was then expelled from the camp; but at the same time a clerk for a well-known firm of Blagoveshchinsk merchants, a gentleman and a man of some education, received two hundred blows for unnecessarily firing a revolver. Doubtless in many cases the punishments inflicted were cruel and excessive, but desperate ills required desperate remedies, and in dealing with a heterogeneous population, composed largely of runaway convicts from the Siberian mines, it was thought better to err on the side of severity than to show a leniency that might be attributed to weakness or fear.

For a period of two weeks or more the dread order "To the ice with him!" might have been heard almost hourly in every part of the camp, and the snow on the frozen pond was trampled hard by the feet of the executioners and stained red with blood from the lacerated backs of condemned criminals. But the dishonest and disorderly class finally learned its lesson. After three men had been put to death, scores expelled from the settlement, and hundreds mercilessly flogged with rods or the plet, even the boldest and hardiest of the runaway convicts were cowed, and the whole population of the camp was brought for the first time to a realization of the fact that a government resting on the will and consent of the governed, and supported by a posse comitatus of free citizens, may be quite as powerful and formidable in its way, and quite as great a terror to evil-doers, as a government based on the divine right of an anointed Tsar, and supported by an armed force of soldiers and police.

Before the 1st of February, 1885, the triumph of the honest and law-abiding class in the Amur California was virtually complete. The petty crimes which had so long harassed and disquieted the camp became less and less frequent; the supremacy of the law was everywhere recognized with respect or fear; the experiment of popular self-government was admitted to be successful; and the skhod and its executive officers, having established order, were at liberty to turn their attention to minor details of civil organization. Adequate revenue for the support of the government was obtained by means of a judiciously framed tariff on

imports; a post-office department was organized, and provision made for a daily mail between the camp and the nearest station in Siberia; houses were built or set apart in the several districts for the accommodation of the starshinas and their clerks; a free public hospital was opened, with a staff of two physicians and half a dozen nurses, and was maintained at a cost of nearly thirty thousand rubles a year; the organic law was revised and amended to accord with the results of later experience, and the government of the republic gradually assumed a form which, if not comparable with that of older and more advanced communities, was at least more civilized and modern than that which then prevailed in Siberia. Intelligent and dispassionate Russians who had just come from the Amur California told me, when I met them at Chita, Nerchinsk, and Stretinsk in 1885, that life and property were absolutely safer in the Chinese republic than in any part of the Russian empire. "Why," said one of them, "you may leave a heap of merchandise unguarded all night in the streets; nobody will touch it!"

The first result of the establishment of a really strong and effective government in the valley of the Zhelta was a remarkable increase in the population and the prosperity of the camp. Miners, prospectors, merchants, mechanics, and "free adventurers" flocked to it from all parts of eastern Siberia. New goldfields were discovered and developed in neighboring valleys; a large area of new territory was annexed; new administrative districts were organized; and before the 1st of June, 1885, the Chinese republic had a population of more than ten thousand free citizens, including six hundred women and children, and contained fifty hotels, three hundred shops and stores, and nearly one thousand inhabited buildings.

The development of so strong and well organized a community as this in the wildest part of Manchuria, absolutely without advice, assistance, or encouragement from any outside source, is an interesting and noteworthy proof of the capacity of the Russian people for self-government, and it is for this reason, mainly, that the story has seemed to me worth telling. Here was a population as heterogeneous, as uneducated, and as lawless as could be found anywhere in the Russian empire. Nearly a third of it consisted of actual criminals, of the worst class, from the Siberian mines and penal settlements, and fully a quarter of the non-criminal remainder were ignorant Asiatics, belonging to half a dozen different tribes and nationalities. Never, perhaps, was the experiment of popular self-government tried under more unfavorable conditions. The experimenters had no precedents to guide them, no record of previous success to encourage them, and, at first, no trained or educated men to lead them. Relying solely on the good sense and self-control of the majority, they extended the right of suffrage to criminals and Asiatics as well as to honest men and Russians, summoned a skhod in which every citizen of the camp had a voice and a vote, gave the criminals and aliens their share of official authority by electing two convicts and two Chinese as members of the Council, and then, on the basis of manhood suffrage, free speech, equal rights, and the will of the majority, they established their republic, enacted their laws, and carried to a successful termination their unique experiment. As an evidence of the ability of the Siberian people to govern themselves, and as an indication of the form which their institutions would be likely to take if they could escape from the yoke of the Russian despotism, the history of the Amur California seems to me to be full of interest and instruction. But be that as it may, it is certainly a curious and significant fact that the first true republic ever established east of the Caspian Sea

and the Urals was founded by representatives of the most despotically governed nation in Europe, upon the territory of the least progressive and the least enterprising nation in Asia, and was modeled after the government of the strongest and most successful nation in America.

What would have been the future of the Chinese republic if the Zheltuga Free Adventurers had been left to their own devices we can only conjecture. They had already demonstrated their ability to deal successfully with internal disorders, and if their growth and progress had not been checked by external forces too strong to be resisted, they might ultimately have conquered and occupied a large part of northern Manchuria; but of course neither Russia nor China could afford to permit the establishment of a free and independent state in the valley of the Amur. China protested against the invasion of her territory as soon as she became aware of it, and called upon the governor-general of the Amur to interfere. The latter simply replied that the invasion was unauthorized; that he had no control over the invaders, who were a mere horde of vagrants and runaway convicts; and that the Chinese authorities were at liberty to treat them as brigands and drive them out of the country. This, however, the Chinese authorities were utterly unable to do: partly because they had no force in northern Manchuria strong enough to cope with the Zheltuga Free Adventurers, and partly because the region occupied by the latter was an almost inaccessible wilderness. All that they could do was to send an officer up the Amur, with a small escort, to find out exactly where the invaders were, to ascertain their strength, and to threaten them with severe punishment if they refused to withdraw.

This was done in the winter of 1884–85, soon after the organization of the republic and the election of Fasse as President. A Chinese official, with an escort of thirty-six soldiers, came up the Amur from Aigun on the ice, visited the camp, and found, to his surprise, that it contained a population of more than seven thousand men, fully one third of whom were armed. Seeing that it would be futile, if not dangerous, to threaten so strong and well organized a community as this, the Chinese envoy had a brief interview with President Fasse, and a few days later, without having accomplished anything, returned to Aigun. The Chinese government thereupon renewed its protest, and insisted that Russia should take adequate measures to compel the withdrawal of the Free Adventurers from Manchurian territory. Protests and complaints were also received from district governors, proprietors of mines, and influential citizens in various parts of eastern Siberia, who alleged that the Manchurian gold fever was exciting and demoralizing the Siberian population; that the export of provisions to the Chinese republic was raising the prices and increasing the scarcity of food products in all the adjacent Siberian provinces; and that if the emigration to Manchuria were not speedily checked, work in many of the Siberian mines would have to be suspended for want of laborers.

At a conference of the territorial governors of Irkutsk, the Amur, and the Trans-Baikal, held at Blagoveshchinsk early in the summer of 1885, these protests and complaints were duly considered, and a decision was reached to break up the Chinese republic by cutting off its supply of provisions. A few weeks later, Captain Sokolofski, with an adequate force of cavalry, was sent from Chita to Ignashina, with orders to establish a military cordon along the Siberian frontier from Albazin to the mouth of the river Shilka, to arrest all persons attempting to cross that frontier in either direction, to confiscate the gold or merchandise found in their possession, and to take such other steps as might be

necessary to compel the withdrawal of all Russian subjects from Chinese territory. This was a death-blow to the Chinese republic. Its population of more than ten thousand persons, relying upon its ability to procure supplies from the north, had made no attempt to cultivate the soil, and it could not maintain itself in the Manchurian wilderness for a single month after its communications with Siberia had been severed. Fasse, the President of the republic, was ordered by the Russian government to resign his position and return to his country upon pain of penal servitude; the starshinas, deprived suddenly of their chief, and apprehensive of future punishment for themselves, became demoralized and abandoned their posts; while the panic-stricken Free Adventurers, hoping to evade the cordon by crossing the Amur above or below it, packed up hastily their gold-dust, merchandise, and other valuables, and silently vanished in the forests. In less than a week the population of the Amur California had fallen from ten thousand to three thousand, and in less than a month the camp had been virtually abandoned by all except a few hundred desperate runaway convicts, who preferred the chance of starvation in Manchuria to the certainty of arrest and deportation to the mines in Siberia.

The Chinese made no attempt to occupy the almost deserted gold placer until December, 1885, when they sent a force of manegri, or frontier cavalry, up the Amur River on the ice, with orders to drive out the remaining miners and destroy the camp. The soldiers reached their destination, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, on the 6th of January, 1886. The only occupants of the place at that time were about three hundred runaway convicts, fifty or sixty Chinese and Manchus, and a few Russian peasants lying ill in the hospital. The convicts, at the approach of the troops, formed in a compact body on Pitch-Penny Field and boldly marched out to meet the enemy, playing a march on three battered clarionets, and carrying high above their heads, on a cross-shaped flagstaff, a sort of ecclesiastical banner made out of a white cotton sheet, upon which they had painted rudely in huge black capital letters the words

WE
ALEXANDER
THIRD.

The Chinese cavalry, overawed by this extraordinary banner, or perhaps uncertain as to the result of a contest with the desperate ruffians who carried it, allowed the convicts to pass without molestation, and they marched away in the direction of the Amur, keeping step to the music of the clarionets, and relying upon the protection of a flag which combined the majesty of the Tsar with the sanctity of an emblem of truce.

When the convicts had disappeared in the forest, the Chinese entered the camp with fire and sword, burned all its buildings to the ground, and put every living occupant to death, — not sparing even the sick in the hospital. Some were beheaded, some were stabbed and thrown into the flaming ruins of the burning buildings, and a few were stripped naked, tied to trees, and showered with bucketful after bucketful of cold water from the Zhelta River, until death had put an end to their sufferings, and their stiffened bodies had become white statues of ice. When the sun rose over the wooded Manchurian hills on the following morning, a few hundred piles of smoking ruins and a few ghastly naked bodies tied to trees and encased in shrouds of ice were all that remained of the Chinese republic.

George Kennan.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, THE NOVELIST.

"Tom Jones and Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." This statement by Marjorie Fleming has abundant confirmation in the history of English literature for the last hundred and fifty years. And although this nineteenth century of ours has enjoyed throwing a great many stones at the eighteenth, we must acknowledge that we cannot find in English literature another novel and another poem that, taken together, give us a fuller knowledge of English-speaking men. There are times, in the twilights of the day and of the year, in the closing in of life, when we all contemplate death; and the Elegy tells all our thoughts in lines that possess our memories like our mothers' voices. It shows simple folk in sight of death, calm, natural, serious, high-minded. Thomas à Kempis, Cato the younger, the cavaliers of the Light Brigade, may have thought upon death after other fashions, but for most of us the thoughts of our hearts have been portrayed by Gray.

Tom Jones is the contemplation of life in ordinary Englishmen. In the innocent days before Mr. Hardy and some other writers of distinction Tom Jones was reputed coarse, — one of those classics that should find their places on a shelf well out of reach of young arms. The manners of Squire Western and of Tom himself are such as often are best described in the Squire's own language. But who is the man, as Thackeray says, that does not feel freer after he has read the book? Fielding, in his rough and ready way, has described men as they are, made of the dust of the earth, and that not carefully chosen. We no longer read it aloud to our families, as was the custom of our great-grandfathers; but we do not all read Mr. Hardy aloud to our daughters. Tom Jones is a big, strong, fearless, honest book; it gives us a hearty slap on the back, congratulating us that we are alive, and we accept the congratulation with pleasure. Its richness is astonishing. It has flowed down through English literature like a fertilizing Nile. In it we find the beginnings of Sheridan, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot. In it we have those wonderful conversations between Square and Thwackum, which remind us of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Mrs. Seagrim talks for half a page, and we hold our noses against the smells in her kitchen.

The power of the book is its eulogy upon life. Is it not wretched to be stocks, stones, tenants of Westminster Abbey, mathematicians, or young gentlemen lost in philosophy? Is not the exhilaration of wine good? Is not dinner worth the eating? Do not young women make a most potent and charming government? Fielding takes immense pleasure in the foolishness, in the foibles of men, and he finds amusement in their vices, but over virtue and vice, over wisdom and folly, he always insists upon the joy and the value of life.

When we shall have re-read Tom Jones and repeated Gray's Elegy to ourselves, then we shall be in the mood in which we can best determine the value of foreign novels for us. And so, with this avowal of our point of view, we approach the stories of the distinguished Italian novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Men of action who apply themselves to literature are likely to have a generous confidence that skill will follow courage; that if they write, the capacity to write effectively will surely come. Plays, novels, editorials, sonnets, are written by them straight upon the impulse. They plunge into literature as if it were as

buoyant as their spirit, and strike out like young sea creatures. Gabriele d'Annunzio is a man of another complexion. He is not a man of action, but of reflection. He is a student; he lives in the world of books. Through this many-colored medium of literature he sees men and women; but he is saved from an obvious artificiality by his sensitiveness to books of many kinds. He has submitted to laborious discipline; he has sat at the feet of many masters. His early schooling may be seen in a collection of stories published in 1886 under the name of the first, San Pantaleone. One story is in imitation of Verga, another of de Maupassant; and in La Fattura is an attempt to bring the humor of Boccaccio into a modern tale. Even in the Decameron this renowned humor has neither affection nor pity for father; in its own cradle it mewls like an ill-mannered foundling. In the hands of d'Annunzio it acquires the ingenuous charm of Mr. Noah Claypole. We believe that d'Annunzio, consciously or unconsciously, became aware of his native antipathy to humor, for we have not found any other attempt at it in his work. It is in this absence of humor that we first feel the separation between d'Annunzio and the deep human feelings. In Italian literature there is no joyous, mellow, merry book, in which as a boy he might have nuzzled and rubbed off upon himself some fruitful pollen. One would as soon expect to find a portrait of Mr. Pickwick by Botticelli as the spirit of Dickens in any cranny of Italian literature. M. de Vogüé has said that d'Annunzio is born out of time; that in spirit he is one of the *cinquecentisti*. There is something ferocious and bitter in him. The great human law of gravitation, that draws man to man, does not affect him.

Nevertheless, these stories have much vigor and skillful description. In San Pantaleone, d'Annunzio depicts the frenzy and fierce emotions of superstition in southern Italy. Savage fanaticism interests him. The combination of high imagination and the exaltation of delirium with the stupidity and ignorance of beasts has a powerful attraction for him. The union of the intellectual and the bestial is to him the most remarkable phenomenon of life.

This early book is interesting also in that it shows ideas in the germ and in their first growth which are subsequently developed in the novels, and in that it betrays d'Annunzio's notion that impersonality — that deliverance from the frailty of humanity to which he would aspire — is an escape from compassion and affection, and is most readily come at through contempt.

D'Annunzio has spared no pains to make his language as melodious and efficient an instrument as he can. Italian prose has never been in the same rank with Italian poetry. There have been no great Italians whose genius has forced Italian prose to bear the stamp and impress of their personalities. In the sixteenth century this prose was clear and capable, but since then it has gradually shrunk to fit the thoughts of lesser men. D'Annunzio has taken on his back the task of liberating the Italian tongue; he will give it "virtue, manners, freedom, power." Not having within him the necessity of utterance, not hurried on by impetuous talents, he has applied himself to his task with deliberation and circumspection. He has studied Boccaccio and Petrarch and many men of old, so that his vocabulary shall be full, and his grammar as pure and flexible as the genius of the language will permit. He purposes to fetch from their hiding-places Italian words long unused, that he shall be at no loss for means to make plain the most delicate distinctions of meaning. He intends that his thoughts, which shall be gathered from all intellectual Europe, shall have fit words to house them.

At the time of his first novels, d'Annunzio turned to Paris, the capital of

the Latin world, as to his natural school. In Paris, men of letters (let us except a number of gallant young gentlemen disdainful of readers) begin by copying and imitation, that they may acquire the mechanical parts of their craft. They study Stendhal, Flaubert, de Maupassant; they contemplate a chapter, they brood over a soliloquy, they grow lean over a dialogue. They learn how the master marshals his ideas, how he winds up to his climax, what tricks and devices he employs to take his reader prisoner. From time to time voices protestant are raised, crying out against the sacrifice of innocent originality. But the band of the lettered marches on. Why should they forego knowledge gathered together with great pains? Shall a young man turn against the dictionary?

In Paris d'Annunzio found a number of well-established methods for writing a novel. Some of these methods have had a powerful influence upon him; therefore it may be worth while to remind ourselves of them, in order that we may the better judge his capacity for original work and for faithful imitation.

The first method is simply that of the old-fashioned novel of character and manners, and needs no description.

The second method, the familiar philo-real or philo-natural, hardly may be said to be a method for writing a novel; it is a mode of writing what you will; but it has achieved its reputation in the hands of novelists. This method is supposed to require careful, painstaking, and accurate observation of real persons, places, and incidents; but in truth it lets this duty sit very lightly on its shoulders, and commonly consists in descriptions, minute, elaborate, prolix. It pretends to be an apotheosis of fact; it is a verbal ritual. It has been used by many a man unconscious of schools. In practice it is the most efficacious means of causing the illusion of reality within the reach of common men. By half a dozen pages of deliberate and exact enumeration of outward parts, a man may frequently produce as vivid and memory-haunting a picture as a poet does with a metaphor or an epithet. M. Zola, by virtue of his vigor, his zeal, and his fecundity, has won popular renown as leader of this school.

The third method is the psychological. It consists in the delineation in detail of thoughts and feelings instead of actions, the inward and unseen in place of the outward and visible. The novelist professes an intimate knowledge of the wheels, cogs, cranks of the brain, and of the airy portraiture of the mind, and he describes them with an embellishment of scientific phrase, letting the outward acts take care of themselves as best they may. The danger of this method is lest the portrayal of psychic states constitute the novel, and lest the plot and the poor little incidents squeeze in with much discomfort. Perhaps M. Bourget is the most distinguished member of this school.

The fourth mode is that of the *Symbolistes*. These writers are not wholly purged from all desire for self-assertion; they wish room wherein openly to display themselves, and to this end they have withdrawn apart out of the shadow of famous names. They assert that they stand for freedom from old saws; that the philosophic doctrine of idealism upsets all theories based upon the reality of matter; that the business of art is to use the imperfect means of expression at its command to suggest and indicate ideas; that character, action, incidents, are but symbols of ideas. They hold individuality sacred, and define it to be that which man has in himself unshared by any other, and deny the name to all that he has in common with other men. Therefore, this individuality, being but a small part, a paring, as it were, of an individual, shows maimed and unnatural. And thus they run foul of seeming opposites, the individual and the abstract; for the revered symbol is neither more nor less than an essence abstracted from

the motley company of individuals, filtered and refined, which returns decked out in the haberdashery of generalities, under the baptismal name of symbol. In order to facilitate this latter process of extracting and detaching unity from multiplicity, they murmur songs of mystic sensuality, as spiritualists burn tapers of frankincense at the disentanglement of a spirit from its fellows in the upper or nether world. One of the best known of these is Maurice Maeterlinck.

There is, moreover, a doctrine that runs across these various methods, like one pattern across cloths of divers materials, which affects them all. It is that the writer shall persistently obtrude himself upon the reader. Stated in this blunt fashion, the doctrine is considered indecent; it is not acknowledged; and, in truth, these Frenchmen do not reveal their personality. It may indeed be doubted if they have any such encumbrance. In its place they have a bunch of theories tied up with the ribbon of their literary experience; and the exhalations of it, as if it were a bunch of flowers, they suffer to transpire through their pages. These theories are not of the writer's own making; they are the notions made popular in Paris by a number of distinguished men, of whom the most notable are Taine and Renan. The inevitable sequence of cause and effect and its attendant corollaries, vigorously asserted and reiterated by M. Taine, and the amiable irony of M. Renan, have had success with men of letters out of all proportion to their intellectual value. Their theories have influenced novels very much, and life very little. Why should the dogmas of determinism and of unskeptical skepticism affect men in a novel more obviously than they affect men in the street?

Into this world of Parisian letters, in among these literary methods, walked young d'Annunzio, sensitive, ambitious, detached from tradition, with his ten talents wrapped up in an embroidered and scented napkin, with his docile apprentice habit of mind, and straightway set himself, with passion for art and the ardor of youth, to the task of acquiring these French methods, that he should become the absolute master of his talents, and be able to put them out at the highest rate of usury. Young enough to be seduced by the blandishments of novelty, he passed over the old-fashioned way of describing character, and studied the methods of the realists, the psychologists, the symbolists. With his clear, cool head he very soon mastered their methods, and in the achievement quickened and strengthened his artistic capacities, his precision, his sense of proportion, his understanding of form. But the nurture of his art magnified and strengthened his lack of humanity. Lack of human sympathy is a common characteristic of young men who are rich in enthusiasm for the written word, the delineated line, the carving upon the cornice. Devotion to the minute refinements of art seems to leave no room in their hearts for human kindliness. The unripeness of youth, overwork, disgust with the common in human beings, help to separate them from their kind. In their weariness they forget that the great masters of art are passionately human. D'Annunzio does not wholly admit that he is a human unit, and his sentiment in this matter has made him all the more susceptible to literary influences. We find in him deep impressions from his French studies. He has levied tribute upon Zola, Bourget, and Loti.

In 1889 d'Annunzio published Il Piacere. He lacks, as we have said, strong human feelings; he does not know the interest in life as life; he has no zeal to live, and from the scantiness and barrenness of his external world he turns to the inner world of self. M. de Vogüé has pointed out that his heroes, Sperelli, Tullio Hermil, and Georgio Aurispa, are all studies of himself. D'Annunzio does not deny this. He would argue that it

would be nonsense to portray others, as we know ourselves best. Sperelli, the hero of Il Piacere, is an exact portrait of himself. He is described as "the perfect type of a young Italian gentleman in the nineteenth century, the true representative of a stock of gentlemen and dainty artists, the last descendant of an intellectual race. He is saturated with art. His wonderful boyhood has been nourished upon divers profound studies. From his father he acquired a taste for artistic things, a passionate worship of beauty, a paradoxical disdain for prejudice, avidity for pleasure. His education was a living thing; it was not got out of books, but in the glare of human reality." The result was that "Sperelli chose, in the practice of the arts, those instruments that are difficult, exact, perfect, that cannot be put to base uses, — versification and engraving; and he purposed strictly to follow and to renew the forms of Italian tradition, binding himself with fresh ties to the poets of the *new style* and to the painters who came before the Renaissance. His spirit was formal in its very essence. He valued expression more than thought. His literary essays were feats of dexterity; studies devoted to research, technique, the curious. He believed with Taine that it would be more difficult to write six beautiful lines of poetry than to win a battle. His story of an hermaphrodite was imitative, in its structure, of the story of Orpheus by Poliziano; it had verses of exquisite delicacy, melody, and force, especially in the choruses sung by monsters of double form, — centaurs, sirens, sphinxes. His tragedy La Simona, composed in lyrical metre, was of a most curious savor. Although its rhymes obeyed the old Tuscan models, it seemed as if it had been begotten in the fancy of an Elizabethan poet by a story from the Decameron; it held something of that music, rich and strange, which is in some of Shakespeare's minor plays."

Il Piacere is a study of the passion of love. Sperelli's love for Elena, and afterwards for Maria, is made the subject of an essay in the guise of a novel upon two aspects of this passion. The first is the union of mind, almost non-human as if new-born, unacquainted with life, with the fact of sex. D'Annunzio takes this fact of sex in its simplest form, and portrays its effects upon the mind in the latter's most sequestered state, separate and apart, uninfluenced by human things, divorced from all humanity. He observes the isolated mind under the dominion of this fact, and describes it in like manner as he depicts the sea blown upon by the wind. The shifting push of emotion, the coming and going of thought, the involutions and intricacy of momentary feeling, the whirl of fantastic dreams, the swoop and dash of memory, the grasp at the absolute, the rocket-like whir of the imagination, — all the motions of the mind, like the surface of a stormy sea, toss and froth before you.

Sperelli's love for Maria, at least in the beginning, is as lovely as a girl could wish. It may be too much akin to his passion for art, it may have in it too much of the ichor that flowed in Shelley's veins. It is delicate, ethereal; it is the passion of a dream man for a dream maiden. It feeds on beauty "like a worm i' the bud." "But long it could not be, till that" his baser nature "pull'd the poor wretch from its melodious lay to muddy death." Yet the book is full of poetry. We hardly remember chapters in any novel that can match in charm those that succeed the narrative of the duel. We must free ourselves from habit by an effort, and put out of our simple *bourgeois* minds the fact that Maria has made marriage vows to another man; and we are able to do this, for the husband has no claims upon her except from those vows, and the poetry of the episode ends long before those vows are broken.

This novel, like the others, is decorated, enameled, and lacquered with cultivation.

They are all like Christmas trees laden with alien fruit, — tinsel, candles, confectionery, anything that will catch the eye. England, France, Germany, Russia, contribute. Painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, are called upon to give color, form, structure, sound, and dreaminess to embellish the descriptions. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries parade before us in long pageant, — "L'uno e l'altro Guido," Gallucci, Memling, Bernini, Pollajuolo, Pinturicchio, Storace, Watteau, Shelley, Rameau, Bach, Gabriel Rossetti, Bizet. The charm of a woman for him is that she resembles a Madonna by Ghirlandajo, an intaglio by Niccolò Niccoli, a quatrain by Cino. His ladies are tattooed with resemblances, suggestions, proportions, similarities. The descriptions of their attractions read like an index to The Stones of Venice. He does not disdain to translate Shelley's verse into Italian prose without quotation marks. This passion for art is d'Annunzio's means of escaping the vulgarity of common men; it is his refuge, his cleft in the rock, whither he may betake himself, and in which he may enjoy the pleasures of intellectual content and scorn. This taste emphasizes his lack of human kindliness, and it heightens the effect of unreality. At best it limits and clips off the interest of the common reader. D'Annunzio is like Mr. Pater in his nice tastes. He has noticed that the sentences of men who write from a desire to go hand in hand with other men, from an eagerness to propagate their own beliefs, trudge and plod, swinging their clauses and parentheses like loosely strapped panniers; that they observe regulations that should be broken, and break rules that should be kept. Therefore he girds himself like a gymnast, and with dainty mincing periods glides harmonious down the page; but his grace sometimes sinks into foppishness. He would defend himself like Lord Foppington in the play.

"*Tom.* Brother, you are the prince of coxcombs.

"*Lord Foppington.* I am *praud* to be at the head of so prevailing a party."

But even d'Annunzio's great skill cannot rescue him from obvious artificiality. He is like Mr. Henry James; he lives in a hothouse atmosphere of abnormal refinement, at a temperature where only creatures nurtured to a particular degree and a half Fahrenheit can survive. Sometimes one is tempted to believe that d'Annunzio, conscious of his own inhumanity, deals with the passions in the vain hope to lay hand upon the human. He hovers like a non-human creature about humanity, he is eager to know it, he longs to become a man; and Setebos, his god, at his supplication turns him into a new form. The changeling thinks he is become a man; but lo! he is only an intellectual beast.

Our judgment of d'Annunzio's work, however, is based upon other considerations than that of the appropriate subordination of his cultivation to his story. It depends upon our theory of human conduct and our philosophy of life, upon our answers to these questions: Has the long, long struggle to obtain new interests — interests that seem higher and nobler than the old, interests the record of which constitutes the history of civilization — been mere unsuccessful folly? Are the chief interests in life the primary instincts? Are we no richer than the animals, after all these toiling years of renunciation and self-denial? Is the heritage which we share with the beasts the best that our fathers have handed down to us? There seem to be in some corners of our world persons who answer these questions in the affirmative, saying, "Let us drop hypocrisy, let us face facts and know ourselves, let English literature put off false traditions and deal with the realities of life," and much more, all sparkling with brave words. Persons like Mr. George Moore, who have a profound respect for adjectives,

say these instincts are *primary*, they are *fundamental*, and think that these two words, like "open sesame," have admitted us into the cave of reality. We are unable to succumb to the hallucination. The circulation of the blood is eminently primary and fundamental, yet there was literature of good repute before it was dreamed of. For ourselves, we find the interests of life in the secondary instincts, in the thoughts, hopes, sentiments, which man has won through centuries of toil, — here a little, there a little. We find the earlier instincts interesting only as they furnish a struggle for qualities later born. We are bored and disgusted by dragons of the prime until we hear the hoofs of St. George's horse and see St. George's helmet glitter in the sun. The dragon is no more interesting than a cockroach, except to prove the prowess of the hero. The bucking horse may kick and curvet; we care not, till the cowboy mount him. These poor primary instincts are mere bulls for the toreador, bears for the baiter; they are our measures for strength, self-denial, fortitude, courage, temperance, chastity. The instinct of self-preservation is the ladder up which the soldier, the fireman, the lighthouse-keeper, lightly trip to fame. What is the primary and fundamental fear of death? With whom is it the most powerful emotion? "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee!" Is it with mothers? Ask them.

D'Annunzio, with his predilections for aristocracy, thinks that these primary instincts are of unequaled importance and interest because of their long descent. He forgets that during the last few thousand years power has been changing hands; that democracy has come upon us; and that a virtue is judged by its value to-day, and not by that which it had in the misty past. Literature is one long story of the vain struggles of the primary instincts against the moral nature of man. From Œdipus Tyrannus to The Scarlet Letter the primary passions are defeated and ruined by duty, religion, and the moral law. The misery of broken law outlives passion and tramples on its embers. The love of Paolo and Francesca is swallowed up in their sin. It is the like in Faust. Earthly passion cannot avail against the moral powers. This network of the imagination binds a man more strongly than iron shackles. Tragedy is the conquest of passion by more potent forces. The relations of our souls, of our higher selves, to these instincts, are what absorb us. We are thrilled by the stories in which these moral laws, children of instinct, have arisen and vanquished their fathers, as the beautiful young gods overcame the Titans. If duty loses its savor, life no longer is salted. The primary passions may continue to hurl beasts at one another; human interest is gone. Were it not for conscience, honor, loyalty, the primary instincts would never be the subject of a story. They would stay in the paddocks of physiological textbooks. "What a piece of work is man" that he has been able to cover a fact of animal life with poetry more beautifully than Shakespeare dresses a tale from Bandello! He has created his honor as wonderful as his love; soldiers, like so many poets, have digged out of cruelty and slaughter this jewel of life. Where is the instinct of self-preservation here? At Roncesvaux, when Charlemagne's rearguard is attacked by overwhelming numbers, Roland denies Oliver's request that he blow his horn for help. His one thought is that poets shall not sing songs to his dishonor: —

"Male cançun n'en deit estre cantée."

And is the belief in chastity, which has run round the world from east to west, nothing but a superstition born of fear? Has it lasted so long only to be proved at the end a coward and a dupe? Is this sacrifice of self mere instinctive folly in the individual? Does he gain nothing by it? Are the worship of the

Virgin Mary, the praise of Galahad, the joys of self-denial, no more than monkish ignorance and timidity ?

We are of the opinion that *l'art de la pourriture* is popular because it is easily acquired. It deals with the crude, the simple, the undeveloped. It has nothing to do with the complicated, intertwined mass of relations that binds the individual to all other individuals whether he will or not. It does not try to unravel the conglomerate sum of human ties. It does not see the myriad influences that rain down upon a man from all that was before him, from all that is contemporaneous with him ; it does not know the height above him, the depth beneath, the mysteries of substance and of void. It deals with materials that offer no resistance, no difficulty, and cannot take the noble and enduring forms of persisting things. It ignores the great labors of the human mind, and the transforming effect of them upon its human habitation. This art cannot give immortality. One by one the artists who produce it drop off the tree of living literature and are forgotten. The supreme passion of love has been told by Dante : —

" Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

Does d'Annunzio think that he would have bettered the passage ? In the great delineation of passion, vulgarity and indecency, insults to manners, the monotony of vice, are obliterated ; the brutality of detail slinks off in silence.

In 1892 d'Annunzio published L'Innocente. In this novel, as M. de Vogüé has pointed out, he has directed his powers of imitation towards the great Russian novelists. But his spirit and talents are of such different sort from those of Tourgenieff, Tolstoi, and Dostoiewsky that the copy is of the outside and show. D'Annunzio's faculties have not been able to incorporate and to assimilate anything of the real Slav ; they are the same, and express themselves in the same way, in L'Innocente as in Il Piacere. We therefore pass to his most celebrated novel, Il Trionfo della Morte, published in 1894. A translation of it — that is, of as much of it as was meet for French readers — was soon after published in the Revue des Deux Mondes. This novel won the approval of M. de Vogüé, and has made Gabriele d'Annunzio a famous name throughout Europe.

The plot, if we may use an old-fashioned word to express new matter, is this : Georgio Aurispa, a young man of fortune, who leads a life of emptiness in Rome, one day meets Ippolita, the wife of another man. On this important day he has gone to hear Bach's Passion Music in a private chapel, and there he sees the beautiful Ippolita. Bored and disgusted by coarse pleasures, he throws himself with rapture into a poetical passion for this pale-faced, charming, slender Roman woman. The story begins just before the second anniversary of their meeting in the chapel. The husband has absconded, and Ippolita lives with her family. No suggestion of a possible marriage is made, although Aurispa frequently meditates with anguish on the thought that she may forsake him. He is wholly given to examining his mind and feelings ; he follows their changes, he explains their causes, he anticipates their mutations. He picks up each sentiment delicately, like a man playing jackstraws, holds it suspended, contemplates it from this side and from that, balances it before the faceted mirror of his imagination, and then falls into a melancholy. He dandles his sentiment for her, he purrs over it, he sings to it snatches of psychical old tunes, he ministers to it, fosters it, cherishes it, weeps over it, wonders if it be growing or decreasing.

For some reasons of duty Ippolita is obliged to be away from Rome from time to time, once in Milan with her sister. Aurispa hears of her, that she is well, that she is gay. "*She laughs !* Then she can laugh, away from me ; she can be gay ! All her letters are full of sor-

row, of lamentation, of hopeless longing." The English reader is taken back to that scene in The Rivals where Bob Acres tells Faulkland that he has met Miss Melville in Devonshire, and that she is very well.

"*Acres.* She has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been, — so lively and entertaining! So full of wit and humor!

"*Faulkland.* There, Jack, there. Oh, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman that nothing can overcome. What! happy, and I away!"

Aurispa is peculiarly sensitive; the bunches of nerve fibres at the base of his brain, the ganglia in his medulla oblongata, are extraordinarily alert, delicate, and powerful. Every sensation runs through them like a galloping horse; memory echoes the beating of its hoofs, and imagination speeds it on into the future, till it multiplies, expands, and swells into a troop. Aurispa yearns to lose himself in happiness, and then droops despondent, for a sudden jog of memory reminds him that he was in more of an ecstasy when he first met Ippolita than he is today. "Where are those delicate sensations which once I had? Where are those exquisite and manifold pricks of melancholy, those deep and twisted pains, wherein I lost my soul as in an endless labyrinth?"

In the zeal of his desire for fuller, more enduring pleasure, he takes Ippolita to a lonely house beside the sea that shall be their hermitage.

Aurispa feels that there are two conditions necessary to perfect happiness: one that he should be the absolute master of Ippolita, the other that he should have unlimited independence himself. "There is upon earth but one enduring intoxication: absolute certainty in the ownership of another, — certainty fixed and unshakable." Aurispa proposes to attain this condition. He puts his intelligence to slavish service in discovery of a method by which he shall win that larger life and perfect content of which almost all men have had visions and dreams. Long ago Buddha sought and thought to attain this condition. Long ago the Stoics devised plans to loose themselves from the knots that tie men to the common life of all. Long ago the Christians meditated a philosophy that should free them from the bonds of the flesh, that they might live in the spirit. Heedless of their experience, Aurispa endeavors to find his content in sensuality; but once in their hermitage, he soon perceives that the new life he sought is impossible. He feels his love for Ippolita dwindle and grow thin. He must physic it quickly or it will die; and if love fail, nothing is left but death. Sometimes he thinks of her as dead. Once dead, she will become such stuff as thoughts are made of, a part of pure idealism. "Out from a halting and lame existence she will pass into a complete and perfect life, forsaking forever her frail and sinful body. To destroy in order to possess, — there is no other way for him who seeks the absolute in love."

That was for Aurispa a continuing thought, but first his fancy turned for help to the religious sensuousness of his race. "He had the gift of contemplation, interest in symbol and in allegory, the power of abstraction, an extreme sensitiveness to suggestions by sight or by word, an organic tendency to haunting visions and to hallucinations." He lacked but faith. At that time, superstition like a wind swept over the southern part of Italy; there were rumors of a new Messiah; an emotional fever infected the whole country round. A day's journey from the hermitage lay the sanctuary of Casalbordino. Once the Virgin had appeared there to a devout old man, and had granted his prayer, and to commemorate this miracle the sanctuary had been built; and now the countryfolk swarmed to the holy place. Georgio and Ippolita go thither. All the description of this place, as a note tells

us, is the result of patient observation. About the sanctuary are gathered together men and women from far and near, all in a state of high exaltation. Troop upon troop, singing,

"Viva Maria!
Maria Evviva!"

trudge over the dusty roads. These people d'Annunzio depicts with the quick eye and the patient care of an Agassiz. Monstrous heads, deformed chests, shrunken legs, club-feet, distorted hands, swollen tumors, sores of many colors, all loathsome diseases to which flesh is heir and for which d'Annunzio's medical dictionary has names, are here set forth. "How much morbid pathology has done for the novelist!" he is reported to have said. Certainly its value to d'Annunzio cannot be rated too high. Aurispa and Ippolita, excited by the fanatic exaltation, fight their way into the church. There a miserable mass of huddled humanity, shrieking for grace, struggles toward the altar rail. Behind the rail, the fat, stolid-faced priests gather up the offerings. The air is filled with nauseous smells. The church is a hideous charnel-house roofing in physical disease and mental deformity. Outside, mountebanks, jugglers, gamesters, foul men and women, intercept what part of the offerings they can. The memory of this day made Aurispa and Ippolita sick, — her for human pity, him for himself; for he became conscious that there is no power which can enthrall absolute pleasure. He had turned toward heaven to save his life, and he has proved by experience his belief in the emptiness of its grace.

With instinctive repulsion from death, he looks for escape to thought. Thought which has enslaved him may set him free. He ponders over some maxims of Zoroaster on good and evil. Away with the creeds of weakness, the evangel of impotence! Assert the justice of injustice, the righteousness of power, the joy of creation and of destruction! But Aurispa cannot. Nothing is left him but death. He abandons all wish for perfect union with Ippolita, yet jealousy will not suffer him to leave her alive. His love for her has turned into hate. In his thoughts it is she that hounds him to death like a personal demon. He grows supersensitive. He cannot bear the red color of underdone beef. He is ready to die of a joint, in juicy pain. He gathers together in a heap and gloats over all that he finds disagreeable and repellent in Ippolita. What was she but his creation? "Now, as always, she has done nothing but submit to the form and impressions that I have made. Her inner life has always been a fiction. When the influence of my suggestion is interrupted, she returns to her own nature, she becomes a woman again, the instrument of base passion. Nothing can change her, nothing can purify her." And at last, by treachery and force, he drags her with him over a precipice to death beneath.

Such is the plot, but there is no pretense that the plot is interesting or important except as a scaffold on which to exhibit a philosophy of life. That philosophy is clearly the author's philosophy. D'Annunzio's novel shows in clear view and distinct outline how the whirligig of time brings about its revenges.

Bishop Berkeley made famous the simple theory of idealism, — that a man cannot go outside of the inclosure of his mind; that the material world is the handiwork of fancy, with no reality, no length, nor breadth, nor fixedness; that the pageant of life is the march of dreams. Berkeley expected this theory to destroy materialism, skepticism, and infidelity. It did, in argument. Many a man has taken courage in this unanswerable retort to the materialist. He slings this theory, like a smooth pebble from the brook, at the Goliaths who advance with the ponderous weapons of scientific discovery.

The common idealist keeps his philosophy for his library, and walks abroad like his neighbors, subject to the rules,

beliefs, and habits of common sense. But d'Annunzio, who has received and adopted a bastard scion of this idealism, is, as befits a man of leisure and of letters, more faithful to his philosophy. He has set forth his version of the theory in this novel with characteristic clearness. Aurispa looks on the world as an instrument that shall serve his pleasure. He will play upon it what tunes he can that he may enjoy the emotions and passions of life. He is separate from his family and of a private fortune. His world is small and dependent upon him. In this world Aurispa has no rival; in it there is no male thing to bid him struggle for supremacy; it is his private property, and the right of private property is fixed as firm beyond the reach of question as the fact of personal existence. Gradually a transformation takes place; this well-ordered and obedient world changes under the dominion of Aurispa's thought. Little by little object and subject lose their identity; like the thieves of the Seventh Bolge in the Inferno, they combine, unite, form but one whole. In this change the material world is swallowed up, and out from the transformation crawls the ideal world of Aurispa's thought: —

> "Ogni primaio aspetto ivi era casso;
> Due e nessun l' imagine perversa
> Parea, e tal sen gía con lento passo."

This ideal world is Aurispa's. It varies with his volition, for it is the aggregate of his thoughts, and they are the emanations of his will. In this dominion he stands like a degenerate Cæsar, drunk with power, frenzied with his own potent impotence. Everything is under his control, and yet there is a something imperceptible, like an invisible wall, that bars his way to perfect pleasure. He wanders all along it, touching, feeling, groping, all in vain. Think subtly as he will, he finds no breach. Yet his deepest, his only desire is to pass beyond. Perhaps life is this barrier. He will break it down, and find his absolute pleasure in death. And in exasperation of despair before this invisible obstacle he has recourse to action. In the presence of action his ideal world wrestles once more with reality, and amid the struggles Aurispa finds that the only remedy for his impotent individuality is to die. Both idealism and fact push him towards death.

If we choose to regard Aurispa as living in a real world, as a man responsible for his acts, as a member of human society, we have little to say concerning him. He is a timid prig, a voluptuous murderer, an intellectual fop, smeared with self-love, vulgar to the utmost refinement of vulgarity, cruel, morbid, a flatterer, and a liar.

For poor Ippolita we have compassion. Had she lived out of Aurispa's world, with her alluring Italian nature she might have been charming. There is a rare feminine attractiveness about her: had she been subject to sweet influences, had she been born to Tourgenieff, she would have been one of the delightful women of fiction. All that she does has an attendant possibility of grace, eager to become incorporate in action. Delicacy, sensitiveness, affection, fitness for the gravity and the gayety of life, hover like ministering spirits just beyond the covers of the book; they would come down to her, but they cannot. This possibility died before its birth. Ippolita's unborn soul, like the romantic episode in Il Piacere, makes us feel that d'Annunzio may hereafter break loose from his theories, free himself from his cigarette-smoking philosophy, smash the looking-glass in front of which he sits copying his own likeness, and start anew, able to understand the pleasures of life and prepared to share in the joys of the struggle. Surely M. de Vogüé is looking at these indications of creative ability and poetic thought, and not at accomplishment, when he hails d' Annunzio as the leader of another Italian Renaissance. It is hope that calls forth M. de Vogüé's

praise. A national literature has never yet been built upon imitation, sensuality, and artistic frippery.

After finishing the last page of The Triumph of Death, quick as a flash we pass through many phases of emotion. In the instant of time before the book leaves our hand, our teeth set, our muscles contract, we desire to hit out from the shoulder. Our memory teems with long-forgotten physical acts, upper-cuts, left-handers, swingers, knock-outs. By some mysterious process, words that our waking mind could not recall surge up in capital letters; all the vocabulary of Shakespearean insult rings in our ears, — base, proud, shallow, beggarly, silk-stocking knave, a glass-gazing finical rogue, a coward, a pander, a cullionly barber-monger, a smooth-tongued bolting-hutch of beastliness. Our thoughts bound like wild things from prize-fights to inquisitors, from them to Iroquois, to devils. Then succeeds the feeling as of stepping on a snake, a sentiment as of a struggle between species of animals, of instinctive combat for supremacy; no sense of ultimate ends or motives, but the sudden knowledge that our gorge is rising and that we will not permit certain things. We raise no question of reason; we put aside intelligence, and say, The time is come for life to choose between you and us. The book, after leaving our hand, strikes the opposite wall and flutters to the floor. We grow calmer; we draw up an indictment; we will try Aurispa-d'Annunzio before a jury of English-speaking men. Call the tale. Colonel Newcome! Adam Bede! Baillie Jarvie! Tom Brown! Sam Weller! But nonsense! these men are not eligible. Aurispa-d'Annunzio must be tried by a jury of his peers. By this time we have recovered our composure, and rejoice in the common things of life, — shaving-brushes, buttoned boots, cravats, counting-stools, vouchers, ledgers, newspapers. All the multitude of little things, forgiving our old discourtesy, heap coals of fire upon our heads with their glad proofs of reality. For a moment we can draw aside "the veil of familiarity" from common life and behold the poetry there; we bless our simple affections and our daily bread. The dear kind solid earth stands faithful and familiar under our feet. How beautiful it is!

> "Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
> Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

D'Annunzio's latest novel, Le Vergini delle Rocce, was published in 1896. In it he appears as a symbolist, and by far the most accomplished of the school. The story is not of real people, but concerns the inhabitants of some spiritual world, as if certain instantaneous ideas of men, divorced from the ideas of the instant before and of the instant after, and therefore of a weird, unnatural look, had been caught there and kept to inhabit it, and should thenceforward live after their own spiritual order, with no further relations to humanity. These figures bear no doubtful resemblance to the men and women in the pictures of Dante Rossetti and of Burne-Jones. One might fancy that a solitary maid gazing into a beryl stone would see three such strangely beautiful virgins, Massimilla, Anatolia, Violante, move their weary young limbs daintily in the crystal sphere.

The landscape is the background of an English preraphaelite painter. Here d'Annunzio's style is in its delicate perfection. It carries these three strange and beautiful ladies along as the river that runs down to many-towered Camelot bore onward the shallop of the Lady of Shalott. It is translucent; everything mirrors in it with a delicate sensitiveness, as if it were the mind of some fairy asleep, in which nothing except what is lovely and harmonious could reflect, and as if the slightest discord, the least petty failure of grace, would wake the sleeper and end the images forever. D'Annunzio's sentences have the quality

of an incantation. This is the work of a master apprentice. But there the mastery ends. A story so far removed from life, a fairy story, must have order and law of its own, must be true to itself, or else it must move in some fairy plane parallel to human life, and never pretermit its correspondence with humanity.

Claudio, the teller of the story, is a scion of a noble Italian family, of which one Alessandro had been the most illustrious member. When the tale begins Claudio is riding over the Campagna, thinking aloud, as it were. His mind is full of speculation. What is become of Rome?— Rome, the home of the dominant Latin race, born to rule and to bend other nations to its desires. What is the Pope? What is the King? Who, who will combine in himself the triune powers of passion, intellect, and poetry, and lift the Italian people back to the saddle of the world? By severe self-discipline Claudio has conceived his own life as a whole, as material for art, and has succeeded to so high a degree that now he holds all his power of passion, intellect, and poetry like a drawn sword. He will embody in act the concept of his life. He reflects how the Nazarene failed, for he feared the world and knowledge, and turned from them to ignorance and the desert; how Bonaparte failed, for he had not the conception of fashioning his life as a great work of art; and Claudio's mind turns to his own ancestor, the untimely killed Alessandro, and ponders that he did not live and die in vain, but that his spirit still exists, ready to burst forth in some child of his race. Claudio's duty is to marry a woman who shall bear a son, such that his passion, intellect, and poetry shall make him the redeemer of the world, and restore Rome mistress of nations. As he rides he calls upon the poets to defend the beautiful from the attacks of the gross multitude, and upon the patricians to assume their rightful place as masters of the people, to pick up the fallen whip and frighten back into its sty the Great Beast that grunts in parliament and press.

Filled with these images of his desire, Claudio goes back to his ancestral domain in southern Italy. An aged lord, at one time friend to the last Bourbons of Naples, dwells in a neighboring castle with his three virgin daughters. About this castle we find all the literary devices of Maeterlinck. "The splendor falls on castle walls," but it is a strange light, as of a moon that has overpowered the sun at noon. The genius of the castle is the insane mother, who wanders at will through its chambers, down the paths of its gardens, rustling in her ancient dress, with two gray attendants at her heels. She is hardly seen, but, like a principle of evil, throws a spell over all the place. In front of the palace the fountain splashes its waters in continuous jets into its basin with murmurous sounds of mysterious horror. Two sons hover about, gazing in timid fascination upon their mother, wondering when the inheritance of madness shall fall upon them. One is already doomed; the other, with fearful consciousness, is on the verge of doom. The three daughters have each her separate virtue. Massimilla is a likeness of Santa Clara, the companion of St. Francis of Assisi. She is the spirit of the love that waits and receives. Her heart is a fruitful garden with an infinite capability for faith. Anatolia is the spirit of the love that gives. She has courage, strength, and vitality enough to comfort and support a host of the weak and timid. Violante is the tragical spirit of the power of beauty. The light of triumph and the beauty of tragedy hang over her like a veil. From among these three beautiful virgins Claudio must choose one to be the mother of him who, composed of passion, power, and poetry, shall redeem the disjointed world, straighten the crooked course of nature, and set the crown of the world again on the forehead of Rome.

He chooses Anatolia, and here the book enters the realm of reality. Anatolia is a real woman; she feels the duties of womanhood, her bonds to her father, her mother, and her brothers, and in a natural and womanly way she refuses to be Claudio's wife. There the book ends, with the promise of two more volumes. Anatolia is a living being in this strange world of fantasy, and though she is not true to the spirit of the story, she is one of the indications of d'Annunzio's power.

The faults of the book are great. But all books are not meant for all persons. Who shall judge the merits of such a book? The men who live in a world of action, or the men who live in a world half made of dreams? Shakespeare has written The Tempest for both divisions, but other men must be content to choose one or the other. This book is for the latter class. Yet even for them it has great faults. The mechanical contrivances, the solitary castle, the insane mother, the three virgins, the chorus of the fountain, the iteration of thought, the repetition of phrase, are all familiar to readers of Maeterlinck. The element of the heroic, the advocacy of a patrician order, the love of Rome, the adulation of intellectual power, are discordant with the mysterious nature of the book. Claudio full of monster thoughts — of a timid Christ, of an ill-rounded Napoleon, of the world's dominion restored to Rome — sits down to flirt with Massimilla in the attitude of a young Baudelaire. The reader feels that he has been watching a preraphaelite opera bouffe.

We cannot be without some curiosity as to what is d'Annunzio's attitude towards his own novels. In Bourget's Le Disciple we had a hero in very much the same tangle of psychological theory as is Aurispa. The disciple wandered far in his search for experience, for new fields and novel combinations of sentiment. His world lost all morality. There was neither right nor wrong in it, but it still remained a real world. In the preface, the only chapter in which, under the present conventionalities of novel-writing, the writer is allowed to speak in his own voice, Bourget, with Puritan earnestness, warns the young men of France to beware of the dangers which he describes, to look forward to the terrible consequences in a world in which there is neither right nor wrong, to turn back while yet they may. It seems reasonable to look to the prefaces to learn what d'Annunzio's attitude towards his own books is, and we find no consciousness in them of right and wrong, of good and evil, such as troubled Bourget. All d'Annunzio's work is built upon a separation between humanity — beings knowing good and evil — and art.

Nevertheless, d'Annunzio has a creed. He believes in the individual, that he shall take and keep what he can; that this is no world in which to play at altruism and to encumber ourselves with hypocrisy. He believes that power and craft have rights better than those of weakness and simplicity; that a chosen race is entitled to all the advantages accruing from that choice; that a patrician order is no more bound to consider the lower classes than men are bound to respect the rights of beasts. He proclaims this belief, and preaches to what he regards as the patrician order his mode of obtaining from life all that it has to give. Art is his watchword, the art of life is his text. Know the beautiful; enjoy all that is new and strange; be not afraid of the bogies of moral law and of human tradition, — they are idols wrought by ignorant plebeians.

He finds that the main hindrance to the adoption of this creed is an uneasy sense of relativity of life. Even the patrician order entertains a suspicion that life — the noblest material for art to work in — is not of the absolute grain and texture that d'Annunzio's theory presupposes. The individual life, wrought with greatest care, and fashioned into a shape of beauty after d'Annunzio's model,

may seem to lose all its loveliness when it is complete and the artist lies on his deathbed. And therefore, in order to obtain disciples, d'Annunzio perceives that he must persuade his patricians to accept the phenomena of life, which the senses present, as final and absolute. The main support for the theory of the relativity of life is religion. In long procession religious creeds troop down through history, and on every banner is inscribed the belief in an Absolute behind the seeming. D'Annunzio must get rid of all these foolish beliefs. He would argue, "They are a train of superstition, ignorance, and fear. They have failed and they will fail because they dare not face truth. What is the religious conception of the Divine love for man, and of the love of man for God? God's love is a superstitious inference drawn from the love of man for God; and man's love of God in its turn is but a blind deduction from man's love for woman. In the light of science man's love for woman shrinks to an instinct. This Divine love that looks so fair, that has made heroes and sustained mystics, is mere sentimental millinery spun out of a fact of animal life. This fact is the root of the doctrine of relativity. From it has sprung religion, idealism, mysticism. Examine this fact scientifically; see what it is, and how far, how very far, it is from justifying the inferences drawn from love, and without doubt the whole intellectual order of patricians must accept my beliefs." Another man might say: "Suppose it be so; suppose this animal fact be the root from which springs the blossoming tree of Divine love: this inherent power of growth dumfounds me more, makes me more uncertain of my apparent perceptions, than all the priestly explanations."

In d'Annunzio's idolatry of force there is a queer lack of the masculine; his voice is shrill and sounds soprano. In his morbid supersensitiveness, in his odd fantasy, there is a feminine strain; and yet not wholly feminine. In his incongruous delineation of character there is a mingling of hopes and fears, of thoughts and feelings, that are found separate and distinct in man and woman. In all his novels there is an unnatural atmosphere, which is different from that in the books of the mere *décadents*. There is the presence of an intellectual and emotional condition that is neither masculine nor feminine, and yet partaking of both. There is an appeal to some elements in our nature of which theretofore we were unaware. As sometimes on a summer's day, swimming on the buoyant waters of the ocean, we fancy that once we were native there, so in reading this book we have a vague surmise beneath our consciousness that once there was a time when the sexes had not been differentiated, and that we are in ourselves partakers of the spiritual characteristics of each; and yet the feeling is wholly disagreeable. We feel as if we had been in the secret museum at Naples, and we are almost ready to bathe in hot lava that we shall no longer feel unclean.

We do not believe that a novel of the first rank can be made out of the materials at d'Annunzio's command. Instead of humor he has scorn and sneer; in place of conscience he gives us swollen egotism; for the deep affections he proffers lust. We are human, we want human beings, and he sets up fantastic puppets; we ask for a man, and under divers aliases he puts forth himself. We grow weary of caparisoned paragraph and bedizened sentence, of clever imitation and brilliant cultivation; we demand something to satisfy our needs of religion, education, feeling; we want bread, and he gives us a gilded stone. There are great regions of reality and romance still to be discovered by bold adventurers, but Gabriele d'Annunzio will not find them though he stand a-tiptoe.

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

MARTHA'S LADY.

I.

One day, many years ago, the old Judge Pyne house wore an unwonted look of gayety and youthfulness. The high-fenced green garden beyond was bright with June flowers. In the large shady front yard under the elms you might see some chairs placed near together, as they often used to be when the family were all at home and life was going on gayly with eager talk and pleasure-making; when the elder judge, the grandfather, used to quote his favorite Dr. Johnson and say to his girls, "Be brisk, be splendid, and be public."

One of the chairs had a crimson silk shawl thrown carelessly over its straight back, and a passer-by who looked in through the latticed gate between the tall gate-posts, with their white urns, might think that this piece of shining East Indian color was a huge red lily that had suddenly bloomed against the syringa bush. There were certain windows thrown wide open that were usually shut, and their curtains were blowing free in the light wind of a summer afternoon; it looked as if a large household had returned to the old house to fill the prim best rooms and find them pleasant.

It was evident to every one in town that Miss Harriet Pyne, to use the village phrase, had company. She was the last of her family, and was by no means old; but being the last, and wonted to live with people much older than herself, she had formed all the habits of a serious elderly person. Ladies of her age, a little past thirty, often wore discreet caps in those days, especially if they were married, but being single, Miss Harriet clung to youth in this respect, making the one concession of keeping her waving chestnut hair as smooth and stiffly arranged as possible. She had been the dutiful companion of her father and mother in their latest years, all her elder brothers and sisters having married and gone, or died and gone, out of the old house. Now that she was left alone it seemed quite the best thing frankly to accept the fact of age at once, and to turn more resolutely than ever to the companionship of duty and serious books. She was more serious and given to routine than her elders themselves, as sometimes happened when the daughters of New England gentlefolks were brought up wholly in the society of their elders. At thirty she had more reluctance than her mother to face an unforeseen occasion, certainly more than her grandmother, who had preserved some cheerful inheritance of gayety and worldliness from colonial times.

There was something about the look of the crimson silk shawl in the front yard to make one suspect that the sober customs of the best house in a quiet New England village were all being set at defiance, and once when the mistress of the house came to stand in her own doorway she wore the pleased but somewhat apprehensive look of a guest. In these days New England life held the necessity of much dignity and discretion of behavior; there was the truest hospitality and good cheer in all occasional festivities, but it was sometimes a self-conscious hospitality, followed by an inexorable return to asceticism both of diet and of behavior. Miss Harriet Pyne belonged to the very dullest days of New England, those which perhaps held the most priggishness for the learned professions, the most limited interpretation of the word "evangelical," and the pettiest indifference to large things. The outbreak of a desire for larger religious freedom caused at first a most determined reaction toward formalism and even stagnation of thought and behavior, especially in small

and quiet villages like Ashford, intently busy with their own concerns. It was high time for a little leaven to begin its work, in this moment when the great impulses of the war for liberty had died away and those of the coming war for patriotism and a new freedom had hardly yet begun, except as a growl of thunder or a flash of lightning draws one's eyes to the gathering clouds through the lifeless air of a summer day.

The dull interior, the changed life of the old house whose former activities seemed to have fallen sound asleep, really typified these larger conditions, and the little leaven had made its easily recognized appearance in the shape of a light-hearted girl. She was Miss Harriet's young Boston cousin, Helena Vernon, who, half-amused and half-impatient at the unnecessary sober-mindedness of her hostess and of Ashford in general, had set herself to the difficult task of gayety. Cousin Harriet looked on at a succession of ingenious and, on the whole, innocent attempts at pleasure, as she might have looked on at the frolics of a kitten who easily substitutes a ball of yarn for the uncertainties of a bird or a wind-blown leaf, and who may at any moment ravel the fringe of a sacred curtain-tassel in preference to either.

Helena, with her mischievous appealing eyes, with her enchanting old songs and her guitar, seemed the more delightful and even reasonable because she was so kind to everybody, and because she was a beauty. She had the gift of most charming manners. There was all the unconscious lovely ease and grace that had come with the good breeding of her city home, where many pleasant persons came and went; she had no fear, one had almost said no respect, of the individual, and she did not need to think of herself. Cousin Harriet turned cold with apprehension when she saw the minister coming in at the front gate, and wondered in agony if Martha were properly attired to go to the door, and would by any chance hear the knocker; it was Helena who, delighted to have anything happen, ran to the door to welcome the Reverend Mr. Crofton as if he were a congenial friend of her own age. She could behave with more or less propriety during the stately first visit, and even contrive to lighten it with modest mirth, and to extort the confession that the guest had a tenor voice though sadly out of practice, but when the minister departed a little flattered, and hoping that he had not expressed himself too strongly for a pastor upon the poems of Emerson, and feeling the unusual stir of gallantry in his proper heart, it was Helena who caught the honored hat of the late Judge Pyne from its last resting-place in the hall, and holding it securely in both hands, mimicked the minister's self-conscious entrance. She copied his pompous and anxious expression in the dim parlor in such delicious fashion, that Miss Harriet, who could not always extinguish a ready spark of the original sin of humor, laughed aloud.

"My dear!" she exclaimed severely the next moment. "I am ashamed of your being so disrespectful!" and then laughed again, and took the affecting old hat and carried it back to its place.

"I would not have had any one else see you for the world," she said sorrowfully as she returned, feeling quite self-possessed again, to the parlor doorway; but Helena still sat in the minister's chair, with her small feet placed as his stiff boots had been, and a copy of his solemn expression before they came to speaking of Emerson and of the guitar. "I wish I had asked him if he would be so kind as to climb the cherry-tree," said Helena, unbending a little at the discovery that her cousin would consent to laugh no more. "There are all those ripe cherries on the top branches. I can climb as high as he, but I can't reach far enough from the last branch that will bear anybody. The minister is so long and thin"—

"I don't know what Mr. Crofton would have thought of you; he is a very serious young man," said cousin Harriet, still ashamed of her laughter. "Martha will get the cherries for you, or one of the men. I should not like to have Mr. Crofton think you were frivolous, a young lady of your opportunities" — but Helena had escaped through the hall and out at the garden door at the mention of Martha's name. Miss Harriet Pyne sighed anxiously, and then smiled, in spite of her deep convictions, as she shut the blinds and tried to make the house look solemn again.

The front door might be shut, but the garden door at the other end of the broad hall was wide open into the large sunshiny garden, where the last of the red and white peonies and the golden lilies, and the first of the tall blue larkspurs lent their colors in generous fashion. The straight box borders were all in fresh and shining green of their new leaves, and there was a fragrance of the old garden's inmost life and soul blowing from the honeysuckle blossoms on a long trellis. Now it was late in the afternoon, and the sun was low behind great apple-trees at the garden's end, which threw their shadows over the short turf of the bleaching-green. The cherry-trees stood at one side in full sunshine still, and Miss Harriet, who presently came to the garden steps to watch like a hen at the water's edge, saw her cousin's pretty figure in its white dress of India muslin hurrying across the grass. She was accompanied by the tall, ungainly shape of Martha the new maid, who, dull and indifferent to every one else, showed a surprising willingness and allegiance to the young guest.

"Martha ought to be in the dining-room already, slow as she is; it wants but half an hour of tea-time," said Miss Harriet, as she turned and went into the shaded house. It was Martha's duty to wait at table, and there had been many trying scenes and defeated efforts toward her education. Martha was certainly very clumsy, and she seemed the clumsier because she had replaced her aunt, a most skillful person, who had but lately married a thriving farm and its prosperous owner. It must be confessed that Miss Harriet was a most bewildering instructor, and that her pupil's brain was easily confused and prone to blunders. The coming of Helena had been somewhat dreaded by reason of this incompetent service, but the guest took no notice of frowns or futile gestures at the first tea-table, except to establish friendly relations with Martha on her own account by a reassuring smile. They were about the same age, and next morning, before cousin Harriet came down, Helena showed by a word and a quick touch the right way to do something that had gone wrong and been impossible to understand the night before. A moment later the anxious mistress came in without suspicion, but Martha's eyes were as affectionate as a dog's, and there was a new look of hopefulness on her face; this dreaded guest was a friend after all, and not a foe come from proud Boston to confound her ignorance and patient efforts.

The two young creatures, mistress and maid, were hurrying across the bleaching-green.

"I can't reach the ripest cherries," explained Helena politely, "and I think that Miss Pyne ought to send some to the minister. He has just made us a call. Why Martha, you have n't been crying again!"

"Yes, 'm," said Martha sadly. "Miss Pyne always loves to send something to the minister," she acknowledged with interest, as if she did not wish to be asked to explain these latest tears.

"We 'll arrange some of the best cherries in a pretty dish. I 'll show you how, and you shall carry them over to the parsonage after tea," said Helena cheerfully, and Martha accepted the embassy with pleasure. Life was begin-

ning to hold moments of something like delight in the last few days.

"You 'll spoil your pretty dress, Miss Helena," Martha gave shy warning, and Miss Helena stood back and held up her skirts with unusual care while the country girl, in her heavy blue checked gingham, began to climb the cherry-tree like a boy.

Down came the scarlet fruit like bright rain into the green grass.

"Break some nice twigs with the cherries and leaves together; oh, you 're a duck, Martha!" and Martha, flushed with delight, and looking far more like a thin and solemn blue heron, came rustling down to earth again, and gathered the spoils into her clean apron.

That night at tea, during her handmaiden's temporary absence, Miss Harriet announced, as if by way of apology, that she thought Martha was beginning to understand something about her work. "Her aunt was a treasure, she never had to be told anything twice; but Martha has been as clumsy as a calf," said the precise mistress of the house. "I have been afraid sometimes that I never could teach her anything. I was quite ashamed to have you come just now, and find me so unprepared to entertain a visitor."

"Oh, Martha will learn fast enough because she cares so much," said the visitor eagerly. "I think she is a dear good girl. I do hope that she will never go away. I think she does things better every day, cousin Harriet," added Helena pleadingly, with all her kind young heart. The china-closet door was open a little way, and Martha heard every word. From that moment, she not only knew what love was like, but she knew love's dear ambitions. To have come from a stony hill-farm and a bare small wooden house was like a cave-dweller's coming to make a permanent home in an art museum; such had seemed the elaborateness and elegance of Miss Pyne's fashion of life, and Martha's simple brain was slow enough in its processes and recognitions. But with this sympathetic ally and defender, this exquisite Miss Helena who believed in her, all difficulties appeared to vanish.

Later that evening, no longer homesick or hopeless, Martha returned from her polite errand to the minister, and stood with a sort of triumph before the two ladies who were sitting in the front doorway, as if they were waiting for visitors, Helena still in her white muslin and red ribbons, and Miss Harriet in a thin black silk. Being happily self-forgetful in the greatness of the moment, Martha's manners were perfect, and she looked for once almost pretty and quite as young as she was.

"The minister came to the door himself, and sent his thanks. He said that cherries were always his favorite fruit, and he was much obliged to both Miss Pyne and Miss Vernon. He kept me waiting a few minutes, while he got this book ready to send to you, Miss Helena."

"What are you saying, Martha? I have sent him nothing!" exclaimed Miss Pyne, much astonished. "What does she mean, Helena?"

"Only a few of your cherries," explained Helena. "I thought Mr. Crofton would like them after his afternoon of parish calls. Martha and I arranged them before tea, and I sent them with our compliments."

"Oh, I am very glad you did," said Miss Harriet, wondering, but much relieved. "I was afraid" —

"No, it was none of my mischief," answered Helena daringly. "I did not think that Martha would be ready to go so soon. I should have shown you how pretty they looked among their green leaves. We put them in one of your best white dishes with the openwork edge. Martha shall show you to-morrow; mamma always likes to have them so." Helena's fingers were busy with the hard knot of a parcel.

"See this, cousin Harriet!" she announced proudly, as Martha disappeared

round the corner of the house, beaming with the pleasures of adventure and success. "Look! the minister has sent me a book: Sermons on *what?* Sermons — it is so dark that I can't quite see."

"It must be his Sermons on the Seriousness of Life; they are the only ones he has printed, I believe," said Miss Harriet, with much pleasure. "They are considered very fine; remarkably able discourses. He pays you a great compliment, my dear. I feared that he noticed your girlish levity."

"I behaved beautifully while he stayed," insisted Helena. "Ministers are only men," but she blushed with pleasure. It was certainly something to receive a book from its author, and such a tribute made her of more value to the whole reverent household. The minister was not only a man, but a bachelor, and Helena was at the age that best loves conquest; it was at any rate comfortable to be reinstated in cousin Harriet's good graces.

"Do ask the kind gentleman to tea! He needs a little cheering up," begged the siren in India muslin, as she laid the shiny black volume of sermons on the stone doorstep with an air of approval, but as if they had quite finished their mission.

"Perhaps I shall, if Martha improves as much as she has within the last day or two," Miss Harriet promised hopefully. "It is something I always dread a little when I am all alone, but I think Mr. Crofton likes to come. He converses so elegantly."

II.

These were the days of long visits, before affectionate friends thought it quite worth while to take a hundred miles' journey merely to dine or to pass a night in one another's houses. Helena lingered through the pleasant weeks of early summer, and departed unwillingly at last to join her family at the White Hills, where they had gone like other households of high social station, to pass the month of August out of town. The happy-hearted young guest left many lamenting friends behind her, and promised each that she would come back again next year. She left the minister a rejected lover, as well as the preceptor of the academy, but with their pride unwounded, and it may have been with wider outlooks upon the world and a less narrow sympathy both for their own work in life and for their neighbors' work and hindrances. Even Miss Harriet Pyne herself had lost some of the unnecessary provincialism and prejudice which had begun to harden a naturally good and open mind and affectionate heart. She was conscious of feeling younger and more free, and not so lonely. Nobody had ever been so gay, so fascinating, or so kind as Helena, so full of social resource, so simple and undemanding in her friendliness. The light of her young life cast no shadow on either young or old companions, her pretty clothes never seemed to make other girls look dull or out of fashion. When she went away up the street in Miss Harriet's carriage to take the slow train toward Boston and the gayeties of the new Profile House, where her mother waited impatiently with a group of Southern friends, it seemed as if there would never be any more picnics or parties in Ashford, and as if society had nothing left to do but to grow old and get ready for winter.

Martha came into Miss Helena's bedroom that last morning, and it was easy to see that she had been crying; she looked just as she did in that first sad week of homesickness and despair. All for love's sake she had been learning to do many things, and to do them exactly right; her eyes had grown quick to see the smallest chance for personal service. Nobody could be more humble and de-

voted; she looked years older than Helena, and wore already a touching air of caretaking.

"You spoil me, you dear Martha!" said Helena from the bed. "I don't know what they will say at home, I am so spoiled."

Martha went on opening the blinds to let in the brightness of the summer morning, but she did not speak.

"You are getting on splendidly, are n't you?" continued the little mistress. "You have tried so hard that you make me ashamed of myself. At first you crammed all the flowers together, and now you make them look beautiful. Last night cousin Harriet was so pleased when the table was so charming, and I told her that you did everything yourself, every bit. Won't you keep the flowers fresh and pretty in the house until I come back? It 's so much pleasanter for Miss Pyne, and you 'll feed my little sparrows, won't you? They 're growing so tame."

"Oh yes, Miss Helena!" and Martha looked almost angry for a moment, then she burst into tears and covered her face with her apron. "I could n't understand a single thing when I first came. I never had been anywhere to see anything, and Miss Pyne frightened me when she talked. It was you made me think I could ever learn. I wanted to keep the place, 'count of mother and the little boys; we 're dreadful hard pushed at home. Hepsy has been good in the kitchen; she said she ought to have patience with me, for she was awkward herself when she first came."

Helena laughed; she looked so pretty under the tasseled white curtains.

"I dare say Hepsy tells the truth," she said. "I wish you had told me about your mother. When I come again, some day we 'll drive up country, as you call it, to see her. Martha! I wish you would think of me sometimes after I go away. Won't you promise?" and the bright young face suddenly grew grave. "I have hard times myself; I don't always learn things that I ought to learn, I don't always put things straight. I wish you would n't forget me ever, and would just believe in me. I think it does help more than anything."

"I won't forget," said Martha slowly. "I shall think of you every day." She spoke almost with indifference, as if she had been asked to dust a room, but she turned aside quickly and pulled the little mat under the hot water jug quite out of its former straightness; then she hastened away down the long white entry, weeping as she went.

III.

To lose out of sight the friend whom one has loved and lived to please is to lose joy out of life. But if love is true, there comes presently a higher joy of pleasing the ideal, that is to say, the perfect friend. The same old happiness is lifted to a higher level. As for Martha, the girl who stayed behind in Ashford, nobody's life could seem duller to those who could not understand; she was slow of step, and her eyes were almost always downcast as if intent upon incessant toil; but they startled you when she looked up, with their shining light. She was capable of the happiness of holding fast to a great sentiment, the ineffable satisfaction of trying to please one whom she truly loved. She never thought of trying to make other people pleased with herself; all she lived for was to do the best she could for others, and to conform to an ideal, which grew at last to be like a saint's vision, a heavenly figure painted upon the sky.

On Sunday afternoons in summer, Martha sat by the window of her chamber, a low-storied little room, which looked into the side yard and the great branches of an elm-tree. She never sat in the old wooden rocking-chair except

on Sundays like this; it belonged to the day of rest and to happy meditation. She wore her plain black dress and a clean white apron, and held in her lap a little wooden box, with a brass hinge on top for a handle. She was past sixty years of age and looked even older, but there was the same look on her face that it had sometimes worn in girlhood. She was the same Martha; her hands were old-looking and work-worn, but her face still shone. It seemed like yesterday that Helena Vernon had gone away, and it was more than forty years.

War and peace had brought their changes and great anxieties, the face of the earth was furrowed by floods and fire, the faces of mistress and maid were furrowed by smiles and tears, and in the sky the stars shone on as if nothing had happened. The village of Ashford added a few pages to its unexciting history, the minister preached, the people listened; now and then a funeral crept along the street, and now and then the bright face of a little child rose above the horizon of a family pew. Miss Harriet Pyne lived on in the large white house, which gained more and more distinction because it suffered no changes, save successive repaintings and a new railing about its stately roof. Miss Harriet herself had moved far beyond the uncertainties of an anxious youth. She had long ago made all her decisions, and settled all necessary questions; her scheme of life was as faultless as the miniature landscape of a Japanese garden, and as easily kept in order. The only important change she would ever be capable of making was the final change to another and a better world; and for that nature itself would gently provide, and her own innocent life.

Hardly any great social event had ruffled the easy current of life since Helena Vernon's marriage. To this Miss Pyne had gone, stately in appearance and carrying gifts of some old family silver which bore the Vernon crest, but not without some protest in her heart against the uncertainties of married life. Helena was so equal to a happy independence and even to the assistance of other lives grown strangely dependent upon her quick sympathies and instinctive decisions, that it was hard to let her sink her personality in the affairs of another. Yet a brilliant English match was not without its attractions to an old-fashioned gentlewoman like Miss Pyne, and Helena herself was amazingly happy; one day there had come a letter to Ashford, in which her very heart seemed to beat with love and self-forgetfulness, to tell cousin Harriet of such new happiness and high hope. "Tell Martha all that I say about my dear Jack," wrote the eager girl; "please show my letter to Martha, and tell her that I shall come home next summer and bring the handsomest and best man in the world to Ashford. I have told him all about the dear house and the dear garden; there never was such a lad to reach for cherries with his six foot two." Miss Pyne, wondering a little, gave the letter to Martha, who took it deliberately and as if she wondered too, and went away to read it slowly by herself. Martha cried over it, and felt a strange sense of loss and pain; it hurt her heart a little to read about the cherry-picking. Her idol seemed to be less her own since she had become the idol of a stranger. She never had taken such a letter in her hands before, but love at last prevailed, since Miss Helena was happy, and she kissed the last page where her name was written, feeling overbold, and laid the envelope on Miss Pyne's secretary without a word.

The most generous love cannot but long for reassurance, and Martha had the joy of being remembered. She was not forgotten when the day of the wedding drew near, but she never knew that Miss Helena had asked if cousin Harriet would not bring Martha to town; she should like to have Martha there to see her married. "She would help about

the flowers," wrote the happy girl; "I know she will like to come, and I 'll ask mamma to plan to have some one take her all about Boston and make her have a pleasant time after the hurry of the great day is over."

Cousin Harriet thought it was very kind and exactly like Helena, but Martha would be out of her element; it was most imprudent and girlish to have thought of such a thing. Helena's mother would be far from wishing for any unnecessary guest just then in the busiest part of her household, and it was best not to speak of the invitation. Some day Martha should go to Boston if she did well, but not now. Helena did not forget to ask if Martha had come, and was astonished by the indifference of the answer. It was the first thing which reminded her that she was not a fairy princess having everything her own way in that last day before the wedding. She knew that Martha would have loved to be near, for she could not help understanding in that moment of her own happiness the love that was hidden in another heart. Next day this happy young princess, the bride, cut a piece of the great cake and put it into a pretty box that had held one of her wedding presents. With eager voices calling her, and all her friends about her, and her mother's face growing more and more wistful at the thought of parting, she still lingered and ran to take one or two trifles from her dressing-table, a little mirror and some tiny scissors that Martha would remember, and one of the pretty handkerchiefs marked with her maiden name. These she put in the box too; it was half a girlish freak and fancy, but she could not help trying to share her happiness, and Martha's life was so plain and dull. She whispered a message, and put the little package into cousin Harriet's hand for Martha as she said good-by. She was very fond of cousin Harriet. She smiled with a gleam of her old fun; Martha's puzzled look and tall awkward figure seemed to stand suddenly before her eyes, as she promised to come again to Ashford. Impatient voices called to Helena, her lover was at the door, and she hurried away leaving her old home and her girlhood gladly. If she had only known it, as she kissed cousin Harriet good-by, they were never going to see each other again until they were old women. The first step that she took out of her father's house that day, married, and full of hope and joy, was a step that led her away from the green elms of Boston Common and away from her own country and those she loved best, to a brilliant much-varied foreign life, and to nearly all the sorrows and nearly all the joys that the heart of one woman could hold or know.

On Sunday afternoons Martha used to sit by the window in Ashford and hold the wooden box which a favorite young brother, who afterward died at sea, had made for her, and she used to take out of it the pretty little box with a gilded cover that had held the piece of wedding-cake, and the small scissors, and the blurred bit of a mirror in its silver case; as for the handkerchief with the narrow lace edge, once in two or three years she sprinkled it as if it were a flower, and spread it out in the sun on the old bleaching-green, and sat near by in the shrubbery to watch lest some bold robin or cherry-bird should seize it and fly away.

IV.

Miss Harriet Pyne was often congratulated upon the good fortune of having such a helper and friend as Martha. As time went on this tall gaunt woman, always thin, always slow, gained a dignity of behavior and simple affectionateness of look which suited the charm and dignity of the ancient house. She was unconsciously beautiful like a saint, like the picturesqueness of a lonely tree which lives to shelter unnumbered lives and to

stand quietly in its place. There was such rustic homeliness and constancy belonging to her, such beautiful powers of apprehension, such reticence, such gentleness for those who were troubled or sick; all these gifts and graces Martha hid in her heart. She never joined the church because she thought she was not good enough, but life was such a passion and happiness of service that it was impossible not to be devout, and she was always in her humble place on Sundays, in the back pew next the door. She had been educated by a remembrance; Helena's young eyes forever looked at her reassuringly from a gay girlish face. Helena's sweet patience in teaching her own awkwardness could never be forgotten.

"I owe everything to Miss Helena," said Martha half aloud as she sat alone by the window; she had said it to herself a thousand times. When she looked in the little keepsake mirror she always hoped to see some faint reflection of Helena Vernon, but there was only her own brown old New England face to look back at her wonderingly.

Miss Pyne went less and less often to pay visits to her friends in Boston; there were very few friends left to come to Ashford and make long visits in the summer, and life grew more and more monotonous. Now and then there came news from across the sea and messages of remembrance, letters that were closely written on thin sheets of paper, and that spoke of lords and ladies, of great journeys, of the death of little children and the proud successes of boys at school, of the wedding of Mrs. Dysart's only daughter; but even that had happened years ago. These things seemed far away and vague, as if they belonged to a story and not to life itself; the true links with the past were quite different. There was the unvarying flock of ground-sparrows that Helena had begun to feed; every morning Martha scattered crumbs for them from the side doorsteps while Miss Pyne watched from the dining-room window, and they were counted and cherished year by year.

Miss Pyne herself had many fixed habits, but little ideality or imagination, and so at last it was Martha who took thought for her mistress, and gave freedom to her own good taste. After a while, without any one's observing the change, the everyday ways of doing things in the house came to be the stately ways that had once belonged only to the entertainment of guests. Happily both mistress and maid seized all possible chances for hospitality, yet Miss Harriet nearly always sat alone at her exquisitely served table with its fresh flowers, and the beautiful old china which Martha handled so lovingly that there was no good excuse for keeping it hidden on closet shelves. Every year when the old cherry-trees were in fruit, Martha carried the round white Limoges dish with a fretwork edge, full of pointed green leaves and scarlet cherries, to the minister, and his wife never quite understood why every year he blushed and looked so conscious of the pleasure, and thanked Martha as if he had received a very particular attention. There was no pretty suggestion toward the pursuit of the fine art of housekeeping in Martha's limited acquaintance with newspapers that she did not adopt; there was no refined old custom of the Pyne housekeeping that she consented to let go. And every day, as she had promised, she thought of Miss Helena, — oh, many times in every day: whether this thing would please her, or that be likely to fall in with her fancy or ideas of fitness. As far as was possible the rare news that reached Ashford through an occasional letter or the talk of guests was made part of Martha's own life, the history of her own heart. A worn old geography often stood open at the map of Europe on the light-stand in her room, and a little old-fashioned gilt button, set with a piece of glass like a ruby, that had broken and fallen from the trimming

of one of Helena's dresses, was used to mark the city of her dwelling-place. In the changes of a diplomatic life Martha followed her lady all about the map. Sometimes the button was at Paris, and sometimes at Madrid; once, to her great anxiety, it remained long at St. Petersburg. For such a slow scholar Martha was not unlearned at last, since everything about life in these foreign towns was of interest to her faithful heart. She satisfied her own mind as she threw crumbs to the tame sparrows; it was all part of the same thing and for the same affectionate reasons.

V.

One Sunday afternoon in early summer Miss Harriet Pyne came hurrying along the entry that led to Martha's room and called two or three times before its inhabitant could reach the door. Miss Harriet looked unusually cheerful and excited, and she held something in her hand. "Where are you, Martha?" she called again. "Come quick, I have something to tell you!"

"Here I am, Miss Pyne," said Martha, who had only stopped to put her precious box in the drawer, and to shut the geography.

"Who do you think is coming this very night at half past six? We must have everything as nice as we can; I must see Hannah at once. Do you remember my cousin Helena who has lived abroad so long? Miss Helena Vernon, the Honorable Mrs. Dysart, she is now."

"Yes, I remember her," answered Martha, turning a little pale.

"I knew that she was in this country, and I had written to ask her to come for a long visit," continued Miss Harriet, who did not often explain things, even to Martha, though she was always conscientious about the kind messages that were sent back by grateful guests. "She telegraphs that she means to anticipate her visit by a few days and come to me at once. The heat is beginning in town, I suppose. I daresay, having been a foreigner so long, she does not mind traveling on Sunday. Do you think Hannah will be prepared? We must have tea a little later."

"Yes, Miss Harriet," said Martha. She wondered that she could speak as usual, there was such a ringing in her ears. "I shall have time to pick some fresh strawberries; Miss Helena is so fond of our strawberries."

"Why, I had forgotten," said Miss Pyne, a little puzzled by something quite unusual in Martha's face. "We must expect to find Mrs. Dysart a good deal changed, Martha; it is a great many years since she was here; I have not seen her since her wedding, and she has had a great deal of trouble, poor girl. You had better open the parlor chamber, and make it ready before you go down."

"It is all ready, I think," said Martha. "I can bring some of those little sweetbrier roses upstairs before she comes."

"Yes, you are always thoughtful," said Miss Pyne, with unwonted feeling.

Martha did not answer. She glanced at the telegram wistfully. She had never really suspected before that Miss Pyne knew nothing of the love that had been in her heart all these years; it was half a pain and half a golden joy to keep such a secret; she could hardly bear this moment of surprise.

Presently the news gave wings to her willing feet. When Hannah the cook, who never had known Miss Helena, went to the parlor an hour later on some errand to her old mistress, she discovered that this stranger guest must be a very important person. She had never seen the tea-table look exactly as it did that night, and in the parlor itself there were fresh blossoming boughs in the old East Indian jars, and lilies in the paneled hall, and flowers everywhere, as if there were some high festivity.

Miss Pyne sat by the window watching, in her best dress, looking stately and calm; she seldom went out now, and it was almost time for the carriage. Martha was just coming in from the garden with the strawberries, and with more flowers in her apron. It was a bright cool evening in June, the golden robins sang in the elms, and the sun was going down behind the apple-trees at the foot of the garden. The beautiful old house stood wide open to the long expected guest.

"I think that I shall go down to the gate," said Miss Pyne, looking at Martha for approval, and Martha nodded and they went together slowly down the broad front walk.

There was a sound of horses and wheels on the roadside turf: Martha could not see at first; she stood back inside the gate behind the white lilacs as the carriage came. Miss Pyne was there; she was holding out both arms and taking a tired, bent little figure in black to her heart. "Oh, my Miss Helena is an old woman like me!" and Martha gave a pitiful sob; she had never dreamed it would be like this; this was the one thing she could not bear.

"Where are you, Martha?" called Miss Pyne. "Martha will bring these in; you have not forgotten my good Martha, Helena?" Then Helena looked up and smiled just as she used to smile in the old days. The young eyes were there still in the changed face, and Miss Helena had come.

That night Martha waited in her lady's room just as she used, humble and silent, and went through with the old unforgotten loving services. The long years seemed like days. At last she lingered a moment trying to think of something else that might be done, then she was going silently away, but Helena called her back.

"You have always remembered, have n't you, Martha dear?" she said. "Won't you please kiss me good-night?"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

IN MAJESTY.

Once in thy life, thou too, or small or great,
Sin-stained or white, sage, foolish, free or bound,
'Neath what strange star, beyond what ocean found, —
Thou too, ignoring time, defying fate,
One fleeting hour shalt dwell in prouder state
Than any king's, with sovereign power girt round,
Thy silent brow with pallid glory crowned.
Once in thy life, some time, or soon or late,
Thou too — Yet hold! Oh, strange conceit! Ah me!
In that brief triumph thou shalt not rejoice,
Nor find it profit thee; thou shalt not see
The reverent awe, nor mark the bated breath
Wherewith all mankind's universal voice
Pays homage to the Majesty of Death!

Stuart Sterne.

THE UPWARD MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

THE opportunity to attempt a marshaling and a review of some of the elements prominent in the composition of a large, new, and conspicuous community is not one to be accepted in a spirit of easy self-confidence; and when these elements are at once comprehensive in range, discordant in character, and so overcharged with peculiarities as to be rendered susceptible to a rather wide variety of interpretation, then the commentator can only approach them in a certain spirit of self-distrust.

The civic shortcomings of Chicago are so widely notorious abroad and so deeply deplored at home that there is little need to linger upon them, even for the purpose of throwing into relief the worthier and more attractive features of the local life. The date of the Fair was the period at once of the city's greatest glory and of her deepest abasement. But at the very moment when the somewhat naïf and officious strictures of foreign visitors seemed to present Chicago as the Cloaca Maxima of modern civilization, the best people of the town found themselves, for the first time, associated in a worthy effort under the unifying and vivifying impetus of a noble ideal. The Fair was a kind of post-graduate course for the men at the head of Chicago's commercial and mercantile interests; it was the city's intellectual and social annexation to the world at large. The sense of shame and of peril aroused by the comments of outside censors helped to lead at once to a practical associated effort for betterment, and scarcely had the Columbian Exposition drawn to a close when many of the names that had figured so long and familiarly in its directorate began to appear with equal prominence in the councils of the Civic Federation.

Life in Chicago continues to be — too largely, too markedly — a struggle for the bare decencies. Justly speaking, such may be, perhaps must be, the case with every young city; but never, surely, has the struggle been conducted upon so large and striking a scale, for never before have youth and increase gone so notably together. We are obliged to fight — determinedly, unremittingly — for those desirable, those indispensable things that older, more fortunate, more practiced communities possess and enjoy as a matter of course. As a community, we are at school; we are trying to solve for ourselves the problem of living together. All the best and most strenuous endeavors of Chicago, whether practical or æsthetic, whether directed toward individual improvement or toward an increase in the associated well-being, may be broadly bracketed as educational. Everything to be said about the higher and more hopeful life of the place must be said with the learner's bench distinctly in view. The two gratifying phases of the situation are to be found in an increased capacity for effective organization, and in an intense desire for knowledge, for personal improvement, for the mastery of that which elsewhere has already been mastered and passed by. This rush of momentum to make up lost time and to get over hitherto untraversed ground justifies the surmise that the goal may be not only reached, but overreached, and that there may be a propulsion of the new and vigorous Western type past the plane of mere acquired culture, on toward the farther and higher plane of actual creative achievement.

It would be unadvisable to enter upon an extended presentation of Chicago's efforts toward the amenities and adornments of life without first having safeguarded her reputation for common

sense by giving a few notes illustrative of her struggle to secure some of the simple decencies of life. This struggle may best be indicated by a résumé of the recent activities of two of her representative reform organizations, the Civic Federation and the Woman's Club.

The Civic Federation of Chicago — conspicuously the most important and promising of existing agencies for the improvement of local conditions, and the prototype (past or future) of numerous organizations in smaller towns throughout the West — took shape during the closing months of 1893. Its object, formally stated, is "to gather together in a body, for mutual counsel, support, and combined action, all of the forces for good, public or private, which are at work in Chicago." It is non-partisan, non-political, non-sectarian. It consists of a central council and of subordinate ward and precinct councils, and its field throughout the city is practically coincident with that occupied by the recognized political parties. Its work is in the hands of a number of standing committees, and a brief indication of its recent labors may be readily anticipated by any one who will recall for a moment the familiar evils common to all American cities. Its health committee has concerned itself with the foulnesses of bake-shops and with the chemical analysis of food products; its committee on morals has organized and prosecuted a vigorous warfare upon the gambling interest, causing the closing of hundreds of gamblers' resorts and "bucket shops," and of all the race-tracks; its committee on the work of street-cleaning has brought about a better service at lower figures, — indeed, it has shown, by a practical demonstration of its own, extending over a period of six months, that it is within the range of physical possibility to keep the streets of the central down-town district reasonably clean; its department of philanthropy has organized a bureau of associated charities, whose object is the systematization and consolidation of philanthropic work; its committee on political action has dealt through its own secret service department with fraudulent naturalization, colonization, and registration, has inspected the qualifications of election judges and clerks, and has endeavored to improve the character of the Cook County grand juries; and proper departments have concerned themselves with the irregularities of garbage contractors, with the iniquitous dealing in franchises on the part of aldermen, with endeavors to apply the principle of arbitration to the acuter crises in the labor world, and with a thoroughgoing investigation of the city pay-rolls that resulted in sending numerous offenders to the penitentiary.

But the most signal service rendered by the Federation is that which was accomplished two years ago by about half a dozen of its members (in conjunction with an equally small representation from the Civil Service Reform League) at Springfield: the passage of a bill by the legislature, and its adoption at the next election by the city of Chicago, whereby the entire civil service of the city (and of the county as well) was placed solidly upon the merit system, which is in full operation to-day. This achievement, by reason of its suddenness and thoroughness, may well rank among the miracles of modern legislation, and the adoption of the bill by a majority of fifty thousand was accepted all over the country as one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

The Citizens' Association, an older though less conspicuous organization, has been working for some years on similar lines. The Municipal Voters' League, a younger body, has made strong efforts to improve the character of the city council by a rigid scrutiny of aldermanic candidates.

Side by side with the Civic Federa-

tion stands the Chicago Woman's Club. This notable force in the better life of the city was organized in 1876 with a view to "mutual sympathy and counsel, and united effort toward the higher civilization of humanity." For several years the club was content to occupy itself with domestic matters, and with the literary and artistic interests common to women's clubs all over the country. Later on it determined to make itself felt in practical work, and its most valuable services have been effected through its recently organized committees on philanthropy and reform. Among its other activities, this club has secured women physicians for the Cook County Insane Asylum and for the State Hospital at Kankakee; has established a free kindergarten, a women's physiological institute, and a protective agency for women and children; and on one occasion it sent a delegation to Washington to urge upon the President the reinstatement of women employees in the internal revenue offices. Upon occasion the club has entertained the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and its organization has served as a model for numerous other clubs throughout the West and Northwest.

As already stated, almost everything to be said about the upward movement in Chicago may be directly arrayed under the one general head of "education." There is to be shown first, then, what Chicago is doing for her own children and for those who come to her from outside; and afterward there is to be indicated the active propaganda which she is conducting with a gallant spirit throughout her tributary territory.

It is difficult, I admit, to put forward as an educational centre a city which habitually sends the best of its youth, boys and girls alike, far away from home for instruction; it is here, indeed, that the colleges and seminaries of Massachusetts and Connecticut become absolutely obtrusive. Nothing better can be done, in such a case, than to fall back upon the mass and weight of mere numbers: a few figures will serve to show the support accorded to half a dozen of Chicago's own representative educational institutions. The Chicago Conservatory (musical and dramatic) has some six hundred pupils; the Lewis Institute (technological) has instructed during its first year, just ended, close upon seven hundred; the Armour Institute (also technological) had last year about twelve hundred; the Chicago Athenæum (day and night school) instructs about fourteen hundred; the Art Institute, seventeen hundred; the University of Chicago had last year a total enrollment in excess of twenty-four hundred; while that of the Northwestern University, in a northern suburb, with important departments in the city itself, rose as high as twenty-eight hundred. Never has a young city shown itself more liberal in founding and developing public institutions for instruction; this is one of the most favorable turns taken by the new democracy of the West.

Such figures as those cited imply scale; such scale implies the high exercise of practical ability; and practical ability, in the West, implies success — and appreciation. In this New World, the respect gained by the educator, the clergyman, the professional man in general, comes almost completely, not from his mere education, his mere book knowledge, his mere practice of an acquired art, but from his *virtù* (as the Italians of the Renaissance expressed it), from his masterful dealing with things, circumstances, and his fellow men. The hearty and ungrudging respect of the community goes to the college president — who interests the millionaire intent upon endowment; to the preacher — who fills the house and removes the mortgage; to the legal practitioner — who draws from the thick air of trusts and syndicates something more than his

mere formal professional fee; and at the epoch of the Fair it seemed pleasantly possible for the mere artist (or at least the architect) to gain the good-natured tolerance of a practical community — provided he operated upon a sufficiently extensive scale, and showed a large and manlike adequacy in dealing with practical affairs.

It will be impossible to give due recognition to the merits of each of the half dozen institutions lately cited, but the brilliant and felicitous career of the new University of Chicago demands a few lines. No institution of learning in the country has been more signally favored by donations, endowments, and bequests. The extent of the endowments, original and supplementary, made by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, is widely known; and the recent magnificent gift of an entire group of buildings, by the Hull estate, for biological purposes, but follows (though on a larger scale) the example already set by many wealthy and well-disposed citizens. The university seems an immense magnet, which draws to itself not only money and lands, but subordinate educational institutions as well: again and again we hear that this school, that academy, or such a seminary, in the city itself, or in the suburbs, or outside of city and county altogether, has yielded to the process of absorption or affiliation, — so many indications that the name of the university for an assured permanence and a businesslike practicality is spreading every day.

The university is in session all the year round. The faculty number close upon one hundred and seventy-five. One third of the students come from Chicago and vicinity; another third, from the Middle West; and the remaining third includes a significant proportion from the East and even from Europe. The last summer quarter attracted thirteen hundred students, of whom one third were women. Nearly six hundred women, furthermore, attended the 1897 sessions of the Chicago Normal Summer School; they came from all parts of the country, from Canada, and from Mexico.

A notable feature of the work of the university is to be found in its extension division. This department, active last year through a range of eight States, carries on its work by three methods of study, — by lecture, by class, and by correspondence. The class study section, operative in the university itself or anywhere in the city and suburbs upon the request of six persons, had last year an attendance of eighteen hundred students. The extension division coöperates with the Chicago Board of Education, gives evening instruction at several convenient points in the down-town business district, and arranges for lectures at a number of churches, high schools, and libraries.

The lecture idea, indeed, is as firmly rooted in the Chicago of to-day as it was in the Boston of a generation ago. Free courses of lectures are given annually in the Field Columbian Museum (the former Art Building at Jackson Park); at the Academy of Sciences (the Laflin Memorial), in Lincoln Park; in the assembly hall of the Art Institute, on the Lake Front; and a fourth series has lately been inaugurated in connection with the new Haskell Oriental Museum of the University of Chicago. Lectures are also given at the Kindergarten College, which for nine or ten years past has been accustomed to hold an annual "literary school." The name of the organization affords little clue to the class of subjects to which the school gives its attention. These subjects are, in fact, such standard ones as Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare; and the school is considered by visiting lecturers to be almost unique in its alert sympathy and in its fidelity to the highest standards of culture. The same organization also arranges for

an Annual Convocation of Mothers, which aims to promote the physical, mental, and moral well-being of children. The autumn convocation of 1897 will devote two or three of its sessions to symbolism in art and literature, and in the kindergarten.

The extension division of the university may be paralleled, in a way, by the college extension classes of Hull House. This admirable institution has been so long and so conspicuously the typical "settlement" of the whole country that any characterization of it would be quite unnecessary. Stress will be laid only upon its educational aspects. Regular instruction is provided in chemistry, mathematics, and electrical science; in music, drawing, and painting; in embroidery and cooking; in Latin and the modern languages; and the literary courses include Emerson, Browning, George Eliot, and — once more — Shakespeare and Dante. The Hull House Bulletin gives multifarious details regarding lectures, recitals, readings, conferences, and receptions, and it devotes ample space to the interests and doings of some forty clubs that assemble under the one roof beneath which most of them have been generated. Hull House, in brief, is one of the typical local agencies for bridging over the wide gulf between the fortunate and the less fortunate, the native and the alien. Chicago has felt in its full force the flood of foreign immigration. How soon the vast body of newcomers may consciously achieve a national allegiance is a question; their civic allegiance, thanks to the compelling personality of the city itself, is instant and complete. They may not all make good Americans just yet, but they certainly do make loyal Chicagoans, — the next best thing, perhaps.

The Chicago Commons, on lines not dissimilar to those of Hull House, is active in another neighborhood of like nature and necessities. Its organ, The Commons, presents a comprehensive picture of "settlement" interests throughout the country.

The four great libraries of the city — chief among its educational factors — have frequently been celebrated, separately and together. The oldest, largest, and most generally serviceable is the Public Library itself, which was created by the city in 1872, shortly after the great fire, and which has been accommodated for some years on the upper floor of the City Hall. This collection, now comprising some 230,000 volumes, which are circulated through the city by means of more than thirty delivery-stations, is upon the point of removal to more suitable quarters, — its own building (the corner-stone of which was laid during the Fair) on the Lake Front. All the interior arrangements of this new structure were planned by practical librarians; to its architects, as architects, it owes little more than its envelope of brick and stone. It is not to be claimed that this peculiar piece of coöperation has produced an impeccable architectural organism, but the practical requirements of a great library are believed to have been met more successfully than ever before. The stack system (with an ultimate capacity of 2,000,000 volumes) has been adopted; two thirds of all the demands for books can be met from a stack within ten feet of the delivery-counter. In its reading-room, reference-room, delivery-room, and grand staircase, the building affords large opportunities for decoration. No effort has been made, however, to enlist the individual talents of sculptors and painters; the decorations will be done by the impersonal coöperation inherent in the contract plan, and dependence will be placed chiefly on marbles and mosaics, the use of which promises to be most lavish and brilliant. The annual income of the library is about $250,000. Tickets are held by 60,000 book-borrowers, and the circulation is the largest in the country.

The Newberry Library is on the North Side, and is wholly for reference purposes. Half of the building ultimately looked for is already constructed, of granite, in a graceful Romanesque style, and there is abundant room for the present collection of 140,000 volumes. The Newberry is especially strong in music, medicine, Americana, and hymnology, and has recently made the purchase of 1200 works on China.

The third of the large libraries is that of the University of Chicago, which occupies temporarily a rough brick building on the university campus, — the single interruption to the general reign of gray-stone scholastic Gothic. This collection was purchased *en bloc* from a bookseller in Berlin, with funds contributed on a sudden philanthropic impulse by several gentlemen of wealth and public spirit. It is understood to include some 290,000 books and pamphlets, and to abound in duplicates, students' theses, and German commentaries on the Latin authors.

The last of the four libraries, the Crerar, is devoted to science, — science in a wide and general sense. This collection, numbering at present 25,000 volumes, occupies temporary quarters in a mercantile building only a few steps distant from the new Public Library itself, until a site shall have been determined upon for a permanent structure. It is meant, however, that books shall come before building; and the librarian, Mr. Clement W. Andrews, late of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has recently been engaged in extensive purchases abroad. The directors of the Crerar rank among the best and most representative citizens of Chicago, the funds at their disposal run up into the millions, and the institution is expected to take at once a high position among the local aids to culture.

Education in music proceeds apace with education in other fields. Here the city's chief dependence is upon the Chicago Orchestra, — eighty-five men, Theodore Thomas conductor, — which last spring rounded out prosperously its sixth season. Mr. Thomas's efforts (than which nothing could be more persistently and laboriously educational) are supported by a large and patient body of guarantors, and by the resignation, if not delight, of large and earnest audiences, — large, in part, no doubt, because of the practical withdrawal of the better element from the theatres. The orchestra's past season has consisted of twenty-two concerts and the same number of rehearsals, and the annual deficit has been smaller than ever before. The delusive character of Mr. Thomas's "popular" nights and "request" programmes has long been recognized, but the public always rallies to the frank exposition of Beethoven and of Wagner, while the announcement of a soloist of reputation, vocal or instrumental, will always fill the great hall of the Auditorium to overflowing. The chief feature of the past two seasons has been Brahms, and the public — now upon the verge of a weak surrender — are wondering what, if anything, can lie beyond.

The cause of vocal music in Chicago is most conspicuously represented by the Apollo Club, which is just entering upon its twenty-sixth season. This organization, as the name would indicate, began as a *Männerchor;* but for some years past its four hundred voices have been equally divided between the sexes. It gives three or four concerts during the winter and spring, chiefly in the way of oratorio and cantata. Its Christmas performance of the Messiah has become one of the landmarks of the local musical season.

Both the orchestra and the Apollo Club make use of the Auditorium, and within the same building is the representative musical school of the West, the Chicago Conservatory. In scope, size, and character it may suggest the New England Conservatory of Boston. Many

of the instructors have more than a local reputation; the course of its year is marked by a great number of concerts, recitals, and dramatic matinées; and pupils are drawn toward it from all parts of the West. The Chicago Musical College enjoys an equal reputation and prominence.

The distinctively social side of Chicago's musical life is represented by the Amateur Musical Club, an organization composed exclusively of ladies, who follow a rigorous ideal in both vocal and instrumental departments, and who rely almost entirely upon one another for their entertainment, though occasionally a distinguished soloist from outside may be heard. This club is approaching its three hundredth recital.

The activity in art is no less marked than that in music. The focus of all this endeavor is the Art Institute. The new building on the Lake Front — the third occupied by the growing institute within ten years — is well known from having been the scene of so many congresses during the year of the Fair. It was built on public ground by an arrangement between the institute and the city, with the title vested in the latter. The Art Institute is to retain possession as long as it shall fulfill the purposes of an art museum. Three days in the week admission is free, and the number of visitors is half a million annually. The number of annual members is about twenty-five hundred.

The collections of the Art Institute can hardly be called extensive, neither is the building itself completed; but they are valuable out of proportion to their size, and they represent, however sketchily, most of the departments of interest that receive recognition in institutions of the sort. The picture-gallery is reinforced by the permanent exposition of several loan collections; there is a strong representation of the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century and an adequate display of the modern French painters most in favor with American purchasers. There are extensive collections of casts from the antique and the Renaissance; there is a room of reproductions of Pompeian bronzes, a collection of eighteen thousand of the Braun photographs, an historical collection of casts of French works of sculpture and architecture, the gift of the French government, and considerable in the way of Egyptian antiquities, and of embroideries and textiles.

The programme of the Art Institute comprises a series of exhibitions, lectures, concerts, and receptions running through the greater part of the year. There is a long range of apartments suited to the uses of transient displays, — works of Eastern or of foreign painters, works of local painters, sculptors, and architects; and the annual exhibitions include those given by the pupils of the institute itself, as well as those of the work of the art classes in the public schools.

Activity in art circles is further promoted by the women's clubs, which occasionally make an offer of prizes or arrange a reception for the artists themselves. Through such agencies more than one real but unsuspected talent has been brought to light. More grateful opportunities are sometimes presented when the owners of the great office buildings are found disposed to decorate their properties with works of art. In this way Mr. Lorado Taft has been enabled to make a set of bronze panels illustrative of the travels of Columbus, and Mr. Hermon A. MacNeil another illustrative of those of Père Marquette. Mr. Johannes Gelert has contributed reliefs and medallions for the decoration of more than one public auditorium; and to Mr. Edward Kemeys are due the lions placed in front of the Art Institute. The figurines of Miss Bessie Potter are unique in American art.

Reference might be made here to the peripatetic art-gallery connected with Hull House, — some fifty framed repro-

ductions, such as the colored prints of the Arundel Society, and photographic renderings of the work of men like Millet and Bastien-Lepage. These pictures are loaned for a fortnight, like books from a library. The most popular subjects are those of a religious nature.

Public art in Chicago is represented by a number of statues and fountains; most of these are placed in the parks. Some of them are admirable; others of them are abominable. Some have been removed; others might follow. The commissioners of Lincoln Park, the quarter most favored by donors, were considering, a year or two ago, the question of an art commission to sit upon such matters. As the public parks are the only portions of Chicago that possess any beauty or ever can possess any, the value of such a commission may readily be realized. It is to be hoped that Chicago's parks may be kept beautiful, for Chicago's streets can never become so. The associated architecture of the city becomes more hideous and more preposterous with every year, as we continue to straggle farther and farther from anything like the slightest artistic understanding. Nowhere is the naïf belief that a man may do as he likes with his own held more contentiously than in our astounding and repelling region of "sky-scrapers," where the abuse of private initiative, the peculiar evil of the place and the time, has reached its most monumental development. All the vagaries of this movement, along with developments of a more creditable sort, will be found recorded year by year in the Inland Architect, which "compares favorably," as we are still fond of saying in the West, with the best of similar publications in the East.

The most striking manifestation of the Fair was an architectural one; but that any improvement in the external aspect of Chicago has been wrought in consequence, — this would be too much to claim. We hear, indeed, of advances in other directions, outside: from one quarter comes evidence, as educed by a competition for a new state capitol, of a return to a chastened classicism; from another, of a better and more rational taste in the draughting of a municipal edifice; from a third, that one of our local magnates has presented to his native New England town a public library building planned and decorated on the model of one of the most admired of the minor structures at Jackson Park. But Chicago itself is too large readily to be affected, and has been too closely devoted, through too many years, to ideals essentially false. Then, too, the average is certain to fall far short of any ideal of style, however just; while the degree to which opportunity always lags behind practice, good or bad, constitutes one of the real crosses of the architectural profession. But, in brief, the damage has been done. Possessed of a single sheet of paper, we have set down our crude, hasty, mistaken sketch upon it, and we shall have the odds decidedly against us in any attempt to work over this sketch, made on the one surface at our disposal, into the tasteful and finished picture that we may be hoping finally to produce. There are those who consider that the manifest destiny of the city is to become the largest aggregation of human beings on the globe, and its ultimate metropolis; such a metropolis should have an aspect in accord with its primacy. Now, Chicago has an unlimited field for expansion, and the unimpeded march of her streets in every direction (save one) is led by the county surveyor with the same unhesitating precision that marks the spread of the township idea through the newest territories of the Far West. But the breadth and lucidity and regularity of plan possible only to a city the bare mention of whose name suggests rather evocation than mere growth have suffered in the detailed carrying-out. Too much work of a public character has been devised with haste and incompetence, and executed with haste and dishonesty.

Furthermore, for the first time in the rearing of a vast city, the high and the low have met together, the rich and the poor have *built* together: each with an astonishing freedom as to choice, taste, expenditure; each with an extreme, even an undue liberty to indulge in whatever independences or idiosyncrasies might be suggested by greed, pride, carelessness, or the exigency of the passing moment, — democracy absolute manifested in brick, stone, timber. The sociological interest of such an exhibit is necessarily great; its artistic value is *nil*. One must make the regretful acknowledgment that the picturesque flagrancy which still marks the conduct of Chicago's municipal affairs is amply figured in the associated effect of Chicago's architecture, and that the extent of our failure in the art of living together is fully typified by our obvious failure in the art of building together. The general effect of the city, under the dual domination of Greed and of Slouch, must continue for many years to be that of a mere rough impromptu.

The social aspects of the town — the town taken by and large — will also continue for some years fairly to deserve the same characterization. The social range is wide enough to include the best as well as the worst, but its wealth is fully equaled by its disorder: a boundless heaving of human activities that is practically unregulated, in the main, by anything like tradition, authority, forms, and precedents. Society, in its technical sense, has assuredly come into existence, and is able to present a competent reproduction of the most esteemed social forms; and there is as assuredly a yearly increase in the number of "good houses," where one finds an easy command of the best elements and opportunities of life, a grateful survival, in their best form, of the real Western frankness, kind-heartedness, and informality, and a clever understanding of the use of wealth as an unobtrusive lubricant to the wheels of culture. Social intercourse remains reasonably unaffected, unartificial; social cruelty is very rare. The back door of the social edifice looks out upon the farm, its side porch gives on the country town; and for another generation, at least, wholesome breezes from these quarters may be depended upon to remedy any sophistication of atmosphere consequent upon the ambitions and rivalries of a population lately and largely rustic, and now undergoing crystallization into urban forms. The city, speaking in a general way, possesses at once a high standard and a low average, and the safest and most favorable presentation of its social characteristics would be accomplished by the exhibition (here, as elsewhere) of its educational endeavors as carried on through the medium of a multiplicity of clubs. Everything that is done at all is done through these organizations, and when it has been said that their number is fully in correspondence with the broad and much-divided area of the city and the extent and variety of its population, further insistence upon the general prevalence of the club habit becomes unnecessary.

The most prominent and promising of these organizations are, of course, those conducted by women; and among them the first mention is perhaps due to the Fortnightly, which was founded in 1873, with the object of "intellectual and social culture." The Fortnightly carries no dead-weight; all of its members — about one hundred and seventy-five — are pledged to the writing of essays, or to participation in the discussion of the themes with which the essays deal. The Fortnightly is occasionally addressed by distinguished strangers, men as well as women, indulges now and then in receptions and open meetings, and was duly prominent in a social way at the time of the literary congress held during the Columbian Exposition.

The Woman's Club is bigger in body — it has between five and six hundred

members — and more determined in disposition. Its civic services have already been touched upon, but some indication of its lighter labors should not be omitted. Within recent years its department of philosophy and science has been busy upon the "results of recent investigation in the sciences," its educational department has considered through several months "the fundamental principles of education," and its art study class has studied in (theoretical) detail the elaborate technique of painting. During the coming season the club will study the history of sculpture, the evolution of modern music, and the masterpieces of English poetry. The club (in whole or in part) meets weekly throughout the greater portion of the year, and wields an influence in just accord with such determined and unremitting efforts and so thorough a scheme of organization.

The Friday Club resembles the Fortnightly, and is said to draw its membership even more distinctly from the ranks of "society." The Junior Fortnightly, the Wednesday, and others are clubs of a similar sort organized among the younger set. The Arché Club, with a membership of six hundred, meets in the neighborhood of Jackson Park and the Field Museum, and pursues its literary and artistic studies under the leadership of a lecturer.

The "new woman," as is readily seen, must stand well in the foreground of any picture of to-day's society in Chicago; happily, she is coming to take herself a little more for granted. May not the influence of her advent be figured more or less successfully from analogous cases, — from the introduction of tolerance into religion, from the introduction of democracy into politics? The woman movement seems but another link added to one general chain. An exaggerated emphasis on sex may moderate itself, as the exaggerated enforcements of bigotry and the exaggerated claims of social privilege have moderated themselves already; and we may find that the abolition of a number of arbitrary and invidious distinctions between man and woman marks but one more step toward the general solidification of the body politic.

Compared with the bustling and ambitious aggregations just named, the men's clubs must infallibly suffer; as we enter them we find ourselves among the helots whose labors make possible the mental expansion of the feminine aristocracy. The down-town club is used chiefly as a lunching convenience and for the discussion of business affairs, being little frequented save at midday. The Union League Club, however, has distinct political leanings, and its annual celebration of Washington's Birthday has added point and interest to one of the few conspicuous dates in the American calendar. The first of its meetings upon this anniversary was addressed by James Russell Lowell. Recent speakers have been the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Frederic R. Coudert. The socio-political clubs, with houses situated in the widely scattered residential quarters, — one may instance the Marquette, the Hamilton, and the Ashland, — frequently entertain visiting political celebrities, and also coöperate steadily in the cause of reform and good government. The Chicago Literary Club, a homogeneous body of professional men, holds weekly meetings throughout a large part of the year, and has recently begun the practice of issuing in pamphlet form such of its papers as provoke a demand for publication. The Caxton Club, resembling the Grolier of New York, gives an annual exhibition of books and bookbindings.

All this, however, does not go far in comparison with the activities of the other sex, and the balance should be restored by some reference to the benefactions of individual citizens. Half a dozen examples (added to the number already indicated) will suffice. The

ground upon which the University of Chicago stands and the funds necessary for the establishment of the Columbian Museum are alike the gift of Mr. Marshall Field; the Armour Institute and Mission, together with the extensive range of adjoining tenements, the income from which supports them, the city owes to Mr. P. D. Armour; the construction of the observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for the University of Chicago, and its equipment with the largest telescope in the world, are to be credited to Mr. C. T. Yerkes; the development and prosperity of the Art Institute are due in great part to the energy, enthusiasm, and public spirit of Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, its president; and an endless series of widespread donations has made the name of Dr. D. K. Pearsons a household word throughout the educational world.

Among the clubs of mixed membership — most of them mediating between literature and society — may be mentioned the Twentieth Century Club, an organization of wealthy people with a taste for private views of passing celebrities. This practice, *mutatis mutandis*, is pretty widely diffused throughout Chicago; a nice discrimination is not invariably shown by every minor association, and the docility and credulity of our eager neophytes, when brought face to face with stranger evangelists of limited value, cannot yet be classed among vanishing phenomena. The Contributors' Club, active at the period of the Fair, wrote and published its own magazine, until the demand for bricks outran the supply of straw. Its most notable achievement was the publication of a number made up wholly of articles (accompanied by facsimiles in many strange languages) contributed by distinguished foreigners who were associated with the Exposition. The Chicago Chapter of the University Guild of the Northwestern University has been accustomed to hold each winter a series of meetings at the houses of persons prominent in society; it thus bridges over the thirteen miles that separate Evanston from Chicago, and gives added cohesion to a great institution whose topographical dispersedness is surpassed only by its enormous enrollment. I may note here, in passing, that the property of this university amounts in value to more than four million dollars.

Literature proper in Chicago is represented by The Dial; here, too, the special slant is toward the educational. The Dial is well known and much esteemed by the schools and libraries of the whole country. It is as irreproachable in its ideals as in its typography; but its tone of somewhat cold correctness causes one to feel that there is a certain lack of temperament.

"Literary Chicago," thanks to the successive advents of many emissaries from both East and West, is finally conscious of itself; its consciousness has once or twice taken the form of an "authors' reading," — with moderate interest on the part of the public. The literary people of Chicago, freed from rivalry by the absence of prizes to struggle for, live together in a sympathetic and companionable spirit that has been more than once remarked by visitors who have themselves borne the burden and heat of effort in the Eastern arena.

Chicago is said to be the largest book-manufacturing city in the country; its number of "publishers" is in proportion. However, we need not pause over its tons of school-books, nor its mountains of German and Scandinavian Bibles intended for the farmhouses of the Northwest, nor its cheap and sometimes unauthorized editions of authors favorably or unfavorably known, but destined in either case for the railway train and the news-stand. Yet Chicago possesses at least one old-established and conservative publishing firm of high rank (together with the largest book-shop in the country), and one or two newer firms

that stand for a notably delicate and refined practice in book-making. Chicago also enjoys the further celebrity that comes from the publication of the quaint Chap-Book. This highly individual semi-monthly, having lately enlarged itself and subdued the intensity of a yellow tone reflected from London, may now be fully accepted as an embodied response to Chicago's long and earnest prayer, — that for a magazine.

From such educational exactions as have occupied the preceding pages the public have but two apparent refuges, — the parks and the theatres. Within the past few years the idea of the value of leisure and recreation has been steadily gaining ground; the Saturday half-holiday has become quite general during the summer months, and the great system of public parks now yields the fullest service that even the most prophetic of its originators could have foreseen. A Saturday afternoon in August spent in Washington Park is recommended with confidence to the casual tourist, in place of the "Levee," the Stockyards, and the contemplation of the "submerged tenth," all of which have been too much favored of late by the stranger eye.

The park area of Chicago is soon to be increased by the enlargement of the Lake Front to two hundred acres. Four fifths of this area will be obtained by filling in beyond the shore line, and the material will come from the excavations for the great drainage canal, upon which work has been prosecuted for the past five years. This undertaking — said to be the most extensive piece of engineering now doing in the world — will eventually turn the waters of Lake Michigan into the Mississippi River, and will give a final solution to Chicago's vexatious sewage problem. Roughly speaking, the canal will be thirty miles long, and will cost thirty million dollars. The enterprise has thus far escaped the contamination of partisan politics.

A splendid project to connect the Lake Front with Jackson Park by a six-mile boulevard along the lake shore has lately received a serious official check, but will probably be revived upon the coming of better times — or of a better governor. The city, in its increasing aptitude for relaxation, is learning, despite this check, to turn the lake to proper account. A score of yachts, anchored within the "breakwater," point to the opportunities for one kind of pleasure, and for the past two or three seasons the south shore has witnessed a determined effort toward another kind. Lake-bathing, after many years of failure, has at last been established; and on a summer Sunday the half-mile stretch of piers, kiosks, and bungalows along the beach is thronged by bathers enjoying the fresh-water equivalent of Nantasket and Coney Island.

Little can be said for the local theatre, which sinks lower in the esteem of the better class as it rises higher in the esteem of the populace. However, a dirty dollar contains as many cents as a clean one, and the dirty dollars are in the large majority, besides. Not much can be found for approval beyond the efforts of Miss Anna Morgan, of the Chicago Conservatory, who gives infrequent performances of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and the like, — a work which she carries on with great enthusiasm and optimism, despite the indifference of the middle public and the resentment of the newspaper press. When one has noted a Greek play brought to town by a country college, and has recalled that the most respectable successes in the way of American light opera originated in Chicago, little more remains to justify attention. Certainly, no one need remember the immense effort and mistaken expenditure undergone to make Chicago a "producing centre" of — extravaganza.

To the many active educational agencies already mentioned, add, of course, the public schools, the parochial schools, and the variety of small and dispersed private establishments that, even in a

town so rampantly democratic, must live their own lives and enter into the general count. Education, education, and again education. Is education the safeguard of the *res publica?* Then perhaps we are safe. Is character? Then perhaps we are not. Instruction is booming; principle is hardly holding its own. The recklessness and consciencelessness of the earlier Western day were barely showing some sign of abatement, when the voice of a proletariat, disappointed in the efficacy of its own fetish and disposed to a clamorous and summary revision of *meum* and *tuum*, began to make itself heard. Although the city of Chicago, a year ago, indeed pronounced most outspokenly for honor and principle, still the persistent agitation of such matters could have but one effect upon a community that, for the first time within a quarter of a century, was suffering a serious check in its course of unparalleled prosperity: a partial disintegration of its moral fibre, a serious slackening of the sense of obligation and of the integrity of contract, and a diminished adhesion to the principles of common commercial honesty. This lapse may be but temporary; certainly the only basis upon which a great and complicated community can conduct its affairs is not far to seek nor difficult to find.

It remains to state the effort which the city is putting forth on behalf of the whole Middle West, — a propaganda of music, art, and literature which is little suspected in the East, and not fully realized at home.

The Public Library of Chicago has become a bureau of inquiry for the whole country; it is constantly furnishing data on all sorts of subjects, dignified or trivial, to all sorts of people. The country editor, the country physician, the ex-Chicagoan, and the new woman appear to be the chief beneficiaries; not a day passes in which information is not furnished (at a moderate charge) to persons far beyond the designated scope of the institution. It is here that the club woman comes most fully into view, and aids to her study in history, art, language, and literature are provided on the most extensive scale.

The extension system of the University of Chicago reaches through eight States, — from Minnesota to Kentucky, from Ohio to Nebraska. Eighty-five of the courses in its lecture study department are conducted outside of the city itself. The correspondence study department engages the services of sixty instructors, and meets the requirements of six hundred students.

The musical propaganda has been conducted in large part by the Chicago Orchestra, which has been in the habit of interrupting its home series of concerts two or three times during the season to give performances in outside towns. These concerts have usually been secured on the basis of a guarantee fund, and the orchestra has appeared in places as distant and as far apart as Pittsburg, Toronto, St. Paul, Omaha, and Louisville.

A similar service for painting is performed by the Central Art Association, originated by Mr. Hamlin Garland and Mr. Lorado Taft, and headed at present by Mr. Halsey C. Ives. This association aims to aid the progress of the student and art-lover in interior towns by giving lectures on art, by suggesting courses of reading on related subjects, by sending out reproductions in pictorial form of the great masterpieces, and (chiefly) by arranging circulating exhibitions of the best obtainable examples of recent American art. It also conducts Arts for America, a periodical in which architecture, decoration, and ceramics are discussed, as well as painting and sculpture. This association, devoted to Western art and to the *plein air* idea, has brought to light fresh talent in Indiana, Colorado, and Texas, and has given to these workers, as well as to many home painters, a wide currency through the West by send-

ing small but carefully composed collections to many towns in the Mississippi Valley and beyond. In future a more pronounced coöperation on the part of Eastern artists is assured, and it should seem an easy matter for any Western community that wishes to inform itself about the most recent and peculiar developments of American art to gratify its desire. The latest organization in this field is the Society of Western Artists, which has established a "circuit" comprising half a dozen of the largest Western towns, and undertakes perambulatory displays of contemporary art.

The foregoing pages may serve to show the stage that has been reached by the Chicago of to-day, and to indicate what the city is doing for itself, for the West, and for the world at large. That further and more remarkable stages are yet to be arrived at may well be granted to an energy, ambition, and initiative in which no hint of failure or of pause is to be detected. Sixty years ago the Pottawatomies held their last war-dance within a few steps of the site of Chicago's city hall; to-day the centre of population of the United States is but a few miles south of our limits. The bulk of Chicago already shuts off Eastern prospects from Western eyes, and indications abound that the city is coming to assume an equal importance in the eyes of the South. The increasing centrality of her position, coupled with the widening exercise of her powers, appears to her confident and rather arrogant mind a sufficient earnest of her final supremacy, commercial, intellectual, and political. Material prosperity is already won; a high intellectual status seems assured; and her principal concern for another generation — the extirpation of the moral and civic evil that has reared itself behind the back of a resolute but too preoccupied endeavor — will be prosecuted, let it be hoped, in that spirit of civic regeneration whose signs are just now so encouraging and so abundant. The absence of such signs would be doubly discouraging in a day wherein a city life seems indicated with growing certainty as the future condition of the greater part of the American people.

Henry B. Fuller.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS: THE OLD VIEW OF CHILDHOOD, AND THE NEW.

During the Middle Ages, it was a pastime of philosophical monks to write treatises closing up "mental and moral science." In similar fashion, in our own day, it is assumed by many schoolmen that there is a definite and final "code of principles" of education. In education as in theology, it is granted, there may be sects, but the general impression exists that there are certain fundamental laws that are final, and certain definite principles with which teachers may be fitted out for their work. This it is fair to call the old, even mediæval view of education; and the modern or scientific view is in such sharp contrast to it that, at this late time, it ought not to be necessary to explain the difference. To get some first-hand knowledge of what the normal schools are doing in this matter, and to ascertain to what extent the new conception of education has been accepted by them and is now followed in the training of teachers, I have recently visited all the normal schools of Massachusetts.

As an illustration of the mediæval conception of the mind and of the proper

method of training it, I quote from the catalogue of one of the best of these schools an explanation of the method whereby teachers are trained there. In this explanation the tone of mediæval dogmatism — the tone of certainty and finality — is obvious. The italics are mine.

"The control of conduct of others through an appeal to their wills, of their wills through their feelings, and of their feelings through their intelligence, is made a matter of *clear knowledge.* The relation of free will to moral responsibility *is revealed.* The *law of the development of power and of formation of habits* by the activity of pupils themselves *is traced* from the simplest forms of perception through memory, imagination, reason, and all other kinds of mental action, even to the *development of character* by means of self-direction and self-control. The principles which determine the best methods of teaching are carefully grounded upon the *necessary sequence* of the different kinds of psychical action. The principles which determine the rational government of children are based upon the laws of the creation of power and habits through self-activity."

The principles and many methods of education, one would infer from such an announcement, can be easily distributed among teachers; and thus equipped, they may go forth prepared to practice the most difficult work that man or woman can undertake.

I visited, among others, a normal school which stands, in the practical school world, for all that is sound and modern. There are few schools superior to it in the perfection of detail in equipment. Its teachers are earnest, and devoted to education. I listened to a recitation in work which covers the subjects that usually appear under the head of psychology and principles of education. The following is an account of the recitation, slightly abbreviated: —

"What is conscience?" was the teacher's first question.

"Conscience," said the pupil who was called upon, "is the power by which we know the moral quality of our choices, and feel the approbation or guilt which follows choice."

"Is conscience an infallible guide?"

This question caused some confusion, but the following answer finally won approval: —

"In one sense conscience is infallible, and in another it is not. Conscience is not infallible in judging what is the highest good; it is infallible in affirming that we should choose in accordance with our sense of obligation."

"How, then, are we to avoid the danger of erring judgment?"

"We must take the utmost pains to know what is the highest good, and then we must follow this highest good as a choice."

"How do we feel when we make right choice?"

"We feel that we are doing right."

"And in the case of a wrong choice?"

"We feel that we are doing wrong."

"Always?"

An interesting discussion, admirably conducted as an illustration in the art of teaching, followed. Some pupils volunteered original views, and without answering them or otherwise curbing them for a time, the teacher allowed free discussion. One girl said she knew another girl who maintained that if a person did what her conscience told her was right, she did right. Another pupil told of her Sunday-school teacher, who, when asked whether theatre-going was right or wrong, replied that theatre-going was not right for her own conscience, but if her pupils' consciences approved such conduct, it was right for them.

Finally, the teacher observed that there are evidently many notions of what things are right and what things are wrong, as the members of the class had indicated. "Since there are so many human stan-

dards, what are we to do about it? May these human standards all be wrong?"

Class (in chorus): "Yes, sir."

"Is there any such thing, then, as an absolute right?"

Class: "Yes, sir."

"Where shall we find this absolute standard?" asked the teacher, calling upon an individual.

"In the Word of God."

"The Word of God, then, makes a revelation of God's will, and gives us a standard of absolute right?"

Class: "Yes, sir."

At this moment the Unexpected Pupil held up her hand and took part in the proceedings. She wanted to know what people who do not have the Bible at hand are going to do in making choices. There are many thousands of such people in the world. There are the Chinese, for example.

The teacher waved off the interruption with his hand. "That is a minor matter," he said.

"I can't see that it is," replied the girl, trembling, but standing her ground bravely. "I can't see how, on this theory, these people ever know what to do."

"Is there a God?" demanded the teacher solemnly.

"Yes, sir," she said, with more assurance in her words than in her accent.

"Is there a Word of God?" was the next deep-toned question.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then!"

"But these people have no Bible."

"Well, we have, have we not?"

"Yes, sir, but" —

"Well, let us take what *we* have, and follow it. We are sure of this. That is enough for us. Let the other matter rest."

The hand waved off further discussion of the subject authoritatively. The Unexpected Pupil sat down, and looked at her hands gravely.

Some illustrations were offered at this point by the class, and when the teacher again took up the thread of his argument, he quoted Whately's analogy, writing on the blackboard the following: —

Sun	Watch	Business
Word of God	Conscience	Character

In explanation of this scheme, the teacher pointed out that the business man regulates his business affairs by the time of his watch, and the time of the watch is regulated by comparing it with the sun time. This sun time is given by the sun-dial, and the teacher brought into the class a sun-dial to illustrate this point objectively. So also is it with conscience. Man is regulated in his character by his conscience, as the watch regulates the business man's appointments. But neither conscience nor watch is absolute. They must be regulated by a higher power. As the business man regulates and corrects his watch by the sun-dial, so we must regulate and correct our consciences by consulting the Bible. We must see to it that our consciences are in harmony with the Bible, as the business man sees to it that the watch agrees with the sun-dial, for God directly reveals himself through the Bible as the sun reveals itself through the agency of the sun-dial.

The Unexpected Pupil was again upon her feet. There was a quiver of adolescent fervor, as she nervously demanded, "Is the sun-dial infallible? The sun-dial does not give to the watch the time that we use."

The teacher's hand waved her off. However, she stood firm, and insisted that the time which we use is not the sun time. The sun-dial is not the infallible guide. We modify the sun-dial time before the business man uses it.

The teacher, more in sorrow than in anger, suffered the interruption, and admitted that what she said was true; that there is a difference between sun and watch time. He intended to be kind and gentle in his manner, and this eager questioner was at last quieted. She did

not press her point, and the teacher proceeded to drive home and to clinch his point. There is no absolute human standard, but we have an absolute standard at hand in the Word of God, if we search it in the right spirit. Moreover, we must proceed in this way, for "that servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."

"What, then, is the position of conscience?" asked the teacher finally, summing up.

"The conscience acts when we choose: hence it implies the action of the intellect, sensibility, and will."

"What are the marks of a strong will?"

"Strength of will is shown by self-control — that is, by the control of the natural impulses when they are in opposition to conscience — and by controlling other minds."

"How is the will cultivated?"

"The will is cultivated by cultivating the intellect, which enables the mind to judge more wisely what is the highest good; by listening to the voice of conscience in regulating the natural impulses; by resolving to do always what ought to be done."

In the same manner, a number of principles relative to what is learned from the study of the will were stated in accurate form. Finally this question was put: "What does the moral training of the child require?"

"Knowledge," was the exact reply, "that he may know what he ought to do, and, later on, that he may know why he ought to do it."

"How would you go about teaching a child what he ought to do?"

There was some fumbling for an answer. One pupil thought a child learned largely by imitation.

"But what would you do first?"

"Tell and show him what to do."

"Suppose he would not do it then?"

The pupil hesitated.

"Require him to do it?" asked the teacher suggestively. "Would not you *have* him do the thing?"

"Yes."

"And as he grows able to understand, then" —

"Explain why he ought to do the thing."

"Yes, correct," said the teacher approvingly. "You would teach the child, in other words, to control himself. By requiring him to do it, by his doing it, and finally by explaining it, the moral training is accomplished. How many of you now see the principle in the moral training of children?"

Nearly all hands were raised. The hand of the Unexpected Pupil was among the exceptions, but she kept her own counsel.

"What are the steps in the moral training of children?"

"Right motives to induce them to choose correctly, the exertion of the will in doing what is right, practice till good habits are established."

The recitation concluded with a brief recapitulation of the study of the sensibilities and the will.

At the close of the recitation, printed leaflets were passed to the members of the class, containing the material for the next lesson. The teacher explained that, in preparing the lesson, the pupils should first think out for themselves the laws therein contained, and after thinking them out thoroughly by this introspective method they should carefully memorize the definitions, in the precise form that they would find upon the paper. He especially wished that this form should be accurately memorized, for these laws of thought were of the utmost importance, and the pupils should have them stored away in their minds in a form that they could never forget.

This illustration gives a clearer idea than any description could give how one of the principles of education, the important principle of moral training, is administered. In the school referred to, this course includes what usually goes under the head of psychology and pedagogy. It begins with the natural environment of man, and proceeds to an analysis of the physical laws of his being, then to the modes of his spiritual activity, that the student may acquire "a knowledge of the conditions and products of the mind's activity, and the ability to use this knowledge in the education of children."

While the recitation and the work in this course may suggest many things, the reason for introducing the incident here is to illustrate the underlying assumption that there are established principles, and that the preparation of teachers consists in handing down to them a code. This purpose constitutes one part of normal work; the other part deals with the application of the principles, in the form of methods for teaching, with special reference to the various subjects of the common school curriculum. It is clear that if there is any flaw in the original principles, the value of this elaborate system of method-teaching will be undermined.

Of the six other normal schools of Massachusetts which I visited, all maintain an elaborate system of teaching methods dependent upon this assumed code of established principles; but the departments of pedagogy in two of these schools do not recognize the existence of such a code, — an opposing tendency that will be discussed later. In one of the four others, the instructor in psychology and pedagogy on the occasion of my visit was attempting to analyze, by the introspective method, the elements of moral consciousness. The leaflet system was not in use, and while there was less evidence of blind memorizing and the discussions were freer, nevertheless, the essential dogma, that principles of education directly applicable to the teaching of children could be derived by analysis of adult consciousness, was the basis of the work. At a third school, the instruction in psychology and principles of education was not in progress at the time of my visit, but the plan as outlined to me by the instructor was in accord with those previously described. The system of the fifth school was practically identical with that of the school first described. One recitation that I heard was upon the formation of judgments.

"What is a judgment?" asked the teacher, as he picked off a card from a pack containing the names of the members of the class.

"A judgment," replied the pupil upon whom the lot fell, "is a relation between concepts."

"What is the act of judging?" was asked as a fresh card was turned.

"The act of judging," said the pupil, "is the act of knowing that the concept of the species is included in the concept of the genus."

"Give an example."

"In the judgment 'a dog is an animal,' the act of judging is the act of knowing that the concept 'dog' is included in the concept 'animal.'"

"In what two ways may concepts be compared?"

"Concepts may be compared in two ways, — as to content and as to extent."

"What is a judgment of content?"

"A judgment of content is the knowing that the content of one judgment is included in the content of another."

The wording of this answer was not considered quite correct by the attentive class, and a correction was made.

"What two kinds of judgment of extent are there?" asked the teacher.

"The two kinds of judgment of extent are common judgments of extent and scientific judgments of extent."

"What is a common judgment of extent?" and the turning of the card

brought to her feet a ruddy-faced young woman, who said with considerable rapidity, "A common judgment of extent is the knowing that judgment of extent is included in the concept of another, without genii or species."

A titter admonished her, and she hastily corrected her statement: "I mean, without genii or speciei."

A peal of laughter followed, and the teacher kindly tried to smooth matters. Thus encouraged, the ruddy-faced young psychologist tried again. "A common judgment of extent is the knowing," she said carefully, "that the judgment of extent is included in the concept of another, without generalized species."

This answer caused a second peal of laughter, and a turn of the cards brought a fresh contestant, who said in a tone of convincing certainty, "A common judgment of extent is the knowing that one judgment of extent is included in the judgment of another, without thinking them as genus or species."

"Are you sure you are correct?"

"I think I am."

Another card was turned, and the fresh recruit said, feeling her way from word to word, "A common judgment of extent is the knowing that one judgment of extent is included in the judgment of another without being included as a species of the genus."

This seemed the correct answer, and the inquiry into scientific judgments was next taken up in the same manner.

Space is given to the unfortunate *contretemps* that occurred, not as an evidence that lessons are not always learned, for accidents will occur in the best regulated schools, but as an illustration of the means by which these lessons are acquired. The course in principles in this school comprises one hundred and eighty recitations in psychology, sixty in the principles of education, forty in logic, and forty in the history of education. All of the teaching, with the exception of that in the history of education, is done by the gentleman who conducted the recitation quoted.

The purpose of this article is not to deal with the problem of the preparation of teachers in its local aspects, but the illustrations are taken from schools in Massachusetts upon the assumption that the problem as it is in Massachusetts is typical of general tendencies throughout the nation. A limited area of observation was chosen to warrant concrete and specific statement, and Massachusetts was selected for the historical reason that this State has been a leader in the systems of preparing teachers. More than one third of the graduates of the normal schools in Massachusetts have passed through the courses in the first and last of the schools where the recitations that I have quoted were heard, and I venture to say that, with the exception of the graduates of one other school, practically all the normal school graduates in Massachusetts up to the year 1896 memorized similar definitions, and were drilled systematically in these pretensions of settled principles of education under the name of "psychology and principles of education." The ruling tendency in the preparation of teachers proceeds on the assumption that a code of principles has been absolutely established upon the basis of the so-called introspective psychology, with its tastefully worded definitions and artistic classifications.

Now, this form of psychology was in the zenith of its popularity during the Middle Ages, — just after the time when a number of the sedate monks wearily withdrew from the mathematical disputes over the number of dancing demons a needle-point could comfortably accommodate, and fell to revealing, from their inner consciousness, the constructive principles by which God made the universe. The same view of psychology is the basis of much of the work done today in education, — in practice and theory, — although it has long since been

abandoned in almost all other practical applications of the phenomena of mind. The teachers who promulgate these pretensions of the firm establishment of educational principles are honest and sincere to the core, and they are confident of the efficacy of the principles when properly applied according to the specific recipes which normal schools give their pupils. They believe what they say with the same fervid enthusiasm with which the ancients believed in the flatness of the earth. They come by these conceptions honestly and legitimately, for they were taught to accept them by their teachers as they are now retailing them to their own pupils. Thirty years ago this was the psychology of reputable colleges, and when the normal schools began to expand, it was considered proper, since teaching had to do with the training of the soul, to give instruction in the science which deals with the soul. Consequently a cargo of this old college psychology was shoveled into the normal schools, without much, if any, selection. The modern world has inherited this mediæval psychology as the horse has inherited his fetlock, not because he has any use for it, but simply because his ancestor had one.

But the cause of education is too important to the highest interests of the state, and of the individuals who compose it, to permit personal respect for good men and women to obscure the fact that the preparation of teachers is conducted upon a basis of the hallucinations of mediæval mysticism, — on the assumption that the problems of mind have all been solved, and that classification and definition constitute the solution. It was a puerile confusion even in the Middle Ages, for Aristotle had pointed out, centuries before, that there is an essential distinction between the state of possessing wealth and the ability to define wealth. Of course, a large amount of the time devoted to this obsolete psychology is spent in making harmless definitions and classifications which bear the same relation to modern psychology as those of Linnæus bear to modern botany. Except for the loss of time and energy that might be usefully applied, there can be no great objection to classifying judgments as those of "extent" and "content;" a farmer might, without injury to his produce, separate his pea-pods for market into those which contain an even number of peas and those which contain an odd number.

On the other hand, there are certain positive reasons why the institutions which pretend to prepare teachers and to lay the foundation for our educational system and methods should not be restricted in their work to the dogmas of defunct scholasticism. The development of the modern sciences of biology, anthropology, history, and genetic psychology has brought to light facts in radical conflict with most of the old principles, in the absolute and universal form in which they are promulgated. One of the fundamental conflicts between the old and the new arises from the fact that none of the older philosophies conceived the possibility that the child in its development from infancy to maturity could proceed on any other than a straight, unbroken line, or that at any stage of its growth it could essentially change in character. Consequently, an analysis was made of the mind simply at maturity, and education has proceeded upon the naïf assumption that these laws must apply equally well to any stage of growth. If this assumption be not true, and if the child in process of development is essentially different from the adult, then it is unfortunately clear that mediæval psychology and the pedagogical methods derived from it, which now constitute the stock in trade for the preparation of most teachers, rest on dogmatic foundations that are false.

Embryology throws some suggestive light upon the radical difference of childhood from maturity. The human fœtus

roughly follows the disjointed line of development which marks the evolution of animal life. Up to four months before birth the organism is essentially an aquatic animal, provided with rudimentary gill slits and the developed nerves of equilibration characteristic of aquatic life. At a later stage it has a coat of hair, and a tail longer than its legs, with the necessary muscles for moving this organ. This class of singular phenomena constantly appear during the embryological period; they are nourished and grow rapidly for a time, as if the whole destiny of the organism were to become some one of the lower forms of animal life. Then the purpose is more or less suddenly changed. New forms and new organs appear, displacing or absorbing the old, and the organism seems to obtain a new destiny, which in turn may wholly or partly disappear. Some of these forms do not wholly disappear, and physiologists now enumerate in the adult human organism more than one hundred parts of the body which have no known function, and whose presence cannot be explained except upon the theory that they are remnants, or rudimentary organs, of some of these broken tendencies through which the organism has passed. Such is the pineal gland, which was declared by Descartes to be the seat of the soul, but is now recognized as the remnant of the organ of vision as still found in lower reptiles. The semi-lunar fold at the internal angle of the eye is the remnant of the third eyelid of marsupials. The vermiform appendage, which is such a menace to human life, is the remnant of an enormous organ in herbivora. The ear muscles, which in few people are functional, are recognized as rudiments of muscles of much use to lower animals. In the earlier stages of the human fœtus, the brain is made up of three parts, of which the hinder part is by far the longest, as in the case of lower animals. There is then no trace of the cerebral hemispheres which constitute so large a part of the adult brain, just as there is no trace in the lower orders. The mid-brain later shows the same enlargement for the centres of sight and hearing that these portions have in birds and certain fishes. Still later the proportions are reversed: the hind-brain dwindles away relatively, to become the slight enlargement of the spinal cord at the base of the brain, known as the *medulla oblongata;* the mid-brain shrivels, to become the small nodules known as the *quadrigemina;* and the narrow neck connecting the fore-brain and the mid-brain swells, to become the huge cerebral hemispheres. Embryological growth is clearly not a harmonious development. The line of growth is broken, proceeding in one direction for a time, and then suddenly turning off in a new direction, as if the organism were continually making mistakes and correcting them before it is too late. The path of growth is strewn with the remnants of these abandoned tendencies.

Moreover, the rate of growth is not constant, but proceeds by fits and starts. It would be patently absurd, in embryology, to attempt to apply the laws of activity of the matured fœtus to any of the lower stages. There is a species of land salamander provided with lungs instead of gills, but which is an evolutionary product of the common aquatic salamander that breathes by means of gills. If the young of this land salamander be cut from the mother at a certain period before normal birth, and thrown into the water, they swim and breathe through their gills; but if they be thrown into water after normal birth, they drown. In the early stage they are water animals, and the laws of water animals govern them; but if left to mature they become land animals. The same principle, we must admit, applies to the development of the human child.

In biology, the phenomenon of birth is merely a stage in a process, and im-

plies nothing of a revolutionary nature in the sense in which scholasticism has regarded it. In fact, as respects changes in internal structure of the organism and in psychic phenomena, birth is in all probability of far less momentous significance than adolescence, which takes place years after birth. The same process of growth, by uncompleted tendencies, is everywhere observable. Up to the seventh or eighth year there is a very rapid growth of the body in height and weight; but from this time until the beginning of the pubertal changes, growth is relatively very slow. At the end of the third year, the brain has reached two thirds of its size at maturity, and from this period until the seventh or eighth year the rate of growth is slower. At the latter age the brain has practically reached its maximum, though growth does not actually cease until late in life. The senses of touch, taste, and smell are tolerably well developed at birth, but hearing is not acquired for some days, and the complete coördination of the eyes is not accomplished until several months have passed. There are distinct periods for learning to creep, to walk, and to talk, and each advance for a time almost monopolizes the organism's attention and energy. Some of these accomplishments are not wholly, nor essentially, the result of training; swallows kept caged until after their usual time for learning to fly, and then released, fly readily. The feats are the developed results of forces which "ripen" internally at approximately definite times.

Training, to be beneficial, and not positively injurious, must follow closely the lines of these internal forces. In the matter of speech development, Lukens, Tracy, Steinhal, Schultze, Kussmaul, Preyer, and others have worked out very clearly the details that illustrate the internal development of muscle and nerve. In these coarser forms of education, at least, the teacher's function is identical with that of the nurseryman, who, though he cannot make trees grow, can yet assist their growth by providing proper food and cultivation. The pedagogue's notion that he can teach children to observe, to compare, to judge, and to reason, at any time or period of development he pleases, is a pretty conceit, very like the conceit of the farmer who deludes himself with the notion that it is he who makes trees grow. Muscles come into functional maturity by periodic growths; the larger and more fundamental muscles arrive at maturity before the smaller. Yet the present principles of education require nearly all hand-work as now taught in the schools to be given in the reverse order. Hancock has shown by careful experiments that the functional development of the fine muscles, used in much of the kindergarten and primary school work, does not reach its height until much later in childhood than our school principles have provided for. Dr. Elmer E. Brown, Miss Shinn, and Dr. Lukens, in their studies of children's spontaneous drawings, repeatedly chronicle periods of intense activity, almost approaching a mania for drawing, separated by periods in which there is slight interest in the exercise.

There appears during the time of rapid brain and body growth of children up to the seventh or eighth year a number of distinct classes of psychic phenomena, as singular in their way as are the rudimentary organs on the physical side. Some of these phenomena, such as doll-playing by girls, have a distinct bearing upon adult activities; but there are others which seem to have no destiny whatever in the adult activities of civilized man. Frequently they appear in opposition to his best interests, just as the water-breathing habit of the embryonic land salamander appears in opposition to the activities of its matured destiny. Among the tendencies which manifest themselves in the early stages of childhood, and later dwindle away or

wholly disappear, are the bullying and teasing proclivities of children, instincts to fight without adequate provocation, to fear imaginary monsters of the dark, to fear feathers and fuzzy things, to imagine life in inanimate things, to worship fetishes in a rudimentary way, and to maintain generally a most singular parallelism with early stages of growth of civilization in the race. President G. Stanley Hall, Professor Earl Barnes, their students, and others have collected a mass of curious phenomena of this sort, which is forcibly suggestive of the welling up into early childhood of ancestral traits, that come and go as did the gill slits in the embryo, and are directed in time and method of appearance by forces beyond the jurisdiction of the schoolmaster. In embryology, the view is now commonly accepted that these succeeding tendencies, though opposing, bear a necessary functional relation one to the other. The tail of the polliwog is necessary to the development of the legs of the frog. If the tail be cut off or seriously injured, the animal never reaches the frog stage.

The conclusion to which these studies are significantly pointing is the maintenance of a similar law in the psychic development of the child. These curious phenomena are not mistakes of nature nor errors in economy, — a view that scholasticism has impressed upon methods of education. They are stages of growth functional and necessary to the healthy development of the next stages. Dawson, in his monograph upon human monstrosities, develops this law in detail. He finds that the occurrence of one deformity in embryological growth tends to make others appear, and that human monstrosities are largely the result of arrested development at some one stage. If this law is general and is applicable to the period of childhood, as classified facts now strongly indicate, the dogmas of present school work which make a business of suppressing and maiming the tadpole tails of child nature, because they seem of no use to the adult period, need critical overhauling. The kindergarten, for example, takes away the child's doll, and gives it block pyramids to play with; and the whole effort is distinctly to suppress the emotional, and to develop the intellectual, according to the codes and forms of adult thinking. These conditions indicate clearly that there is now urgently needed a pedagogy of the instincts, which will necessarily be radically different from the pedagogy of adult human reason that has been forced upon childhood by introspective psychology.

From the seventh or eighth year, when the body materially slackens its rate of growth and the brain practically reaches its maximum size, until the pubertal changes begin to appear, there is an enigmatic period upon which investigation has as yet shed little light further than to show that it is a period distinctly different in essential features from that which precedes and from that which follows. Accurate measurements of thousands of children in various countries, by Bowditch, Pagliani, Hertel, Erismann, Hansen, Roberts, and others, demonstrate that growth of the body at this time is relatively slow. From the psychic point of view there are few evidences of the appearance of new tendencies, and many already established manifest a dwindling process. Studies which have been made of children's progress in drawing, in history, in arithmetic, during this period, by several different investigators, agree that psychic advance is on a dead level, as is physical growth. Yet current education under the established principles has taken no note of this singular fact. Dr. A. Caswell Ellis, in his study of the progressive stages of a child's development, suggests of this stage that it is probably a time of preparation for the adolescent upheaval. As an animal pauses before its critical leap to gather all its forces, so the organism for the

time seems motionless as it draws in all its available energy preparatory to the real birth of man.

It would be impossible to summarize even the main features of the adolescent period. The adolescent seems to obtain his heritage from his ancestors in a maddening and perplexing flux and fervor. There is a violent surging upward of interests, hopes, ideals, duties new to the individual, but probably old to the race. In the early pubertal changes there is a rapid acceleration in growth, with the appearance of a large number of new organs and functions, followed later by a period of retarded growth as the changes draw near completion. There are numerous alterations in size, form, and relative position of the bones and muscles, and of the heart and arteries, but of course the crucial changes are those of the sexual organs, the functions of which have lain dormant throughout childhood. Key and Hartwell, from studies of thousands of children and of juvenile death-rates, find that the periods of maximum growth are also the periods of maximum power to resist chronic diseases. Such studies as those of children's interest in drawing and history, and their comprehension of arithmetic, agree in showing an accelerated activity in these lines. Lancaster finds, from a study of the biographies of one hundred musicians, that ninety-five gave significant evidence of rare talent before the age of sixteen years. Of fifty artists, the average age at which a marked success was achieved was seventeen years; of one hundred actors, eighteen years; of fifty poets, eighteen years; of one hundred scientists, eighteen years; of one hundred professional men, twenty-four years; of one hundred writers, thirty-one years; of fifty inventors, thirty-three years. The average time for leaving home of fifty missionaries was twenty-two years, and of one hundred pioneers seventeen years.

Such are a few illustrations of the more salient contributions that biology offers education. Other sciences, like anthropology and history, are equally rich. It needs no further argument to show that a mind which gravely accepts as a psychology for these varying periods of childhood the classifications of the adult mind, without even rolling up the trousers, taking in the waistband, or cutting off the sleeves, cannot be trusted to establish fixed principles of education. The fundamental conception of the soul which flourished when men believed that it resided in the pineal gland, as the hermit crab resides in its borrowed shell, dominates our education to-day. The new conception of the child is so radically different from the old that grave conflicts occur at the very beginning of the work of determining methods of training. We can no longer assert as a finality, for example, that the logical order, so manifest in adult thinking, is the order employed throughout the stages of child development. The facts already gathered about children's thought processes point to the conclusion that while much of adolescent thinking and some of child thinking is by the formal order of observation, comparison, and judgment, as laid down by the old logicians, yet the great mass of processes by which a child's conclusions and actions are produced belongs to a different order, the data for which we must seek in the thought processes of uncivilized man, and perhaps to some extent in those of animals. The indications are that the child is made up of blind instincts and impulses which well up from within, and that he jumps to conclusions in a way that shows the labored processes of the logical order not only meaningless, but injurious to the full development of the processes that follow. The numerous and careful studies in children's drawings made by Barnes, Brown, Shinn, Lukens, Sully, Ricci, Maitland, and many others emphatically agree in showing that the subject does not unfold in the logical order from observation and compari-

son by synthesis to a conception of the whole, but, on the contrary, by the reverse process. Similarly, our present methods in arithmetic, in science, in music, in language, assume that the order of the development of instincts is logical. Experience has shown that there is something askew in the matter. Studies in child psychology are revealing the causes of this difficulty in the work of instruction. If there is an order of thinking which does not appear in adult logic, our primary methods are in need of revision.

The principles of language-teaching are giving no end of trouble in practice. One code of principles asserts that everything that the senses convey to the child's mind must be immediately drawn out again in the form of language. I quote from the code: "The power of language must keep step with the power of acquisition to hold thought for use." This dictum is undoubtedly true for some periods of development. But the scientific studies of the subject so far made strongly confirm the view that there are certain growing periods when the mind seeks to take in much, and to discharge little in the form of language. The modern conception of mentality derived from the facts of the sciences of neurology and genetic psychology is becoming enlarged, and we are now not so ready to declare that consciousness occupies the whole field of mentality. There are evidences of necessary building processes in the sphere of mentality that must be permitted to work a long time before they rise to the threshold of consciousness, and still longer, perhaps, before consciousness is prepared to put them forth in language. There is proof that there are thousands of impressions of sense which are not sufficient, through lack of force or immaturity of nerve conduction, to set up a conscious state, but which nevertheless accomplish significant changes in the nervous mechanism below the threshold of consciousness. In the face of facts of this character, we are not able to assert, as this old code of principles asserts, that in all periods of the child's growth he must be able to express in language every detail that his senses take in. There are evidences, too, of periods that are distinctly absorbent, when there is a paralysis of expressive power, and there are periods when the reverse is true.

There is another principle, sound and respectable within its own limits, which is forced at times by this spirit of universalizing principles of education to do injury. It is the principle of habit. It is true, as the code says, that habits are formed early in life. At least some habits are, such as sucking and walking; others do not come in until adolescence. Some, as walking, are useful throughout the entire life; others, as sucking, serve their function, and then die. There are hundreds of these habits, welled up by the forces of instinct at approximately definite periods, of the same character, which probably perform as essential though perhaps not as manifest functions, and disappear in the same way. At their times of activity they probably are as necessary as the tail-wagging habit of the tadpole. Yet our education by the principles of the mediæval conception of the soul is constantly at war with these habits. A list of habits used by adult man is picked out, consecrated as virtuous, and taught to babes, in many cases years before the internal forces which give these habits a license to live are developed. Other habits not found in this class, though in every way, it may be, as essential to the development of the child's next stage, are condemned and crushed by all the artifices known to the schoolmaster. Habit is a principle, but not a universal one; it needs interpretation for each stage of growth.

It is not needful to multiply illustrations of this necessary conflict between the old conception of childhood and the new. In conclusion, therefore, let me flatly ask: Does the code of so-called

principles, by which many normal schools for the preparation of teachers work, rest upon a substantial foundation? Has the science of education in these schools kept abreast of the development of its sister sciences, and in touch with them? If we must answer these questions negatively, what shall we say of the methods of teaching deduced from them, methods which the teachers are trained to learn, trained to believe in, and trained to defend? But let me emphasize the warning that the new contributions of science cannot be offered as substitute dogmas for the old dogmas. They are not complete nor sufficient, nor by their very nature can they ever be sufficient, to constitute a code of principles for fitting out teachers as automatons.

Yet it would be untrue to leave the pessimistic impression that this mediæval tendency, which has been described, is an absolute one, although it is unquestionably the dominant one in normal school work. In certain schools in different parts of the country, a tendency based upon modern conceptions of mind is gaining ground. In two of the normal schools of Massachusetts, for example, the departments of pedagogy and psychology have abandoned the assumption that principles derived from an adult conception of mind are directly applicable to the child. It is true that in the methods of teaching the instruction still proceeds upon the old lines, but the work in methods is largely controlled, at least in Massachusetts, by the demands of the school officers who engage teachers. School superintendents naturally believe in the tenets of faith in which they have been schooled.

Of these two schools whose pedagogical and psychological departments form exceptions to the dominant tendency, the Westfield Normal School is attempting constructively and systematically to work out a course in psychology in consonance with modern views of the child's development. One recitation that I heard at this school was in the psychology of childhood. The class was concluding a study of children's reasoning. This study had been begun at some previous recitation, and a member was now making a report to the class upon Superintendent Hancock's study of children's reasoning, which had recently been published. Mr. Hancock, as chairman of a committee appointed by the Colorado Teachers' Association, had issued a series of arithmetical questions for solution by schoolchildren, and had received replies from two thousand pupils of various ages. The student gave an account of this test, the manner in which the data had been collated, and the inferences which Superintendent Hancock had drawn. The report showed that among boys the percentage of error in reasoning increases from six to nine years, and decreases thereafter, while among girls the percentage of error increases until the age of ten years, and then steadily decreases. This rate of increase and decrease for the two sexes was illustrated to the class upon large charts by means of curves. Attention was drawn to the coincidence between the result of this study and the tabulations by Dr. Donaldson of the facts about the physical growth of children, indicating that the curve of accelerated growth in children is practically identical with the curve for accelerated activity in reasoning. As I was afterwards informed, a somewhat similar study had been made, by the pupils of the class, of data obtained from schoolchildren, and this report was given as a basis for comparison of results. The next topic taken up was the matter of growth in the weight and the height of children. Large curves had been drawn upon charts by members of the class from the data gathered by Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, Roberts, of London, and the teachers of Oakland, California, representing the heights and weights of several thousand children. These charts were com-

pared and discussed by the class under the direction of the teacher. The comparison of the curves from data of these different investigators showed a remarkable coincidence in the rates of growth of children.

The work in psychology and pedagogy in this school had been only a few months under the direction of the teacher who was then in charge, and was yet largely a matter of plan. The course, as outlined to me by the instructor, proposes, during the first year, to introduce the subject of pedagogy by a series of studies in reminiscences of childhood activities. Topics are assigned, and each member of the class writes as much as he can remember of his mental states and conduct as a child. This exercise, it is considered, will give the pupils a personal feeling of acquaintance with the chief mental phenomena; and this work, conducted on an inductive basis, will then lead to a study of the nervous system and general psychology, presented topically by material gathered from a number of authorities. In the final year, a course in special child psychology, upon the plan of the work already illustrated, is given. Under arrangements with certain school superintendents in the vicinity, series of questions, prepared by the normal school instructor, are submitted to the school-children as topics for exercises in composition. Among the topics which have thus been arranged in the form of questions, to draw out the children's ideas, are the geographical interests of children, their historic sense, fear, reasoning, imitation, and many others. The returns from the questions, which have ranged in number from two thousand to forty-five hundred individual papers, are given to the members of the normal school class, to arrange with reference to age, sex, and the ideas expressed. The results are compiled and reported to the class for discussion. Later, reports are presented upon similar studies which have been made by other persons, like the report on Superintendent Hancock's study, already described. The topics chosen are usually such as have previously been studied in other institutions or by individual investigators, and thus the benefit of comparison of results is obtained. These studies, as I heard them discussed by the pupils, were treated in an admirable spirit. Conclusions were not regarded as established truths, but rather as possible suggestions toward the solution of a difficult problem. An additional requirement of all pupils is that during one of their vacations they shall systematically observe some child, and record the facts which they ascertain.

No special course is given in the "principles of education." A critical study of the history of education takes its place. Rousseau's Emile, Comenius's School of Infancy, Montaigne's Education of Children, Pestalozzi's Leonard and Gertrude, and Froebel's Education of Man are subjected to critical class study. The attitude assumed toward these books, the instructor informed me, is that of a search for the culture material contained in the lives and ideals of these educational reformers. The principles which are put forth were carefully studied as showing the path along which education has traveled, not as final dogmas.

We have here a tentative first step. The work of the preparation of teachers has before it an inviting future. Mediævalism will necessarily be sloughed off. With the mass of facts which the industry of sister sciences has laid at the door of pedagogy, and the inspiration which comes with personal investigation, there is a force which bodes well for the future of education. But at present one thing is critically needed. In this pioneer age of reconstruction, the work of the schools demands teachers of discretionary intelligence and the power of suspended judgment, able to deal with working hypotheses. Not all the old is useless,

but the old comes down to us in the terminal moraine of a glacier of mediæval metaphysics, now evaporating, and modern pedagogues must do what modern scientists, modern philosophers, and modern theologians are doing, — proceed to pick up from this detritus any odds and ends of precious metal for which the new world offers a market.

The great trouble caused by the old conception and method now is that principles are stated in universal form which in fact have only a limited application; and the danger from the new spirit is that possible hypotheses are sometimes set forth as axioms. Pedagogy must be submitted to the same crucial process of *Aufklarung*, in the light of all the facts that the correlative modern sciences are offering, to which all other forces of civilization are subjected. To this spirit and method the normal school must open its doors. It must become, to some extent, a work-shop of first-hand investigators, not a retail junk-shop for the disposal of the catechisms of the Mahatmas who once lived on the Mountain, serenely contemplating the world and life as an unbroken plain, breathing an atmosphere of universality, and thinking in terms of reverberating definitions and ornamental classifications.

Frederic Burk.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!"

I.

EDINBURGH, *April*, 189–.
22, Breadalbane Terrace.

WE have traveled together before, Salemina, Francesca, and I, and we know the very worst there is to know about one another. After this point has been reached, it is as if a triangular marriage had taken place, and, with the honeymoon comfortably over, we slip along in thoroughly friendly fashion. I use no warmer word than "friendly," because, in the first place, the highest tides of feeling do not visit the coast of triangular alliances; and because, in the second place, "friendly" is a word capable of putting to the blush many a more passionate and endearing one.

Every one knows of our experiences in England last year, for we wrote volumes of letters concerning them, the which were widely circulated among our friends at the time and read aloud under the evening lamps in the several cities of our residence.

Since then few striking changes have taken place in our history.

Salemina returned to Boston for the winter, to find, to her amazement, that for forty-odd years she had been rather overestimating it.

On arriving in New York, Francesca discovered that the young lawyer whom for six months she had been advising to marry somebody "more worthy than herself" was at last about to do it. This was somewhat in the nature of a shock, for Francesca has been in the habit, ever since she was seventeen, of giving her lovers similar advice, and up to this time no one of them has ever taken it. She therefore has had the not unnatural hope, I think, of organizing

at one time or another all these disappointed and faithful swains into a celibate brotherhood; and perhaps of driving by the interesting monastery with her husband and calling his attention modestly to the fact that these poor monks were filling their barren lives with deeds of piety, trying to remember their Creator with such assiduity that they might, in time, forget Her.

Her chagrin was all the keener at losing this last aspirant to her hand in that she had almost persuaded herself that she was as fond of him as she was likely to be of anybody, and that, on the whole, she had better marry him and save his life and reason.

Fortunately she had not communicated this gleam of hope by letter, feeling, I suppose, that she would like to see for herself the light of joy breaking over his pale cheek. The scene would have been rather pretty and touching, but meantime the Worm had turned and dispatched a letter to the Majestic at the quarantine station, telling her that he had found a less reluctant bride in the person of her intimate friend Miss Rosa Van Brunt; and so Francesca's dream of duty and sacrifice was over.

Salemina says she was somewhat constrained for a week and a trifle cynical for a fortnight, but that afterwards her spirits mounted on ever ascending spirals to impossible heights, where they have since remained. It appears from all this that although she was piqued at being taken at her word, her heart was not in the least damaged. It never was one of those fragile things which have to be wrapped in cotton, and preserved from the slightest blow — Francesca's heart. It is made of excellent stout, durable material, and I often tell her with the care she takes of it, and the moderate strain to which it is subjected, it ought to be as good as new a hundred years hence.

As for me, the scene of my love story is laid in America and England, and has naught to do with Edinburgh. It is far from finished; indeed, I hope it will be the longest serial on record, one of those charming tales that grow in interest as chapter after chapter unfolds, until at the end we feel as if we could never part with the dear people.

I should be, at this very moment, Mrs. William Beresford, a highly respectable young matron who painted rather good pictures in her spinster days, when she was Penelope Hamilton of the great American working-class, Unlimited; but first Mrs. Beresford's dangerous illness and then her death have kept my dear boy a willing prisoner in Cannes, his heart sadly torn betwixt his love and duty to his mother and his desire to be with me. The separation is virtually over now, and we two, alas, have ne'er a mother or a father between us, so we shall not wait many months before beginning to comfort each other in good earnest.

Meantime Salemina and Francesca have persuaded me to join their forces, and Mr. Beresford will follow us to Scotland in a few short weeks when we shall have established ourselves in the country.

We are overjoyed at being together again, we three womenfolk. As I said before, we know the worst of one another, and the future has no terrors. We have learned, for example, that: —

Francesca does not like an early morning start. Salemina refuses to arrive late anywhere. Penelope prefers to stay behind and follow next day.

Francesca hates to travel third class. So does Salemina, but she will if urged.

Penelope likes substantial breakfasts. Francesca dislikes the sight of food in the morning.

Francesca would like to divide a pint of claret with Salemina. Salemina would rather split a bottle of beer with Penelope.

Penelope hates a four-wheeler. Salemina is nervous in a hansom. Francesca prefers a victoria.

Salemina likes a steady fire in the grate. Penelope opens a window and fans herself.

Salemina inclines to instructive and profitable expeditions. Francesca loves processions and sightseeing. Penelope abhors all of these equally.

Salemina likes history. Francesca loves fiction. Penelope adores poetry and detests facts.

This does not sound promising, but it works perfectly well in practice by the exercise of a little flexibility.

As we left dear old Dovermarle Street and Smith's Private Hotel behind, and drove to the station to take the Flying Scotsman, we indulged in floods of reminiscence over the joys of travel we had tasted together in the past, and talked with lively anticipation of the new experiences awaiting us in the land o' heather.

While Salemina went to purchase the three first-class tickets, I superintended the porters as they disposed our luggage in the van, and in so doing my eye lighted upon a third-class carriage which was, for a wonder, clean, comfortable, and vacant. Comparing it hastily with the first-class compartment being held by Francesca, I found that it differed only in having no carpet on the floor, and a smaller number of "squabs" or buttons in the upholstering. This was really heart-rending when the difference in fare for three persons would be at least twenty dollars. What a delightful sum to put aside for a rainy day; that is, you understand, what a delightful sum to put aside and spend on the first rainy day; for that is the way we always interpret the expression.

When Salemina returned with the tickets, she found me, as usual, bewailing our extravagance.

Francesca descended suddenly from her post, and, snatching the tickets from her duenna, exclaimed, "'I know that I can save the country, and I know no other man can!' as William Pitt said to the Duke of Devonshire. I have had enough of this argument. For six months of last year we discussed traveling third class and continued to travel first. Get into that clean, hard-seated, ill-upholstered third-class carriage immediately, both of you; save room enough for a mother with two babies, a man carrying a basket of fish, and an old woman with five pieces of hand-luggage and a dog; meanwhile I will exchange the tickets."

So saying, she disappeared rapidly among the throng of passengers, guards, porters, newspaper boys, golfers with bags of clubs, young ladies with bicycles and old ladies with tin hat-boxes.

"What decision, what swiftness of judgment, what courage and energy!" murmured Salemina. "Is n't she wonderfully improved?"

Francesca rejoined us just as the guard was about to lock us in, and flung herself down, quite breathless from her unusual exertion.

"Well, we are traveling 'third' for once, and the money is saved, or at least it is ready to spend again at the first opportunity. The man did n't wish to exchange the tickets at all. He says it is never done. I told him they were bought by a very inexperienced American lady (that is you, Salemina) who knew almost nothing of the distinctions between first and third class, and naturally took the best, believing it to be none too good for a citizen of the greatest republic on the face of the earth. He said the tickets had been stamped on. I said so should I be if I returned without exchanging them. He said it was a large sum of money for a railway company to return. I said it was a large sum for three poor Americans to expend simply for a few 'squabs.' I said that was extremely dear for game at any season. He was a very dense person, and did n't see my joke at all, but that may have been because 'squabs' is an American upholsterism or an upholsterer's Americanism, and perhaps squabs

are not game in England; and then there were thirteen men in line behind me, with the train starting in three minutes, and there is nothing so debilitating to a naturally weak sense of humor as selling tickets behind a grating, so I am not really vexed with him. There! we are quite comfortable, pending the arrival of the babies, the dog, and the fish, and certainly no vender of periodic literature will dare approach us while we keep these books in evidence."

She had Royal Edinburgh, by Mrs. Oliphant; I had Lord Cockburn's Memorials of his time; and somebody had given Salemina, at the moment of leaving London, a work on "Scotia's darling seat" in three huge volumes. When all this printed matter was heaped on the top of Salemina's hold-all on the platform, the guard had asked, "Do you belong to these books, mam?"

"We may consider ourselves injured in going from London to Edinburgh in a third-class carriage in eight or ten hours, but listen to this," said Salemina, who had opened one of her large volumes at random when the train started.

"'The Edinburgh and London Stage-Coach begins on Monday, 13th October, 1712. All that desire . . . let them repair to the *Coach and Horses* at the head of the Canongate every Saturday, or the *Black Swan* in Holborn every other Monday, at both of which places they may be received in a coach which performs the whole journey in thirteen days without any stoppage (if God permits), having eighty able horses. Each passenger paying £4 10s. for the whole journey, alowing each 20 lbs. weight and all above to pay 6d. per lb. The coach sets off at six in the morning' (you could never have caught it, Francesca!), 'and is performed by Henry Harrison.' And here is a 'modern improvement,' forty-two years later. In July, 1754, the Edinburgh Courant advertises the stage-coach drawn by six horses, with a postilion on one of the leaders, as a 'new, genteel, two-end glass machine, hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy, to go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter. Passengers to pay as usual. Performed (if God permits) by your dutiful servant, Hosea Eastgate. *Care is taken of small parcels according to their value.*'"

"It would have been a long, wearisome journey," said I contemplatively; "but, nevertheless, I wish we were making it in 1712 instead of a century and three quarters later."

"What would have been happening, Salemina?" asked Francesca politely.

"The Union had been already established five years," began Salemina intelligently.

"Which Union?"

"Whose Union?"

Salemina is used to these interruptions and eruptions of illiteracy on our part. I think she rather enjoys them, as in the presence of such complete ignorance as ours her lamp of knowledge burns all the brighter.

"Anne was on the throne," she went on with serene dignity.

"What Anne?"

"I know the Anne!" exclaimed Francesca excitedly. "She came from the Midnight Sun country, or up that way. She was very extravagant, and had something to do with Jingling Geordie in The Fortunes of Nigel. It is marvelous how one's history comes back to one!"

"Quite marvelous," said Salemina dryly; "or at least the state in which it comes back is marvelous. I am not a stickler for dates, as you know, but if you could only contrive to fix a few periods in your minds, girls, just in a general way, you would not be so shamefully befogged. Your Anne of Denmark was the wife of James VI. of Scotland, who was James I. of England, and she died a hundred years before the Anne I mean, — the last of the Stuarts, you know. My Anne came after William and Mary, and before the Georges."

"Which William and Mary?"

"What Georges?"

But this was too much even for Salemina's equanimity, and she retired behind her book in dignified displeasure, while Francesca and I meekly looked up the Annes in a genealogical table, and tried to decide whether "b. 1665" meant born or beheaded.

II.

The weather that greeted us on our unheralded arrival in Scotland was of the precise sort offered by Edinburgh to her unfortunate queen, when

> "After a youth by woes o'ercast,
> After a thousand sorrows past,
> The lovely Mary once again
> Set foot upon her native plain."

John Knox records of those memorable days: "The very face of heaven did manifestlie speak what comfort was brought to this country with hir — to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness and all impiety — for in the memorie of man never was seen a more dolorous face of the heavens than was at her arryvall . . . the myst was so thick that skairse micht onie man espy another; and the sun was not seyn to shyne two days befoir nor two days after."

We could not see Edina's famous palaces and towers because of the *haar*, that damp, chilling, drizzling, dripping fog or mist which the east wind summons from the sea; but we knew that they were there, shrouded in the heart of the opaque mysterious grayness, and that before many hours our eyes would feast upon their beauty.

Perhaps it was the weather, but I could think of nothing but poor Queen Mary! She had drifted into my imagination with the haar, so that I could fancy her homesick gaze across the water as she murmured, "Adieu, ma chère France! Je ne vous verray jamais plus!" — could fancy her saying as in Allan Cunningham's verse: —

> "The sun rises bright in France,
> And fair sets he;
> But he has tint the blithe blink he had
> In my ain countree."

And then I recalled Mary's first goodnight in Edinburgh: that "serenade of 500 rascals with vile fiddles and rebecks;" that singing, "in bad accord," of Protestant psalms by the wet crowd beneath the palace windows, while the fires on Arthur's Seat shot flickering gleams of welcome through the dreary fog. What a lullaby for poor Mary, half Frenchwoman and all Papist!

It is but just to remember John Knox's statement, "the melody lyked her weill and she willed the same to be continewed some nightis after." For my part, however, I distrust John Knox's musical feeling, and incline sympathetically to the Sieur de Brantôme's account, with its "vile fiddles" and "discordant psalms," although his judgment was doubtless a good deal depressed by what he called the *si grand brouillard* that so dampened the spirits of Mary's French retinue.

Ah well, I was obliged to remember, in order to be reasonably happy myself, that Mary had a gay heart, after all; that she was but nineteen; that, though already a widow, she did not mourn her young husband as one who could not be comforted; and that she must soon have been furnished with merrier music than the psalms, for another of the sour comments of the time is, "Our Queen weareth the dule [weeds], but she can dance daily, dule and all!"

These were my thoughts as we drove through invisible streets in the Edinburgh haar, turned into what proved, next day, to be a Crescent, and drew up to an invisible house with a visible number 22 gleaming over a door which gaslight transformed into a probability. We alighted, and though we could scarcely discern the driver's outstretched hand, he was quite able to discern a half-crown, and demanded three shillings.

The noise of our cab had brought Mrs. M'Collop to the door, — good (or at least pretty good) Mrs. M'Collop, to whose apartments we had been commended by English friends who had never occupied them.

Dreary as it was without, all was comfortable within doors, and a cheery (one-and-sixpenny) fire crackled in the grate. Our private drawing-room was charmingly furnished, and so large that notwithstanding the presence of a piano, two sofas, five small tables, cabinets, desks, and chairs, — not forgetting a dainty five-o'clock tea equipage, — we might have given a party in the remaining space.

"If this is a typical Scotch lodging I like it; and if it is Scotch hospitality to lay the cloth and make the fire before it is asked for, then I call it simply Arabian in character!" and Salemina drew off her damp gloves, and extended her hands to the blaze.

"And is n't it delightful that the bill does n't come in for a whole week?" asked Francesca. "We have only our English experiences on which to found our knowledge, and all is delicious mystery. The tea may be a present from Mrs. M'Collop, and the sugar may not be an extra; the fire may be included in the rent of the apartment, and the piano may not be taken away to-morrow to enhance the attractions of the dining-room floor." (It was Francesca, you remember, who had "warstled" with the itemized accounts at Smith's Private Hotel in London, and she who was always obliged to turn pounds, shillings, and pence into dollars and cents before she could add or subtract.)

"Come and look at the flowers in my bedroom," I called, "four great boxes full! Mr. Beresford must have ordered the carnations, because he always does; but where did the roses come from, I wonder?"

I rang the bell, and a neat white-aproned maid appeared.

"Who brought these flowers, please?"

"I couldna say, mam."

"Thank you; will you be good enough to ask Mrs. M'Collop?"

In a moment she returned with the message, "There will be a letter in the box, mam."

"It seems to me the letter should be in the box now, if it is ever to be," I thought, and I presently drew this card from among the fragrant buds: —

"Lady Baird sends these Scotch roses as a small return for the pleasure she has received from Miss Hamilton's pictures. Lady Baird hopes that Miss Hamilton and her party will dine with her some evening this week."

"How nice!"

"The celebrated Miss Hamilton's undistinguished party presents its humble compliments to Lady Baird," chanted Francesca, "and having no engagements whatever, and small hope of any, will dine with her on any and every evening she may name. Miss Hamilton's party will wear its best clothes, polish its mental jewels, and endeavor in every possible way not to injure the gifted Miss Hamilton's reputation among the Scottish nobility."

I wrote a hasty note of acceptance and thanks to Lady Baird, and rang the bell.

"Can I send a message, please?" I asked the maid.

"I couldna say, mam."

"Will you be good enough to ask Mrs. M'Collop, please?"

Interval; then: —

"The Boots will tak' it at acht o'clock, mam."

"Thank you; is Fotheringay Crescent near here?"

"I couldna say, mam."

"Thank you; what is your name, please?"

I waited in well-grounded anxiety, for I had no idea that she knew her name, or that if she had ever heard it, she could say it; but, to my sur-

prise, she answered almost immediately, "Susanna Crum, mam!"

What a joy it is in a vexatious world, where things "gang aft agley," to find something absolutely right.

If I had devoted years to the subject, having the body of Susanna Crum before my eyes every minute of the time for inspiration, Susanna Crum is what I should have named that maid. Not a vowel could be added, not a consonant omitted. I said so when first I saw her, and weeks of intimate acquaintance only deepened my reverence for the parental genius that had so described her to the world.

III.

When we awoke next morning the sun was shining in at Mrs. M'Collop's back windows.

We should have arisen at once to burn sacrifices and offer oblations, but we had seen the sun frequently in America, and had no idea (poor fools!) that it was anything to be grateful for, so we accepted it, almost without comment, as one of the perennial providences of life.

When I speak of Edinburgh sunshine I do not mean, of course, any such burning, whole-souled, ardent warmth of beam as one finds in countries where they make a specialty of climate. It is, generally speaking, a half-hearted, uncertain ray, as pale and as transitory as a martyr's smile, but its faintest gleam, or its most puerile attempt to gleam, is admired and recorded by its well-disciplined constituency. Not only that, but at the first timid blink of the sun the true Scotsman remarks smilingly, "I think now we shall be having settled weather!" It is a pathetic optimism, beautiful but quite groundless, and leads one to believe in the story that when Father Noah refused to take Sandy into the ark, he sat down philosophically outside, saying, "I 'll no be fashed; the day 's jist aboot the ord'nar', an' I wouldna won'er if we saw the sun afore nicht!"

But what loyal son of Edina cares for these transatlantic gibes, and where is the dweller within her royal gates who fails to succumb to the sombre beauty of that old gray town of the North? "Gray! why, it is gray, or gray and gold, or gray and gold and blue, or gray and gold and blue and green, or gray and gold and blue and green and purple, according as the heaven pleases and you choose your ground! But take it when it is most sombrely gray, where is another such gray city?"

So says one of her lovers, and so the great army of lovers would say, had they the same gift of language; for

> "Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be, . . .
> Yea, an imperial city that might hold
> Five times a hundred noble towns in fee. . . .
> Thus should her towers be raised; with vicinage
> Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
> As if to indicate, 'mid choicest seats
> Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty."

We ate a hasty breakfast that first morning, and prepared to go out for a walk into the great unknown, perhaps the most pleasurable sensation in the world. Francesca was ready first, and having mentioned the fact several times ostentatiously, she went into the drawing-room to wait and read The Scotsman. When we went thither a few minutes later we found that she had disappeared.

"She is below, of course," said Salemina. "She fancies that we shall feel more ashamed at our tardiness if we find her sitting on the hall bench in silent martyrdom."

There was no one in the hall, however, save Susanna, who inquired if we would see the cook before going out.

"We have no time now, Susanna," I said. "We are anxious to have a walk before the weather changes, but we shall be out for luncheon and in for dinner, and Mrs. M'Collop may give us any-

thing she pleases. Do you know where Miss Francesca is?"

"I couldna s—"

"Certainly, of course you could n't; I wonder if Mrs. M'Collop saw her?"

Mrs. M'Collop appeared from the basement, and vouchsafed the information that she had seen "the young leddy rinnin' after the regiment."

"Running after the regiment!" repeated Salemina automatically. "What a reversal of the laws of nature! Why, in Berlin, it was always the regiment that used to run after her!"

We learned in what direction the soldiers had gone, and pursuing the same path found the young lady on the corner of a street near by. She was quite unabashed. "You don't know what you have missed!" she said excitedly. "Let us get into this tram, and possibly we can head them off somewhere. They may be going into battle, and if so my heart's blood is at their service. It is one of those experiences that come only once in a lifetime. There were pipes and there were kilts! (I did n't suppose they ever really wore them outside of the theatre!) When you have seen the kilts swinging, Salemina, you will never be the same woman afterwards! You never expected to see the Olympian gods walking, did you? Perhaps you thought they always sat on practicable rocks and made stiff gestures from the elbow, as they do in the Wagner operas? Well, these gods walked, if you can call the inspired gait a walk! If there is a single spinster left in Scotland, it is because none of these ever asked her to marry him. Ah, how grateful I ought to be that I am free to say 'yes,' if a kilt ever asks me to be his! Poor Penelope, yoked to your commonplace trousered Beresford! (I wish the tram would go faster!) You must capture one of them, by fair means or foul, Penelope, and Salemina and I will hold him down while you paint him. There they are! they are there somewhere, — don't you hear them?"

There they were indeed, filing down the grassy slopes of the Gardens, swinging across one of the stone bridges, and winding up the Castle Hill to the Esplanade like a long, glittering snake; the streamers of their Highland bonnets waving, their arms glistening in the sun, and the bagpipes playing The March of the Cameron Men. The pipers themselves were mercifully hidden from us on that first occasion, or we could never have borne the weight of ecstasy that possessed us.

It was in Princes Street that we had alighted, — named thus for the prince who afterwards became George IV.; and I hope he was, and is, properly grateful. It ought never to be called a street, this most magnificent of terraces, and the world has cause to bless that interdict of the Court of Sessions in 1774, which prevented the Gradgrinds of the day from erecting buildings along its south side, — a sordid scheme that makes one shudder in retrospect.

It was an envious Glasgow chiel who said grudgingly, as he came out of Waverley Station, and gazed along its splendid length, "*Weel, wi' a' their yammerin' aboot it, it 's but half a street, onyhow!*" — which always reminded me of the Western farmer who came from his native plains to the beautiful Berkshire hills. "I 've always heard o' this scenery," he said. "Blamed if I can find any scenery; but if there was, nobody could see it, there 's so much high ground in the way!"

To think that not so much more than a hundred years ago Princes Street was naught but a straight country road, the "Lang Dykes" as it was called.

We looked down over the grassy chasm that separates the New from the Old Town; looked our first on Arthur's Seat, — that grand and awful slope of hill, that crouching lion of a mountain; saw the Corstorphine hills, and Calton Heights, and Salisbury Crags, and finally that stupendous bluff of rock that

culminates so majestically in the Castle. There is something else which, like Susanna Crum's name, is absolutely and ideally right! If there is a human creature who can stand in Princes Street for the first time and look at Edinburgh Castle without being ready to swoon with joy, he ought to be condemned to live in a prairie village for the rest of his life.

The men who would have the courage to build such a castle in such a spot are all dead; all dead, and the world is infinitely more comfortable without them. They are all gone, and no more like unto them will ever be born, and we can most of us count upon dying safely in our beds, of diseases bred of modern civilization. But I am glad that those old barbarians, those rudimentary creatures working their way up into the divine likeness, when they were not hanging, drawing, quartering, torturing, and chopping their neighbors, and using their heads in conventional patterns on the tops of gate-posts, did devote their leisure intervals to rearing fortresses like this. Why, Edinburgh Castle could not be conceived, much less built, nowadays, when all our energy is consumed in bettering the condition of the "submerged tenth"! What did they care about the "masses," that "regal race that is now no more," when they were hewing those blocks of rugged rock and piling them against the sky-line on the top of that great stone mountain! It amuses me to think how much more picturesque they left the world, and how much better we shall leave it; though if an artist were requested to distribute individual awards to different generations, you could never persuade him to give first prizes to the centuries that produced steam laundries and sanitary plumbing.

What did they reck of peace congresses and bloodless arbitrations when they lighted the bale-fires on the beacons, flaming out to the gudeman and his sons ploughing or sowing in the Lang Dykes the news that their "ancient enemies of England had crossed the Tweed"!

I am the most peaceful person in the world, but the Castle was too much for my imagination. I was mounted and off and away from the first moment I gazed upon its embattled towers, heard the pipers in the distance, and saw the old 79th swinging up the green steeps where the huge fortress "holds its state." The modern world had vanished, and my steed was galloping, galloping back into the place-of-the-things-that-are-past, traversing centuries at every leap.

"To arms! Let every banner in Scotland float defiance to the breeze!" (So I heard my new-born imaginary spirit say to my real one.) "Yes, and let the Deacon Convener unfurl the sacred Blue Blanket, under which every liege burgher of the kingdom is bound to answer summons! The bale-fires are gleaming, giving alarm to Hume, Haddington, Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Eggerhope. Rise, Stirling, Fife, and the North! All Scotland will be under arms in two hours. One bale-fire: the English are in motion! Two: they are advancing! Four in a row: they are of great strength! All men in arms west of Edinburgh muster there! All eastward, at Haddington! And every Englishman caught in Scotland is lawfully the prisoner of whoever takes him!" (What am I saying? I love Englishmen, but the spell is upon me!) "Come on, Macduff!" (The only personal challenge my warlike tenant can summon at the moment.) "I am the son of a Gael! My dagger is in my belt, and with the guid broadsword at my side I can with one blow cut a man in twain! My bow is cut from the wood of the yews of Glenure; the shaft is from the wood of Lochetive, the feathers from the great golden eagles of Lochtreigside! My arrowhead was made by the smiths of the race of Macphedran! Come on, Macduff! And cursed be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

And now a shopkeeper has filled his window with royal Stuart tartans, and I am instantly a Jacobite.

"The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
From John o' Groats to Airly,
Hae to a man declar'd to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king,
For wha 'll be king but Charlie ? "

It is the eve of the battle of Prestonpans. Is it not under the Rock of Dunsappie on yonder Arthur's Seat that our Highland army will encamp to-night ? At dusk the prince will hold a council of his chiefs and nobles (I am a chief and a noble), and at daybreak we shall march through the old hedgerows and woods of Duddingston, pipes playing and colors flying, bonnie Charlie at the head, his claymore drawn and the scabbard flung away ! (I mean awa' !)

" Then here 's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be 't complete an' early ;
His very name my heart's blood warms
To arms for Royal Charlie ! "

(O shades of Washington, Lincoln, and James K. Polk, forgive me ! I am not responsible ; I am under the glamour !)

" Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king,
For wha 'll be king but Charlie ? "

I hope that those in authority will never attempt to convene a peace congress in Edinburgh, lest the influence of the Castle be too strong for the delegates. They could not resist it nor turn their backs upon it, since, unlike other ancient fortresses, it is but a stone's throw from the front windows of all the hotels. They might mean never so well, but they would end by buying dirk hat-pins and claymore brooches for their wives, their daughters would all run after the kilted regiment and marry as many of the pipers as asked them, and before night they would all be shouting with the noble Fitz-Eustace,

" Where 's the coward who would not dare
To fight for such a land ? "

While I was rhapsodizing, Salemina and Francesca were shopping in the Arcade, buying some of the cairn-gorms and Tam o' Shanter purses and models of Burns's cottage and copies of Marmion in plaided tartan covers and thistle belt-buckles and bluebell penwipers, with which we afterwards inundated our native land. I sat down on the steps of the Scott monument and watched the passers-by in a sort of waking dream. I suppose they were the usual professors and doctors and ministers who are wont to walk up and down the Edinburgh streets, with a sprinkling of lairds and leddies of high degree and a few Americans looking at the shop windows to choose their clan-tartans ; but for me they did not exist. In their places stalked the ghosts of kings and queens and knights and nobles : Columba, Abbot of Iona ; Queen Margaret and Malcolm — she the sweetest saint in all the throng ; King David riding towards Drumsheugh forest on Holy Rood-day with his horns and hounds and huntsmen following close behind ; Anne of Denmark and Jingling Geordie ; Mary Stuart in all her girlish beauty with the four Maries in her train ; John Knox in his black Geneva cloak ; Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald ; lovely Annabella Drummond ; Robert the Bruce ; James I. carrying The King's Quair ; Oliver Cromwell ; and a long line of heroes, martyrs, humble saints, and princely knaves.

Behind them, regardless of precedence, came Robbie Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd, Boswell and Dr. Johnson, Dr. John Brown and Thomas Carlyle, Lady Nairne and Drummond of Hawthornden, Allan Ramsay and Sir Walter ; and is it not a proof of the Wizard's magic art that side by side with the wraiths of these real people walked, or seemed to walk, the Fair Maid of Perth, Jeanie Deans, Meg Merrilies, Guy Mannering, Ellen, Marmion, and a host of others so sweetly familiar and so humanly dear that the very street laddies could have named and greeted them as they passed ?

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

FORTY YEARS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

WITH this number The Atlantic Monthly ends its fortieth year.

On the 29th of April, 1857, Longfellow wrote in his journal: "Lowell was here last evening to interest me in a new magazine, to be started in Boston by Phillips and Sampson. I told him I would write for it if I wrote for any magazine." A week later the journal contained this entry: "Dined in town at Parker's, with Emerson, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, Underwood, and the publisher Phillips, to talk about the new magazine the last wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done; though I am not so eager about it as the rest." The eagerness of Phillips himself did not receive its full impetus until Mrs. Stowe promised him her cordial support. That there was at least one other dinner for the discussion of the project before it was definitely adopted, Longfellow's journal gives further testimony. In Pickard's Life of Whittier the following passage is found: "At a dinner given by Mr. Phillips, the publisher, in the summer of 1857, there were present Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Edmund Quincy, and other writers of high reputation. The plans for the new magazine were discussed and arranged at this dinner. Mr. Underwood nominated Lowell as editor-in-chief, and his name was received with enthusiasm. Holmes suggested the name The Atlantic Monthly. The success of the enterprise was assured from the start, and a new era in American literature was inaugurated."

Lowell had shrewdly insisted as "a condition precedent" that Dr. Holmes should be engaged as the first contributor. He demurred, but yielded to his friend's urgency, and in later years could say of Lowell that he "woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service." Mr. F. H. Underwood was chosen assistant editor.

Ten of the fourteen authors who made the principal contributions to the first number were Motley, Longfellow, Emerson, Charles Eliot Norton, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, J. T. Trowbridge, Lowell, and Parke Godwin. Whittier and Longfellow each contributed a poem; Lowell, his sonnet The Maple, the verses on The Origin of Didactic Poetry, and editorial pages of prose; Emerson gave, besides the essay Illusions, four short poems, of which two were Days and Brahma; Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Trowbridge were represented by short stories; and there was the first installment of The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. All the articles were unsigned, and it is no wonder that every one asked himself and his neighbor who this Autocrat might be, with his offhand introduction, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted;" for there could not have been one reader in a thousand who recalled that in the old New England Magazine for 1831 and 1832 there were two papers of an Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table by a young student of medicine; and the whimsicality of going on after an interruption of twenty-five years would have puzzled even the knowing ones of a generation which had not yet learned the Autocrat's habit of thought. The authorship of the articles was evidently an open secret in some quarters, for the Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican was able to send his paper immediately an ascription of all the articles to their several writers.

These notes about the first number of The Atlantic — for this paper is a bundle of random notes rather than formal history — are set down to recall the serious and clear aim of the projectors of

the magazine: they were making American Literature. It was not as a mere publishing enterprise, but as an institution, that they regarded it. Nearly all the other American magazines that were then in existence have perished, and those that have survived have radically changed their character. Holding fast to the faith of its founders, that Literature is one of the most serious concerns of men, and that the highest service to our national life is the encouragement and the production of Literature, The Atlantic has never had owner or editor who was tempted to change its steadfast course by reason of any changing fashion. The first volume contained several articles which are curiously paralleled by contributions of the past twelve months. It would be extremely interesting to develop this parallelism, but it must suffice here to give two lists of titles, representing respectively the first volume of The Atlantic and the seventy-ninth: (1) Béranger, Intellectual Character, The Winds and the Weather, Notes on Domestic Architecture, The Kansas Usurpation, Mr. Buchanan's Administration, The Financial Flurry, Florentine Mosaics, Our Birds and their Ways; (2) Ferdinand Brunetière and his Criticism, On Being Civilized too Much, Mercury in the Light of Recent Discoveries, Two Interpreters of National Architecture, A Typical Kansas Community, Mr. Cleveland as President, The Good and the Evil of Industrial Combinations, Notes of a Trip to Izumo, Young America in Feathers.

In 1857 there were not wanting those who were on a keen lookout for heterodoxy in matters of religious belief in the pages of the new magazine. Of the very first number one of the sectarian papers, published in Boston, said, "We shall observe the progress of the work not without solicitude." Their watchfulness was soon rewarded in a measure, for of the third number they declared, "The only objectionable article is one by Emerson on Books, in which the sage of Concord shows his customary disregard of the religious opinions of others and of the fundamental laws of social morality." The next month it was a little better: "With the exception of a slur at the doctrine of eternal retribution, in the Literary Notices, we do not recall anything really exceptionable in its pages." The curious reader may find the slur in a single sentence of Dr. Holmes's review of Mrs. Lee's Parthenia, — a sentence which, aside from its great length, has nothing astonishing about it except the fact that forty years ago its sentiments could not pass unchallenged.

It was, indeed, especially in the writings of Dr. Holmes that the seeds of danger were believed to be planted. In a letter written to Motley in 1861, he exclaimed, apropos of The Atlantic, "But oh! such a belaboring as I have had from the so-called 'evangelical' press for the last two or three years, almost without intermission! There must be a great deal of weakness and rottenness when such extreme bitterness is called out by such a good-natured person as I can claim to be in print." Even the New York Independent, which was printing every week the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, said of The Professor at the Breakfast-Table when it appeared as a book: "We presume that we do but speak the general conviction, as it certainly is our own, when we say that that which was to have been apprehended has not been avoided by the 'Professor,' but has been painfully realized in his new series of utterances. He has dashed at many things which he does not understand, has succeeded in irritating and repelling from the magazine many who had formerly read it with pleasure, and has neither equaled the spirit and vigorous vivacity nor maintained the reputation shown and acquired by the preceding papers."

Writing of these papers nearly twenty-five years after their first publication,

Dr. Holmes himself said: "It amuses me to look back on some of the attacks they called forth. Opinions which do not excite the faintest show of temper at this time from those who do not accept them were treated as if they were the utterances of a Nihilist incendiary."

The reverential liberality of religious thought, expressed by Emerson and Dr. Holmes, each in his own way, became (as it could not fail to become) characteristic of the magazine. James Freeman Clarke wrote for The Atlantic most of his Ten Great Religions, and at a later time John Fiske published here The Idea of God, a study in religion from an evolutionist's point of view, which forms part of a series that is not yet concluded.

In 1862 scientific articles by Agassiz began to appear, and a long succession of his writings was brought to an end by a paper published in 1874, just after his death. Even if The Atlantic had done nothing else in the field of science this record would be worth making; but the great achievements of these later years have always formed an important part of its contents, and have been related by men like Rodolfo Lanciani, Percival Lowell, N. S. Shaler, G. F. Wright, and T. J. J. See, who has a notable article in the present number.

The choice of Lowell as editor committed The Atlantic at once to the highest standards in literature and politics. The first number showed clearly its views with regard to the overwhelming social and political problems of the time. In an article on the Financial Flurry Parke Godwin wrote of "the Slave Power, which consults no interest but its own in the management of government, and which will never make a concession to the manufacturers or the merchants of the North, unless it be to purchase some new act of baseness, or bind them in some new chains of servility." To the second number Edmund Quincy contributed a spirited denunciation of the outcome of slavery, in an article under the title Where Will it End? It was to the use of such articles as these that Mr. Underwood referred when he wrote, "The public understood and felt that this was the point of the ploughshare that was to break up the old fields."

When the war began, the spirit of the magazine was shown by its ceasing to print on its cover the rather melancholy woodcut of John Winthrop, and putting in its place the flag of the Union, which is to be found on the title-pages of the bound volumes as late as 1873. But the real patriotism of The Atlantic was written in every kind of contribution to its pages. As one of the many forms of expression which it took, it is pleasant to recall that here for the first time appeared Barbara Frietchie, The Man without a Country, Battle Hymn of the Republic, Our Orders, and the second series of The Biglow Papers. The list might be almost indefinitely extended, to include writings passing beyond the war-time, through all the troublous days that followed, and into these later decades charged with new problems of their own.

In dealing with all these new problems, — of reconstruction, of civil service reform, of our foreign relations, of a sound currency, — liberality and vigor, we hope it can be said, have marked the course of The Atlantic. Certainly, one important fact has never been forgotten, — that political questions are, and have always been, material for good literary work. It is but a few years since the ringing lines of Mr. Aldrich's Unguarded Gates carried on the tradition of the magazine in bringing the art of the poet to bear upon a matter of the highest moment to the citizen; and during the last twelve months, E. J. Phelps, Charles W. Eliot, E. L. Godkin, Albert Shaw, Francis C. Lowell, and Theodore Roosevelt have added to our political literature articles on Arbitration and our Relations with England, American Liquor

Laws, the Real Problems of Democracy, the Nominating System, Greater New York, Legislative Shortcomings, and Municipal Administration.

The first important change in The Atlantic's history followed the breaking up, in 1859, of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., through the death of the principal partners. It passed then into the hands of Ticknor & Fields. From them it has descended, through the succession of firms which has followed, to the present publishers. For more than a year after the transfer to its new proprietors Lowell remained its editor. His correspondence, through all the period of editorship, is full of references to The Atlantic. "To be an editor is almost as bad as being President," he says, at a time when he was "at work sometimes fifteen hours a day."

In 1864, when The North American Review, of which Lowell was at that time one of the editors, also passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, he wrote to Mr. Fields: "It 's a great compliment you pay me that, whenever I have fairly begun to edit a journal, you should buy it." In 1861 he had handed over to Mr. Fields himself the editorship of The Atlantic, with this philosophical conclusion to a most cordial letter: "Nature is equable. I have lost The Atlantic, but my cow has calved as if nothing had happened." All the good wishes that he made for the success of the new editor were abundantly realized. Mr. Fields possessed, to an exceptional degree, the power of establishing and maintaining intimate personal relations with such men and women as those who had been associated with The Atlantic from the first. By the use of the same gift the circle of opportunity was extended year by year, and all the results were inevitably to the advantage of The Atlantic and its publishers. In recording his recollections of Mr. Fields, John Fiske has said that "in his youth he used to surprise his fellow clerks by divining beforehand what kind of a book was likely to be wanted by any chance customer who entered the store."

If one should go through the volumes between 1861 and 1871, the decade in which Mr. Fields conducted the magazine, and transcribe the names of most frequent recurrence, together with some of the titles to which they are joined, the result would be merely a list of many of the best known authors and their works. Lowell himself remained a constant contributor of the best things that came from his pen, as for example The Cathedral and the Commemoration Ode. It was almost as if he had a vision of the future that when he sent his successor the poem from which the lines are cut into the granite beneath St. Gaudens's imperishable monument to Shaw, he wrote, "I wanted the poem a little *monumental*."

Besides the names that have already been recited, there were other shining ones steadily reappearing. Among them, that of Hawthorne, under the writings published in his last years and posthumously, must stand alone. From the earliest days of the magazine, when Lowell wrote to Mr. Higginson, not yet a colonel, that he thought his contributions "the most *telling* essays we have printed," there was an infinite variety of work from the pen which within the present year has been recording those Cheerful Yesterdays. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who wrote for the first number, has been a contributor at intervals ever since; only a few months ago he wrote about Kipling's latest volume of verse. Beginning almost as early, and continuing virtually as late, have been the contributions of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. In the earlier days the names of E. P. Whipple and Richard Grant White were constantly in evidence, and by the side of Mrs. Stowe, in the long list of notable women who in this early time wrote for The Atlantic, stood Miss Prescott, now Mrs. Spofford, Miss Rose Terry,

afterwards Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Thaxter, Miss Lucy Larcom, Miss Rebecca Harding, now Mrs. Davis, and Helen Hunt. This brilliant group of women were the forerunners of many more, among them Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mrs. Catherwood, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Kirk, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Wiggin, Miss Jewett, Miss Murfree, Miss Preston, Miss Repplier, Blanche Willis Howard, "Octave Thanet," Miss Baylor, Miss Alice Brown, Miss Sophia Kirk, Miss Vida Scudder, and Miss Eliza Orne White. But a catalogue of Homeric completeness would attain Homeric dimensions.

As the magazine was inaugurated at a dinner-table, and owed still more to a certain Breakfast-Table, it is not surprising that a sort of social bond was felt to exist between the publishers, editors, and principal contributors. Longfellow and Underwood have both recorded the meetings of an Atlantic or Magazine Club which met for dinner at about the time The Atlantic was issued each month. Later, the publishers of The Atlantic celebrated the seventieth birthdays of Whittier, Holmes, and Mrs. Stowe, by giving "breakfasts" or garden-parties of an importance and a significance greater by as much as the fame of the writers they sought to honor had grown during the interval.

Even in the days of the monthly Atlantic Dinner — which was made possible by the fact that most of the contributors lived in the neighborhood of Boston — the magazine was not local. It attracted to itself writers from all sides, and soon had many contributors at distances which forbade their participating in Boston festivities. It is seldom now that a number appears which does not show the coöperation of authors in many parts of the country, — if not, also, from other lands.

After the passing of its first group of great writers, The Atlantic continued to hold a supremacy which was generally conceded. The year 1866 was marked by the coming to Boston of the two men whose names for the next twenty-four years were to be most closely associated with the magazine, Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. W. D. Howells. When Mr. Fields retired from the editorship, Mr. Howells succeeded him. Lowell wrote to him about "sitting in the seat of the scorner where I used to sit." From 1871 until 1880, when he gave place to Mr. Aldrich, he was not only the editor, but so constantly a contributor that perhaps no one person in the whole history of the magazine has given more to its pages. Mr. Aldrich, too, has published in these pages, before and since his period of editorship as well as during that period, much of his permanent work in prose and verse. Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who became editor in 1890, had already done much work as a contributor of both signed and editorial articles.

There is a long list of other famous names: in Fiction, for instance, besides Howells and Aldrich and the brilliant women already named, Henry James, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, F. Marion Crawford, Arthur S. Hardy, Frank R. Stockton, S. Weir Mitchell, Gilbert Parker, F. Hopkinson Smith, and many more. In later years, too, and down into the present volume, has come the unique work of Lafcadio Hearn. Of other kinds of literature may be mentioned, in a passing list that makes no pretensions to completeness even in the enumeration of the greatest names, Mr. Fields's Yesterdays with Authors, Mrs. Kemble's Reminiscences, Dr. Hale's A New England Boyhood, Mrs. Lathrop's Memories of Hawthorne, Colonel Higginson's Cheerful Yesterdays, Dr. Birkbeck Hill's A Talk over Autographs, and the many contributions, both prose and verse, of John Hay, Charles Dudley Warner, E. C. Stedman, R. H.

Stoddard, G. E. Woodberry, John Burroughs, and Bradford Torrey.

In Politics and History The Atlantic has never lost sight either of the foundations of our national life or of the great questions of current interest. Parkman in his studies of colonial history, and Fiske in a great variety of historical papers, afterward gathered into his several books, are among the contributors in this field. They call to mind, also, Carl Schurz's Abraham Lincoln, James C. Carter's Tilden, Royce's Frémont, Mahan's series of the companions of Nelson, Ropes's General Sherman, Dr. Allen's Phillips Brooks, J. N. Denison's General Armstrong, Senator Dawes's Recollections of Stanton, Woodrow Wilson on President Cleveland, Fiske on Arbitration, Eliot on Five American Contributions to Civilization, and a long line of articles by Charles Francis Adams, Edward Atkinson, William Everett, Henry Cabot Lodge, and F. B. Sanborn.

As is sure to be the case in note-making, one of the most important subjects of many papers in The Atlantic has not yet even been mentioned. The contributions to Education that have been published in the magazine began earlier than President Eliot's formulation of the New Education in 1869, and have continued in an unbroken succession down to the present. Conspicuous, but not alone among the notable papers on Education have been Mr. Scudder's which furthered the revolutionary movement for the use of complete pieces of literature in the schools.

The conditions of American life have changed greatly since the early days of The Atlantic, and the task of a magazine whose aim it is to give literary interpretation of American life is a very different task from what it was forty years ago. Not only is life much more complex, but the conditions of the publication of literature are wholly different, — unlike what they were even a dozen years ago. The increased volume of production that has followed the cheapening of manufacture and the lessened cost of distribution has not unnaturally led to much confusion of thought. We sometimes hear that the day of a high literary standard and of definite literary aims is past. Yet fair comparison of the literary work done in the United States to-day with the work that was going on in 1857 will show that there has been no real decline except in Poetry. In Fiction, if Hawthorne be set aside (as it is fair to set aside any great genius), there is much more work done now of the grade next to the very highest than was done forty years ago; in History there has been as great an improvement in style as there has come a wider and surer grasp in these days of fuller knowledge; in Politics and Social Science there has been no falling away by our few best writers, and the field is larger and the spirit of liberality more generous; and by the Exact Sciences new worlds full of revelation and romance have been discovered since Agassiz first wrote for The Atlantic. The conspicuous changes that have taken place are two: we have no single group of men of such genius as the group that contributed to the early numbers; and as a result of the spread of culture no man of less than the very highest rank can now hold as prominent a position as a man of the same qualities held when good writers were fewer. There are in fact more contributors to the present volume of The Atlantic who have made literature the chief work of their lives, whose standard is high, whose aims are definite, and who have won success, than there were to the first volumes; and the range of subjects treated now is wider. But amid all the changes of these forty years the magazine has tried not to forget the purpose of its early days, — to hold Literature above all other human interests, and to suffer no confusion of its ideals.

MESSRS. CURTIS & CAMERON, Boston, publishers of the COPLEY PRINTS, wil be glad to send their new Illustrated Christmas Catalogue to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps. The above reproduction of Mr. Abbott Thayer's "Caritas" is from one of the prints.

THE

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THE LIFE OF TENNYSON.

"If I may venture to speak of his special influence on the world," writes Lord Hallam Tennyson in the preface to his biography of his father, "my conviction is that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy, —

'*Fortezza, ed umilitade, e largo core.*'"

Filial piety has not often been more reverent of a great fame, and at the same time more self-restrained and tactful, than in the biography of the poet whom all men are practically agreed in regarding as the central figure of the Victorian age. It would have been easy to blur the outlines of the portrait by too free and intimate a touch; it would have been easy to give the figure academic accuracy and remoteness by too great a formality of manner. The perils which beset the biographer, and so often mar the beauty and endanger the fidelity of his work, have been skillfully avoided. Hallam Tennyson has written of his father wisely, generously, frankly; he has neither ignored nor exploited the kinship which fitted him more than any other man of his time to perform this delicate task, and at the same time made the task far more difficult than it would have been in the hands of another. He has escaped the danger of feeling that he was discharging a great literary function in writing the biography of the foremost man in English literature in the last half-century; he has done his work modestly, simply, and with a reverence which is the more effective in awakening a kindred feeling in the mind of the reader because it is unstudied, genuine, and restrained.

It has fallen to the lot of few biographers to deal with a richer nature, a finer genius, a life more harmoniously adjusted to the higher claims of art, a nobler group of friends, or a more interesting period. Alfred Tennyson was not only a child, but a favorite, of the Muses, if these conditions are taken into account; and the more sensitive the gift, the more important the conditions under which it is tempered, tested, and used. In one sense the man of genius is more independent of his surroundings than the man of lesser endowment, but in another sense he is far more dependent upon them. The light will shine, no matter how opaque the medium through which it sends its rays; but its clarity, its steadiness, its power of illumination, are dependent upon what may be called the accidents of its place, its time, and the circumstance in which it is set.

In these respects Tennyson was fortunate beyond most men of his quality. He was well-born in the truest sense of the word. The rectory at Somersby, on the slope of a Lincolnshire wold, was a nest of singing birds; for of the twelve children born to the Rev. Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, nearly all were poets by instinct, and at least three by practice. The woodbine climbed to the nursery

lattice; the stained-glass windows made what Charles Tennyson called "butterfly souls" on the walls; the stone chimney-piece had been carved by the father; the drawing-room was lined with books; larch, sycamore, and wych-elms overshadowed the lawn. Here the future Laureate made one of his earliest songs; and at the foot of the garden which sloped to the field ran the brook whose music never ceased to haunt him. To this stream, Hallam Tennyson tells us, the poem beginning, "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," was specially dedicated. On the right of the lawn was the orchard, a place fragrant in the memory of the poet, as the orchard has always been fragrant in the poetry of the world. "How often," he said, "have I risen in the early dawn to see the golden globes lying in the dewy grass among those apple-trees!" A little further from the rectory were shaded lanes, such as make England a bower of delight when the hedges are in bloom. Close at hand were the little church, the quiet churchyard with its ancient Norman cross, the wooded hollows, the hidden springs, the ferns and flowers and mosses. It is a fair picture as one looks at it through the haze of years, — a rich and wholesome background for a poet's childhood. The father was a man of striking presence, a scholar by instinct and habit; spirited, sensitive, with a genius for conversation. The mother has had loving portraiture in the poem entitled Isabel. "A remarkable and saintly woman," her son said of her; and Edward Fitzgerald described her as "one of the most innocent and tender-hearted ladies I ever saw."

The children were high-spirited, imaginative, and merry. They matched the world about them with another world of their own making, and they were equally at home in both worlds. The touch of fancy was in their games: they were knights and ladies, whose perils and adventures were as frequent and varied as those recorded by Sir Thomas Malory. They were story-tellers of high degree; and Alfred was their master craftsman in this charming art. Sometimes an old English play was acted; sometimes, as Cecilia Tennyson, afterwards Mrs. Lushington, narrates, Alfred would take her on his knee in the winter firelight, with the younger children grouped about him, beguiling and bewitching them with stories of heroes performing feats of valor in behalf of distressed ladies, fighting dragons, and doing all manner of brave and noble deeds.

Behind all this play of the imagination, however, there was a solid ground of reality in the life at the rectory. With all his exquisite taste and refinement, Tennyson had, in later life, a notable faculty of putting strong things in a strong way; his talk had quite as much picturesque directness and force as Carlyle's. The boy learned plain speech in his own home and among the blunt Lincolnshire folk of the neighborhood. They were a sturdy, frank people, who did not hesitate to speak their minds. The Somersby cook, Lord Tennyson tells us, in a rage against her master and mistress, was once heard to say, "If you raäked out hell with a smaäl tooth coämb you weänt find their likes." There was no lack of humor in the household, although it was sometimes unconscious. The poet's aunt, Mrs. Bourne, who was a rigid and "consistent Calvinist," — to quote an old-time Andover phrase, — once said to him, "Alfred, Alfred, when I look at you, I think of the words of Holy Scripture, — Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." There were books of the right sort within reach of these children: books with the stuff of life in them, books full of reality and vitality, the books which liberate the imagination and give the growing mind its proper food and direction. Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Burke, Addison, Swift, Cervantes, and Bunyan were

the natural companions and guides of boys and girls who were awake in body and soul to the wonder and romance and tragedy of life.

Of the grammar school at Louth, with its "tempestuous, flogging master," to which the poet was sent when he was seven years old, his chief recollections seem to have preserved merely exterior circumstances: such as being cuffed for the crime of being a new boy, taking part in a procession in honor of George IV., standing on a wall to make a political speech to his fellows, and being called down by an usher, who brutally asked him whether he wished to be the parish beadle. "How I did hate that school! The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words *sonus desilientis aquæ*, and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows," were the words in which the man recorded the boy's impressions. His real educational opportunity was his father's companionship and teaching.

It is interesting to find him, in his twelfth year, writing a letter of formal literary comment and criticism on Samson Agonistes to his aunt Marianne Fytche. "To an English reader," he says gravely, "the metre of the Chorus may seem unusual, but the difficulty will vanish when I tell him that it is taken from the Greek." His earliest attempt at poetry antedated this epistle by four years. "According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was; Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read, I was in the habit, on a stormy day, of spreading my arms to the wind and crying out, 'I hear a voice that 's speaking in the wind!' and the words 'far, far away' had always a strange charm for me. About ten or twelve Pope's Homer's Iliad became a favorite of mine, and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre, — nay, even could improvise them; so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet and could write regular metre very skillfully." Four years later the future Laureate was writing a long epic, full of battles, adventure, and sea and mountain scenery. The lines were often shouted in the fields at night; for the boy was already showing that sensitiveness to sound which went so far toward making him the consummate artist he became. The earliest published verse from his hand showed, indeed, a training of the ear in advance of that of the imagination. The belief that the boy had the stuff of real poetry in him took root in the minds of the family at an early day. After reading one of these youthful productions, Dr. Tennyson declared that if Alfred died, "one of our greatest poets will have gone." On another occasion he was heard to say that he "should not wonder if Alfred were to revive the greatness of his relative William Pitt." But this faith was not unchallenged; there were doubters in the home, as there always are. "Here is half a guinea for you," said Alfred's grandfather, on reading a poem which the boy had written on his grandmother's death: "the first you have ever earned by poetry, and, take my word for it, the last." It ought to be added that two lines of verse by this critic are still extant, describing a goat drinking out of a stream on a crest:—

> "On yonder bank a goat I spy;
> To sip the flood he seems to try."

It was due to a caprice of this unpoetic grandfather that Dr. Tennyson, who was his oldest son, was disinherited in favor of his brother Charles, who subsequently took the name of d'Eyncourt.

The boy was constantly improvising, and acquired great dexterity in metre and rhyme. He was given to roaming through the woods, to watching the stars, to keen observation of plants and trees

and flowers. He was training his eye to that marvelous accuracy which his descriptive verse shows in every detail. There were those stirrings of the imagination, too, which announce the unfolding of a poet's mind. On a certain occasion when his brother Frederick was expressing a great shyness with regard to a dinner-party to which he had been bidden, Alfred said, "Fred, think of Herschel's great star-patches, and you will get over all that." Not a bad philosophy of life, and one which Emerson has expounded with great beauty and persuasiveness. It was at this time that the boy formed that acquaintance with the sea which ripened into a lifelong intimacy. The passion for the sea was in his blood, and he delighted in its wildest tumult. For this reason he found special satisfaction in the North Sea, whose waves are tremendous in stormy weather; the breakers on the Lincolnshire coast sending their thunderous roar far inland.

In March, 1827, the slender volume of Poems by Two Brothers appeared, the authors being promised the goodly sum of twenty pounds; with the proviso, however, that they were to take half of this amount in books from the publisher's shop. It was a youthful venture, for Charles was between sixteen and eighteen, and Alfred between fifteen and seventeen. The poets were not unmindful of the gravity of their enterprise, and their preface says, "We have passed the Rubicon, and we leave the rest to fate, though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged 'from the shade' and courted notoriety." It was characteristic of the authors that on the afternoon of the day of publication they spent some of the money thus earned on carriage hire, drove fourteen miles to the seashore, and "shared their triumph with the winds and waves."

At this point in his biography Lord Tennyson begins the introduction of a large number of unpublished poems left in manuscript by his father. The difficult question of dealing with work which, although falling below the highest standards, often has great interest of another kind is thus very wisely settled. By this use of unprinted work Lord Tennyson has set an example which literary editors and biographers will do well to follow. The greatest injustice has been done more than one writer of the keenest critical discernment by including in later editions of his work prose or verse which, after careful deliberation, had been rejected. If a man's decision on matters which are in the deepest sense within the scope of his judgment is to be respected at all, it ought to be accepted as final when it relates to the work by which he wishes to be known and judged. In instances too recent to need more than allusion, such decisions have been set aside when the victim could no longer protect himself. Work of this kind often has very great psychological interest; in many instances, indeed, it has very great literary interest. In the case of so fastidious an artist as Tennyson, it was to be expected that much would be withheld which the world would be glad to possess. This is abundantly illustrated in many of the verses which are given to the world for the first time in these volumes. In point of artistic workmanship and of human interest they are on the level of much of the best work from the same hand. Lines and verses which will seem to the reader integral parts of well-known poems were omitted from these poems because, in the opinion of the poet, they were redundant, or made the pieces from which they were detached too long. These selections form, therefore, a very considerable and important addition to the poet's work, — an addition so valuable and interesting that Lord Tennyson's loyal obedience to his father's decisions must have been adhered to in the face of temptations to which many editors and biographers would have

fallen victims. It would have been easy to put these pieces into a separate volume, and to give them a place in the complete works of the Poet Laureate; there would have been some criticism from a few fastidious people — but there would have been a great sale of the volume.

Lord Tennyson has introduced these unpublished pieces where they belong, in his father's biography. Here they are shown in their natural order: they mark, in the earlier years, the growth of his mind and art; and in the later years they bring out very instructively the searching application of his artistic conscience to his work. The earlier verse, standing by itself, would not mean much or promise much; but in its time and place one finds it suggestive of the intellectual experience through which the boy was passing, while at intervals there are lines which seem to foreshadow the style which was later to captivate two generations. In a fragment of a long poem entitled The Coach of Death, full of all kinds of immaturity, the eye is arrested by such lines as these: —

> "When the shadow of night's eternal wings
> Envelops the gloomy whole,
> And the mutter of deep-mouth'd thunderings
> Shakes all the starless pole."

In the main, this boyish verse, like all boyish verse, is merely a record of exercise and discipline, and is interesting, as the earlier studies of a great painter are interesting, because it indicates the path by which apprenticeship was slowly but surely merged into mastery of the materials and tools of art.

When Tennyson went to Cambridge with his brother Charles and matriculated at Trinity College, in 1828, he was a shy and reserved youth, but he soon made the acquaintance of a group of young men who were later to become distinguished for many kinds of ability. He was strikingly handsome. Edward Fitzgerald described him as "a sort of Hyperion." Another friend drew this sketch of him: "Six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed; his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids; his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair; his head finely poised; his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, — soft as a child's, but of great size and strength. What struck me most about him was the union of strength with refinement." He impressed every one who came in contact with him as a man of singular attractiveness and promise. Lord Tennyson reports that on seeing his father first come into the hall at Trinity, Thompson, who afterwards became the Master of the college, exclaimed, "That man must be a poet!" In that hall now hangs the noble portrait by Mr. Watts, and in the library of the college is the bust by Woolner, — studies made at different periods, but both giving the most authoritative report of the poet's impressive face and head. When one remembers that among the men with whom the Tennysons soon became intimate were Spedding, Milnes, Trench, Alford, Merivale, Charles Butler, Tennant, and Arthur Hallam, Lord Houghton appears to have spoken with moderation when he said, many years later, "I am inclined to believe that the members of that generation were, for the wealth of their promise, a rare body of men such as this university has seldom contained."

They had the high spirits, the large hopes, and the generous enthusiasms of young men of original force. They hated rhetoric and sentimentalism, Lord Tennyson tells us, and they were full of enthusiasm for literature. Tennyson had these qualities in ample measure; but he had a cool, clear judgment as well, and was already a prime judge of character, his criticism going to the very heart in a few trenchant phrases. He took a deep interest in the tempestuous politics of the time, and his sympathies were with the party of progress, but he hated violence; he read the classics, natural science, and history, and he wrote Latin and

Greek odes and English verse. When asked what his politics were, he replied, "I am of the same politics as Shakespeare, Bacon, and every sane man." Of those days of young hope and exalted ideals he has left an imperishable impression in more than one beautiful section of In Memoriam. After the announcement that his poem in blank verse had won the prize medal, Arthur Hallam wrote to Mr. Gladstone, "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century."

When the volume of Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, appeared, in 1830, faith in the poet's genius was as firmly established in the minds of his friends as in those of his family. The serious temper with which he regarded poetry at this time, and the spiritual outlook which opened before him, are clearly disclosed in the verse which Lord Tennyson now prints for the first time. These lines have the vision of a true poet in them : —

"Methinks I see the world's renewed youth
A long day's dawn, when Poesy shall bind
Falsehood beneath the altar of great Truth:
The clouds are sundered towards the morning-rise ;
Slumber not now, gird up thy loins for fight,
And get thee forth to conquer. I, even I,
Am large in hope that these expectant eyes
Shall drink the fullness of thy victory,
Tho' thou art all unconscious of thy might."

The friendship with Arthur Hallam, already deep and intimate, was strengthened, after Tennyson left the university, by Hallam's engagement to his sister Emily ; and his "bright, angelic spirit and his gentle, chivalrous manner" appreciably enriched the life of the circle at Somersby, from which death had removed Dr. Tennyson. The young men took long walks and had longer talks together. Hallam was reading law ; Tennyson was reading, meditating, writing, and smoking in his attic in the rectory. There were walking-tours later, meetings in London, a trip in the Rhine provinces. The year 1832 came, and with it the second volume of the poems. Many who were still doubtful of the young poet's genius surrendered to the charm of The Lady of Shalott, Œnone, The Miller's Daughter, and The Palace of Art. The question was asked at the Cambridge Union, "Tennyson or Milton, which is the greater poet ?"

The Quarterly Review was characteristically insolent and brutal ; for those were the days when, in the minds of many Englishmen, criticism was still identified with slashing condemnation, and violence and bitterness were mistaken for vigor and authority. Tennyson was always supersensitive to criticism which seemed to him ignorant or unjust, and the sneers of the Quarterly cut him to the quick. It must not be forgotten that the Quarterly was still a great force ; Tennyson was once assured by a Lincolnshire squire that "the Quarterly was the next book to God's Bible." He could not conceal his sensitiveness, and neither then nor later did he make the attempt. "I could not recognize one spark of genius or a single touch of true humor or good feeling," he said of the truculent criticism. He thought of going abroad to live and work, for he fancied that he should never find appreciation in England. While this mood of depression was on him came the news of Hallam's sudden death at Vienna. It was a crushing blow to many hopes, for Hallam had awakened in the minds of all his friends not only the deepest affection, but the most brilliant expectations. Dean Alford said of him, "I long ago set him down for the most wonderful person I ever knew," and Mr. Gladstone has expressed substantially the same feeling. In the hour when the poet most sorely needed the swift comprehension, the delicate sympathy and sustaining faith of this rare nature, his friend vanished from his side and left him desolate. In those melancholy days of the early winter of 1834, he wrote

in his scrap-book the fragmentary lines which, his biographer tells us, proved to be the germ of In Memoriam: —

"Where is the voice I loved? Ah, where
Is that dear hand that I would press?
Lo! the broad heavens cold and bare,
The stars that know not my distress!"

"The vapor labors up the sky,
Uncertain forms are darkly moved!
Larger than human passes by
The shadow of the man I loved,
And clasps his hands, as one that prays."

Out of this deep grief came The Two Voices and the earliest sections of In Memoriam. To this period belongs the first draft of Morte d'Arthur, and an unpublished poem of great interest entitled The Statesman. A verse from this characteristic work will not only indicate its quality, but will also bring out the Tennysonian conception of progress:

"Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the state
Conveys the people's wish is great;
His name is pure, his fame is free."

Tennyson's nature was too virile to remain long under the shadow of deep depression, and he was gradually brought back to his normal mood by work. He was not only keenly sensitive to criticism, but he was also keenly critical of himself. It is doubtful if any poet of the time has had a sounder judgment of the quality of his own verse. His ear had acquired extraordinary sensitiveness; his feeling for words was quite as delicate as his sense of sound; and this instinctive perception of the musical qualities in sounds and words had been trained with the highest intelligence and the utmost patience. If to natural aptitude and trained skill there are added great power of expression and depth and volume of thought, it is evident that all the elements of the true poet were present. Poe had a magical command of sounds; Tennyson had the same magic with a far wider knowledge of the potencies and mysteries of words. No detail escaped him; nothing was insignificant in that perfection of expression toward which he consciously and unweariedly pressed. His artistic instinct is seen in nothing more clearly than in his passion to match his thought with the words which were elected from all eternity to express it. If he did not always feel the inevitableness of every word in a perfect style, as Flaubert felt it and worked for it with a kind of heart-breaking passion, he was alive to that subtle adjustment of sound to sense which makes a true style in its entirety as resonant of the deepest thought of a writer as Westminster is resonant of every note of its organ.

Out of this mastery of sound and speech, with that deep and prolonged brooding on his own thought which made it bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, came that rich and musical style which has been the joy and refreshment of two generations, and is likely to be heard in times more sympathetic with art than ours. The perfection of form which is characteristic of Tennyson at his best did not come at once. There was a slow ripening not only of the poet's mind, but of his art; and on this development this admirable biography sheds abundant light, both by the publication of early verse, and by the preservation of the various readings of many later poems which, for one reason or another, the poet rejected. The changes made in the volume which was issued in 1832 show how exacting his taste had already become, and with what conscience his work was done.

The partial neglect of the two volumes which had now appeared, and the distinct note of depreciation heard among certain people who were supposed to have the making of literary opinion in their keeping, drove the poet back upon himself at a fortunate moment. If the later success had come at the beginning, there would have been no compromise with the artist's conscience, no concession to the taste of the moment, but

some deeper notes might not have been sounded, some greater chords might not have been swept. For Tennyson had now entered into the communion of human sorrow, and had become partaker of the heritage of human experience. He was beginning to touch humanity through kinship of suffering, and to know his time in its doubts and uncertainties and questionings. He was living for the most part at Somersby, studying German, Italian, Greek, theology, the sciences; he was writing and smoking, blowing hundreds of lines "up the chimney with his pipe-smoke," or throwing them into the fire because they were not perfect enough. He was drawing near to his age and his race through the broadening of his vision and the deepening of his nature. The years of silence which intervened between the publication of the volume of 1832 and that of 1842 were years of intense activity. The poet was not only entering through sympathy and imagination into the life of his time in such a way as to become its interpreter, but he was also testing and studying his own resources and powers. Sensitive as he had shown himself to unsympathetic criticism, he was much more concerned with the quality of his work than with the impression it made upon readers at large. "I do not wish to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present," he wrote to Spedding in 1835, "particularly on the score of my old poems, most of which I have so corrected as to make them much less imperfect."

In 1830, on a path in a wood at Somersby, Tennyson came unexpectedly upon a slender, beautiful girl of seventeen, and impulsively said to her, "Are you a dryad or an oread wandering here?" Six years later he met Emily Sellwood again, on the occasion of the marriage of his brother Charles to her youngest sister. The friendship ripened into love, but for lack of means the marriage did not take place until June, 1850, the month in which In Memoriam was published. The cake and dresses came too late, and the wedding was so quiet that Tennyson declared it was the nicest wedding he had ever attended. Many years later he said of his wife, "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her." Of this marriage the son writes: "It was she who became my father's adviser in literary matters. 'I am proud of her intellect,' he wrote. With her he always discussed what he was working at; she transcribed his poems; to her, and to no one else, he referred for a final criticism before publishing. She, with her 'tender, spiritual nature' and instinctive nobility of thought, was always by his side, a ready, cheerful, courageous, wise, and sympathetic counselor. It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering (for example) the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humor, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and his sorrow; and to her he wrote two of the most beautiful of his shorter lyrics, 'Dear, near and true,' and the dedicatory lines which prefaced his last volume, The Death of Œnone."

The years of waiting were rich not only in study and work, but in friendships of the kind which stimulate and enrich as well as console and refresh him to whom they are given. The letters of this period are full of vivacity, warm feeling, and keen criticism. The bits of talk with which the biography is generously furnished show the quickest humor and the surest discernment in literary matters. It is a pleasure to know that the young poet not only felt to the full the wonderful beauty of Keats's poetry, but also discerned in him that spiritual quality which so many critics have failed to discover. His son reports

him as saying that "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all (though his blank verse was poor), and there is something magic and of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything he wrote."

He was often in London, finding endless delight in the stir and roar of the Strand and Fleet Street, in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, in the glimpses of the city from the bridges. Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Forster, Landor, Rogers, Leigh Hunt, and Campbell had been added to the earlier group of friends. Tennyson's interests were wide, and he touched many men on many sides; his talk and reading ranged over the fields of modern theology, scientific discovery, politics, economics, and the questions of the day. Chartism and socialism were moving England widely, if not deeply, and there was great alarm in conservative circles. Tennyson took the larger view of the situation, and believed that the difficulties should be met, not by repression, but by universal education, by freedom of trade, and by a more sympathetic attitude among those who called themselves Christians. His chief concern, however, was his art, and much of his most characteristic work belongs to this period. His imagination was stirred by incidents and happenings which would have been passed unnoted by a nature less responsive and an ear less sensitive. When he went from Liverpool to Manchester, the steady running of the wheels, becoming a kind of tune, suggested that line in Locksley Hall, —

> "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

His mind was full of rhymes; verses making themselves, as it were. Then, as later, he composed before he put pen to paper, and was always reciting the lines upon which he was brooding. It was this habit of constant composition and revision, of testing accent and rhythm by vocal repetition, which gave the impression that he was wholly absorbed in his own work. The same charge, it will be remembered, was brought against Wordsworth, nine tenths of whose verse was probably composed out of doors, much of it on the old road which ran across the hills from Dove Cottage to Rydal. "This is my master's library where he keeps his books," said the servant to the visitor whom he was showing through Rydal Mount; "his study is outdoors." Both men were self-contained; both gave themselves completely to their art; but both were men of profound humility.

When the volumes of 1842 were published, and the world read for the first time Ulysses, Locksley Hall, The Day-Dream, The Two Voices, The Gardener's Daughter, Sir Galahad, The Vision of Sin, and "Break, break, break," — which Lord Tennyson tells us was made "between blossoming hedges in a Lincolnshire lane, at five o'olock in the morning," — it was at once seen that a new poet had appeared. It is true Carlyle told him that he was "a life-guardsman spoiled by making poetry;" but Carlyle can be forgiven much, for he has given us a portrait of the poet at this period which deserves to rank with the representations of Watts and Woolner: "One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusky dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to." And Mrs. Carlyle, who was as keen a judge of men as her tempestuous husband, said of him that he was not only "a very handsome man," but "a very noble-hearted one, with something of the

gypsy in his appearance, which for me is perfectly charming."

The tide of thought and feeling was running deep in those days, and melodies were rising like a mist out of the invisible stream of his meditation. "Tears, idle tears," which the world has known by heart these many years, was composed in the mellow autumn at Tintern Abbey, a place which has evoked two imperishable poems. "Come down, O maid," was called out by the heights about Lauterbrunnen; "Blow, bugle, blow," by the echoes at Killarney.

The Princess, which appeared in 1847, had been long in the making, but not so long as In Memoriam, which was published three years later, and upon which the poet had been at work, consciously or unconsciously, since the death of Hallam in 1833. It must be remembered, he wrote, "that this is a poem, not an actual biography. . . . It was meant to be a kind of Divina Commedia ending with happiness. The sections were written at many different places, and as the phases of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found that I had written so many. The different moods of sorrow, as in a drama, are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through faith in a God of love." He believed himself to be the originator of the metre, until after the publication of the poem, when his attention was called to the fact that Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney had used it.

It was fortunate that Tennyson's biography was not prepared by a biographer who was anxious to minimize the religious element in his life; on the contrary, it is thrown into the boldest relief, and the reader is let into those profound convictions which gave the Laureate's poetry such depth and spiritual splendor. The whole subject is dealt with, in connection with In Memoriam, with the most satisfying fullness. "In this vale of Time, the hills of Time often shut out the mountains of Eternity," Tennyson once said. The nobility of his verse had its springs in those mountains, and they inclosed and glorified the landscape of life as he looked over it. He refused to formulate his faith, but he has given it an expression which is at once definite and poetic, illuminating and enduring. "I hardly dare name His Name," he writes; "but take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world." And again, "On God and God-like men we build our trust." A week before his death, his son tells us, he talked long of the personality and love of God, — "that God Whose eyes consider the poor," "Who catereth even for the sparrow." "For myself," he said on another occasion, "the world is the shadow of God." In his case, as in Wordsworth's and Browning's, poetry issued out of the deepest springs of being; and he made it great by committing to it the expression of the highest truth.

To a young man going to a university he said, "The love of God is the true basis of duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, love, virtue, and work;" and he added characteristically, "But don't be a prig." Through his verse, as through his life, there ran this deep current of faith; but the expression of it was free from the taint and distortion of dogmatic or ecclesiastical phrase. In the whole of it there is not a single phrase which reminds one of what the French call the *patois de Canaan*. In his imagination, religious truth was as clearly and naturally reflected as the truth of nature, of experience, of observation. It was not a phase of being distinct from other aspects of life; it was the fundamental conception which included all phenomena, and gave them

coherence, order, and significance. And this conception was expressed in terms, not of philosophy or theology, but of art. The broad treatment of the great theme of immortality in In Memoriam, based as it was on profound knowledge and insight, has made the poem one of the most significant utterances of the century, while its deep and searching beauty has given it place among those few and famous poems of philosophic quality which are not only admired as classics, but loved as intimate confessions of the spirit. Both qualities are present in these unpublished verses: —

"Another whispers sick with loss:
'Oh, let the simple slab remain!
The "Mercy Jesu" in the rain!
The "Miserere" in the moss!'"

"'I love the daisy weeping dew,
I hate the trim-set plots of art!'
My friend, thou speakest from the heart,
But look, for these are nature too."

The idea of immortality was rooted so deep in all his thinking that he refused to qualify or limit it in any way. Lord Tennyson tells us that when his father spoke of "faintly trusting the larger hope," he meant by the phrase "larger hope" the final purification and salvation of the whole human race. He would not believe that Christ preached everlasting punishment. On an October day, in his eighty-first year, he wrote Crossing the Bar, explaining to his son that the Pilot is "that Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us;" and a few days before his death he enjoined his son to print the poem at the end of all editions of his works. It will stand, therefore, in its beautiful simplicity and trustfulness, as the final confession of his faith.

When the monodramatic lyric Maud, which Lowell called "the antiphonal voice to In Memoriam," was published in 1855, it was widely misunderstood and sharply criticised. Many readers, including some who, like Mr. Gladstone, were in deep sympathy with Tennyson's genius and work, failed to perceive that it was in no sense autobiographical, but entirely objective and dramatic. The tone of much of this criticism irritated the poet, and drew from him some vigorous expressions of opinion with regard to the insight and discernment of contemporary critical opinion. He said that while, in a certain way, "poets and novelists, however dramatic they are, give themselves in their works, the mistake that people make is that they think the poet's poems are a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of his very own self, and of all the facts of his life; not seeing that they often only express a poetic instinct, or judgment on character real or imagined, and on the facts of lives real or imagined." It was, no doubt, the objective, dramatic quality in Maud which gave it such a great place in Tennyson's affection, — an affection fanned by the hostile criticism which met it at every turn. He took the keenest delight in reading or reciting it to the very close of his life, and to hear his rendering was to receive an entirely new conception of the poem. Dr. Jowett, who contributes many characteristic passages to this biography in the form of selections from his letters, wrote Lady Tennyson: "And as to the critics, their power is not really great. Wagon-loads of them are lighting fires every week on their way to the grocers."

When The Idylls of the King appeared, four years later, they were more generally understood; the reviewers were appreciative, and the public interest, as evidenced by the sales of the volume, was widespread. The Duke of Argyle wrote: "The applause of the Idylls goes on crescendo, and so far as I can hear without exception. Detractors are silenced." Even Macaulay was moved to admiration by the reading of Guinevere. The poet was gratified, and did not conceal his pleasure: "Doubtless Macaulay's good opinion is worth having, and I am grateful to you for letting me know it, but this time I intend to be thick-

skinned; nay, I scarcely believe that I should ever feel very deeply the pen-punctures of those parasitic animalcules of the press, if they kept themselves to what I write, and did not glance spitefully and personally at myself:" which shows plainly enough that he did care, in spite of his contempt. Such sensitiveness often goes with the delicacy of taste which was so marked in Tennyson; and the fact that much of the criticism to which he was subjected was unintelligent, and therefore of no possible significance to anybody, did not lessen the sting.

The Holy Grail had long been germinating; at twenty-four Tennyson had determined to write an epic or drama about King Arthur. When the poem appeared, he declared it to be one of the most imaginative of his works. "I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the reality of the Unseen. The end, when the King speaks of his work and of his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of human men." "Of all the Idylls of the King," writes Lord Tennyson, "The Holy Grail seems to me to express the most of my father's highest self. Perhaps this is because I saw him, in the writing of this poem more than in the writing of any other, with that far-away rapt look on his face, which he had whenever he worked at a story that touched him greatly, or because I vividly recall the inspired way in which he chanted to us the different parts of the poem as they were composed."

In answer to the criticism which was offended by the moral significance of the Idylls, and became somewhat hysterical in its urgence of "art for art's sake," the poet quoted those fine words of George Sand: "L'art pour art est un vain mot: l'art pour le vrai, l'art pour le beau et le bon, voilà la religion que je cherche;" and composed these vigorous and plain-spoken lines: —

> "Art for Art's sake! Hail, truest Lord of Hell!
> Hail, Genius, master of the Moral Will!
> 'The filthiest of all paintings painted well
> Is mightier than the purest painted ill!'
> Yes, mightier than the purest painted well,
> So prone are we toward the broad way to Hell."

Tennyson's interest in the drama had been keen from boyhood, — at fourteen he had written plays; he knew dramatic literature; he believed in the humanizing influence of the drama, and he felt deeply that the great English historical plays should form part of the education of the English people. He was not blind to his own lack of knowledge of the technique of play-writing, and he wrote with the intention that his dramas should be edited for the stage by actors who could understand and preserve their poetic quality. It is interesting to note the breadth of view with which, at the very summit of his success and fame, he undertook to create in a field that was both untried and full of difficulties. Of Harold, Becket, and Queen Mary he wrote, "This trilogy portrays the making of England." In Harold he strove to represent dramatically the struggle between the Danes, Saxons, and Normans for mastery in England, and the awakening of the English people; in Becket, the conflict between Church and Crown; in Queen Mary, the downfall of Romanism and the dawning of the age of free individuality; and in The Foresters, the transition period when the barons and the people stood together for English liberty.

Three times the baronetcy was offered to Tennyson, and as many times he refused it. When, therefore, one day in 1883, Mr. Gladstone said to the Laureate's son that, for the sake of literature, he wished to offer his father the higher distinction of a barony, there was grave doubt about its acceptance. The only difficulty which the Prime Minister thought insurmountable was the possible insistence by Tennyson on his right to

wear his wide-awake in the House of Lords! Tennyson was so well beyond the mere flattery of an offer of the peerage that he took the friendly urgence of Mr. Gladstone with great calmness, and at first was not to be moved from his determination to remain plain Mr. Tennyson to the end of his days. He was finally persuaded, however, that, as the foremost representative of literature in England, he ought not to put aside a distinction which would mark the formal recognition of the place and function of literature in the life of a great people. "I cannot but be touched," he wrote to Mr. Gladstone, "by the friendliness of your desire that this mark of distinction should be conferred on myself, and I rejoice that you, who have shown such true devotion to literature, by pursuing it in the midst of what seems to most of us overwhelming and all-absorbing business, should be the first thus publicly to proclaim the position which literature ought to hold in the world's work."

In the long history of English literature there is no picture of old age more beautiful and satisfying than that which appears in this biography, — an old age rich in fame and honor, but richer still in the fulfillments and fruition of a life-long devotion to the highest ends of art; an age free from envy, generous in appreciation, fresh in feeling, and moving steadily forward into larger and clearer vision of truth. Tennyson was no more free from the imperfections of a strong nature than are men of smaller grasp and gift; but his life was stamped by a genuine nobility of spirit. He put aside all the subtle temptations which popularity brings to the artist by artistic instinct, and by the force and steadfastness of his character. He valued fame, and knew how to separate it from its counterfeit popularity. Matthew Arnold once said to Hallam Tennyson with characteristic humor, "Your father has been our most popular poet for over forty years, and I am of opinion that he fully deserves his reputation." In Tennyson's case, as in that of Arnold himself in lesser degree, popularity rested upon a sound instinct, if not upon clear intelligence; and neither poet was indifferent to an applause which was both heartfelt and respectful. In his friendships, especially, the largeness of Tennyson's nature revealed itself in the most unconscious and beautiful way, and the story of his intimacy with Browning and of the noble generosity of admiration which knit them together will be remembered as long as the famous friendship between Goethe and Schiller, and with kindred reverence. Such passages illuminate the painful history of the race with a splendor not born of these lower skies.

When all has been said about the beauty and significance of Tennyson's work, it may be seen that his finest contribution to civilization was, not his poetry, but his life. In his case there was no schism between the art and the artist; the work disclosed the man, and the man lives imperishable in the work. In these days of confused and conflicting ideals of the artist's place and function among men, this biography becomes something more than the record of an illustrious career; it is an authoritative revelation of the aims, the method, and the development of a great creative spirit.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

DURING the past twenty-five years there have been centennial celebrations of many battles, and of other events connected with the foundation of the republic; but none has greater significance for us as a nation capable of defending our rights and of resisting pressure from without, than the centenary of the launching of the Constitution in Boston on October 21, 1797. She marks the beginning of our navy. Two other ships were launched a few days earlier than she, but neither has won such a place in our affections or in our history.

Up to 1798, the navy, which had no ships, was supposed to be a branch of the War Department, and on May 21 of that year the first Secretary of the Navy was appointed, in accordance with a recent law of Congress establishing a separate department. As the Constitution went into commission about that time, the naval service may be said to have come into existence with her. Her exploits have been the chief addition to its fame. During the earlier years of the frigate our foreign relations became more and more unsatisfactory, and some of our ablest statesmen were abroad, unsuccessfully endeavoring to make treaties acceptable to the nation's self-respect. We were paying tribute in the shape of men to England, of ships and their cargoes to France, and of money to the Barbary powers. While France and England were at war, each strove to outdo the other in its restrictions upon our commerce. The system of impressment begun by England could not be endured by an independent nation, but France would have followed even in that imposition, had it not been impossible to prove an American sailor to be a Frenchman. As it was, her minister to the United States attempted to ride roughshod over our laws, and our ministers to France were insulted and browbeaten. The treatment accorded to one of our ships which grounded on the French coast, and was stripped of her cargo by direction of the government, was enough to make us forget the friendship of France during the Revolutionary War. It was such a world as this into which the Constitution was born. The child of our country in its weakness and poverty, she has survived to a destiny unrivaled in all the annals of naval warfare. She has accomplished without a single failure every task assigned to her, and in a long life has never brought discredit to an officer or a man serving on board of her. Most of our great commanders in the first half of the century began or found their careers upon her decks. Preble, Rodgers, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, and Stewart in turn commanded her during the first twenty years of her existence. It was a happy coincidence that she received the name of the great bulwark of our republic.

The frigate was authorized by act of Congress on March 27, 1794, together with five other frigates, to be used against the Barbary States in the protection of our merchant shipping, and in the deliverance of American captives held for ransom; but in consequence of a treaty purchased by the payment of tribute to the dey of Algiers, the work on these ships was stopped. After some consideration of the subject, Congress directed the completion of the three most advanced, one of them being the Constitution. By this delay the timbers were allowed two years for seasoning, and became so hard as to earn for her, fifteen years later, the name "Old Ironsides." Her completion was hurried forward by the expected war with France. The two main arguments for the new navy were, therefore, the suppression of piracy and

the maintenance of our rights as neutrals. The impressment of seamen on the high seas did not become a burning question until later.

The design and model of the Constitution were made by Joshua Humphreys, of Philadelphia, and sent to Boston for use in the construction of the ship. The materials were carefully selected wherever they could be found, and all the best features of the English and French ships were adopted, without regard to expense. Her builder, Colonel George Claghorn, kept her fully three years in the shipyard near what is now Constitution Wharf in Boston, from the time of laying the keel to the final equipment. It is interesting to note that Paul Revere supplied all the copper fastenings. The first day set for the launch was September 20, and the President, John Adams, and the governor of the State were present to see her off; but the settling of the ways under the moving load checked her twenty-seven feet from the start. It was not deemed prudent to use rams or tackles on her, and the builder spent one month shoring up the ways. She finally slid into the water on October 21, 1797. The United States had been launched on July 10 of the same year, at Philadelphia, and the Constellation on September 7, at Baltimore. Admiral Preble in his History of the Flag says, however, that "the Constitution was the first of the new frigates to carry the fifteen stars and fifteen stripes upon the deep blue sea." This flag was hoisted just before the launch by a workman named Samuel Bentley. Captain Nicholson, the inspecting officer, had reserved that honor for himself; but Bentley, with the assistance of a man named Harris, took advantage of his absence at breakfast to work off an old grudge by quietly running up the flag.

The ship cost, ready for sea, about three hundred thousand dollars. She was one hundred and seventy-five feet long, forty-three and a half feet in beam, and fourteen and a half feet deep, with a tonnage of 1576 by measurement. Her power and classification were distinctly below those of a line-of-battle ship, but she had greater speed under sail, and was thus better fitted to escape from a too powerful antagonist. In relation to modern navies, the armored cruiser New York probably comes nearest to a similar position among the ships of her time. She had less than one half the length of the New York, only two thirds the beam, and about three fourths the draught, — making her not far from one of our gunboats in size. It is said that many of her first guns were purchased in England. She was called a forty-four gun frigate in accordance with the common practice of that day, though the batteries actually consisted of thirty long 24-pounders on the main deck, and twenty-two 32-pound carronades on the spar-deck. Two 24-pounders were at times carried on the forecastle as bow-chasers. These guns were heavier than those usually carried on frigates of her own class in foreign navies, and she had only one gun-deck instead of two. In connection with the interminable controversy which subsequently arose over the superiority of the Constitution and her class to the English frigates captured during the war of 1812, it is well to remember that Mr. Humphreys intended his three larger frigates to be a little better in every respect than English or French ships of the same rating. He aimed at advantages similar to those we are now seeking in our new battle-ships and cruisers: better guns, greater speed, and greater cruising capacity. His reasons, stated in a letter to Robert Morris, still apply. He says: "The situation of our coast and depth of water in our harbors are different in some degree from those of Europe, and as our navy must be for a considerable time inferior in the number of vessels to theirs, we are to consider what size ships will be most formidable, and be an overmatch

for those of an enemy. If we build our ships of the same size as the Europeans, they having so great a number of them, we shall always be behind them. I would build them of a larger size than theirs, and take the lead of them, which is the only safe method of commencing a navy."

Herein lies the secret of our success. It belongs as much to our fame as does the splendid discipline of our men. The humane principle in war is never to fight on equal terms; otherwise two armies or two ships will be exterminated instead of one. There are always causes behind the results in war, and valuable lessons to be learned. The Constitution received only the reward given to those who have the foresight to provide a better ship, better guns, and a better crew than their opponents. Her victories cannot be explained as accidents. In the fight with the Guerriere she fired a broadside weighing 684 against the Guerriere's 556 pounds. Two guns were removed before the engagement with the Java, and her broadside was 654 against 576 pounds. Her crew was larger in both instances.

The first duty of the Constitution, as was anticipated, proved to be in the war of reprisal against the French, whose depredations on our commerce had become unendurable. Overrating their influence in America, they had begun by seizing English ships in our waters, and had ended by capturing our own ships as well, — so determined were they to force us into an alliance. Our government had no alternative but a return in kind, and in August, 1798, Captain Nicholson, sailed from Newport with the Constitution and four revenue cutters for a cruise along the coast south of Cape Henry, to pick up French cruisers, privateers, and merchantmen. Towards the end of the year she was assigned to a squadron in the West Indies, where she remained until near the close of the war with France, serving part of the time as Captain Talbot's flag-ship. Her career during this period does not present much that is exciting, as she captured only a few insignificant prizes. The Constellation had the fortune to be the only frigate which saw really serious service against ships of her own class.

Two events, however, were full of promise for the future. The first was a friendly race with an English frigate. The two ships happened to meet at sea not far from San Domingo, and the English captain went on board the Constitution to see Captain Talbot. He looked over the ship and expressed great admiration for her, but declared that his own ship could outsail her on the wind. As he had come out by way of the Madeiras, he offered to bet a cask of wine against an equivalent in money on the result, if Captain Talbot would meet him thereabouts some weeks later. He was going into port to clean bottom and refit. The agreement was made. When the Englishman came out and closed with the Constitution, the two captains dined together, and arranged all the conditions of the next day's race. They kept near each other during the night, and at dawn made sail upon the firing of a gun. All day long the race continued in short tacks to windward. Isaac Hull sailed the American frigate, watching for every possible opportunity and advantage. His skill in handling the ship under sail gained him a lasting reputation. The men were kept on deck all day, moving from side to side to bring the ship to an even keel on the different tacks. As Cooper says, "the manner in which the Constitution eat her competitor out of the wind was not the least striking feature of the trial." When the gun was fired at sunset, the Englishman was hull down to leeward. The Constitution, accordingly, squared away before the wind, and joined him just after dark. A boat was waiting, and the English captain came on board like a true sportsman, with his cask of

Madeira. It is a pleasant picture to see the two captains meeting over a social glass of wine in celebration of the event; especially since English ships did not at all mind impressing an occasional American as a recruit.

The next and not very creditable exploit of the Constitution was unfortunate in its ultimate effects. In May, 1800, a party of sailors and marines, under the leadership of Hull, was sent into a Spanish port to cut out a French letter of marque, Sandwich. The party numbered about ninety, all of whom, with the exception of six or seven, were hidden in the hold of the sloop Sally, armed for the purpose by the Constitution. They ran alongside the Sandwich in broad daylight, and in two minutes had captured her. The marines were sent on shore to spike the guns of the Spanish fort, while sails were bent and she was made ready to leave the harbor. Although this part of the undertaking consumed several hours, she escaped without the loss of a single man. No expedition was ever better planned and carried out, but in the end it cost the crew dear; for they lost all their prize-money in paying damages for the illegal capture in a neutral port; besides, the Sandwich was returned to her original owners.

From March, 1801, to May, 1803, the Constitution lay at Boston, dismantled, but in September of the latter year we find her in Gibraltar, on the way to Tripoli, as Commodore Preble's flag-ship. The war with Tripoli would make a long story, and since it was principally carried on with the smaller ships, only an outline will be given here; but the courage and daring of the American sailors stand out in two or three incidents which cannot be passed over in silence. The details of every expedition were planned on the Constitution, and the young commanding officers who came over her side to see Preble ("boys" he called them) must have gathered courage and inspiration from the great commander. The flag-ship was too large for effective service against fortifications protected by shoals and uncertain winds, and the blockade was conducted by small ships from America and gunboats procured in Messina from the Sicilian government. From time to time Tripolitan ketches were captured, and fitted out to aid in the service.

Just before Preble's arrival off Tripoli, while in chase of a small vessel at the mouth of the harbor, the Philadelphia had run on the rocks; and as she could not be got off, Captain Bainbridge and his whole crew surrendered. They were prisoners in the castle during the two years of the war, and were in as much danger from their countrymen's guns as was the Turk. The Philadelphia had been floated off and brought into the harbor, where she was being fitted up. All the guns were in place and ready for use, when Captain Bainbridge managed in some way to communicate with Preble, giving information about her, and suggesting that she be destroyed, as she was undoubtedly intended for service against her old flag. The subject was broached to Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, who at once volunteered to go in with his own ship, the Enterprise, and capture her by boarding. The plan was so far modified by Commodore Preble as to substitute for the Enterprise, in this hazardous service, a Tripolitan ketch that Decatur had captured a few days before. The ketch, rechristened the Intrepid, and fitted out specially for the undertaking, was manned by volunteers from Decatur's ship, with some additions from the Constitution. In this wretched boat, rigged for sixteen oars, and hardly larger than a fair-sized sailing yacht, seventy-four men left the fleet, accompanied by the brig Siren under Lieutenant Commandant Stewart, and headed for a passage through the rocks to the inner harbor.

She arrived in sight of the town in the afternoon, and anchored off the entrance

at nightfall; but a sudden and violent gale swept her to the eastward, and both she and the Siren had to ride out at sea the terrific storm that lasted six days and nights. At times it was feared that the Intrepid could not last through it; but the seventh day found both vessels near the harbor, once more in favorable weather. The Siren, well disguised, did not approach within sight of the coast during daylight, but the Intrepid sailed calmly for the port as if on an ordinary trading voyage. Decatur had made all his arrangements to burn the Philadelphia, and then to escape by towing or rowing the Intrepid out of the harbor under cover of the darkness. Every man had his allotted station and task, and as soon as the frigate was taken each was to rush with combustibles to a specified place. The greater part of the crew lay hidden behind the bulwarks, as the ketch drifted slowly down in the half-darkness of a new moon to the anchorage.

It is well to stop a moment to consider what one mistake would have cost them. The Philadelphia had a full crew, all her guns were loaded, and she was surrounded by Tripolitan gunboats. Not one of the Americans could have escaped if the slightest suspicion had been aroused before boarding; yet they went boldly on to within a few feet of the Philadelphia, and saying that the ketch was a Maltese trader that had lost her anchors in the storm, they asked for a line, and begged permission to tie up astern overnight. She lay only forty yards from the port battery, and in the range of every gun. While Decatur coolly sent a boat to make fast to the forechains of the Philadelphia, some of the latter's crew came out with a line from the stern, and assisted them in making fast there also. A few minutes of cautious pulling on the bow-line, then a wild cry of "Americanos!" from the Turks who were looking over the bulwarks, and the Americans were springing up the side in a scramble to see who could be first on the frigate's deck. In a mad panic the crew were either cut down or driven into the sea. Everything worked exactly as Decatur had planned it, and within twenty minutes the ship was ablaze. His men were fairly driven back into their boat by the flames.

The return was even more perilous than the entrance, as all the forts and gunboats had taken the alarm. Their shots were falling around the Intrepid and dashing the spray into the faces of her men, as she swept down the harbor under sixteen long oars. The flames of the Philadelphia, with the roaring of her guns as they went off one by one in the intense heat, the blinding flashes of the Turkish guns, and the uproar in the town made the night one never to be forgotten; a fit ending to what Nelson pronounced "the most bold and daring act of the age." Decatur rejoined Stewart, who was waiting for him outside, and the two set sail for Syracuse.

Nine months later, the little Intrepid left a lasting and melancholy memory in our service by her mysterious and fatal ending. She was fitted as a floating mine, to be carried into the midst of the dey's flotilla, and then blown up. One hundred barrels of powder and one hundred and fifty shells were placed in her, with a train leading to a convenient spot near the stern. Captain Richard Somers and Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, with a few volunteers, went in her. They had two small boats in tow for the escape after lighting the fuse. As it was part of their plan not to permit themselves or the ship to be taken by the enemy, who were greatly in need of powder, Somers's idea is said to have been to blow her up in case they were boarded before reaching the proposed position. The night was very dark when they put out from the Nautilus and disappeared within the harbor. Three gunboats were hanging about the entrance at the time. To those waiting to pick

up the returning party the suspense was intense, although it lasted only a few minutes. The Turks had taken alarm at something, and were firing in every direction. Suddenly the Intrepid's mast and sail were seen to lift within a sheet of flame, and a frightful concussion shook even the ships of the American fleet outside. The crew of the Nautilus waited in vain for the return of their comrades, but none of them came back. So far as was ever known the Intrepid did no damage, and the cause of the explosion is a mystery to this day.

Amid such scenes as these, varied with hand-to-hand conflicts in the harbor, the Constitution passed two years. In one attack, Decatur fought single-handed with a giant Turk, whom he finally killed by reaching around his body and firing a shot into his back. The ball passed through him, and lodged in Decatur's clothing. It was during this struggle that Decatur's life was saved by a young sailor, who lost his arm by interposing it between his captain and the sword of an assailant. No story has been oftener told to American children.

The incessant activity of Preble seems remarkable when we consider the character of the service, so far from home, and at all times distant from the base of supplies. He traveled thousands of miles in his voyages between Syracuse and Tripoli, with an occasional visit to Tunis for the purpose of overawing the bey, who was not to be trusted. The Constitution bombarded the fortifications three times, and on one occasion, while supporting a general attack on the fleet in the harbor, silenced all the Tripolitan guns. The dey was finally forced into signing a treaty of peace, giving American ships entire freedom of commerce in the Mediterranean; but Preble did not stay to see the end. He was relieved of his command by Commodore Barron, who, on account of sickness, was soon succeeded by Captain Rodgers. The treaty was drawn up in the cabin of the Constitution, under Rodgers's directions. By a demonstration of the whole fleet before Tunis, the bey likewise was frightened into making a treaty.

The importance of this war was twofold: it gave our merchant-ships comparative safety in the Mediterranean, and it formed the nursery in which our naval officers were trained for the more difficult tasks before them. Nearly all the great names of the next war appear in connection with Tripoli. Whatever may be said of England's greatness on the sea at this time, it was America, the new nation of the West, which freed Christendom of its scourge in North Africa.

The Constitution reached New York in the latter part of 1807, and was kept on the home coast until the summer of 1811, in expectation of trouble with England. She made a voyage to Cherbourg, however, to carry over the United States envoy to France, and returned to Washington in the spring of 1812, after having touched at ports in Holland and England. The crew was discharged, and the ship placed for overhauling in the hands of Nathaniel Haraden, her old sailing-master under Preble. Her captain complained that she had fallen off in sailing qualities, and requested that she be hove out for repairing the copper. Mr. Haraden, who knew her thoroughly, at anchor and at sea, not only patched up the copper, but also completely restowed her ballast, leaving about one third of it on shore. The result was magical, and no doubt contributed to her escape from an entire squadron soon after. She dropped down the Potomac in June, with only half her crew and several of the old officers, and, when news of the war came, went to Annapolis to complete her equipment. On July 5 she sailed with a green crew, some of whom had never been to sea, and many of whom had not even been stationed at the guns and sails.

Captain Hull's marvelous power of

organization is exhibited in the adventure which befell him twelve days later. We may call this the first of the great international races outside of New York harbor, with the Constitution as prize. It has become memorable in the navy for the use of the kedge-anchor in the shallow water off the Jersey coast. To this day, if one asks an American tar how Hull escaped from the British in 1812, he will reply, "He kedged."

At two o'clock on the afternoon of July 17, when about forty miles east of Cape May, heading for New York, four sails were discovered to the north. Hull immediately tacked to the northeast, and the squadron, which consisted of the Shannon, the Belvidera, the Africa, and the Æolus, under Commodore Broke of the British navy, gave chase. At four o'clock a fifth sail was made out to windward, bearing northeast in a favorable position to close with the Constitution. This ship was the Guerriere. Fortunately the wind shifted at sunset, which placed the Constitution to windward; but for forty-eight hours there was either a calm or hardly more than enough wind to give steerageway. Hull employed every expedient known to the seaman to get away, except that of throwing his provisions, guns, and boats overboard. He lost nothing but two thousand gallons of water pumped out to lighten the hull. During the calm, both the English and the Americans resorted to towing by means of boats; but as the former had five frigates to draw upon for men, it was only a question of time how the struggle would end. One of the ships drew up uncomfortably close, when Hull and his first lieutenant suddenly conceived the idea of fastening all their spare ropes and cables together and paying them out to an anchor carried half a mile ahead. By pulling on the ropes the American walked mysteriously away from the Englishman, who never afterwards got near enough to throw a shot into the Constitution. The sails were trimmed to take advantage of every catspaw of wind. The men were shifted from one side of the deck to the other, to favor her sailing, and not a man slept in his bunk for nearly three days. All guns were loaded, ready for action, several having been placed to give a fire directly astern. The Shannon, the Belvidera, and the Guerriere opened fire at long range, as fortune of wind and sea brought one or the other within firing distance, but no shot took effect. At one time, during a puff of wind, Captain Hull expected to be overtaken by the Belvidera, so close had she come on the quarter, and he prepared to cripple her, if possible, before her consorts could come up; but it was not to be.

The chase really ended on the evening of the third day, when a heavy rain-squall came up from the south. Hull saw it, and, with the men in readiness, let everything go by the run at the instant it struck. As soon as his ship was obscured by the rain, he quickly shortened sail, and went off on the starboard tack at eleven knots. The English, some miles to leeward, deceived by the apparent confusion on the American ship, let go their sails before the wind struck them, and went off more to leeward on different tacks. One hour later, when the squall had passed, the Constitution was hull down, and too far away for any possibility of capture. The chase was abandoned next morning, when daylight found the American almost out of sight. Nothing in the annals of our navy has ever exhibited more perfect seamanship, ready resource, and constant cheerfulness than this chase, in which our ship was pitted against a whole fleet under some of the best English captains.

Her next cruise was the shortest and most fateful in her long life of one hundred years, and the whole country was soon to resound with her exploits. Our people were thoroughly discouraged over the outlook on land. The war with England was unpopular, and nowhere

more so than in New England, the chief sufferer from the embargo. Yankee ports were filled with Yankee ships complaining bitterly that their trade had been destroyed. Incompetence reigned in the army, and the campaign against Canada had proved a miserable failure. Yet here was a ship going out alone to battle with the greatest navy of the world, at a time when England had reached the very summit of her power on the sea. A large squadron was off the coast, as Hull well knew. It had been thought advisable in Washington to have all naval vessels safely anchored in port and dismantled, in order to prevent the English blockading fleet from getting them. Fortunately, Captains Bainbridge and Stewart, both of whom afterwards commanded the Constitution in successful actions against the British, were able to dissuade the department from this foolish step. Orders were sent, however, to keep the Constitution in Boston; but Hull had already sailed, in anticipation of some such outcome of the controversy. It is said he feared that the blockade might shut him in, or that he might be relieved by Captain Bainbridge, his senior in command; at any rate, he got away on August 2, 1812, just before the orders reached Boston. He stood to eastward around Nova Scotia to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and then to the south and east, but made no important capture.

On the morning of the 18th Captain Hull learned from a Salem privateer that a large British frigate had been sighted the day before to the south. The Constitution was accordingly headed in that direction, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th a strange sail was made out to the east by south, — too far away, however, for any clear indication of her character and nationality. The Constitution was at this time about seven hundred miles due east of Boston, with ample room for the interview which Captain Dacres of the Guerriere — as the ship turned out to be — had desired for months. He had been so eager as to indorse on the register of the ship John Adams, from Liverpool, a letter to the commander of the American squadron, expressing a wish to meet a United States frigate of the same force as the President outside of Sandy Hook "for a tête-à-tête." In Isaac Hull, the man who would rather fight than eat, he found everything that was lively and hearty. Many generations of American boys have gloried over the fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and Cooper has drawn a vivid picture of the scene.

Hull ran down before the wind to take a look at the stranger, and found him with his main topsail aback, waiting for the Constitution to come up. Both ships cleared for action, and when the Constitution was still far astern the Guerriere began firing at long range. Only two or three shots were fired in return, and then the American bore down upon the Englishman in silence. Nothing shows more forcibly the perfect discipline of the ship than this hour of waiting, with men standing at quarters and their comrades falling around them. Even Mr. Morris, the first lieutenant, found it hard to restrain his impatience, and he asked to be allowed to fire. Not till the ships were fairly abreast and within pistol-shot of each other was the word finally given. The effect was almost instantaneous as a whole broadside struck the Guerriere, followed quickly by a second staggering blow. Her mizzenmast went overboard, and the Constitution was able to pass around the Guerriere's bow, where she delivered a raking fire which cut away the foremast and much of the rigging. In wearing to return across her bow, the Guerriere's starboard bow fouled the port quarter of the Constitution. It was while in this position that both sides tried to board, and Lieutenant Bush of the marine corps was killed, and Lieutenant Morris was dangerously wounded. Two guns

in the bow of the Guerriere were fired point-blank into the cabin of the Constitution and set fire to the ship. The danger was grave, but the wind and sea swept them clear, and Lieutenant Hoffman put out the fire. As the ships separated, the Guerriere's foremast and mainmast went by the board, leaving her a helpless hulk in the trough of the sea. Captain Dacres's interview was over, having lasted, from the first broadside of the Constitution, just thirty minutes. He was wounded, seventy-nine of his men out of a crew of two hundred and seventy-two were killed and wounded, and not a stick was left standing on his deck. There was no need to haul down the flag; it was gone with the rigging, and Captain Dacres surrendered perforce. The Constitution had lost fourteen men and had sustained comparatively small injury. Within a few hours she was ready for another fight. The Guerriere was so cut to pieces that she could not be taken into port, and Hull burned her. The last act, after removing the prisoners and wounded, gives one a glimpse of the Christianity and chivalry of these two captains who spoke the same tongue and in whose veins flowed the same blood. Captain Hull asked Captain Dacres if there was anything he would like to save from his ship. He said yes, his mother's Bible, which he had carried with him for years. An officer was sent to get it. Thus began a friendship between these enemies which lasted till Hull's death in 1843.

Many stories are told of this fight, which was one of the most dramatic in history, both in its action and in its immediate effects upon the country. In the Guerriere's crew there were ten Americans, who, to the honor and credit of the English, were sent below. One of them, a merchant-ship captain, was standing near Captain Dacres while the Constitution was approaching. The Guerriere was pouring out shot after shot, and broadside after broadside, as the other came like death upon an unsuspecting victim. The silence was appalling, and Captain Dacres asked the American what it could mean. "Do you think she will strike without firing a shot?" As the story goes, the American answered, "No; and if you will permit me, sir, I will join the doctor in the cockpit, where I can be of use in taking care of the wounded." The English captain's reply, "Go, if you wish, but there are not likely to be many wounded," found speedy contradiction. Within a few minutes after the American reached the cockpit, and while he was waiting in agonizing suspense, a terrific roar sounded above the English guns, and the Guerriere staggered under blow after blow. In a few minutes all was silence, and the American, passing a line of wounded, stuck his head up through the hatch to find the Guerriere a hopeless wreck. Tradition has it that in this fight the Constitution obtained her sobriquet "Old Ironsides." When struck by a shot from the Guerriere, the outside planking did not yield, and the shot fell into the sea. One of the seamen shouted, "Huzza! her sides are made of iron!" It is also said that Hull, who was a short, fat man, stooped down to give his first order to fire, and split his breeches from keel to truck.

Upon Captain Hull's arrival in Boston, the news of his victory was received with exultation. It had followed close upon the surrender of Detroit, and was like a bright gleam in the darkness. Our people could now feel that the navy, though small, was not impotent against the greatest sea power of the world, and, ship for ship, we had nothing to fear. Standing by itself, the destruction of the Guerriere amounted to nothing. It was the moral effect which gave it great and lasting importance. The surprise and gloom produced in England by the disaster were equaled only by the inability to explain it. In one English newspa-

per we find this conclusion: "From it the inference may be drawn that a contest with the Americans is more worthy of our arms than was at first sight imagined." The London Times said: "It is not merely that an English frigate has been taken, after what we are free to confess may be called a brave resistance, but that it has been taken by a new enemy, — an enemy unaccustomed to such triumphs, and likely to be rendered confident by them. He must be a weak politician who does not see how important the first triumph is in giving a tone and character to the war."

A dinner, in which men of all political parties united, was given to Hull and his officers at Faneuil Hall on September 5. They marched in procession with a great number of prominent citizens up State Street, in the middle of the afternoon, and sat down to what the Palladium called an "excellent dinner," which must have been interminable, for seventeen toasts were drunk. From these the following are selected as an evidence of the effect of the victory upon "all political parties:" —

"The American Nation — May danger from abroad insure union at home."

"Our Infant Navy — We must nurture the young Hercules in his cradle, if we mean to profit by the labors of his manhood."

"The Victory we Celebrate — An invaluable proof that we are able to defend our rights on the ocean."

"No Entangling Alliance — We have suffered the injuries and insults of despotism with patience, but its friendship is more than we can bear."

The next action in which Old Ironsides engaged followed in less than five months, with a ship practically her equal. The command had been turned over to Captain Bainbridge, who sailed, in company with the Hornet, for the West Indies on October 26. At San Salvador they fell in with an English ship, which they challenged to come out and fight the Hornet. She agreed at first, but delayed so long that Captain Bainbridge finally left the Hornet waiting outside of the harbor, and sailed to the southeast along the coast of Brazil. On December 29, about thirty miles off the coast, two sails were sighted: one a small vessel standing in towards the land, and the other a larger ship, which had headed up, apparently to examine the new arrival. Satisfied that the larger ship was a British frigate, Captain Bainbridge headed offshore to get more sea-room. The fight between the Constitution and the Java then began, with the latter in chase, — just the reverse of the action with the Guerriere. The firing opened with broadsides from both ships, the Java being on the port quarter of the Constitution and about a mile to windward. As the English frigate was the faster sailer in the light wind which prevailed, she constantly overreached the Constitution, so that there was much manœuvring to avoid being raked. The battle lasted a little over two hours, and both sides displayed splendid seamanship, but the end found the Java dismasted and helpless. As usual, the American gunnery had been vastly superior to that of the English, although the Constitution's rigging was so badly cut up that she returned to the United States for repairs. Captain Bainbridge did not consider it practicable to get the Java home, and he accordingly burned her. Lieutenant Hoffman, who set fire to her, had performed the like duty for the Guerriere. After a few days near San Salvador with the Hornet, whose intended victim had not yet come out, the Constitution laid her course for Boston, which she reached February 27, 1813, bearing the news of her own victory. She and her crew were received with the wildest enthusiasm, and the town turned out to do honor to the victors. What was better than all to Jack Tar, he received his prize-money for two ships captured within four and a half months.

After extensive repairs, under the direction of Captain Charles Stewart, who went in command of her, Old Ironsides got to sea again on January 1, 1814, for a cruise towards the Barbadoes. She captured a few small prizes and attempted to overhaul a British frigate, and was herself chased into the harbor of Marblehead on April 3 by two frigates on the blockade of the New England coast. Captain Stewart had to throw overboard a quantity of old rigging, provisions, and other heavy articles, to escape. He moved down to Boston shortly afterwards, where the ship remained until December.

Her last cruise during the war began on December 17, 1814, with a long reach to the Bay of Biscay by way of the Bermudas and the Madeiras. The morning of February 20, 1815, off the coast of Morocco, opened with a light mist over the sea and a variable wind. At one o'clock in the afternoon a sail hove in sight, followed within an hour by a second. They proved to be the British ships Cyane and Levant, carrying in all fifty-five guns, firing a broadside weighing 754 pounds against the Constitution's 654. The Constitution made all sail to overhaul them, and opened fire on the Cyane, the sternmost ship, at four minutes past six. By fine manœuvring and rapid handling of guns she played havoc with both English ships without permitting herself to be raked. At one time, when she had forged ahead enough to fire into the Levant, the Cyane attempted to pass astern of her to rake; but Captain Stewart braced the yards flat to the masts and literally backed through the smoke to a position alongside of the Cyane, into which he poured a withering fire. The Cyane surrendered at ten minutes to seven, and left the Constitution free to pursue the Levant. The prisoners were first removed and damages were repaired, so that it was two hours before the action began again. The Levant surrendered at ten o'clock. This whole action, covering about four hours, was fought by moonlight, and exhibits the wonderful agility of the Constitution under sail. Captain Stewart's seamanship enabled him to manage two ships without suffering materially himself. The smoke from the guns obscured much of the movement. The British ships lost seventy-seven in killed and wounded, and the Constitution fourteen.

The next day Captain Stewart made sail for Port Praya, Cape Verde Islands, the nearest neutral port, where he arrived with his two prizes seventeen days later. The discipline and readiness of the American sailors are again well demonstrated by an occurrence on the very day after anchoring, when three frigates appeared in the offing. Not knowing what they were, and feeling sure that English ships would not respect the neutrality of the port, Captain Stewart made sail to get out of the harbor before the strangers came in. Within seven minutes after the first alarm his ships were all under weigh, standing out to sea. Thus began another of those lucky escapes for which the Constitution had become as famous as for her victories. She and her two prizes hugged the north shore of the island close hauled on the port tack, with the English squadron following and almost within gunshot. In fact, they tried firing at long range. While the Constitution easily held her own to windward, her antagonists weathered the Cyane and Levant. Hoping to divide their forces, Captain Stewart signaled to the Cyane to tack to the northwest, which she did, and in this way escaped. She reached New York without further incident. The same manœuvre was tried with the Levant, but the whole English squadron immediately turned in pursuit, and left the Constitution to sail away. She landed her prisoners at Maranham and sailed for Porto Rico, where the news of peace reached her. Her last cruise during the war ended at New York on May 17, 1815.

In the meantime, the Levant, finding escape impossible, had put into her anchorage at Port Praya, and was there retaken by the British ships, whose officers learned to their chagrin that it was the Constitution which had been thus deserted in order to retake an English prize.

The subsequent career of Old Ironsides is soon told. Her period of intense activity had passed, and she had won eternal fame by three great victories and three wonderful escapes. After six years of rest she was to carry her country's flag to distant ports for the protection of American merchant-ships in peaceful pursuits, until superseded by the new agent, which was even then beginning to change the construction of ships and to render them independent of wind and wave. Between the years 1821 and 1838 she made two long cruises to the Mediterranean, for the purpose of holding the piratical states on the southern shore to their treaties. The really critical point in her life arrived in 1828, during a prolonged stay in Boston, when the Secretary of the Navy came near accomplishing what no enemy had ever succeeded in doing, — forcing her to strike her flag. He recommended to the navy commissioners that she be broken up, as the cost of repairing her hull promised to equal her original cost. The popular clamor aroused by the publication of this decision resulted in the saving of the frigate. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, Old Ironsides, dashed off in the heat of indignation, did much to create an irresistible public sentiment. It was published in every newspaper through the land, and circulated in handbills at Washington.

> "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
> Long has it waved on high,
> And many an eye has danced to see
> That banner in the sky."

The necessary money was appropriated, and the ship was practically rebuilt at Boston without alteration of model or plan.

No sooner had the excitement subsided than she was plunged once more into a discussion more bitter than ever. There had been no difference of opinion about breaking her up, but there was a very rancorous difference about the propriety of Andrew Jackson as a figure-head. The commandant of the Navy Yard, thinking to please the President and his admirers, had procured a finely carved statue of him, and had placed it under the bowsprit. It raised a great storm of indignation in Boston, and Commodore Elliott put a guard over the ship to protect her against threatened attack. On a dark night, however, during a heavy rain, Samuel Dewey crossed the Charles in a small boat, and, within sight of a sentry posted near by, sawed off the head, which he brought away as a trophy of his exploit. He subsequently carried it to Washington. A new figure-head of Jackson, put on immediately afterwards, remained until 1876.

From 1838 to 1855 the ship was successively in the Atlantic, the Asiatic, the Mediterranean, and the African squadrons, with occasional visits to home ports for repairs. Her commander in China was Captain John Percival, who, as a boy of seventeen before the mast, had been impressed by the English from an American merchant-ship. By his intelligence and energy Percival rose in the English service, and was captain of the foretop on Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar. As the Constitution went out to China by the way of Cape Horn, and returned through the India seas, her voyage extended completely around the globe. Her cruising days may be said to have ended with her return to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1855, where she lay housed over until the outbreak of the rebellion, when she was taken to Annapolis. Once more she made one of her miraculous escapes. She was nearly defenseless, and the opportune arrival of

the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, under General Butler, saved her from falling into the hands of the Confederates. Her moorings were slipped, and she was towed over the bar by a steamer seized from Confederate owners. A tug from Havre de Grace carried her to New York, whence she was taken to Newport as a school-ship for the Naval Academy. In 1871 she was moved to Philadelphia, and there rebuilt for the Exposition of 1876. She made a voyage to Havre in 1878 for the purpose of transporting goods to the Paris Exposition, and her return early in 1879 was, as usual, full of incident. With a cargo of goods on board she ran aground at Ballard's Point, England, only a few hours out from Havre, and had to be taken to an English dockyard for examination. A few days later, when clear of the Channel, her rudder-head was wrenched off, and she put into Lisbon for repairs. The voyage to New York ended on May 24, 1879. After use for a short time as a training-vessel for naval apprentices, she was taken to Portsmouth, N. H., where she remained, housed over as a receiving-ship, until she was brought to Boston on September 18, 1897. Frequent rebuilding and renewal of parts have changed her hull much as the human body is said to change with time, though the keel and floor timbers are those which thrilled with the shock of the old guns, and floated under Preble, Hull, Bainbridge, Stewart, and a host of other gallant seamen. The model has been carefully preserved.

In reckoning up the services of the Constitution, it is well to consider the condition of the country during the period of her greatest activity. When she was built, the nation was only a handful of scattered colonies, without experience in wielding the instrument of government framed with infinite pains by our forefathers to foster and strengthen common interests and common action. There were no railroads or telegraph wires to bind us closer together, and to bring our States within easy reach of one another. Any measure by the chief executive and legislative powers which affected adversely the commerce of a section was certain to be followed by talk and threats of separation. We had no background of history to draw upon as a reserve force in national crises. If the war of 1812 was the second war of independence, it was likewise the first for the Union. It was thought by many to be unnecessary, but it changed us from provincials to citizens of one great country, and it taught us something about the relation of the separate States to the central government in the organization for war, and thus strengthened the North to withstand the shock of fifty years later. During the first eight years of our existence as a nation we had no navy, and we could not be taken seriously even by the countries with which hundreds of our ships traded. The merchant-ships were prey to any armed vessel which chose to take out of them either men or money. The spectacle of a frigate loaded down with a valuable cargo of merchandise and dollars, and sent as a present to the dey of Algiers to purchase a peaceful trade in the Mediterranean, is the most humiliating in our whole history. The manning of such a vessel by former American slaves of Algiers was the last touch required to complete the picture. Until we had proven our ability to strike hard blows, we were scarcely better off with the European powers. Our rights as neutrals were totally disregarded, and American seamen were taken out of our merchant-ships, and even our war-ships, to a slavery different only in kind from that in the Barbary States.

As the flag-ship of a squadron which effectually broke up the system of tribute to a nest of pirates, the Constitution will forever deserve our gratitude; and as the chief actor in a war which united the country in the maintenance

of its rights as a neutral power and of the immunity of its sailors from capture on the high seas, she must be handed down in bodily presence to our children. Let us take the words of a foreigner for an unprejudiced view of our position in naval matters. An accomplished French admiral writes as follows: "When the American Congress declared war on England in 1812, it seemed as if this unequal conflict would crush her navy in the act of being born; instead, it but fertilized the germ. . . . The English covered the ocean with their cruisers when this unknown navy, composed of six frigates and a few small craft hitherto hardly numbered, dared to establish its cruisers at the mouth of the Channel, in the very centre of the British power. But already the Constitution had captured the Guerriere and the Java, the United States had made a prize of the Macedonian, the Wasp of the Frolic, and the Hornet of the Peacock. The honor of the new flag was established."

It is small wonder we exulted, perhaps too extravagantly, over Hull's victory. May we not say that this triumph so early in the war exerted a strong influence in turning the common people of Massachusetts against the wild talk of separation? The Boston Centinel, which had condemned the war most unsparingly, heartily rejoiced in the achievements "which placed our gallant officers and hardy tars on the very pinnacle of the high hill of honor, and which established the necessity and utility of a navy." "This honor and usefulness must thunder in the ears of the navy-haters in high places. Give us a navy." This ship, launched from a Boston shipyard, commanded by a Yankee sailor, and flying the stars and stripes, had brought home as a trophy the standard of the invincible navy. The charm was broken, and other victories on the sea followed fast, to prove to the world the existence of an independent nation on this side of the Atlantic. If the first triumph had given a "tone and character to the war," the Constitution had done more: she had given tone and character to the nation for all time. Although the treaty at the close of the war of 1812 left us very much where we were before, the actual result was to give us standing before the world and complete freedom on the sea. The English have ever been a brave and chivalrous people, but their respect and consideration have been measured largely by the power of a nation to strike back. Our forefathers' children on both sides of the water have met in friendship and mutual good feeling on the deck of Old Ironsides many times since 1815.

The old ship cannot be dismissed without some reference to her successor in the annals of our history after sails had lost their importance. The Constitution and the Monitor have certain curious points of resemblance and of difference. Both were departures in type from what had gone before, and both wrought great changes in the construction of war-vessels for the navies of Europe. One stands to-day as the most beautiful example of the old sailing frigate; the other was but the crude beginning of the modern battle-ship. Both gained their victories over people of the same race and blood and the same maritime traditions. The Constitution went boldly out from Boston in the face of tremendous odds, and the Monitor left New York as a forlorn hope. It is strange that both should have sailed just before a change of orders could reach them. One is almost persuaded to see in this the hand of a good Providence which favored our country.

The most important effect of victory in both conflicts was a moral one: in the first case putting heart into the nation, and in the second infusing hope and courage into the North. Washington took a deep interest in the construction of the Constitution, and Lincoln's favorable opinion secured the trial of the Mon-

itor. Both ships have served in the fulfillment of our destiny as a great and united nation.

Monuments in wood were thought by the Greeks to be fitting memorials of strife between people of the same blood. The Constitution still survives, — a hull which has renewed itself with every generation as our most precious memorial of the nation's glory. Let those who fear the temptations of a growing navy contrast our foreign relations before the coming of the Constitution and our present position in the family of nations. The lack of ships then carried us swiftly into war, as the possession of them now will form the surest pledge of peace.

Ira N. Hollis.

FAIR ENGLAND.

WHITE England shouldering from the sea,
Green England in thy rainy veil,
Old island-nest of Liberty
And loveliest Song, all hail!

God guard thee long from scath and grief!
Not any wish of ours would mar
One richly glooming ivy-leaf,
One rosy daisy-star.

What! phantoms are we, spectre-thin,
Unfathered, out of nothing born?
Did Being in this world begin
With blaze of yestermorn?

Nay! sacred Life, a scarlet thread,
Through lost unnumbered lives has run;
No strength can tear us from the dead;
The sire is in the son.

Nay! through the years God's purpose glides,
And links in sequence deed with deed;
Hoar Time along his chaplet slides
Bead after jewel-bead.

O brother, breathing English air!
If both be just, if both be free,
A lordlier heritage we share
Than any earth can be:

If hearts be high, if hands be pure,
A bond unseen shall bind us still, —
The only bond that can endure,
Being welded with God's will!

A bond unseen! and yet God speed
The apparent sign, when He finds good;
When in His sight it types indeed
That inward brotherhood.

For not the rose-and-emerald bow
Can bid the battling storm to cease,
But leaps at last, that all may know
The sign, not source, of peace.

Oh, what shall shameful peace avail,
If east or west, if there or here,
Men sprung of ancient England fail
To hold their birthright dear?

If west or east, if here or there,
Brute Mammon sit in Freedom's place,
And judge a wailing world's despair
With hard, averted face?

O great Co-heir, whose lot is cast
Beside the hearthstone loved of yore!
Inherit with us that best Past
That lives for evermore!

Inherit with us! Lo, the days
Are evil; who may know the end?
Strike hands, and dare the darkening ways,
Twin strengths, with God to friend!

Helen Gray Cone.

DEMOCRACY AND THE LABORING MAN.

THE unexpected weakness of democratic government is its belief in the efficiency of law-making. It seems possessed with the idea that statutes can amend both nature and human nature. The state legislatures even more than Congress have erred in this particular, and the error has not been confined, or mainly confined, to either political party.

There is no class in the community so well organized, politically speaking, as that of industrial labor; that is, there is no large body of voters so ready to demand and so able to effect legislation. As a consequence, no other field of our experimenting affords such interest to the student of society. Quite singularly here have we got down to first principles; and those basic propositions which usually appear as mere generalities in the bills of rights of the several state constitutions or in the first general set of amendments to the national Constitution, or even those of the Declaration of Independence itself, are now actually discussed in our courts as they are called upon to test statutes which seek to control the whole of our citizens for the

well-being of a part. Through our earnest desire to ameliorate the condition of the handicraftsman, we are in danger of reviving mediæval restrictions, or of refurbishing musty contrivances of old guilds or devices of feudal lords, to suit the immediate purpose of the more thoughtless leaders of the masses.

It results from the essential, fundamental nature of this movement that no other branch of our law-making has been so much questioned upon constitutional grounds. The growth of constitutional law in the state and federal courts of this country in the past decade has probably equaled that of the entire century preceding. Not only that, but the courts have had to discuss first principles, which had hardly been thought of since they lay in the minds of Hamilton and Jefferson, Marshall and Bushrod Washington, at the period when our constitutions were adopted. Our legislatures are somewhat impatient of experience, particularly of the experience of other nations or of older times, — the more that they all have big brothers in the shape of their state supreme courts to fall back upon when they err. As a consequence, the courts have had to do an amount of nullifying work not contemplated by the makers of our Constitution. If this is disagreeable to the men who pass the laws, it is certainly more disagreeable to the judges. Worse than this, large numbers of our people, and notably those who represent the labor interests, are showing signs of impatience, and complaining that the courts are hostile to them.

The figures that follow must be taken as approximate, but a somewhat careful investigation of our legislation has shown that at least 1639 laws affecting labor interests have been passed in the States and Territories during the past ten years. As many of these statutes are several pages long in mere bulk, the legislation is not inconsiderable. In fact, however, it is confined to a small number of principles; that is, to efforts in a few particular directions to regulate human relations, and in still fewer to punish interference with them. But of the statutes attempting to embody these principles in law, a large proportion have been held unconstitutional in some of the States, while of the principles themselves a greater proportion have met this objection.

The broad difficulty with this sort of legislation which has compelled the courts to reject it is a curious one, and may come with something of surprise to those who have not studied it. It is that these statutes have been restrictive of liberty; that is, of private liberty, of the right of a free citizen to use his own property and his own personal powers in such way as he will, if so be that he do not injure others, and to be protected by the state in so doing. It should surprise us now, and it would have surprised our forefathers very much, to learn that this proves to be the direction in which our legislatures most often err. But there is no doubt that democracies in other nations than our own, when suddenly entrusted with sovereign powers, betray a distinct inclination to tyrannize; of course, as they suppose, for the general good.

There is no department in which the science of legislation is progressive today, in which new laws are being formulated and new principles recognized or enacted into law, except the one that in a general way we may term "sociology;" the department which governs the social relations and provides for the material well-being of the masses of the people. Therefore, it should not discourage us to learn that of the 1639 laws above mentioned as having been passed in the last ten years, 114 specific statutes have been declared unconstitutional; while of the forty-three lines of action in which legislation has been essayed, the constitutionality of no less than twenty-three is, speaking mildly, in doubt.

It is the purpose of this article to study the lines upon which the state has

thus far intervened in the labor question; which means, to sketch those lines in which legislation has been tried and has succeeded, or has been nullified by the courts. At first sight, the lines of such interference by law do not appear very strange, nor the statutes themselves especially subversive. The largest class of these statutes is made up of the detailed laws for regulating the sanitary condition of factories, the constitutionality of which was established in England, though against great opposition, some sixty years ago, and, in the case of large factories, has never been questioned in this country. It includes the immense number of statutory regulations aimed at the preservation of the health or morals of factory employees. Of such statutes there have been enacted at least a thousand octavo pages in bulk, throughout the country, in the last ten years. They exist in all States except a few in the South and West, where there are practically no factories, and, curiously enough, New Hampshire; and they comprise not fewer than 146 chapters of legislation. There has been no decision holding any one of these unconstitutional; but in the case of the regulation of mines, about which laws are almost equally numerous (sixty-five chapters of statutes in thirty-three States), a recent Pennsylvania statute, which provided for the enforced employment of a state inspector, not chosen by the mine-owner, and then made the latter liable to his operatives for damages due to the inspector's negligence, has been recently declared unconstitutional by a lower state court.

The most important line in which the aid of legislation has been sought by the labor interests is that of enforced restriction by the state of hours of labor. There has been so much loose discussion of eight or nine hour laws, for the last few years, that the public have possibly been led into a delusion as to the position of free countries on this question. It seems to be commonly supposed that laws making it criminal or penal to employ the labor of male citizens of full age more than a certain fixed period per day have been usual in countries enjoying constitutional liberty; whereas the exact contrary is the case. An autocratic government, like that of the German emperor, may doubtless do what it likes; but, with the possible exception of New Zealand, where a policy nearly approaching to state socialism has been adopted by popular majorities, no English-speaking state has yet submitted itself to laws whereby the liberty of a freeman of full age to work as long as he chooses has been thus curtailed; and in our country, as we shall see, such laws, when attempted, have always hitherto been held unconstitutional. The misconception has arisen from the fact that the constitutionality of laws limiting the labor of women and minor children, who are in theory favored by the special protection of the state, was long ago sustained in England, and in some of the United States. Such laws, applying mainly to labor in factories and workshops, have existed in both countries for forty or fifty years, and have doubtless had the indirect effect of limiting male laborers of full age in factories to the same working-day hours as women; the reason being that the bulk of factory labor is that of women and children, and that it is not economical — often it is impossible — to employ the small number of adult males after the other hands have been dismissed. When people speak of eight or nine hour laws, they usually mean those laws which apply exclusively to factory labor, not to agricultural or domestic or individual service, and only to such factory labor as is furnished by women or children. Where laws go beyond this (subject to a few minor exceptions instituted in the interest of the public safety, which will be discussed later), they are exceptional, if not unconstitutional; and in this country, even such laws as apply only to the labor of women of full age may be unconstitutional, under the

theory that a woman is a full citizen, entitled to all the rights that a man has, except where expressly limited by constitutions or constitutional statutes.

Only two of the States and Territories have hitherto made any effort to prohibit all men from laboring as many hours per diem as they choose to contract for. These States are Nebraska and Colorado; and in Nebraska the statute made an exception of farm or agricultural labor, and did not actually prohibit labor overtime, but merely provided that it should be paid double rates. In Colorado the movement did not even get so far as a statute; but the legislature inquired of the Supreme Court of Colorado, as they had a constitutional right to do, whether a bill which provided that "eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work for all classes of mechanics, working men, or laborers employed in any occupation in the State of Colorado" was constitutional, and also whether an amendment proposed, which limited the act to laborers employed in mines, factories, and smelting-works, would render it constitutional; and the court decided both questions in the negative, holding that it was not competent for the legislature to single out certain industries and impose upon them restrictions from which men otherwise engaged were exempt, and also that both bills violated the rights of parties to make their own contracts, — "a right guarantied by our Bill of Rights, and protected by the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States." The Supreme Court of Illinois has also pronounced against laws limiting the hours of labor of adult citizens, male or female. Georgia is the only other State which has said anything about hours of labor in general; but as the statute of that industrious community limits the length of the working-day to the time between sunrise and sunset, the law has gone unchallenged, though it would probably be declared unconstitutional if the question were raised as to industries where it is necessary to work in the night. These cases have undoubtedly given a quietus in the United States to any attempt to limit generally the time that a grown man may labor.

In several States, however, there is a statute which provides what shall be the length of a working-day, in the absence of a special contract to the contrary or a general usage of any particular trade. There are others where such a period is prescribed, in the absence of contract, as to general industrial or mechanical labor; that is, to labor by the day, and not to farm labor or domestic service. But even this statute has inferentially been held unconstitutional in Nebraska and Illinois, and directly so in Ohio, where the statute applied to the employees of a mine or railroad only, and required that they should work not more than ten hours per diem, and should receive extra pay for overtime; the court holding that "statutes may be, and they sometimes are, held to be unconstitutional, although they contravene no express word of the constitution, as where they strike at the inalienable rights of the citizen so as to infringe the spirit of the instrument, though not its letter." The court held, however, that this one did infringe the letter of the Ohio constitution. Otherwise its position would have been somewhat extreme; for the idea that there is anything in the "spirit" of the constitutions which the courts are to preserve has been strongly denied by the supreme courts of other States, notably that of Massachusetts.

When we get to the attempts of the labor interests to limit the work of men employed by the State or by cities or counties or public municipalities, or even by contractors for them, we find little more encouragement from the courts. No less than nineteen statutes have been passed, by eleven States, limiting the length of the labor day upon all public work to eight hours, or, in Massachusetts and Texas, to nine hours. It ap-

pears clear that the government of a State or city may voluntarily choose to employ its workmen for as short a working-day as it pleases. One would hardly suppose that such statutes were unconstitutional; and they have been held not to be so, as to United States laws, by the United States Supreme Court. Laws of this kind, to be of any effect, must impose a penalty upon the contractor or laborer working more than eight hours, — that is, must make such labor a criminal offense; and our courts are indisposed to allow mere industry to be made a crime. Thus, although California has a constitutional provision making eight hours a legal day in all public work, and requiring city contracts to be made on that basis, when one Kuback, having suffered his workmen to work overtime, was indicted as for a criminal offense, the court, with much indignation, held that this part of the statute was unconstitutional. So, in New York, it was held that a similar statute could not be the basis of a criminal indictment for misdemeanor, — which practically nullifies the law. The result is that we may guess these laws to be unconstitutional in at least six of the eleven States referred to, and possibly in more. The length to which legislatures may go in fostering private interest at the expense of the public is curiously shown in another statute of California, which absolutely forbids any work to be done by contract on public buildings belonging to the State, and makes it necessary for every one, architects apparently included, to be employed by the day; still another provision makes it a felony for a contractor to pay a laborer less than the contractor receives for his work, — a provision which would seem to wipe out the contractor's profits, and reduce him to the condition of merely receiving wages for superintendence of work.

But, generally speaking, the great body of legislation on this subject is concerned with the labor of women and children in factories. The labor of women of full age is restricted to a certain number of hours per day in fifteen States by thirty-seven statutes. Such statutes exist throughout New England, with the exception of Vermont, and in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana. In New England the law ordinarily limits such factory labor to ten hours a day, or sixty hours a week; the same is the case in all the other States mentioned except South Carolina and Georgia, which allow eleven hours per day; but Massachusetts allows only fifty-eight hours per week, Saturday being a short day. There is probably no more vital point than this now disturbing the labor organizations of the country, if not the legislatures. It is the key to the whole problem of the working-day, because the hours of factory labor, even if only of women and minors, largely influence the length of the working-day of other persons in other employments. Although this statute has existed fifty years in England, where at first it aroused the greatest opposition, and was affirmed as constitutional by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts many years ago, it is still doubtful whether it is valid as applied to women of full age in other States. The Supreme Court of Illinois has recently rendered a most elaborate opinion, declaring it to be unconstitutional on the somewhat unexpected ground that a woman being a full citizen under the modern theory (save only as expressly relieved by statute of onerous duties, such as serving in the militia or upon juries), she has all the rights that a man has; and consequently her right to work more than eight hours a day, if she wishes, may not (as handicapping her in the industrial race with persons of the other sex) be arbitrarily taken from her.

It is a picturesque, possibly unexpected, but certainly logical result of the agitation for women's rights that women should lose some of their privileges; and it is very likely that until the Illinois

decision the right to be exempt from factory labor for more than a short working-day, under serious penalty to the employer, was regarded as a privilege and not a handicap. Even under the women's rights movement, no State has yet hazarded or indeed proposed a statute that in matters of private contract a woman's labor should be paid at the same rate per day as a man's. The restriction of her working-day, therefore, does not serve as an excuse to the employer for paying her less; for this he already does, has always done, and in most employments would doubtless continue to do, on the sex distinction alone; but, be it privilege or handicap, it is certainly gone forever in Illinois, and probably in the other States whose constitutions follow the modern theory that a woman is a citizen like a man, and not capable of any special protection under the law. The Supreme Court of Illinois practically held that any legislation which protected women and did not apply to men was class legislation. It denied that men and women could be created into classes under the Constitution. "Male and female created He them," but the court of Illinois re-created them otherwise, — an extraordinary conclusion, surely, but not illogical. The decision has been received by the woman suffrage associations with a silence that is positively oppressive.

A still more striking illustration of modern theories conflicting with ancient ideas is shown in the attempt at prohibiting women by law from serving in occupations injurious to their health or morals. One would suppose that this matter might be considered covered by the police jurisdiction of legislatures; yet it has been questioned, and in California an ordinance of the city of San Francisco, providing that no woman should be employed to serve liquor in retail liquor-shops, was held unconstitutional. Only four States have adopted such a statute; and in Louisiana it has apparently been sustained, as well as in the two recent cases arising in the States of Washington and Ohio; one may hope that these will be followed in future decisions. Upon a similar basis must rest the statute, now being rapidly adopted throughout the country, requiring that seats shall be supplied to female employees in shops, stores, and factories, and providing for separate toilet-rooms, stairways, etc. Thirty-four such statutes have been passed in twenty-two States, and no court has questioned them.

When we come to the limiting of the working-day of minors, male or female, in factories, we have at last no constitutional difficulty to face; and at least sixty-seven statutes with this aim have been passed in twenty-two States. Even here the question of policy comes up, and the conflict of opinion in various sections of the country is very striking. Besides the States mentioned as limiting the factory day for women of full age, New England and the North generally have statutes which apply to minors only, while most of the Pacific, Rocky Mountain, and Southern States have no such laws. The fact has already been adverted to that Massachusetts has a working period shorter by two hours in the week than that of any other State. The labor unions themselves have come to the conclusion that they cannot go further in Massachusetts without injuring its industry in comparison with that of other States; and many bills introduced for the purpose of reducing the day's labor below ten hours have been defeated in the last few years, largely by the influence of the unions; on the other hand, they are with propriety seeking to persuade the States which have no such statutes to adopt them.

Now, nearly all the States in the Union have established boards of commissioners for bringing about uniformity of law throughout the States, whose duties are to meet and devise statutes identical in terms upon subjects wherein

uniformity may wisely be desired ; and having prepared such statutes, to use their influence for the adoption of them in their respective States. Two years ago, urged thereto by the labor unions, the Massachusetts legislature passed a resolution instructing its Commissioners upon Uniformity of Legislation to bring before the next national conference the desirability of factory legislation in other States ; that is, of inducing the South and West to adopt what is commonly known as the ten-hour law. The Massachusetts commissioners brought this up in the national conference which was held at Detroit in the summer of 1895, but they met with the vigorous and nearly unanimous opposition of the Southern and Western States. The fact is that while the labor interest is strong enough to bring about reasonable legislation in some States, it cannot overcome the desire of the States which have no large manufactories to establish new industries by allowing a freer hand to capital ; and the result is that, particularly in the South, mill-owners may work their operatives eleven or twelve hours a day, or even more. Not only this, but most of the legislation which forms the subject of this article, and which undoubtedly has the effect somewhat to hamper employers, does not exist in those States ; and there is even an extraordinarily liberal exemption from taxation for new industrial enterprises, often lasting as long as ten years. Hence, the labor reformers have got to a point in New England where it is unsafe for them to proceed further until they have secured the adoption of their ideas in the rest of the country.

"Sweat-shops" are defined to be rooms or residences, not factories, in which industrial occupations are carried on. The general health regulation of cities takes up an immense body of legislation, which, as it concerns ordinary sanitary matters rather than labor, we need not consider in this article ; but several States have already adopted laws, and in others laws are pending, which interfere with the conduct of certain industries, or sometimes any industry, in a house or tenement. Now, "an Englishman's house is his castle ;" moreover, the dearest hope of philanthropists, in the early half of this century, was to do away with the factory system, and to reintroduce domestic labor, as by power-wheels, looms, or lathes, in a man's own home, — a hope that now seems more than ever possible of realization, owing to the facility of cheaply subdividing electrical power. It is easy to see that any statutes aimed at sweat-shops will be apt to cover also labor in a man's own home.

Up to the beginning of this year legislation of this sort had been begun in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Illinois ; it is generally aimed at labor upon special commodities, such as clothing, tobacco, and artificial flowers, and makes any dwelling-house or tenement where such work is carried on subject to official inspection, — providing that no room occupied for sleeping or eating purposes can be used for manufacturing except by members of the family living therein, and sometimes prohibiting the manufacture of certain articles, such as cigars, upon a floor any part of which is occupied for residence. In New York and Illinois the statute was pronounced unconstitutional. The question, What is a tenement ? is, of course, important in connection with such legislation. In New York a statute was passed declaring that any building occupied by more than three families should be held to be a tenement-house, and subject to regulation. It is probable that in the future the sanitary regulation of sweat-shops, properly so called, — that is, houses or rooms where a considerable number of operatives not in residence in the house are employed, — will be pretty freely admitted ; but a law which prevents a person or his family from conducting any work they choose in their

own home or tenement will not be likely to stand unless the occupation itself is positively dangerous to the health of the community.

Perhaps the most surprising direction in which our labor leaders have secured legislation is that of the regulation by the State of the labor contract itself, and the strengthening of restrictive unions and combinations by the hands of the law. The whole history of the past is summed up in the emancipation of the individual freeman from the guild, of the trader from restraints of trade, of the town merchant from the chartered companies. The economic history of the past consists in the throwing down of all barriers by which laborers were excluded from the labor market; in the wiping out of the interminable and vexatious restrictions and regulations which hampered trade as between man and man, between town and country, between master and apprentice, between the privileged member of a guild and the ordinary freeman. There should be a proverb, "As short as the memory of an agitator;" for it was as late as August 4, 1789, that this reform was accomplished in France under the tocsin of the Revolution, while in England, owing to the greater liberty citizens had previously enjoyed, its completion took place fifty years later. A French historian speaks of "the glorious night of the 4th of August, which made good the demands of the laboring classes for the freedom of individuals as against absolutism, and for the abstinence from every encroachment by a positive economic legislation upon free economic life." It took a millennium to bring this about; but apparently a century has sufficed to turn labor unions against it.

As constitutions speak primarily for freedom, — freedom of the man against the mass to-day, as formerly for freedom of the mass against the man, — it is not surprising to find this kind of progress backward condemned by the courts most often of all our crude attempts at outworn solutions of perduring problems.

The interference of the State with labor contracts is growing to be something extraordinary throughout the Union. Ten laws, in nine States, provide that when an employer requires from an employee a day's or week's or month's notice of quitting employment, he may not discharge the employee, although drunk or incompetent, without giving him corresponding notice or payment of wages for the full time, even when written consent is given to such an arrangement. These laws have been declared unconstitutional by express decision in one State, and by implication in two others. Ohio and Massachusetts provide against the withholding of wages for bad work, as by fines to weavers, or penalties for damage of machinery and tools. The Massachusetts court at first held this provision unconstitutional, and the statute was slightly amended to meet its views; but under the stricter Western view it is undeniably class legislation, and the Ohio statute is probably invalid.

Next, we come to the mass of legislation which attempts to prescribe the time, money, and nature of payment of the workman by his employer. It is well known that the most prolific cause of strikes in recent years, except perhaps the employment of non-union men, is the insistence of railroads or corporations, which is at first sight reasonable, upon their right to pay a skilled workman higher wages than a bungler. Union labor is intolerant of excellence; it seeks an average. In the same way, it is very impatient of all payment which is reckoned, not upon the number of days' labor, but upon the value of its output. Mining companies, in particular, have evoked its resistance on this point, from their desire to pay the miner for the weight of coal his day's work has actually turned out at the pit's mouth. On the other side, it must be said that there is doubtless some fraud in the rejecting

of coal or ore under the plea that it is not up to standard. No less than thirteen States have passed laws regulating or forbidding payment by weight of coal or ore, or providing that it shall be weighed before being screened, or sifted, or appraised; with a system of state inspection, weighing and measuring, at the employer's expense; so that the parties cannot evade these provisions even by voluntary contract. These statutes have been expressly annulled in four States out of the thirteen, and by implication in eight others, leaving only one where the law is probably valid.

Then there is a mass of legislation as to the time when or the currency in which the employer shall pay, — weekly, fortnightly, or at least monthly. Undoubtedly such statutes seem wise, despite the inconvenience of requiring an employer to pay everybody — as, for instance, his coachman or his trusted clerk — by the week instead of by the month. Yet the danger of interfering in small affairs with human freedom was curiously shown in this very matter in the panic of 1893 in Chicago. The great employers of that city found themselves absolutely without cash, and hundreds of thousands of workmen were in danger of starving; for even if the mills and workshops were kept open, wages could not be paid in money. As a benevolent act, a number of employers got together, and at a mass meeting announced, amid the cheers of the multitude, that the danger of closing the mills had been averted, and that money enough had been obtained to insure the payment of wages, — fifty per cent in cash, and fifty per cent in checks or orders which were as good as cash. The wage-earners went home happy, — only to find on the next morning that the wise legislature which represented them had made such an arrangement between master and workman a *criminal compact*, for which the former was liable to be heavily mulcted, and even to be imprisoned.

After some months, when the legislature met, the law was repealed; but in the meantime the Supreme Court of Illinois had found it unconstitutional. Such legislation has since been declared unconstitutional in five other States expressly, and by implication in three more, and has been affirmed in only three of the seventeen States in which it exists, — among them, however, Massachusetts. There are no less than forty-two laws upon this subject in our country; and there are fifty-five other statutes requiring that all wages and salaries shall be paid in money, legal tender, not in checks, or orders for supplies, or credit upon a store or for rents or for any commodity.

The intention of these statutes is most excellent; they are aimed against the establishment of a credit tyranny over the workmen. Yet out of eighteen States only one has sustained such legislation, while six expressly, ten impliedly, have annulled it as against the freedom of the American citizen. Still more reasonable seems the intent of seventeen other statutes in sixteen States, against the maintenance of general stores by employers of labor, at which the workman is tacitly invited to trade and run up an account. But so great is the conservatism of our Western courts, or at least so unwilling are they to put it out of the power of an American citizen to do anything he chooses or to trade where and how he will, that in four States the law has been annulled; and, by implication, it is bad in eleven of the others.

The task would be endless to go through all the kinds of tinkering which our legislatures have sought to impose on the industrial relations of their constituents. Dozens of bills are introduced in our state legislatures every year where one is enacted; of those that are enacted probably more than half turn to waste paper in the courts, and it was known that this would be their fate when they were first engrossed. Yet every legis-

lature has its demagogue who makes political capital of such bills, and its majority of cowards who refuse to go on record as objecting to them, relying consciously on the greater courage of judges, upon whom unjustly, and against all meaning of our constitution of government, this duty of "Devil's Advocate" is thus imposed.

It must not be thought, however, that the courts are always retroactive in labor questions. In the most important matters of all they have been very progressive. In fact, one may say that the great reforms legalizing trades unions and removing strikes from the law of criminal conspiracy have been brought about in this country by decisions of the courts, while in England they were effected by acts of Parliament. Under the common law as it existed in England, until recently, trades unions were illegal; but this was set right in the United States soon after the Revolution; and the courts have done all they can to further the modern enlightened opinion that the best way to handle labor disputes is to recognize both sides in the law, and gain reasonable adjustment of labor differences, as well as the honest carrying out of such adjustment when made, by the establishment of responsible bodies of organized labor, duly chartered by the state statutes. Almost every State in the Union has such statutes, authorizing the formation of labor unions, — Knights of Labor, Farmer's Alliances, and similar bodies; and in no State have the courts questioned them. In fact, the earlier statutes themselves but carried out the decisions of our courts in the first part of the century, when they fully vindicated the right of laboring men to organize and even to act in concert for the bettering of their own condition or the increase of their wages, so long as they do not interfere with other citizens or run counter to federal laws.

The labor unions, however, have gone further than this, and have sought to get special protection of organized labor at the hands of the State by having statutes passed which restrain employers not only from discharging men because they are members of labor unions, but from requiring as a condition that their workmen should not join such unions; or even by the further step of preventing employers from making free choice in engaging their help among non-union men; and while there is no legislation yet, bills have been introduced by labor leaders which in effect would put non-union men at the actual mercy of the trades unions, as by legalizing strikes or boycotts against them. Such legislation is probably unconstitutional, and has been definitely so held already in the State of Missouri; and the courts of at least four of the ten other States which have tried it will probably follow the Missouri decision. To make it a misdemeanor for an employer to exercise his choice of workmen would indeed seem to be going further than the sentiment of a free country should permit.

Union labels — that is, the recognition by statute of the right of union labor to stamp its output with a trademark indicating that it is made under union conditions, or what is called "fair work" — have been expressly recognized by the legislation of nearly all our States, and their infringement has been penalized, as in case of the infringement of a patent right. Twenty-four States have already passed such statutes, and others are rapidly following. Legislation of this kind is welcome, though it would seem that the union thus acquiring a property right should, in fairness, become legally organized itself; but when labor interests take the step of hindering fair relations between employer and employed, and insurance against accident, old age, or disability, by making impossible the institution of those insurance or benefit funds which have been successfully working for many years, in some States, particularly in the case of the larger

railroads, it seems that they have their faces set against progress once more. Four States have passed statutes forbidding the institution of insurance or benefit funds, even when the employees make their contributions voluntarily, and the corporation gives a large amount; while only two States have so far passed statutes allowing it. Yet these insurance and benevolent funds have been eagerly desired by labor leaders in Europe; Mr. Chamberlain's bill, just enacted by a conservative ministry in England, evoked criticism only because it was compulsory; and it may be remarked that three of the four States referred to have already, through their courts, declared the prohibition of such funds unconstitutional.

We have left the great subject of strikes to the last. Undoubtedly, our radical labor unions will be glad of statutes which make legal and proper any kind of combination to strike, or to boycott employers, or to control fellow workmen. The British Parliament has recently gone very far in this direction, by making any combination in labor disputes, of however many persons, and although aimed specifically against other persons, not an unlawful conspiracy unless the acts committed by the members of the combination are criminal offenses in themselves. This act applies only to industrial labor, not to agricultural labor, and still less to other matters than labor disputes. It would consequently be unconstitutional in this country, where most of our written constitutions forbid class legislation and special privileges. Nevertheless, one State (Maryland) has gone to the length of copying the English statute; and there are seven others which have amended the law of conspiracy by providing that there must be an overt act, criminal and unlawful in itself, in all cases of combination, to make the persons combining guilty of a conspiracy. This statute is not unconstitutional where it applies, as it usually does, to combinations of all classes of persons; but it is somewhat difficult to reconcile it with the legislation against trusts, which generally exists in the same States, whereby any combination of employers or manufacturers is made a criminal offense, as even by setting a price for a line of goods or a rate of transportation, — which obviously any one person or corporation for itself alone would necessarily have the right to do, in any free country.

Further and still more radical statutes have been enacted in the direction not only of legalizing strikes and boycotts, but even of making it impossible to prevent the disorder and destruction of property which may result therefrom. The State of Nebraska has passed a statute which practically wipes out all chancery powers and all equity jurisdiction. Under this statute, it would seem that if a body of strikers go even to the length of stopping railway trains and preventing interstate commerce, after an injunction has been obtained by the district attorney or the railway, they cannot be permanently detained for disobedience of it, or restrained by any equity process, at the time, but can only be once arrested, and then immediately discharged, under a common appeal-bond, to await their trial as for a criminal action before a jury many months after the riot has ceased. Of similar intent is the provision inserted in the constitution of Colorado, and enacted by statute in Missouri, which in substance makes it a criminal offense for any owner of property to employ watchmen, private police, or Pinkerton men to protect life or property where the local authorities fail or refuse to do so.

The enactment of these two statutes side by side would paralyze the "resources of civilization," the arm of the law, and would make criminal that right of self-protection which was inherent in Saxon freemen before modern law began. The fact that, through the bungling

of Congress, the judicial branch of the government was led into the exercise of power properly appertaining to the executive — if such were the fact — would be no excuse for blind legislation like this. It gives the desired pretext to Mr. Debs to argue that we have lost our freedom; to say that he "was enjoined off the face of the earth," when in fact he was enjoined from trespassing on a particular lot of private property. The Court of Chancery is the only power, in English civilization, which can compel a man affirmatively to carry out his contract or abstain from wrong to others, — too essential a power to any civilization to be abandoned wholly, even when, for the nonce, it is abused.

The reader may think that we have about exhausted the legislation of recent years upon the labor question. Such is not the case, however; and there is quite a mass of it left untouched. It is necessary only to mention the extraordinary number of statutes which exist, seeking to give special advantages, privileges, preferences, peculiar political rights, or peculiar educational rights to those engaged in manual labor. (It is a curious thing, by the way, that the great body of clerks, office employees, even salesmen in stores, though nearly equal to industrial laborers in number, have hardly been considered by our legislation. Except for a very few recent statutes in a few States restricting the hours of labor of saleswomen, and the law requiring that they shall be furnished with seats, our law-makers have not concerned themselves with them any more than they have with farm laborers, — possibly because the majority of the former are women and children not having votes, possibly because they are not duly organized into "knighthoods" or "federations.")

From these statutes we go on to the laws giving wage creditors preference, sometimes even over farm laborers, clerks, or domestic servants; while, on the other hand, in all States, wages themselves, to a very considerable amount, are exempt from execution or attachment by the creditor of the laborer. The exemption has grown so large in some Western States that practically no property is liable for debt except money invested in stocks and bonds; and the State of Wyoming, for instance, has found it necessary to pass a law forbidding the assignment of debts to creditors living out of the State, — that being the only method by which a claim can be collected against any person not a millionaire, in that honest commonwealth. This statute is probably unconstitutional. Then there are statutes providing that if a person has a claim for manual services, he may get special attorneys' fees from the defendant, shall be entitled to a hearing of his action before all other actions, shall have no exemptions of property valid against him even in the hands of persons as poor as himself; and in case the defendant is a corporation, every individual stockholder, although a widow or an orphan, shall be liable personally and alone for the amount. No security for costs is required of the happy plaintiff in labor actions; laws against trusts and combinations do not apply to him; his agricultural products are entitled to special rates on the railways, and he himself to a free passage if he go with the cattle he ships. I find about a dozen States with such laws, recently passed, in four of which, however, some of them have already been held unconstitutional by the local courts.

Lastly, we have the efforts made by laborers who are citizens to prevent aliens from getting employment. Three States (California, Nevada, and Idaho) have passed statutes that no alien can be employed by any corporation in the State. The law was annulled in California by the strong arm of the federal court. Seven States have passed laws that no alien can be employed on any public work, or in any labor that the State, county, city, or town is to pay

for; and in two of them the courts have already annulled the law. Three States have attempted to pass laws, independently of the national government, forbidding the immigration into the State, although from another State, of persons who are aliens and under contract to labor therein. One may safely say that this legislation will vanish when it first appears in the federal court-room.

There are no less than twenty-three States which seek specially to protect the industrial laborer from undue influence upon election days. He must be given time to vote; no threat of stopping the mill, or hope of opening it, must be expressed by his employer; nothing political must be printed on the envelope in which he receives his wage-money; he must be allowed to be a candidate himself without losing his place; and various other safeguards are thrown round him, all of which are fair enough, though one would suppose that the mill operative is as well able to look out for himself, politically and industrially, as the domestic servant or the farm laborer, yet unrecognized in our legislation.

Now what is the outcome of all this? We have run over a mass of legislation which exists in every State of the Union, and covers no less than 1639 laws, all of which have been enacted during the past ten years. The general characteristic of all of them, though some are harmless enough, is that they seek —

(1.) *To give the industrial laborer special privileges;* or

(2.) *To control his actions, or the actions of his employers or of other employers, in his peculiar interest.*

When in doing this they have clashed with the old inherited freedom of the Anglo-Saxon freeman the courts have been forced to hold them invalid; and thus we have this extraordinary result, which perhaps justifies the superficial complaint of the labor agitator that the courts are against him. We have discussed some thirty-five classes or kinds of legislation essayed in the interest of the industrial employee. Of these thirty-five classes, in one or another State no less than nineteen have been held, as to one law or several laws, inconsistent with the state or federal constitution. If we assume that each court decision was right, and will be followed in other States, we find that no less than fifty-six per cent of the legislation has been annulled by the courts. We cannot assume this, of course, especially as in some of the States the courts have taken a different view; but we may assume that where there are more than one or two decisions on the same kind of law in different States, holding the law invalid, such is the general constitutional law throughout the Union. Even according to this test, an immense amount of legislative activity has been rendered idle and vain by the judicial branch of our government.

But before drawing a moral, let us for one moment consider what the legislatures have done in the other direction; that is, either in the direction of affirming liberty and protecting classes from classes or individuals from individuals, or in the still more hopeful direction of bettering industrial conditions by positive legislation of the beneficial sort, — legislation which is constructive rather than restrictive. The tale here is short enough. Beyond the one great statute, now happily adopted by nearly half our States, which legalizes arbitration and conciliation in labor disputes, and provides machinery for it, the only legislation which we can point to is that enacted by a dozen or more States, expressly affirming or defining the right of the American citizen to employment free from intimidation or molestation. Such statutes, indeed, but enact the common law; nevertheless, their existence is a hopeful sign. Thus, we find in Maine and Massachusetts that threats, intimidation, or coercion are forbidden both to the employer and to the employee. In Massachusetts they are specially forbidden as from labor unions

to individual laborers, while in New England, New York, and the Northern States generally it is made a penal offense to prevent any person from entering into or continuing in the employment of any other person, or to prevent the employer from employing him, or to interfere in any way with his lawful trade, his tools, or his property, or to conspire to compel another to employ or discharge any person, or in any way alter his mode of business. This last statute exists only in Oregon, the Dakotas, and Oklahoma. It probably was not passed by other States because they were aware that it was already the law of the land. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and a few Western States have statutes expressly permitting lawful and peaceable strikes, but such statutes are not necessary in our country, whatever may once have been the case in England; the same remarks apply to the statute existing in New York and the Northwest against boycotting, — which, being a conspiracy to do a private wrong, has always been "against the peace," whether of kingdom or of republic. Many States have statutes against blacklisting, which is the same offense reversed; that is, it is a combination of employers to prevent a discharged employee, or a number of employees, from getting new employment. Georgia has gone to the length of requiring a corporation discharging an employee to furnish him with a written analysis of the defects of character which led to his discharge; but, with corresponding luminosity, the high court of that State has declared that if the right to free speech exists in the North, there is a similar right in the South to silence; and that the free-born American may "shut up" about his own business, and not be haled into court to discover how he manages it. But these three classes of legislation are all; namely, provision for arbitration, prevention of intimidation, prevention of boycotting and blacklisting.

This legislation is in the line of reasserting individualism. As we have given the number of restrictive laws, it may be well also to enumerate laws which we may call emancipative or protective; that is, those that assert common law principles of personal liberty. They number in all ninety-nine, and exist in about twenty States. A slight distinction may be made between them and the statutes of the constructive sort, such as acts legalizing labor unions and creating boards of arbitration. There are about one hundred and forty-two such acts, twenty-three of which are concerned with state boards of arbitration.

In the line of state socialism we find very little. Despite Mr. Bellamy's ponderous romance, based upon the easy fairyland expedient of calling the average production of a man four thousand dollars when it is really about six hundred, the American citizen is not yet a socialist. Agricultural experiment stations have been established at the state expense; and agricultural lectures in the West, evening lectures, with stereopticon accompaniment, to industrial laborers in the East, are also often provided for, as well as local libraries and trade schools. This is well enough. Then there are farmers' institutes with appropriations; bounties for the destruction of a long list of noxious animals, including English sparrows, and of insects, weeds and thistles; and laws subjecting private land to the exploitation of local irrigation companies, — all, perhaps, allowable.

We find provisions, beside, for state aid to needy farmers in regions affected by drought, and to sufferers from fire or flood, — also appropriations for seed grain, potatoes, or the seed of any crop; bonds are issued by counties or States, in North Dakota even by townships, to purchase seed for farmers. State bounties for production are beginning to make their appearance; among the articles so far favored are beet-root sugar, canaigre leather, potato starch, silk cocoons, binding-twine, spinning-fibres, sorghum, and

chicory. The State of Nebraska, however, has given up the silk industry, and last May passed an act authorizing the executive to sell the plant already established for what it might be worth, or to give it to the United States government, provided the latter would agree to run it, while the state-paid specialists on silk, who were to learn the business and give free education to others, have apparently "lost their job." All this would seem to be in the nature either of class legislation, or of engaging the State in private business.

Lastly, we are beginning to have employment bureaus conducted by the State, whose duty it shall be to furnish the unemployed with employment. Bills to this end have been proposed in several States, but only in Montana and Utah have they yet been enacted; though Massachusetts created a commission to inquire into the state of the "unemployed." We seem to be on the verge of a general legislative movement which will throw upon the State the permanent duty of inquiring whether all its able-bodied citizens are employed at satisfactory wages, and if not, why not; and of finding for them, or such of them as are not satisfied, positions suited to their tastes or abilities; or, if that prove impossible, of creating for them some labor by "anticipation of necessary public work." To those who believe, with Thomas Jefferson, that in such sad cases the duty of the State, as such, ends with the distribution of bread *in forma pauperis*, — that is, with almshouses and asylums, — the advance is a far one indeed. But it is reassuring to find these statutes so few in number. Only thirty-six laws embodying a state socialistic principle have been passed in the whole forty-eight States and Territories of the Union in the last ten years, and these are confined mainly to seven or eight States in the extreme West. One cannot deny, nevertheless, that they show a tendency to grow in number, and it is national legislation which has set the bad example; although obviously, under our constitutional government, the federal authorities may do many things, as, for instance, the establishment of bounties and the regulation of interstate commerce, which the States under their constitutions probably cannot do.

But this is of the future; let us return to the present. What strikes us most upon this consideration is that the charge which our laboring people are beginning to make, that our courts are unfavorable to their interests, while justified by the facts upon the surface, is unsustained by a more careful study. It is our legislatures that are at fault, — our legislatures, playing politics. Some of their laws are like the crude experiments of a schoolboy constructing his scheme of remedies upon a slate. Labor leaders distrust experience, socialists detest lucidity, and our temporary law-makers desire to appear "friendly to labor." Underlying all this are the fundamental misconceptions of the time: that the State, because it is a democracy, may wisely tyrannize over its members; that a government, because instituted by and for the people, has the duty of bringing dollars to their private pockets. Of the thirty-five classes of edicts alluded to in this article, perhaps a dozen are wise and proper for a free people; these will stand while the others are winnowed away in the trial.

Yet, patience: they may have done us high service in the disappearing; we have been taught thereby. And if it be a court that blows the chaff away, blame not the judiciary, our third estate, that it acts openly, American-like, man-fashion; civic courage in a nation is what moral courage is in an individual; and of such courage our nation stands in greatest need.

F. J. Stimson.

PECULIARITIES OF AMERICAN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

In trying to deduce from American examples some idea of the probable influence of modern democracy on city government, we have to bear in mind that the municipal history of America differs greatly from that of Europe. In Europe, as a general rule, municipalities either existed before the state or grew up in spite of the state; that is, they were fresh attempts to keep alive the sparks of civilization in the Middle Ages, before anything worthy of the name of a state had been organized, or else they sprang into being as a refuge from or a protest against state despotism. In either case they always had a life of their own, and often a very vigorous and active life. No European city can be said to have owed its growth to the care or authority of the central power. Both kings and nobles looked on cities with suspicion and jealousy; charters were granted, in the main, with reluctance, and often had to be maintained or extorted by force of arms. These classes recognized liberties or franchises which already existed, rather than granted new privileges or powers. Municipal life was either an inheritance from the Roman Empire, or an attempt at social reorganization in a period of general anarchy.

American cities, on the contrary, are without exception the creations of a state; they have grown up either under state supervision or through state instigation; that is, they owe their origin and constitution to the government. Their charters have usually been devised or influenced by people who did not expect to live in the cities, and who had no personal knowledge of their special needs. In other words, an American municipal charter has been rather the embodiment of an *a priori* view of the kind of thing a city ought to be, than a legal recognition of preëxisting wants and customs. The complete predominance of the state has been a leading idea in the construction of all American charters. No legislature has been willing to encourage the growth of an independent municipal life. No charter has been looked on as a finality or as organic law. In fact, the modification or alteration of charters has been a favorite occupation of all legislatures, stimulated by the rapid growth of the cities and by the absence of all historical experience of municipal life.

The idea most prominent in American municipal history is that cities are simply places in which population is more than usually concentrated. Down to the outbreak of the war this view worked fairly well in most cases. The cities were small, their wants were few, and the inhabitants had little or no thought of any organization differing much from ordinary town government. Gas, water, police, and street-cleaning had not become distinct municipal needs. Pigs were loose in the streets of New York until 1830, and Boston had no mayor until 1822. Generally, too, the government was administered by local notables. Immigration had not begun to make itself seriously felt until 1846, and down to 1830, at least, it was held an honor to be a New York alderman. For the work of governing cities or making charters for them, the average country legislator was considered abundantly competent. It presented none of what we now call "problems." The result was that new or altered charters were very frequent. The treatment of the city as a separate entity, with wants and wishes of its own and entitled to a voice in the management of its own affairs, was something unknown or unfamiliar. In 1857, when, under the influence of the rising tide of immigration, the affairs of New York as

a municipality seemed to become unmanageable, the only remedy thought of was the appointment of state commissioners to take into their own hands portions of the city business, such as the police, the construction of a park, and so on.

The crisis in the affairs of the city of New York which is known as the Tweed period was simply the complete breakdown of this old plan of managing the affairs of the city through the legislature. Tweed could hardly have succeeded in his schemes if he had not had the state legislature at his back, and had not been able to procure such changes in the charter as were necessary for his purpose. He pushed his régime to its legitimate consequences. In fact, his career is entitled to the credit of having first made city government a question, or "problem," of American politics. I doubt much whether, previous to his day, any American had considered it as being, or likely to become, a special difficulty of universal suffrage. But his successful rise and troublesome career now presented to the public, in a new and startling light, the impossibility of governing cities effectively by treating them as merely pieces of thickly peopled territory. Ever since his time the municipal problem has been before men's minds as something to be dealt with somehow; but for a long time no one knew exactly how to deal with it.

There was an American way, already well known, of meeting other difficulties of government, but the American way of governing large cities under a pure democracy no one seemed to have considered. The American way of curing all evils had hitherto been simply to turn out the party in power, and try the other. It had always been assumed that the party in power would dread overthrow sufficiently to make it "behave well;" or, if it did not, that its overthrow would act as a warning which would prevent its successor's repeating its errors. This system had always been applied successfully to federal and state affairs; why should it not be applied to city affairs? Accordingly it was so applied to city affairs, without a thought of any other system, down to 1870. But in 1870 it began to dawn on people that party government of great cities would hardly do any longer. City government, it was seen, is in some sense a business enterprise, and must be carried out either by the kind of men one would make directors of a bank or trustees of an estate, or else by highly trained officials; it is like the conduct of an army or a ship.

The first of these methods is not sure to be open any longer in America. One can hardly say that the respect for notables no longer exists in American cities, but it does not exist as a political force or expedient. The habit of considering conspicuous inhabitants as entitled to leading municipal places must be regarded as lost. In a large city conspicuousness is rare, and widespread knowledge of a man's character or fitness for any particular office is difficult. Moreover, among the class which has already made proof of ability in other callings, readiness to undertake onerous public duties is not often to be met with. Consequently, with few exceptions, the government of successful modern cities has to be entrusted to trained experts, and to get trained experts salaries must be large and tenure permanent. A competent professional man cannot, as a rule, be induced to accept a poorly paid place for a short term. Almost as soon as public attention began to be turned to the subject, the practice of seeking these experts through party organizations was recognized as the chief difficulty of the municipal problem in America. In the first place, the most important offices in cities are elective, and the idea that any elective office could be divorced from party, or could be made non-partisan, was wholly unfamiliar to the American mind. Ever since the Union was established, men had always filled offices, if

they could, with persons who agreed with them, and with whom they were in the habit of acting in federal affairs. From the earliest times the Republicans had doubted the fitness of the Federalists, the Whigs that of the Democrats, for any public trust. This feeling, too, had been intensified by the habit, initiated by Jackson, of treating these trusts as rewards for special exertions in the party service. Not only, therefore, in each man's eyes, were members of the opposite party unfit for office, but the offices seemed to belong of right to the members of his own party.

That city offices could be an exception to this rule was an idea which, when first produced twenty-five years ago, was deemed ridiculous, and is even yet not thoroughly established among the mass of the voters. The belief that offices were spoils or perquisites was, unfortunately, most dominant during the years of great immigration which preceded and immediately followed the war, and became imbedded in the minds of the newcomers as peculiarly "American." With this came, not unnaturally, the notion that no one would serve faithfully, in any official place, the party to which he did not belong. Full party responsibility, it was said, required that every place under the government, down to the lowest clerkship, should be filled by members of the party in power. In no place did this notion find readier acceptance than in cities, because the offices in them were so numerous, and the elections so frequent, and the salaries, as compared with those of the country, so high. The possession of the city government, too, meant the possibility of granting a large number of illicit favors. For the laborer, there was sure employment and easy work in the various public departments; for the public-house keeper, there was protection against the execution of the liquor laws by the police; for the criminal classes, there was slack prosecution by the district attorney, or easy "jury fixing" by the commissioner of jurors; for the contractor, there were profitable jobs and much indulgence for imperfect execution; for the police, there were easy discipline and impunity for corrupt abuses of power. In fact, the cities furnished a perfect field for the practice of the spoils system, and the growth in them of rings and organizations like Tammany was the natural and inevitable consequence. No such organization could be created for charitable purposes, or for the mere diffusion of religious or political opinions. It was made possible in New York by the number of places and benefits at its disposal. The effect on the imagination of the newly arrived emigrant, whether Irish or German, was very great. It shut out from his view both city and state as objects of his allegiance, and made recognition by the "leader" of the district in which he lived the first object of his ambition in his new country.

What is true of New York is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of all the other large cities, — Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis. They all have an organization resembling Tammany, created and maintained by the same means; and at the head of the organization there is a man, ignorant perhaps of all other things, but gifted with unusual capacity for controlling the poor and dependent, who has come since Tweed's day to be known as a "boss." Indeed, it may be laid down as a political axiom that it requires considerable education and strong traditions, for any large body which proposes to exert power of any kind towards a definite end, to remain without a leader possessing and exercising a good deal of arbitrary discretion. He arises naturally as a condition of success, and if he has favors to bestow he arises all the more rapidly. The boss is, in short, the inevitable product of the spoils system. He must have sensible advantages to give away in order to retain his power, and he is

necessary for their effective distribution. There has to be some one to say decisively who is to have this or that office or prize, who deserves it, and whose services cannot be had without it. There could hardly be a better proof and illustration of this than the way in which the boss system has spread all over the country. In all cities and in many States every political organization now has a similar officer at its head. It remained for some time after Tweed's day the reproach of the Democrats that they submitted to an arbitrary ruler of this kind, but the Republicans are nearly everywhere imitating them. There are but few States, and there is no large city, in which the offices or nominations for office are not parceled out by one man acting in the name of an "organization." Tweed's control of the city and legislature was not more complete than is Platt's in New York or Quay's in Pennsylvania. The system is evidently one which saves trouble, and promotes efficiency in securing the blind obedience of large masses of men. Its end is bad, but that it attains this end there can be no doubt.

It can be easily seen, if all this be true, that no American city has ever been administered with reference to its own interests. In not one, until our own time, has there been even a pretense of non-partisanship; that is, the filling of the offices solely with a view to efficiency in the discharge of their duties. As a rule, they have been filled with a view to the promotion of opinions on some federal question, such as the tariff, or as a reward for services rendered at federal elections. The state of things thus produced in American cities closely resembles the state of things produced in the Middle Ages by religious intolerance, when the main concern of governments was not so much to promote the material interests of their subjects as to maintain right opinions with regard to the future life. The filling of a city office by a man simply because he holds certain views regarding the tariff, or the currency, or the banks, is very like appointing him to an office of state because he is a good Catholic or can conscientiously sign the Thirty-Nine Articles; that is to say, his fitness for his real duties is not a consideration of importance in filling the place. No private business could be carried on in this way, and it is doubtful whether any attempt to carry it on so was ever made. But the temptation to resort to it under party government and universal suffrage is strong, for the reasons which I have tried to set forth in treating of the nominating system. The task of inducing large bodies of men to vote in a particular way is such that it is hardly wonderful that party managers should use every means within their reach for its performance.

One of the effects of the system, and possibly the worst and most difficult to deal with, is the veiling of the city from the popular eye, as the main object of allegiance and attention, by what is called "the organization," namely, the club or society, presided over by the boss, which manages party affairs. The tendency among men who take a strong interest in politics to look upon the organization as their real master, to boast of their devotion to it as a political virtue, to call themselves "organization men," and to consider the interests of the organization as paramount to those of the city at large is an interesting development of party government. All political parties originate in a belief that a certain idea can be best spread, or a certain policy best promoted, by the formation of an organization for the purpose. The other belief, that one's own party is fittest for power, and deserves support even when it makes mistakes, easily follows. This is very nearly the condition of the public mind about federal parties. A large number of votes are cast at every federal election merely to show confidence in the party, rather than approval of its position with regard to any specific question. There

is a still further stage in the growth of party spirit, in which the voter supports his party, right or wrong, no matter how much he may condemn its policy or its acts, on the ground that it is made up of better material than the other party, and that the latter, if in power, would be more dangerous. The Republican party, in particular, commands a great deal of support, especially from the professional and educated classes throughout the country, on these grounds. They vote for it as the least wrong or least likely to be mischievous, even if they feel unable to vote for it as wise or pure.

But in the cities still another advance has been made, and the parties have really been separated from politics altogether, and treated, without disguise, as competitors for the disposal of a certain number of offices and the handling of a certain amount of money. The boss on either side rarely pretends to have any definite opinions on any federal question, or to concern himself about them. He proclaims openly that his side has the best title to the offices, and the reason he gives for this is, generally, that the other side has made what he considers mistakes. He hardly ever pleads merits of his own. In fact, few or none of the bosses have ever been writers or speakers, or have ever been called on to discuss public questions or have opinions about them. The principal ones, Tweed, Kelly, Croker, Platt, and Quay, have been either silent or illiterate men, famed for their reticence, and have plumed themselves on their ability to *do* things without talk. In New York, they have succeeded in diffusing among the masses, to a certain extent, the idea that a statesman should not talk, but simply "fix things," and vote the right way; that is, they have divorced discussion from politics. One of the boss's amusements, when he is disposed to be humorous, is doing something or saying something to show how little influence voters and writers have on affairs. In the late senatorial canvass in New York, a number of letters commending one of the candidates, who happened to be the Republican boss, were published, most of them from young men, and it was interesting to see how many commended silence as one of the best attributes of a Senator.

Consequently, nearly all discussions of city affairs are discussions about places. What place a particular man will get, what place he is trying to get, and by what disappointment about places he is chagrined, or "disgruntled," as the term is, form the staple topics of municipal debates. The rising against Tammany in 1894, which resulted in the election of Mayor Strong, to some extent failed to produce its due effect, owing to his refusal to distribute places so as to satisfy Mr. Platt, the Republican leader; or, in other words, to give Mr. Platt the influence in distributing the patronage to which he held that he was entitled. This led to the frustration, or long delay, of the legislation which was necessary to make the overthrow of Tammany of much effect. Some of the necessary bills the legislature, which was controlled by Platt, refused to pass, and others it was induced to pass only by great effort and after long postponement. No reason was ever assigned for this hostility to Strong's proposals, except failure in the proper distribution of offices. No doubt a certain amount of discussion of plans for city improvement has gone on, but it has gone on among a class which has no connection with politics and possesses little political influence. The class of politicians, properly so called, commonly refuses to interest itself in any such discussions, unless it can be assured beforehand that the proposed improvements will be carried out by certain persons of their own selection, who are seldom fit for the work.

In addition to reliance on change of parties for the improvement of city government, much dependence has been placed on the old American theory that

when things get very bad, sufficient popular indignation will be roused to put an end to them; that the evil will be eradicated by something in the nature of a revolution, as in the case of Tweed and of the Tammany abuses in 1894. But this theory, as regards cities, has to be received with much modification. Popular indignation is excited by violent departures from popular standards; the popular conscience has to be shocked by striking disregard of the tests established by popular usage; in order that this may happen, the popular conscience has to be kept, if I may use the expression, in a state of training. Now, for the mass of such voters as congregate in great cities, training for the public conscience consists largely in the spectacle of good government. Their standards depend largely on what they see. Nothing, for instance, in fifty years has done as much for street-cleaning in New York as the sight of clean streets presented by Colonel Waring. People must have a certain familiarity with something better, — that is, must either remember or see it, — in order to be really discontented with their present lot. The higher we go in the social scale, the easier it is to excite this discontent, because education and reading raise political as well as other standards. But when once the mass of men have obtained liberty and security, it becomes increasingly difficult to rouse them into activity about matters of apparently less consequence. In other words, incompetence or corruption in the work of administration being rarely visible to the public eye, the masses are not as easily roused by it as they are by bad legislation, or by such interferences with personal liberty as liquor or other sumptuary laws. Their notion of what ought to be is largely shaped by what is. The political education of the people in a democracy, especially in large cities, is to a considerable degree the work of the government. The way in which they see things done becomes in their eyes the way in which they ought to be done; the kind of men they see in public office becomes the kind of men they think fit for public office; and the work of rousing them into demanding something better is one of the great difficulties of the democratic régime. The part the actual government plays in forming the political ideals of the young is one of the neglected, but most important topics of political discussion. Our youth learn far more of the real working of our institutions by observation of the men elected or appointed to office, particularly to the judicial and legislative offices, than from school-books or newspapers. The election of a notoriously worthless or corrupt man as a judge or member of the legislature makes more impression on a young mind than any chapter in a governmental manual or any college lecture.

For this reason, the application of the civil service rules to subordinate city offices, which has now been in existence in New York and Boston for many years, is an extremely important contribution to the work of reform, however slow its operation may be. To make known to the public that to get city places a man must come up to the standard of fitness ascertained by competitive examination is not simply a means of improving the municipal service, but an educative process of a high order. The same thing may be said of such matters as the expulsion from office of the Tammany police justices by the general removal act, passed when Mr. Strong came into office in 1895, in spite of all the blemishes in its execution. It made clear to the popular mind, as nothing else could, that a certain degree of character and education was necessary to the discharge of even minor judicial functions, and that the Tammany standard of "common sense" and familiar acquaintance with the criminal classes was not sufficient. The covert or open opposition to what is called civil service reform, on the part of nearly the whole

political class in cities, goes to confirm this view. There could be no greater blow to the existing system of political management than the withdrawal of the offices from arbitrary disposal by the bosses. The offices have been for half a century the chief or only means of rewarding subordinate agents for political work and activity.

One effect, and a marked one, of this withdrawal has been the introduction of the practice of levying blackmail on corporations, nominally for political purposes. Nothing is known certainly about the amounts levied in this way, but there are two thousand corporations in New York exposed to legislative attack, and in the aggregate their contributions must reach a very large sum. Since the boss has obtained command of the legislature as well as of the city, — that is, since Tweed's time, — they are literally at the mercy of the legislature, or, in other words, at *his* mercy. Their taxes may be raised, or, in the case of gas companies or railroad companies, their charges lowered. The favorite mode of bringing insurance companies to terms is ordering an examination of their assets, which may be done through the superintendent of insurance, who is an appointee of the governor and Senate, or, virtually, of the boss. This examination has to be paid for by the company, and, I am told, may be made to cost $200,000; it is usually conducted by politicians out of a job, of a very inferior class. To protect themselves from annoyances of this sort, the corporations, which it must be remembered are creations of the law, and increase in number every year, are only too glad to meet the demands of the boss. Any "campaign" contribution, no matter how large, and it is sometimes as high as $50,000 or even $100,000, is small compared to the expense which he can inflict on them by his mere fiat. Of course this is corruption, and the corporations know it. The officers, however high they may stand in point of business character, submit to it, or connive at it. In many cases, if not in most, they even confess it. They defend their compliance, too, on grounds which carry one back a long way in the history of settled government. That is, they say that their first duty is to protect the enormous amount of property committed to their charge, a large portion of which belongs to widows and orphans; that if they have any duty at all in the matter of reforming municipal and state administration, it is a secondary and subordinate one, which should not be performed at the cost of any damage to these wards; that, therefore, the sum they pay to the boss may be properly considered as given to avert injury against which the law affords no protection. They maintain that in all this matter they are victims, not offenders, and that the real culprit is the government of the State, which fails to afford security to property in the hands of a certain class of owners.

I will not attempt to discuss here the soundness of this view in point of morality. It is to be said, in extenuation at least, that the practices of which the corporations are accused prevail all over the Union, in city and in country, East and West. I have had more than one admission made to me by officers of companies that they kept an agent at the state capital during sessions of the legislature for the express purpose of shielding them, by means of money, against legislative attacks, and that without this they could not carry on business. It has been the custom, I am afraid, to a greater or less extent, for corporations to keep such agents at the state capitals ever since corporations became at all numerous and rich, — for fully fifty years. What is peculiar and novel about the present situation is that the boss has become a general agent for all the companies, and saves them the trouble of keeping one at their own cost, in Albany or Harrisburg, or in any other state capital. He receives what they wish or are ex-

pected to pay, and in return he guarantees them the necessary protection. He is thus the channel through which pass all payments made by any one for "campaign" purposes. If his party is not in office he receives very little, barely enough to assure him of good will. When his party is in power, as the power is his, there need be practically no limit to his demands.

If it be asked why the corporations do not themselves revolt against this system and stop it by exposure, the answer is simple enough. In the first place, most of the corporations have rivals, and dread being placed at a disadvantage by some sort of persecution from which competitors may have bought exemption. The thing which they dread most is business failure or defeat. For this they are sure to be held accountable by stockholders or by the public; for submitting to extortion, they may not be held accountable by anybody. In the next place, the supervision exercised by the state officers being lax or corrupt, the corporations are likely to be lawbreakers in some of their practices, and to dread exposure or inquiry. In many cases, therefore, they are doubtless only too glad to buy peace or impunity, and this their oppressors probably know very well. Last of all, and perhaps the most powerful among the motives for submission, is the fear of vengeance in case they should not succeed. A corporation which undertook to set the boss at defiance would enter on a most serious contest, with little chance of success. All the influences at his command, political and judicial, would be brought into play for its defeat. Witnesses would disappear, or refuse to answer. Juries would be "fixed;" judges would be technical and timid; the press would be bought up by money or advertising, or by political influence; other motives than mere resistance to oppression would be invented and imputed; the private character of the officers would be assailed. In short, the corporation would probably fail, or appear to fail, in proving its case, and would find itself substantially foiled in its undertaking, after having expended a great deal of money, and having excited the bitter enmity of the boss and of all the active politicians among his followers. It can hardly be expected that a company would make such an attempt without far stronger support than it would receive from the public, owing to the general belief that no corporation would come into court with clean hands. How little effect public support would give in such a contest, as long as the power of the boss over the legislators and state officials continues, through the present system of nomination, may be inferred from what has happened in the case of the enlargement of the city of New York, known as the Greater New York Bill.[1]

[1] The history of this measure has been so concisely written by Mr. J. B. Bishop that I cannot avoid quoting him: —

"The most impressive demonstration of the despotic power behind these decisions was made in connection with the proposed charter for Greater New York. This had been drawn by the commission created by the act of 1896. It had been prepared in secret, and only very inadequate opportunity had been given for public inspection of it before it was sent to the legislature; yet, in the brief time afforded, it had been condemned in very strong terms by what I may truthfully call the organized and individual intelligence of the community. The Bar Association, through a committee which contained several of the leading lawyers of the city, subjected it to expert legal examination, and declared it to be so full of defects and confusing provisions as to be 'deplorable,' and to give rise, if made law, 'to mischiefs far outweighing any benefits which might reasonably be expected to flow from it.' The Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Clearing House Association, the City Club, the Union League Club, the Reform Club, the Real Estate Exchange, all the reputable exmayors and other officials, expressed equally strong condemnation, especially of certain leading provisions of the instrument; and the legislature was formally requested to give more time to the subject by postponing the date on

The subjection of the city to the person who controls the legislature is secured in part by the use of federal and possibly city offices, and in part by the extortion of money from property-holders, for purposes of corruption; and all remedy for this is impeded or wholly hindered by the interest of city voters in matters other than municipal.

The earliest remedy, — the substitution of one party in the city government for another, — which has been employed steadily by each party for the last half century with singular acquiescence on the part of the public, has been to some degree supplanted, since the war, by another, namely, the modification of the charter, so as to secure greater concentration of power in few hands. More and more authority has been withdrawn from the bodies elected for purposes of legislation, and has been transferred to the bodies elected for purposes of administration. Before the late change in the city charter, the New York board of aldermen, by a process of deprivation pursued through long years, was bereft of all but the most insignificant powers. The preparation of the city estimates and the imposition of the city taxes, two peculiarly legislative duties, were transferred bodily to a small board composed of the mayor and heads of departments. Nearly every change in charters has armed the mayor with more jurisdiction. This movement has run on lines visible in almost all democratic communities. The rise of the boss is distinctly one of its results. There is everywhere a tendency to remit to a single person the supreme direction of large bodies of men animated with a common purpose or bound together by common ideas. One sees in this person dim outlines of the democratic Cæsar of the Napoleonic era, but he differs in that he has to do his work under the full glare of publicity, has to be able to endure "exposure" and denunciation by a thousand newspapers and to bear overthrow by combinations among his own followers with equanimity, and has to rely implicitly on "management" rather than on force.

The difficulty of extracting from a large democracy an expression of its real will is, in fact, slowly becoming manifest. It is due partly to the size of the body, and partly to the large number of voters it must necessarily contain who find it troublesome to make up their minds, or who fail to grasp current questions, or who love and seek guidance in impor-

which the charter should become operative. Not the slightest attention was paid at Albany to any of these requests. The Bar Association's objections were passed over in silence, as indeed were all the protests. The charter, excepting a few trifling changes, was passed without amendment by both Houses of the legislature by an overwhelming vote. Only six of the one hundred and fourteen Republican members voted against it in the Assembly, and only one of the thirty-six Republican members in the Senate. There was no debate upon it in the Assembly. The men who voted for the charter said not a word in its favor, and not a word in explanation of their course in voting against all proposals to amend it. In the Senate, the charter's chief advocates declared frankly their belief that it was a measure of 'political suicide,' since it was certain to put the proposed enlarged city into the hands of their opponents, the Democrats; yet they all voted for it because it had been made a party measure, — that is, the despot had said it must pass. After its first passage, it was sent, for public hearings and approval, to the mayors of the three cities affected by its provisions. The opposition developed at the hearings in New York city was very impressive, — so much so that Mayor Strong, who as an *ex officio* member of the charter commission had signed the report which had accompanied it when it went to the legislature, was moved by a 'strong sense of public duty' to veto it because of 'serious and fundamental defects.' When the charter, with his veto message, arrived in Albany, the two Houses passed it again by virtually the same vote as at first, and without either reading the mayor's message, or more than barely mentioning his name. One of the members who voted for it said privately, 'If it were not for the fact that the "old man" wants it, I doubt if the charter would get a dozen votes in the legislature outside the Brooklyn and Long Island members.'"

tant transactions. On most of the great national questions of our day, except in exciting times, a large proportion of the voters do not hold their opinions with much firmness or tenacity or with much distinctness. On one point in particular, which has great importance in all modern democracies, — the effect of any specific measure on the party prospects, — the number of men who have clear ideas is very small. The mass to be influenced is so large, and the susceptibilities of different localities differ so widely, that fewer and fewer persons, except those who "have their hand on the machine," venture on a confident prediction as to the result of an election. The consequence is that those who do hold clean-cut opinions, and pronounce them with courage, speedily acquire influence and authority, almost in spite of themselves. Indeed, almost every influence now in operation, both in politics and in business, tends to the concentration of power. The disposition to combine several small concerns into one large one, to consolidate corporations, and to convert private partnerships into companies is but an expression of the general desire to remit the work of management or administration to one man or to a very few men. In all considerable bodies of men who wish to act together for common objects, the many are anxious to escape the responsibility of direction, and, naturally enough, this has shown itself in city government as well as in party government.

The result is that there are, in nearly every large city and in nearly every new charter, signs of a desire for strong centralized management. This tendency has been temporarily obscured in New York by the consolidation of the suburbs into what is called the Greater New York. In order to secure this, that is, to obtain the consent of "the politicians," it has been found necessary to revive the old, long-tried, and much-condemned plan of a city legislature with two branches, a number of boards, and a wide diffusion of responsibility. There is about this new machinery an appearance of local representative self-government, but it is only an appearance. The real power of interference, change, or modification still resides in the legislature at Albany, and the habit of interference is already formed and active. Moreover, the legislature at Albany is still dominated by the boss, and his rule over the city has been rendered more remote by the new charter, not destroyed or restricted. No alteration in the city government can be made without his consent, and any alteration which he insists on must be made. So that the one-man power in the administration of city affairs is still preserved. It is simply taken from the mayor; the change is merely one of person or officer. It can hardly be expected that as long as the boss controls the state legislature he should not also control all inferior legislatures created by it. If he did not do so, he would deprive himself of a considerable portion of his power of reward and punishment. The complications of the new charter, too, are so great that it is not likely that persons interested in pushing schemes through the city government will take the trouble to put all the new machinery in motion.

In all political arrangements, it is impossible to prevent persons who wish to secure a benefit or favor from a government from acting along the line of least resistance; that is, from attaining their object with the least possible expenditure of time and money. It will always be possible and it will always be easy to carry a measure of any kind, approved by the boss, through the legislature at Albany without debate and by three hasty readings. Under these circumstances, to expose it to the risk of the charter machinery would be a departure from what is now established usage.

The municipal history of New York, in short, and, mutatis mutandis, of all the American cities in which there has

been any whispering of municipal reform, seems to indicate that the most carefully formed opinion on the subject of American municipal government runs parallel with the popular sentiment, or popular weakness, which has called the boss into existence. In both cases, the conclusion is inevitable that the large masses of men who exercise the suffrage, both in city and in country, cannot be influenced and managed and brought to the polling-place for intelligent and effective action without great concentration of authority and responsibility. The popular will, it is becoming increasingly plain, cannot be really expressed without so diminishing the number of persons who are to be its organs that the ignorant men and the busy men, who form the bulk of every community, can learn at a glance the cause of every failure and shortcoming.

Nothing is clearer in the modern world than that the more complicated governmental administration becomes, the less time has the community at large to attend to it. The old days of dull agricultural leisure, which the mass of every nation enjoyed till the beginning of this century, have passed away. The desire to "rise in the world," — that is, to get hold of more of the good things of civilization, — which now prevails in every country, tends more and more to make administration a specialty, because of the pressure of what are called "private affairs." At the same time, the desire of the masses to exercise some sort of control over it, or supervision of it, seems also to grow in force every day. The only way in which this desire can make itself felt is by throwing the work of transacting public affairs into fewer hands. This is what the rise of the boss means, and what the increasing formation of "trusts" and corporations means. It is, too, what the tendency in cities to give more power to the mayor and to restrict the number of his councilors means. This tendency is so strong, and one so stimulated by all the facts of modern life, that the attempt made in the late New York charter to run counter to it throws doubt on either the honesty or the intelligence of the persons engaged in it. The creation of a vast complicated municipal system at the moment when there is such a widespread cry for simplicity, and of an unwieldy new legislature just as all legislatures are falling into disrepute and surrendering their power, shows an indifference to the signs of the times which can hardly be ascribed altogether to thoughtlessness. What modern municipalities need, especially in America, is a régime in which, without hesitation, without study, without lawyers' or experts' opinions, the humblest laborer can tell who is responsible for any defect he may discover in the police of the streets, in the education of his children, or in the use and mode of his taxation.

To secure such a régime, however, the control of state legislatures in America over cities must be either reduced or destroyed, and this seems the task which, above all, has first to be accomplished by municipal reforms; it is really the one in which they are now engaged, though, apparently, sometimes unconsciously. The "hearings" of leading citizens by legislative committees, which almost invariably accompany the passage by state legislatures of measures affecting municipal government, are in the nature of protests against legislative action, or assertions of the incompetency of the legislature to deal with the matter in hand. The contemptuous indifference with which they are generally treated is simply an assertion that, under no circumstances, will the legislature surrender its power. This has been curiously illustrated by the recent complete refusal of the New York legislature to pay any attention to the power of veto given to the mayors of New York cities by the late constitutional convention. This provision has had so little effect that a mayor's objections to any particular piece of legislation are

not even discussed, much less answered. It has seemed as if the legislature were unwilling to allow it to be supposed that it could ever be in any way influenced by the criticism or suggestion of local notables. All American legislatures have long shown unwillingness to adopt suggestions or submit to interference from the outside. Few, if any, of the numerous reports of commissions on taxation or municipal government or other subjects made during the last thirty years have received any attention; the same thing is true of the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, though all these documents contain a vast amount of valuable matter. It is not likely that remonstrances or criticism emanating from municipal bodies hereafter will meet with any better fate unless they have powerful popular support. To create this support is the first business which municipal reformers have before them.

There is another reason why state legislatures are unwilling to relinquish their control of cities, and it is nearly as potent as any; that is, the accumulation of wealth in the cities as compared to the country. One of the peculiarities of an agricultural population is the small amount of cash it handles. Farmers, as a general rule, live to some extent on their own produce, wear old clothes, as people are apt to do in the country, pay no house-rent, very rarely divert themselves by "shopping," and seldom see any large sum of money except at their annual sales after harvest. In short, as compared with an urban population, they live with what seems great economy. The temptations to small expenses which so constantly beset a city man seldom come in their way. Their standard of living in dress, food, clothing, and furniture is much lower than that of a city population of a corresponding class. The result is that money has a much greater value in their eyes than in those of the commercial class. They part with a dollar more reluctantly; they think it ought to go farther. They look on a city man's notion of salaries as utterly extravagant or unreasonable, and to receive such salaries seems to them almost immoral. City life they consider marked throughout by gross extravagance.

Moreover, the farmer finds it very difficult to place a high value on labor which is not done with the hands and does not involve exposure to weather. Difference of degree in value of such labor it is hard, if not impossible, to estimate. The expense of training for an intellectual occupation, such as a lawyer's or a doctor's, he is not willing to take into account. One consequence of this has been that, though almost all servants of the government — judges, secretaries, collectors — live in cities or by city standards, their salaries are fixed not so much by the market value of their services as by the farmer's notion of what is reasonable; for the farmer is as yet the ruling power in America. The salaries of the federal judges, for instance, were fixed at the establishment of the government by the largest annual earnings of a lawyer of the highest standing of that day; they are now about one fourth of what such a lawyer earns, and it would be difficult or impossible to increase them. The farmer's inability, too, to estimate degrees in the value of such services leads him to suppose that what they are worth is the sum for which anybody will undertake to render them, and that if any member of the bar offered to discharge the duties of a judge of the Supreme Court for one thousand dollars a year, it would be proper enough to accept his services at that rate. This great difference has some important political consequences also. It leads to agricultural distrust of urban views on finance, and produces in country districts a deep impression of city recklessness and greed. City exchanges, whether stock or produce, are supposed by the farmer to be the resorts of gamblers rather than instruments of legitimate business.

In truth, the difference in needs and interests and points of view between the city and the country arises almost as soon as anything which can be called a city comes into existence. Close contact with many other men, constant daily intercourse with one's fellows, familiarity with the business of exchanging commodities, the necessity for frequent coöperation, all help to convert the inhabitant of cities into a new type of man. The city man has always been a polished or "urbane" man. The distinction between him and the "rustic," in mind and manners, has in all ages been among the commonplaces of literature. One material effect of this difference is that the urban man has been an object of slight dislike or jealousy to the countryman. His greater alertness of mind, which comes from much social intercourse, and familiarity with trade and commerce, makes him in some degree an object of suspicion to the latter, who constantly dreads being outwitted by him. Cities, too, have always been to the countryman resorts of vice of one sort or another, and all that he hears of the temptations of city life fills him with a sense of his own moral superiority. To the poet and to the farmer the country has been the seat of virtue, simplicity, and purity; the one moralist who practiced his own precepts was the rustic moralist. It has been very natural, therefore, that in America, in which the country has had the power before the city, and not, as in Europe, the city before the country, the country should have tried with peculiar care to retain its free domination over the city.

This process has been made easy not only by the fact that the city was generally created by the State, but by our practice of selecting our state capitals, not for judicial, or commercial, or historical, but for topographical considerations. No other people has been in the habit, or has had the opportunity, of choosing places for its political capitals at all. In all other countries, if I am not mistaken, the capitals were made by trade, or commerce, or manufactures, or some ancient drift of population. But in many of our States the political capital is not the chief city in wealth or population; it owes its political preëminence to the fact that it was within easy reach from all parts of the State, in the days when travel was slow and difficult, — a circumstance now of no importance whatever. The site of the capital of the Union was chosen for similar reasons. It was placed in a swamp, chiefly because the position was central, and it had to be created from the beginning. Were capitals selected with us by the agencies to which they owe their existence in the Old World, New York would be the capital of the State of New York, Philadelphia of Pennsylvania, Cincinnati of Ohio, Chicago of Illinois, and Detroit of Michigan.

The present arrangement has proved unfortunate in two ways: it has helped to confirm the rural mind in a belief in the inferiority and insignificance of cities as compared to the country; and it has kept legislators, when in session, secluded from the observation of the most active-minded portion of the population and from intercourse with them, and has deprived them of the information and the new ideas which such intercourse brings with it. Members of Congress and of the state legislatures suffer seriously in mind and character from our practice of cutting them off, during their official lives, from communion with the portion of the population most immersed in affairs, and of keeping them out of sight of those who are most competent to understand their action and to criticise it. No one who has paid much attention to our political life can have helped observing the injurious effect on the legislative mind of massing legislators together in remote towns, in which they exchange ideas only with one another, and get no inkling of the real drift of public opinion about a particular measure until it

has been irrevocably acted upon. There is no question that this has been in all parts of the country a powerful aid to the boss in preserving his domination. Nothing can suit his purpose better than to get his nominees together in some remote corner of the State, in which he can instruct them in their duties and watch their action without disturbance from outside currents of criticism or suggestion. Every legislature is the better, and its tone is the healthier, for being kept in close contact with the leading centres of business in the community and hearing daily or hourly from its men of affairs. Much of the ignorance about exchange, credit, and currency, and of the suspicion of bankers and men of business, which has shown itself in our legislative capitals in late years, has been due to the isolation of the rural legislator from social intercourse with men engaged in other pursuits than his own.

But the most serious drawback in the practice of making political capitals to order is undoubtedly its tendency to lessen the rural legislator's sense of the importance of cities, and to increase his readiness to interfere in their government without any real knowledge of their needs. This readiness is one of the greatest difficulties of American municipal government. It arises, as I have said, partly from the historical antecedents of our cities; partly from the countryman's sense of moral superiority, in which the clergy and the poets try to confirm him; and partly from the fear inspired by the rapid growth of the cities in population, and the belief that their interests are in some manner different from those of the country. This belief found expression in the provision of the New York Constitution that the city or county of New York should never be represented by more than half the state Senate. There is a vague fear diffused through the rural districts that if the cities should get the upper hand in the state government, or should succeed in achieving even a quasi-independence, some serious consequence to the whole community would follow. But to have any fear on the subject is to question the whole democratic theory. The system of political division into states and districts and counties, with separate representation, is an admission that different localities have different interests, of which other localities are not competent to take charge. It is on this idea that local self-government is based. It is the principal reason why New York does not govern Massachusetts, or Buffalo govern New York.

In the case of cities this difference is simply magnified, and the incompetency of other districts or counties for the work of their management is made more than usually plain. To suppose that a city is less fit to govern itself than are more thinly peopled districts, or that its political ascendency would contain danger to the State, is to abandon the democratic theory. In a democratic community there is really no conflict of interests between city and country; the prosperity of one makes the prosperity of the other. Neither can grow rich by the impoverishment of the other. From the democratic point of view, a city is merely a very large collection of people in one spot, with many wants peculiar to such large collections. To deny its fitness to govern itself is to deny the majority principle with strong emphasis. Nevertheless, the attempts hitherto made in America to secure reform in the administration of cities have been almost exclusively efforts to wrest greater powers of local administration from the state legislatures, which consist in the main of farmers, who have no special interest in cities whatever, but who are indomitable champions of local self-government in all other political divisions. In three States only, as yet, Missouri, California, and Washington, have the cities succeeded in securing a constitutional right to approve their own charters before they

go into operation, which is the furthest step in advance that has been made. In twenty-three States they are constitutionally secured against having special charters made for them by the legislature, with or without their consent. Whatever sort of organic law is imposed in one city in these States must be imposed in all. But in ten States the cities are still at the mercy of the legislature, which may govern them by special legislation, and make, amend, or annul charters at its discretion, without pity or remorse.

In looking at the history and condition of municipalities in America, one consideration meets us at every stage; that is, that in no other civilized country is municipal government so completely within the control of public opinion. Everywhere else there are deeply rooted traditions, long-established customs, much-respected vested rights and cherished prejudices, to be dealt with, before any satisfactory framework of city government can be set up. Here the whole problem is absolutely at the disposal of popular sentiment. Our cities, therefore, might most easily have been the model cities of the modern world. Birmingham and Glasgow and Berlin, in other words, ought to have been in America. It is we who ought to have shown the Old World how to live comfortably in great masses in one place. We have no city walls to pull down, or ghettos to clear out, or guilds to buy up, or privileges to extinguish. We have simply to provide health, comfort, and education, in our own way, according to the latest experience in science, for large bodies of free men in one spot.

This is as much as saying that in talking of the municipal question we describe a state of the popular mind, and not a state of law. Charters are nowhere else in the world an expression of popular thought as much as in America. They are merely what people believe or permit at any given period. Very often they are well adapted to our needs, like the late New York charter, but fail to give satisfaction, because, having provided the charter, we take no pains to secure competent officials. Finding that it does not work well, we seek a remedy by making a change in its provisions rather than in the men who administer it. In this way our municipal woes are perpetuated, and we continue to write and talk of charters as if they were self-acting machines instead of certain ways of doing business. No municipal reform will last long or prove efficient without a strong and healthy public spirit behind it. With this almost any charter would prove efficient.

E. L. Godkin.

AMID THE CLAMOR OF THE STREETS.

Amid the clamor of the streets
The fancy often fills
With far-off thoughts; I live again
Among the streams and hills.

What happy scenes! The very thought
A new contentment brings;
It makes me feel the inner peace,
The hidden wealth of things.

William A. Dunn.

FORTY YEARS OF BACON-SHAKESPEARE FOLLY.

SOME time ago, while looking over a wheelbarrow-load of rubbish written to prove that such plays as King Lear and The Merry Wives of Windsor emanated from one of the least poetical and least humorous minds of modern times, I was reminded of a story which I heard when a boy. I forget whether it was some whimsical man of letters like Charles Lamb, or some such professional wag as Theodore Hook, who took it into his head one day to stand still on a London street, with face turned upward, gazing into the sky. Thereupon the next person who came that way forthwith stopped and did likewise, and then the next and the next, until the road was blocked by a dense crowd of men and women, all standing as if rooted in the ground, and with solemn skyward stare. The enchantment was at last broken when some one asked what they were looking at, and nobody could tell. It was simply an instance of a certain remnant of primitive gregariousness of action on the part of human beings, which exhibits itself from time to time in sundry queer fashions and fads.

So when Miss Delia Bacon, in the year which saw the beginning of The Atlantic Monthly, published a book purporting to unfold the "philosophy" of Shakespeare's dramas, it was not long before other persons began staring intently into the silliest mare's nest ever devised by human dullness; the fruits of so much staring appeared in divers eccentric volumes, of which more specific mention will presently be made. Neither in number nor in quality are they such as to indicate that the Bacon-Shakespeare folly has yet become fashionable, and we shall presently observe in it marked suicidal tendencies which are likely to prevent its ever becoming so; but there are enough of the volumes to illustrate the point of my anecdote.

Another fad, once really fashionable, and in defense of which some plausible arguments could be urged, was the Wolfian theory of the Homeric poems, which dazzled so many of our grandparents. It is worth our while to mention it here, by way of prelude. The theory that the Iliad and Odyssey are mere aggregations of popular ballads, collected and arranged in the time of Pisistratus, was perhaps originally suggested by the philosopher Vico, but first attracted general attention in 1795, when set forth by Friedrich August Wolf, one of the most learned and brilliant of modern scholars. Thus eminently respectable in its parentage and quite reasonable on the surface, this ballad theory came to be widely fashionable; forty years ago it was accepted by many able scholars, though usually with large modifications.

The Wolfians urged that we know absolutely nothing about the man Homer, not even when or where he lived. His existence is merely matter of tradition, or of inference from the existence of the poems. But as the poems know nothing of Dorians in Peloponnesus, their date can hardly be later than 1000 B. C. What happened, then, when "an edition of Homer" was made at Athens, about 530 B. C., by Pisistratus or under his orders? Did the editor simply edit two great poems already five centuries old, or did he make up two poems by piecing together a miscellaneous lot of ancient ballads? Wolf maintained the latter alternative, chiefly because of the alleged impossibility of composing and preserving such long poems in the alleged absence of the art of writing. Having thus made a plausible start, the Wolfians proceeded to pick the poems to pieces, and to prove by "internal evidence" that there was nothing like "unity of design" in them, etc.; and

so it went on till poor old Homer was relegated to the world of myth. As a schoolboy I used to hear the belief in the existence of such a poet derided as "uncritical" and "unscholarly."

In spite of these terrifying epithets, the ballad theory never made any impression upon me; for it seemed to ignore the most conspicuous and vital fact about the poems, namely, the *style*, the noble, rapid, simple, vivid, supremely poetical style, — a style as individual and unapproachable as that of Dante or Keats. For an excellent characterization of it, read Matthew Arnold's charming essays On Translating Homer. The style is the man, and to suppose that this Homeric style ever came from a democratic multitude of minds, or from anything save one of those supremely endowed individual natures such as get born once or twice in a millennium, is simply to suppose a psychological impossibility. I remember once talking about this with George Eliot, who had lately been reading Frederick Paley's ingenious restatement of the ballad theory, and was captivated by its ingenuity. I told her I did not wonder that old dryasdust philologists should hold such views, but I was indeed surprised to find such a literary artist as herself ignoring the impassable gulf between Homer's language and that which any ballad theory necessarily implies. She had no answer for this except to say that she should have supposed an evolutionist like me would prefer to regard the Homeric poems as gradually evolved rather than suddenly created! A retort so clever and amiable most surely entitled her to the woman's privilege of the last word.

The Wolfian theory may now be regarded as a thing of the past; it has had its day and been flung aside. If Wolf himself were living, he would be the first to laugh at it. Its original prop has been knocked away, since it has become pretty clear that the art of writing was practiced about the shores of the Egean Sea long before 1000 B. C. Probably even Wolf would now admit that it might have been a real letter that Bellerophon carried to the father of Anteia.[1] All attempts to show a lack of unity in the design of the Iliad and the Odyssey have failed irretrievably, and the discussion has served only to make more and more unmistakable the work of the mighty master. The ballad theory is dead and buried, and he who would read its obituary may find keen pleasure, as well as many a wholesome lesson in sound criticism, in the sensible and brilliant book by Andrew Lang, on Homer and the Epic.

The Bacon-Shakespeare folly has never been set forth by scholars of commanding authority, like Wolf and Lachmann, or even Niese and Wilamowitz Moellendorff. Among Delia Bacon's followers not one can by any permissible laxity of speech be termed a scholar, and their theory has found acceptance with very few persons. Nevertheless, it illustrates as well as the Wolfian theory the way in which such notions grow. It starts from a false premise, hazily conceived, and it subsists upon arguments in which trivial facts are assigned higher value than facts of vital importance. Mr. Lang's remark upon certain learned Homeric commentators, that "they pore over the hyssop on the wall, but are blind to the cedar of Lebanon," applies with tenfold force to the Bacon-Shakespeare sciolists. In them we always miss the just sense of proportion which is one of the abiding marks of sanity. The unfortunate lady who first brought their theory into public notoriety in 1857 was then sinking under the cerebral disease of which she died two years later, and her imitators have been chiefly weak minds of the sort that thrive upon paradox, closely akin to the circle-squarers and inventors of perpetual motion. Underlying all the absurdities, however, there is something that deserves attention. Like many other

[1] Iliad, vi. 168.

morbid phenomena, the Bacon-Shakespeare folly has its natural history which is instructive. The vagaries of Delia Bacon and her followers originated in a group of conditions which admit of being specified and described, and which the historian of nineteenth-century literature will need to notice. In order to understand the natural history of the affair, it is necessary to examine the Delia Bacon theory at greater length than it would otherwise deserve. Let us see how it is constructed.

It starts with a syllogism, of which the major premise is that the dramas ascribed to Shakespeare during his lifetime, and ever since believed to be his, abound in evidences of extraordinary book-learning. The minor premise is that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon could not have acquired or possessed so much book-learning. The conclusion is that he could not have written those plays.

The question then arises, Which of Shakespeare's contemporaries had enough book-lore to have written them? No doubt Francis Bacon had enough. The conclusion does not follow, however, that he wrote the plays; for there were other contemporaries with learning enough and to spare, as for example George Chapman and Ben Jonson. These two men, to judge from their acknowledged works, were great poets, whereas in Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetical genius. Why not, then, ascribe the Shakespeare dramas to Chapman or Jonson? The Baconizers endeavor to support their assumption by calling attention to similarities in thought and phrase between Francis Bacon and the writer of the dramas. Up to this point their argument consists of deductions from assumed premises; here they adduce inductive evidence, such as it is. We shall see specimens of it by and by. At present we are concerned with the initial syllogism.

And first, as to the major premise, it must be met with a flat denial. The Shakespeare plays do not abound with evidences of scholarship or learning of the sort that is gathered from profound and accurate study of books. It is precisely in this respect that they are conspicuously different from many of the plays contemporary with them, and from other masterpieces of English literature. Such plays as Jonson's Sejanus and Catiline are the work of a scholar deeply indoctrinated with the views and mental habits of classic antiquity; he has soaked himself in the style of Lucan and Seneca, until their mental peculiarities have become like a second nature to him, and are unconsciously betrayed alike in the general handling of his story and in little turns of expression. Or take Milton's Lycidas: no one but a man saturated in every fibre with Theocritus and Virgil could have written such a poem. An extremely foreign and artificial literary form has been so completely mastered and assimilated by Milton that he uses it with as much ease as Theocritus himself, and has produced a work that even the master of idyls had scarcely equaled. After the terrific invective against the clergy and the beautiful invocation to the flowers, followed by the triumphant hallelujah of Christian faith, observe the sudden reversion to pagan sentiment where Lycidas is addressed as the genius of the shore. Only profound scholarship could have written this wonderful poem, could have brought forth the Christian thought as if spontaneously through the medium of the pagan form.

Now there is nothing of this sort in Shakespeare. He uses classical materials or anything else under the sun that suits his purpose. He takes a chronicle from Holinshed, a biography from North's translation of Plutarch, a legend from Saxo Grammaticus through Belleforest's French version, a novel of Boccaccio, a miracle-play, — whatever strikes his fancy; he chops up his ma-

terials and weaves them into a story without much regard to classical models; defying rules of order and unity, and not always heeding probability, but never forgetful of his abiding purpose, to create live men and women. These people may have Greek and Latin names, and their scene of action may be Rome or Mitylene, decorated with scraps of classical knowledge such as a bright man might pick up in miscellaneous reading; but all this is the superficial setting, the mere frame to the picture. The living canvas is human nature as Shakespeare saw it in London and depicted with supreme poetic faculty. Among the new books within his reach was Chapman's magnificent translation of the Iliad, which at a later day inspired Keats to such a noble outburst of encomium; and in Troilus and Cressida we have the Greek and Trojan heroes set before us with an incisive reality not surpassed by Homer himself. This play shows how keenly Shakespeare appreciated Homer, how delicately and exquisitely he could supplement the picture; but there is nothing in its five acts that shows him clothed in the garment of ancient thought as Milton wore it. Shakespeare's freedom from such lore is a great advantage to him; in Troilus and Cressida there is a freedom of treatment hardly possible to a professional scholar. It is because of this freedom that Shakespeare reaches a far wider public of readers and listeners than Milton or Dante, whose vast learning makes them in many places "caviare to the general." Book-lore is a great source of power, but one may easily be hampered by it. What we forever love in Homer is the freshness that comes with lack of it, and in this sort of freshness Shakespeare agrees with Homer far more than with the learned poets.

It is not for a moment to be denied that Shakespeare's plays exhibit a remarkable wealth of varied knowledge. The writer was one of the keenest observers that ever lived. In the woodland or on the farm, in the printing-shop or the alehouse, or up and down the street, not the smallest detail escaped him. Microscopic accuracy, curious interest in all things, unlimited power of assimilating knowledge, are everywhere shown in the plays. These are some of the marks of what we call *genius*, something that we are far from comprehending, but which experience has shown that books and universities cannot impart. All the colleges on earth could not by combined effort make the kind of man we call a genius, but such a man may at any moment be born into the world, and it is as likely to be in a peasant's cottage as anywhere.

There is nothing in which men differ more widely than in the capacity for imbibing and assimilating knowledge. The capacity is often exercised unconsciously. When my eldest son, at the age of six, was taught to read in the course of a few weeks of daily instruction, it was suddenly discovered that his four-year-old brother also could read. Nobody could tell how it happened. Of course the younger boy must have taken keen notice of what the elder one was doing, but the process went on without attracting attention until the result appeared.

This capacity for unconscious learning is not at all uncommon. It is possessed to some extent by everybody; but a very high degree of it is one of the marks of genius. I remember one evening, many years ago, hearing Herbert Spencer in a friendly discussion regarding certain functions of the cerebellum. Abstruse points of comparative anatomy and questions of pathology were involved. Spencer's three antagonists were not violently opposed to him, but were in various degrees unready to adopt his views. The three were Huxley, one of the greatest of comparative anatomists; Hughlings Jackson, a very eminent authority on the pathology of the nervous system; and George Henry

Lewes, who, although more of an amateur in such matters, had nevertheless devoted years of study to neural physiology and was thoroughly familiar with the history of the subject. Spencer more than held his ground against the others. He met fact with fact, brought up points in anatomy the significance of which Huxley had overlooked, and had more experiments and clinical cases at his tongue's end than Jackson could muster. It was quite evident that he knew all they knew on that subject, and more besides. Yet Spencer had never been through a course of "regular training" in the studies concerned; nor had he ever studied at a university, or even at a high school. Where did he learn the wonderful mass of facts which he poured forth that evening? Whence came his tremendous grasp upon the principles involved? Probably he could not have told you. A few days afterward I happened to be talking with Spencer about history, a subject of which he modestly said he knew but little. I told him I had often been struck with the aptness of the historic illustrations cited in many chapters of his Social Statics, written when he was twenty-nine years old. The references were not only always accurate, but they showed an intelligence and soundness of judgment unattainable, one would think, save by close familiarity with history. Spencer assured me that he had never read extensively in history. Whence, then, this wealth of knowledge,— not smattering, not sciolism, but solid, well-digested knowledge? Really, he did not know, except that when his interest was aroused in any subject he was keenly alive to all facts bearing upon it, and seemed to find them whichever way he turned. When I mentioned this to Lewes, while recalling the discussion on the cerebellum, he exclaimed: "Oh, you can't account for it! It 's his genius. Spencer has greater instinctive power of observation and assimilation than any man since Shakespeare, and he is like Shakespeare for hitting the bull's-eye every time he fires. As for Darwin and Huxley, we can follow their intellectual processes, but Spencer is above and beyond all; he is inspired!"

Those were Lewes's exact words, and they made a deep impression upon me. The comparison with Shakespeare struck me as a happy one, and I can understand both Spencer and Shakespeare the better for it. Concerning Spencer one circumstance may be observed. Since his early manhood he has lived in London, and has had for his daily associates men of vast attainments in every department of science. He has thus had rare opportunities for absorbing an immense fund of knowledge unconsciously.

It is evident that the author of Shakespeare's plays possessed an extraordinary "instinctive power of observation and assimilation." There was nothing strange in such a genius growing up in a small Warwickshire town. The difficulty is one which the Delia-Baconians have created for themselves. As it is their chief stock in trade, they magnify it in every way they can think of. Shakespeare's parents, they say, were illiterate, and he did not know how to spell his own name. It appears as Shagspere, Shaxpur, Shaxberd, Chacsper, and so on through some thirty forms, several of which William Shakespeare himself used indifferently. The implication is that such a man must have been shockingly ignorant. The real ignorance, however, is on the part of those who use such an argument. Apparently they do not know that in Shakespeare's time such laxity in spelling was common in all ranks of society and in all grades of culture. The name of Elizabeth's great Lord Treasurer, Cecil, and his title, Burghley, were both spelled in half a dozen ways. The name of Raleigh occurs in more than forty different forms, and Sir

Walter, one of the most accomplished men of his time, wrote it Rauley, Rawleyghe, Ralegh, and in yet other ways. The talk of the Baconizers on this point is simply ludicrous.

Equally silly is their talk about the dirty streets of Stratford. They seem to have just discovered that Elizabeth's England was a badly drained country, with heaps of garbage in the streets. Shakespeare's father, they tell us, was a butcher, and evidently from a butcher's son, living in an ill-swept town, and careless about the spelling of his name, not much in the way of intellectual achievement was to be expected! In point of fact, Shakespeare's parents belonged to the middle class. His father owned several houses in Stratford and two or three farms in the neighborhood. As a farmer in those days he would naturally have cattle slaughtered on his premises and would sell wool off the backs of his own flocks, whence the later tradition of his having been butcher and wool-dealer. That his social position was good is shown by the facts that he was chief alderman and high bailiff of Stratford, and justice of the peace, and was styled "Master John Shakespeare," or (as we should say) "Mr.," whereas had he been one of the common folk, his style had been "Goodman Shakespeare." A visit to his home in Henley Street, and to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, shows that the two families were in eminently respectable circumstances. The son of the high bailiff would see the best people in the neighborhood. There was in the town a remarkably good free grammar school, where he might have learned the "small Latin and less Greek" which his friend Ben Jonson assures us he possessed. This expression, by the way, is usually misunderstood, because people do not pause to consider it. Coming from Ben Jonson, I should say that "small Latin and less Greek" might fairly describe the amount of those languages ordinarily possessed by a member of the graduating class at Harvard in good standing. It can hardly imply less than the ability to read Terence at sight, and perhaps Euripides less fluently. The author of the plays, with his unerring accuracy of observation, knows Latin enough at least to use the Latin part of English most skillfully; at the same time, when he has occasion to use Greek authors, such as Homer or Plutarch, he usually prefers an English translation. At all events, Jonson's remark informs us that the man whom he addresses as "sweet swan of Avon" knew *some* Latin and *some* Greek, — a conclusion which is so distasteful to one of our Baconizers, Mr. Edwin Reed, that he will not admit it. Rather than do so, he has the assurance to ask us to believe that by the epithet "sweet swan of Avon" Jonson really meant Francis Bacon! Dear me, Mr. Reed, do you really mean it? And how about the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher in 1647, when, in his dedication to Shakespeare's friend, the Earl of Pembroke, he speaks of "Sweet Swan of Avon Shakespear"? Was he, too, a participator in the little scheme for fooling posterity? Or was he one of those who were fooled?

Whether Shakespeare had other chances for book-lore than those which the grammar school afforded, whether there was any interesting parson at hand, as often in small towns, to guide and stimulate his unfolding thoughts, — upon such points we have no information. But there were things to be learned in the country town quite outside of books and pedagogues. There, while the poet listened to the "strain of strutting chanticleer," and watched the "sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary," putting on their rye-straw hats and making holiday with rustic nymphs, he could rejoice in

> "Earth's increase, foison plenty,
> Barns and garners never empty;
> Vines with clust'ring bunches growing;
> Plants with goodly burthen bowing;"

there he could see the "unbacked colts" prick their ears, advance their eyelids, lift up their noses, as if they smelt music; there he knew, doubtless, many a bank where the wild thyme grew and on which the moonlight sweetly slept; there he watched the coming of "violets dim," "pale primroses," flower-de-luce, carnations, with "rosemary and rue" to keep their "savour all the winter long,"

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail."

Such lore as this no books nor college could impart.

It was this that Milton had in mind when he introduced Shakespeare and Ben Jonson into his poem L'Allegro. Milton was in his thirtieth year when Jonson, poet laureate, was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey; he was only a boy of eight years when Shakespeare died, but the beautiful sonnet, written fourteen years later, shows how lovingly he studied his works: —

"What needs my Shakespeare, for his honoured bones," etc.

The poem L'Allegro and its fellow Il Penseroso describe the delights of Milton's life at his father's country house near Windsor Castle. He used often to ride into London to hear music or pass an evening at the theatre, as in the following lines: —

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild."

This accurate and happy contrast exasperates the Baconizers, for it spoils their stock in trade, and accordingly they try their best to assure us that Milton did not know what he was writing about. They asseverate with vehemence that in all the seven-and-thirty plays there is no such thing as a native woodnote wild.

But before leaving the contrast we may pause for a moment to ask, Where did Ben Jonson get his learning? He was, as he himself tells us, "poorly brought up" by his stepfather, a bricklayer. He went to Westminster School, where he was taught by Camden, and he may have spent a short time at Cambridge, though this is doubtful. His schooling was nipped in the bud, for he had to go home and lay brick; and when he found such an existence insupportable he went into the army and fought in the Netherlands. At about the age of twenty we find him back in London, and there lose sight of him for five years, when all at once his great comedy Every Man in his Humour is performed and makes him famous. Now, in such a life, when did Jonson get the time for his immense reading and his finished classical scholarship? Reasoning after the manner of the Delia-Baconians, we may safely say that he could not possibly have accumulated the learning which is shown in his plays: therefore he could not have written those plays; therefore Lord Bacon must have written them! There are daring soarers in the empyrean who do not shrink from this conclusion; a doctor in Michigan, named Owen, has published a pamphlet to prove, among other things, that Bacon was the author of the plays which were performed and printed as Jonson's.

To return to Shakespeare. Somewhere about 1585, when he was one-and-twenty, he went to London, leaving his wife and three young children at Stratford. His father had lost money, and the fortunes of the family were at the lowest ebb. In London we lose sight of Shakespeare for a while, just as we lose sight of Jonson, until literary works appear. The work first published is Venus and Adonis, one of the most exquisite pieces of diction in the English language. It was dedicated to Henry, Earl of Southampton, by William Shakespeare, whose authorship of the poem is asserted as distinctly as the title-page of David Copperfield

proclaims that novel to be by Charles Dickens, yet some precious critics assure us that Shakespeare "could not" have written the poem, and never knew the Earl of Southampton. Some years ago, Mr. Appleton Morgan, who does not wish to be regarded as a Baconizer, published an essay on the Warwickshire dialect, in which he maintained that since no traces of that kind of speech occur in Venus and Adonis, therefore it could not have been written by a young man fresh from a small Warwickshire town. This is a specimen of the loose kind of criticism which prepares soil for Delia-Baconian weeds to grow in. The poem was published in 1593, seven or eight years after Shakespeare's coming to London; and we are asked to believe that the world's greatest genius, one of the most consummate masters of speech that ever lived, could tarry seven years in the city without learning how to write what Hosea Biglow calls "citified English"! One can only exclaim, with Gloster, "O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!"

In those years Shakespeare surely learned much else. It seems clear that he had a good reading acquaintance with French and Italian, though he often uses translations, as for instance Florio's version of Montaigne. In estimating what Shakespeare "must have" known or "could not have" known, one needs to use more caution than some of our critics display. For example, in The Winter's Tale the statue of Hermione is called "a piece . . . now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano." Now, since Romano is known as a great painter, but not as a sculptor, this has been cited as a blunder on Shakespeare's part. It appears, however, that the first edition of Vasari's Lives of the Painters, published in 1550 and never translated from its original Italian, informs us that Romano did work in sculpture. In Vasari's second edition, published in 1568 and translated into several languages, this information is not given. From these facts, the erudite German critic Dr. Karl Elze, who is not a bit of a Delia-Baconian, but only an occasional sufferer from *vesania commentatorum*, introduces us to a solemn dilemma: either the author of The Winter's Tale must have consulted the first edition of Vasari in the original Italian, or else he must have traveled in Italy and gazed upon statues by Romano. Ah! prithee not so fast, worthy doctor; be not so lavish with these "musts." It is highly improbable that Shakespeare ever saw Italy except with the eyes of his imperial fancy. On the other hand, there are many indications that he could read Italian, but among them we cannot attach much importance to this one. Why should he not have learned from *hearsay* that Romano had made statues? In the name of common sense, are there no sources of knowledge save books? Or, since it was no unusual thing for Italian painters in the sixteenth century to excel in sculpture and architecture, why should not Shakespeare have assumed without verification that it was so in Romano's case? It was a tolerably safe assumption to make, especially in an age utterly careless of historical accuracy, and in a comedy which provides Bohemia with a seacoast, and mixes up times and customs with as scant heed of probability as a fairy tale.

In arguing about what Shakespeare "must have" or "could not have" known, we must not forget that at no time or place since history began has human thought fermented more briskly than in London while he was living there. The age of Drake and Raleigh was an age of efflorescence in dramatic poetry, such as had not been seen in the twenty centuries since Euripides died. Among Shakespeare's fellow craftsmen were writers of such great and varied endowments as Chapman, Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Peele, Marston, Dekker, Webster, and Cyril Tourneur. During

his earlier years in London Richard Hooker was master of the Middle Temple, and there a little later Ford and Beaumont were studying. The erudite Camden was master of Westminster School; among the lights of the age for legal learning were Edward Coke and Francis Bacon; at the same time, one might have met in London the learned architect Inigo Jones and the learned poet John Donne, both of them excellent classical scholars; there one would have found the divine poet Edmund Spenser, just come over from Ireland to see to the publication of his Faerie Queene; not long afterward came John Fletcher from Cambridge, and the acute philosopher Edward Herbert from Oxford; and one and all might listen to the incomparable table-talk of that giant of scholarship, John Selden. The delights of the Mermaid Tavern, where these rare wits were wont to assemble, still live in tradition. As Keats says: —

> "Souls of poets dead and gone,
> What Elysium have ye known,
> Happy field or mossy cavern,
> Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

It has always been believed that this place was one of Shakespeare's favorite haunts. By common consent of scholars it has been accepted as the scene of those contests of wit between Shakespeare and Jonson of which Fuller tells us when he compares Jonson to a Spanish galleon, built high with learning, but slow in movement, while he likens Shakespeare to an English cruiser, less heavily weighted, but apt for victory because of its nimbleness, — the same kind of contrast, by the way, as that which occurred to Milton.

But our Baconizing friends will not allow that Shakespeare ever went to the Mermaid or knew the people who met there; at least none but a few fellow dramatists. We have no documentary proof that he ever met with Raleigh, or Bacon, or Selden. Let us observe that while these sapient critics are in some cases ready to welcome the slightest circumstantial evidence, there are others in which they will accept nothing short of absolute demonstration. Did Shakespeare ever see a maypole? The word occurs just once in his plays, namely, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where little Hermia, quarreling with tall Helena, calls her a "painted maypole;" but that proves nothing. I am not aware that there is any absolute documentary proof that Shakespeare ever set eyes on a maypole. It is nevertheless certain that in England, at that time, no boy could grow to manhood without seeing many a maypole. Common sense has some rights which we are bound to respect.

Now, Shakespeare's London was a small city of from 150,000 to 200,000 souls, or about the size of Providence or Minneapolis at the present time. In cities of such size everybody of the slightest eminence is known all over town, and such persons are sure to be more or less acquainted with one another; it is a very rare exception when it is not so. Before his thirtieth year Shakespeare was well known in London as an actor, a writer of plays, and the manager of a prominent theatre. It was in that year that Spenser, in his Colin Clout 's Come Home Again, alluding to Shakespeare under the name of Aëtion, or "eagle-like," paid him this compliment: —

> "And there, though last, not least, is Aëtion;
> A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
> Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
> Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

Four years after this, in 1598, Francis Meres published his book entitled Palladis Tamia, a very interesting contribution to literary history. The author, who had been an instructor in rhetoric in the University of Oxford, was then living in London, near the Globe Theatre. In this book Meres tells his readers that "the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among

his private friends, etc. . . . As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labour's Lost, his Love's Labour's Wonne,[1] his Midsummer Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet. As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus's tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speak English." In other passages Meres mentions Shakespeare's lyrical quality, for which he likens him to Pindar and Catullus, and the glory of his style, for which he places him along with Virgil and Homer. It thus appears that at the age of thirty-four this poet from Stratford was already ranked by critical scholars by the side of the greatest names of antiquity. Let us add that the popularity of his plays was making him a somewhat wealthy man, so that he had relieved his father from pecuniary troubles, and had just bought for himself the Great House at Stratford where the last years of his life were spent. His income seems already to have been equivalent to $10,000 a year in our modern money. His position had come to be such that he could extend patronage to others. It was in 1598 that through his influence Ben Jonson obtained, after many rebuffs, his first hearing before a London audience, when Every Man in his Humour was brought out at Blackfriars Theatre, with Shakespeare acting one of the parts.

To suppose that such a man as this, in a town the size of Minneapolis, connected with a principal theatre, writer of the most popular plays of the day, a poet whom men were already coupling with Homer and Pindar, — to suppose that such a man was not known to all the educated people in the town is simply absurd. There were probably very few men, women, or children in London, between 1595 and 1610, who did not know who Shakespeare was when he passed them in the street; and as for such wits as drank ale and sack at the Mermaid, as for Raleigh and Bacon and Selden and the rest, to suppose that Shakespeare did not know them well — nay, to suppose that he was not the leading spirit and brightest wit of those ambrosial nights — is about as sensible as to suppose that he never saw a maypole.

The facts thus far contemplated point to one conclusion. The son of a well-to-do magistrate in a small country town is born with a genius which the world has never seen surpassed. Coming to London at the age of twenty-one, he achieves such swift success that within thirteen years he is recognized as one of the chief glories of English literature. During this time he is living in the midst of such a period of intellectual ferment as the world has seldom seen, and in a position which necessarily brings him into frequent contact with all the most cultivated men. Under such circumstances, there is nothing in the smallest degree strange or surprising in his acquiring the varied knowledge which his plays exhibit. The major premise of the Delia-Baconians has, therefore, nothing in it whatever. It is a mere bubble, an empty vagary, — only this, and nothing more.

Before leaving this part of the subject, however, there are still one or two points of interest to be mentioned. Shakespeare shows a fondness for the use of phrases and illustrations taken from the law; and on such grounds our Delia-Baconians argue that the plays must have been written by an eminent lawyer, such as the Lord Chancellor Bacon undoubtedly was. They feel

[1] The comedy afterward developed into All's Well that Ends Well.

that this is a great point on their side. One instance, cited by Nathaniel Holmes and other Baconizers, is the celebrated case of Sir James Hales, who committed suicide by drowning, and was accordingly buried at the junction of cross-roads, with a stake through his body, while all his property was forfeited to the Crown. Presently his widow brought suit for an estate by survivorship in joint-tenancy. Her case turned upon the question whether the forfeiture occurred during her late husband's lifetime: if it did, he left no estate which she could take; if it did not, she took the estate by survivorship. The lady's counsel argued that so long as Sir James was alive he had not been guilty of suicide, and the instant he died the estate vested in his widow as joint-tenant. But the opposing counsel argued that the instant Sir James voluntarily made the fatal plunge, and therefore before the breath had left his body, the guilt of suicide was incurred and the forfeiture took place. The court decided in favor of this view, and the widow got nothing.

There can be little doubt that this decision is travestied in the conversation of the two clowns in Hamlet with regard to Ophelia's right to Christian burial. The first clown makes precisely the point upon which the ingenious counsel for the defendant had rested his argument: "If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform." In making this distinction the counsel had maintained that the second branch, or the doing, was the only thing for the law to consider. The talk of the clowns brings out the humor of the case with Shakespeare's inimitable lightness of touch.

The report of the Hales case was published in the volume of Plowden's Reports which was issued in 1578; and Judge Holmes informs us that "there is not the slightest ground for a belief, on the facts which we know, that Shakespeare ever looked into Plowden's Reports." This is one of the cases where your stern Baconizer will not hear of anything short of absolute demonstration. Mere considerations of human probability might disturb the cogency of a neat little pair of syllogisms: —

(1.) The author of Hamlet must have read Plowden. Shakespeare never read Plowden. Therefore Shakespeare was not the author of Hamlet.

(2.) The author of Hamlet must have read Plowden. The lawyer, Bacon, must have read Plowden. Therefore Bacon wrote Hamlet.

With regard to the major premise here, one may freely deny it. The author of Hamlet might easily have got all the knowledge involved from an evening chat with some legal friend at an ale-house. Then as to the minor premise, what earthly improbability is there in Shakespeare's having dipped into Plowden? Can nobody but lawyers or law students enjoy reading reports of law cases? I remember that when I was about ten years old, a favorite book with me was one entitled Criminal Trials of All Countries, by a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. I read it and read it, until forbidden to read such a gruesome book, and then I read it all the more. One of the most elaborate reports in it was that of the famous case of Captain Donellan, tried in 1780 on a charge of poisoning; and if I did not forthwith write a play and take the occasion to ridicule the judge's charge to the jury, it was because I could not write a play, not because I did not fully appreciate the insult to law and common sense which that unfortunate case involved. In view of this and other experiences, when I now read a play or a novel that contains an intelligent allusion to some law case, I am far from feeling driven to the conclusion that it must have been written by a lord chancellor.

If Shakespeare's dramas are proved by such internal evidence to have been

written by a lawyer, that lawyer, by parity of reasoning, could hardly have been Francis Bacon. For he was pre-eminently a chancery lawyer, and chancery phrases are in Shakespeare conspicuously absent. The word "injunctions" occurs five times in the plays, once perhaps with a reference to its legal use (Merchant of Venice, II. ix.); but nowhere do we find any exhibition of a knowledge of chancery law. His allusions to the common law are often very amusing, as when, in Love's Labour's Lost, at the end of a brisk punning-match between Boyet and Maria, he offers to kiss her, laughingly asking for a grant of pasture on her lips, and she replies, "Not so, my lips are no common, though several they be." Again, in The Comedy of Errors, "Dromio asserts that there is no time for a bald man to recover his hair. This having been written, the law phrase suggested itself, and he was asked whether he might not do it by fine and recovery, and this suggested the efficiency of that proceeding to bar heirs; and this started the conceit that thus the lost hair of another man would be recovered." [1] In such quaint allusions to the common law and its proceedings Shakespeare abounds, and we cannot help remembering that Nash, in his prefatory epistle to Greene's Menaphon, printed about 1589, makes sneering mention of Shakespeare as a man who had left the "trade of Noverint," whereunto he was born, in order to try his hand at tragedy. The "trade of Noverint" was a slang expression for the business of attorney, and this passage has suggested that Shakespeare may have spent some time in a law office, as student or as clerk, either before leaving Stratford, or perhaps soon after his arrival in London. This seems to me not improbable. On the other hand, The Merchant of Venice contains such crazy law that it is hard to imagine it coming even from a lawyer's clerk. At all events, we may safely say that the legal knowledge exhibited in the plays is no more than might readily have been acquired by a man of assimilative genius associating with lawyers. It simply shows the range and accuracy of Shakespeare's powers of observation.

Let us come now to the second part of the Delia Bacon theory. Having satisfied herself that William Shakespeare could not have written the poems and plays published under his name, she jumped to the conclusion that Francis Bacon was the author. Surely, a singular choice! Of all men, why Francis Bacon? [2] Why not, as I said before, George Chapman or Ben Jonson, men who were at once learned scholars and great poets? Chapman, like Marlowe, could write the "mighty line." Jonson had rare lyric power; his verses sing, as witness the wonderful "Do but look on her eyes," which Francis Bacon could no more have written than he could have jumped over the moon. To pitch upon Bacon as the writer of Twelfth Night or Romeo and Juliet is about as sensible as to assert that David Copperfield must have been written by Charles Darwin. After a familiar acquaintance of more than forty years with Shakespeare's works, of nearly forty years with Bacon's, the two men impress me as simply antipodal one to the other. A similar feeling was entertained by the late Mr. Spedding, the biographer and editor of Bacon; and no one has more happily hit off the vagaries of the Baconizers than the foremost Bacon scholar now living, Dr. Kuno Fischer, in his recent address before the Shakespeare Society at Weimar. [3] I used to wonder whether the Bacon-Shakespeare people really knew anything about Bacon, and

[1] Davis, The Law in Shakespeare, St. Paul, 1884.

[2] There is reason for believing that this choice was an instance of the megalomania developed by Miss Bacon's malady. She imagined a remote kinship between herself and Lord Bacon. Possibly there may have been such kinship.

[3] Fischer, Shakespeare und die Bacon-Mythen, Heidelberg, 1895.

now that chance has led me to read their books I am quite sure they do not. To their minds his works are simply a storehouse of texts which serve them for controversial missiles, very much as scattered texts from the Bible used to serve our uncritical grandfathers.

Francis Bacon was one of the most interesting persons of his time, and, as is often the case with such many-sided characters, posterity has held various opinions about him. On the one hand, his fame has grown brighter with the years; on the other hand, it has come to be more or less circumscribed and limited. Pope's famous verse, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," may be disputed in all its three specifications. Bacon's treatment of Essex, which formerly called forth such bitter condemnation, has been, I think, completely justified; and as for the taking of bribes, which led to his disgrace, there were circumstances which ought largely to mitigate the severity of our judgment. But if Bacon was far from being a mean example of human nature, it is surely an exaggeration to call him the wisest and brightest of mankind. He was a scholar and critic of vast accomplishments, a writer of noble English prose, and a philosopher who represented rather than inaugurated a most beneficial revolution in the aims and methods of scientific inquiry. He is one of the real glories of English literature, but he is also one of the most overrated men of modern times. When we find Macaulay saying that Bacon had "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men," we need not be surprised to find that his elaborate essay on Bacon is as false in its fundamental conception as it is inaccurate in details. For a long time it was one of the accepted commonplaces that Bacon inaugurated the method by which modern discoveries in physical science have been made. Early in the present century such writers on the history of science as Whewell began to show the incorrectness of this notion, and it was completely exploded by Stanley Jevons in his Principles of Science, the most profound treatise on method that has appeared in the last fifty years. Jevons writes: "It is wholly a mistake to say that modern science is the result of the Baconian philosophy; it is the Newtonian philosophy and the Newtonian method which have led to all the great triumphs of physical science, and . . . the Principia forms the true Novum Organon." This statement of Jevons is thoroughly sound. The great Harvey, who knew how scientific discoveries are made, said with gentle sarcasm that Bacon "wrote philosophy like a lord chancellor;" yet Harvey would not have denied that the chancellor was doing noble service as the eloquent expounder of many sides of the scientific movement that was then gathering strength. Bacon's mind was eminently sagacious and fertile in suggestions, but the supreme creative faculty, the power to lead men into new paths, was precisely the thing which he did not possess. His place is a very high one among intellects of the second order; to rank him with such godlike spirits as Newton, Spinoza, and Leibnitz is simply absurd.

So much for Bacon himself. With regard to him as possible author of the Shakespeare poems and plays, it is difficult to imagine so learned a scholar making the kind of mistakes that abound in those writings. Bacon would hardly have introduced clocks into the Rome of Julius Cæsar; nor would he have made Hector quote Aristotle, nor Hamlet study at the University of Wittenberg, founded five hundred years after Hamlet's time; nor would he have put pistols into the age of Henry IV., nor cannon into the age of King John; and we may be pretty sure that he would not have made one of the characters in King Lear talk about Turks and Bedlam. In this severely realistic age of

ours, writers are more on their guard against such anachronisms than they were in Shakespeare's time; in his works we cannot call them serious blemishes, for they do not affect the artistic character of the plays, but they are certainly such mistakes as a scholar like Bacon would not have committed.

Deeper down lies the contrast involved in the fact that Bacon was in a high degree a subjective writer, from whom you are perpetually getting revelations of his idiosyncrasies and moods, whereas of all writers in the world Shakespeare is the most completely objective, the most absorbed in the work of creation. In the one writer you are always reminded of the man Bacon; in the other the personality is never thrust into sight. Bacon is highly self-conscious; from Shakespeare self-consciousness is absent.

The contrast is equally great in respect of humor. I would not deny that Bacon relished a joke, or could perpetrate a pun; but the bubbling, seething, frolicsome, irrepressible drollery of Shakespeare is something quite foreign to him. Read his essays, and you get charming English, wide knowledge, deep thought, keen observation, worldly wisdom, good humor, sweet serenity; but exuberant fun is not there. In writing these essays Bacon was following an example set by Montaigne, but as contrasted with the delicate effervescent humor of the Frenchman his style seems sober and almost insipid. Only fancy such a man trying to write The Merry Wives of Windsor!

Both Shakespeare and Bacon were sturdy and rapacious purloiners. They seized upon other men's bright thoughts and made them their own without compunction and without acknowledgment; and this may account for sundry similarities which may be culled from the plays and from Bacon's works, upon which Baconizing text-mongers are wont to lay great stress as proof of common authorship. Some such resemblances may be due to borrowing from common sources; others are doubtless purely fanciful; others indicate either that Shakespeare cribbed from Bacon, or *vice versa*. Here are a few miscellaneous instances.

Where Bacon says, "Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others" (Essay of Wisdom), Shakespeare says:

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."
> (Hamlet, I. iii.)

This looks as if one writer might have copied from the other. If so, it is Bacon who is the thief, for the lines occur in the quarto Hamlet published in 1603, whereas the Essay of Wisdom was first published in 1612.

Again, where Bacon, in the Essay of Gardens, says, "The breath of flowers comes and goes like the warbling of music," it reminds one strongly of the exquisite passage in Twelfth Night where the Duke exclaims: —

> "That strain again! it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

I have little doubt that Bacon had this passage in mind when he wrote the Essay of Gardens, which was first published in 1625, two years later than the complete folio of Shakespeare. This effectually disposes of the attempt to cite these correspondences in evidence that Bacon wrote the plays.

Another instance is from Richard III.: —

> "By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
> The waters swell before a boisterous storm."

Bacon, in the Essay of Sedition, writes, "As there are . . . secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so there are in states." But this essay was not published till 1625, so again we find him copying Shakespeare. Many such "parallelisms," cited to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works, do really prove that he read them with great care

and remembered them well, or else took notes from them.

An interesting illustration of the helpless ignorance shown by Baconizers is furnished by a remark of Sir Toby Belch, in Twelfth Night. In his instructions to that dear old simpleton Sir Andrew Aguecheek about the challenge, Sir Toby observes, "If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." In Elizabethan English, to address a man as "thou" was to treat him as socially inferior; such familiarity was allowable only between members of the same family or in speaking to servants, just as you address your wife, and likewise the cook and housemaid, by their Christian names, while with the ladies of your acquaintance such familiarity would be rudeness. The same rule for the pronoun survives to-day in French and German, but has been forgotten in English. In the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1604, Justice Coke insulted the prisoner by calling out, "Thou viper! for I *thou* thee, thou traitor!" Now, one of our Baconizers thinks that his idol, in writing Twelfth Night, introduced Sir Toby's suggestion in order to recall to the audience Coke's abusive remark. Once more a little attention to dates would have prevented the making of a bad blunder. We know from Manningham's Diary that Twelfth Night had been on the stage nearly two years before Raleigh's trial. On the other hand, to say that the play might have suggested to Coke his coarse speech would be admissible, but idle, inasmuch as the expression "to *thou* a man" was an every-day phrase in that age.

Here it naturally occurs to us to mention the Promus, about which as much fuss has been made as if it really furnished evidence in support of the Bacon folly. There is in the British Museum a manuscript in Bacon's handwriting, entitled Promus of Formularies and Elegancies. "Promus" means "storehouse" or "treasury." A date at the top of the first page shows that it was begun in December, 1594; there is nothing, I believe, to show over how many years it extended. It is a scrap-book in which Bacon jotted down such sentences, words, and phrases as struck his fancy, such as might be utilized in his writings. These neatly turned phrases, these "formularies and elegancies," are gathered from all quarters, — from the Bible, from Virgil and Horace, from Ovid and Seneca, from Erasmus, from collections of proverbs in various languages, etc. As there is apparently nothing original in this scrap-bag, Mr. Spedding did not think it worth while to include it in his edition of Bacon's works, but in the fourteenth volume he gives a sufficient description of it, with illustrative extracts. In 1883 Mrs. Henry Pott published the whole of this Promus manuscript, and swelled it by comments and dissertations into a volume of 600 octavo pages. She had found in it several hundred expressions which reminded her of passages in Shakespeare, and so it confirmed her in the opinion which she already entertained, that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's works. Thus, when the Promus has a verse from Ovid, which means, "And the forced tongue begins to lisp the sound commanded," it reminds Mrs. Pott of divers lines in which Shakespeare uses the word "lisp," as for example in As You Like It, "you lisp, and wear strange suits;" and she jumps to the conclusion that when Bacon jotted down the verse from Ovid, it was as a preparatory study toward As You Like It and any other play that contains the word "lisp:" therefore Bacon wrote all those plays, *Q. E. D.!* On the next page we find Virgil's remark, "Thus was I wont to compare great things with small," made the father of Falstaff's "base comparisons," and Fluellen's "Macedon and Monmouth," as well as honest Dogberry's "comparisons are odorous." When one reads such things, evidently printed in all seriousness, one

feels like asking Mrs. Pott, in the apt words of Shakespeare's friend Fletcher, "What mare's nest hast thou found?" (Bonduca, V. ii.)

There are many phrases, however, in the Promus, which undoubtedly agree with phrases in the plays. They show that Bacon heard or read the plays with great interest, and culled from them his "elegancies" with no stinted hand. As for Mrs. Pott's bulky volume, it brings us so near to the final *reductio ad absurdum* of the Bacon theory that we hardly need spend many words upon the gross improbabilities which that theory involves. The plays of Shakespeare were universally ascribed to him by his contemporaries; many of them were published during his lifetime, with his name upon the title-page as the author; all were collected and published together by Hemminge and Condell, two of his fellow actors, seven years after his death; and for more than two centuries nobody ever dreamed of looking for a different authorship or of associating the plays with Bacon. But this Chimborazo of *prima facie* evidence becomes a mere mole-hill in the hands of your valiant Baconizer. It is all clear to him. Bacon did not acknowledge the authorship of these works, because such literature was deemed frivolous, and current prejudices against theatres and playwrights might injure his hopes of advancement at the bar and in political life. Therefore, by some sort of private understanding with the ignorant and sordid wretch Shakespeare,[1] at whose theatre they were brought out, their authorship was ascribed to him, the real author died without revealing the secret, and the whole world was deceived until the days of Delia Bacon.

But there are questions which even this ingenious hypothesis fails to answer. Why should Bacon have taken the time to write those thirty-seven plays, two poems, and one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, if they were never to be known as his works? Not for money, surely, for that grasping Shakespeare seems to have got the money as well as the fame; Bacon died a poor man. His principal aim in life was to construct a new system of philosophy; on this noble undertaking he spent such time as he could save from the exactions of his public career as member of Parliament, chancery lawyer, solicitor-general, attorney-general, lord chancellor; and he died with this work far from finished. The volumes which he left behind him were only fragments of the mighty structure which he had planned. We may well ask, Where did this overburdened writer find the time for doing work of another kind voluminous enough to fill a lifetime, and what motive had he for doing it without recompense in either fame or money? Baconizers find it strange that Shakespeare's will contains no reference to his plays as literary property. The omission is certainly interesting, since it seems to indicate that he had parted with his pecuniary interest in them, — had perhaps sold it out to the Globe Theatre. If this omission can be held to show that Shakespeare was lacking in fondness for the productions of his own genius, what shall be said of the notion that Bacon spent half his life in writing works the paternity of which he must forever disown?

This question is answered by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a writer who speculates with equal infelicity on all subjects, but never suffers for lack of boldness. He published in 1887 a book even bigger than that of Mrs. Pott, for it has nearly 1000 pages. Its title is The Great Cryptogram, and its thesis is that Bacon did claim the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. Only the claim was made in a cipher, and if you simply make some numbers mean some

[1] The Baconizers usually delight in berating poor Shakespeare, making much of the deer-stealing business, the circumstances of his marriage, etc.

words, and other words mean other numbers, and perform a good many sums in addition and subtraction, you will be able to read this claim between the lines, along with much other wonderful information. Thus does Mr. Donnelly carry us quite a long stride nearer to the reductio ad absurdum, or suicide point, than we were left by Mrs. Pott.

But before we come to the jumping-off place, let us pause for a moment and take a retrospective glance at the natural history of the Bacon-Shakespeare craze. What was it that first unlocked the sluice-gates, and poured forth such a deluge of foolishness upon a sorely suffering world? It will hardly do to lay the blame upon poor Delia Bacon. Her suggestions would have borne no fruit had they not found a public, albeit a narrow one, in some degree prepared for them. Who, then, prepared the soil for the seeds of this idiocy to take root? Who but the race of fond and foolish Shakespeare commentators, with their absurd claims for their idol? During the eighteenth century Shakespeare was generally underrated. Voltaire wondered how a nation that possessed such a noble tragedy as Addison's Cato could endure such plays as Hamlet and Othello. In the days of Scott and Burns a reaction set in; and Shakespeare-worship reached its height when the Germans took it up, and, not satisfied with calling him the prince of poets, began to discover in his works all sorts of hidden philosophy and impossible knowledge. Of the average German mind Lowell good-naturedly says that "it finds its keenest pleasure in divining a profound significance in the most trifling things, and the number of mare's nests that have been stared into by the German *Gelehrter* through his spectacles passes calculation." (Literary Essays, ii. 163.) But the Germans are not the only sinners; let me cite an instance from near home. In the quarto Hamlet of 1603 we read: —

> "Full forty years are past, their date is gone,
> Since happy time joined both our hearts as one:
> And now the blood that filled my youthful veins
> Runs weakly in their pipes," etc.

Whereupon Mr. Edward Vining calls upon us to observe how Shakespeare, "to whom all human knowledge seems to be but a matter of instinct, in [these lines] asserts the circulation of the blood in the veins and 'pipes,' a truth which Harvey probably did not even suspect until at least thirteen years later," etc.[1] Does Mr. Vining really suppose that what Harvey did was to discover that blood runs in our veins? A little further study of history would have taught him that even the ancients knew that blood runs in the veins.[2] About fourteen hundred years before Hamlet was written, Galen proved that it also runs in the arteries. After Galen's time, it was believed that the dark blood nourishes such plebeian organs as the liver, while the bright blood nourishes such lordly organs as the brain, and that the interchange takes place in the heart; until the sixteenth century, when Vesalius proved that the interchange does not take place in the heart, and the martyr Servetus proved that it does take place in the lungs; and so on till 1619, when Harvey discovered that dark blood is brought by the veins to the right side of the heart, and thence driven into the lungs, where it becomes bright and flows into the left side of the heart, thence to be propelled throughout the body in the arteries. That it then grows dark and returns through the veins Harvey believed, but no one could tell how until, forty years later, Malpighi with his microscope detected the capillaries. Now, to talk about Shakespeare discerning as if by instinct a truth which Har-

[1] The Bankside Shakespeare, vol. xi. p. xi.

[2] The writings of Hippocrates abound in examples, as in his interesting explanation of congestion, extravasation, etc. (De Ventis, x.), to cite one instance out of a thousand.

vey afterward discovered is simply silly. Instead of showing rare scientific knowledge, his remark about blood running in the veins is one that anybody might have made.

This is a fair specimen of the way in which doting commentators have built up an impossible Shakespeare, until at last they have provoked a reaction. Sooner or later the question was sure to arise, Where did your Stratford boy get all this abstruse scientific knowledge? The key-note was perhaps first sounded by August von Schlegel, who persuaded himself that Shakespeare had mastered "all the things and relations of this world," and then went on to declare that the accepted account of his life must be a mere fable. Thus we reach the point from which Delia Bacon started.

It may safely be said that all theories of Shakespeare's plays which suppose them to be attempts at teaching occult philosophical doctrines, or which endow them with any other meanings than those which their words directly and plainly convey, are a delusion and a snare. Those plays were written, not to teach philosophy, but to fill the theatre and make money. They were written by a practiced actor and manager, the most consummate master of dramatic effects that ever lived; a poet unsurpassed for fertility of invention, unequaled for melody of language, unapproached for delicacy of fancy, inexhaustible in humor, profoundest of moralists; a man who knew human nature by intuition, as Mozart knew counterpoint or as Chopin knew harmony. The name of that writer was none other than William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon.

It was inevitable that the Bacon folly, after once adopting such methods as those of Mrs. Pott and Mr. Donnelly, should proceed to commit suicide by piling up extravagances. By such methods one can prove anything, and accordingly we find these writers busy in tracing Bacon's hand in the writings of Greene, Marlowe, Shirley, Marston, Massinger, Middleton, and Webster. They are sure that he was the author of Montaigne's Essays, which were afterward translated into what we have always supposed to be the French original. Mr. Donnelly believes that Bacon also wrote Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Next comes Dr. Orville Owen with a new cipher, which proves that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, and that he was the author of the Faerie Queene and other poems attributed to Edmund Spenser. Finally we have Mr. J. E. Roe, who does not mean to be outdone. He asks us what we are to think of the notion that an ignorant tinker, like John Bunyan, could have written the most perfect allegory in any language. Perish the thought! Nobody but Bacon could have done it. Of course Bacon had been more than fifty years in his grave when Pilgrim's Progress was published as Bunyan's. But your true Baconizer is never stopped by trifles. Mr. Roe assures us that Bacon wrote that heavenly book, as well as Robinson Crusoe and the Tale of a Tub; which surely begins to make him seem ubiquitous and everlasting. If things go on at this rate, we shall presently have a religious sect, holding as its first article of faith that Francis Bacon created the heavens and the earth in six days, and rested on the seventh day.

John Fiske.

CALEB WEST.

V.

AUNTY BELL'S KITCHEN.

THE storm was still raging, the wind beating in fierce gusts against the house and rattling the window-panes, when Sanford awoke in the low-ceiled room always reserved for him at Captain Joe's.

"Terrible dirty, ain't it?" the captain called, as he came in with a hearty good-morning and threw open the green blinds. "I guess she 'll scale off; it 's hauled a leetle s'uth'ard since daylight. The glass is a-risin', too. Aunty Bell says breakfas' 's ready jes' 's soon 's you be."

"All right, captain. Don't wait. I 'll come in ten minutes," replied Sanford, picking up his big sponge.

Outside the little windows a wide-armed tree swayed in the storm, its budding branches tapping the panes. Sanford drew aside the white dimity curtains and looked out. The garden was dripping, and the plank walk that ran to the swinging-gate was glistening in the driving rain.

These sudden changes in the weather did not affect Sanford's plans. Bad days were to be expected, and the loss of time at an exposed site like that of the Ledge was always considered in the original estimate of the cost of the structure. If the sea prevented the landing of stone for a day or so, the sloop, as he knew, could load a full cargo of blocks from the stone wharf across the road, now hidden by the bursting lilacs in the captain's garden; or the men could begin on the iron parts of the new derricks, and if it cleared, as Captain Joe predicted, they could trim the masts and fit the bands. Sanford turned cheerfully from the window, and began dressing for the day.

The furniture and appointments about him were of the plainest. There were a bed, a wash-stand and a portable tub, three chairs, and a small table littered with drawing materials. Dimity curtains hung at the windows, and the bureau was covered with a freshly laundered white Marseilles cover. On the walls were tacked mechanical drawings, showing cross-sections of the several courses of masonry, — prospective views of the concrete base and details of the cisterns and cellars of the lighthouse. Each of these was labeled "Shark Ledge Lighthouse. Henry Sanford, Contractor," and signed, "W. A. Carleton, Asst. Supt. U. S. L. Estb't." In one corner of the room rested a field level, and a pole with its red and white target.

The cottage itself was on the main shore road leading from the village to Keyport Light, and a little removed from the highway. It was a two-story double house, divided by a narrow hall with rooms on either side. In the rear were the dining-room and kitchen. Overlooking the road in front was a wide portico with sloping roof.

There were two outside doors belonging to the house. These were always open. They served two purposes, — to let in the air and to let in the neighbors. The neighbors included everybody who happened to be passing, from the doctor to the tramp. This constant stream of visitors always met in the kitchen, really the cheeriest and cosiest room in the house, — a low-ceiled, old-fashioned interior, full of nooks and angles, that had for years adapted itself to everybody's wants and ministered to everybody's comfort.

The fittings and furnishings of this delightful room were as simple as they were convenient. On one side, opposite the door, were the windows, looking out upon the garden, their sills filled with plants in winter. In the far corner stood a pine dresser painted bright green, decorated

with rows of plates and saucers set up on edge, besides various dishes and platters, all glistening from the last touch of Aunty Bell's hand polish. Next to the dresser was a broad, low settle, also of pine and also bright green, except where countless pairs of overalls had worn the paint away. There were chairs of all kinds, — rockers for winter nights, and more restful straight-backs for meal-times. There was a huge table, with always a place for one more. There was a mantel-rest for pipes and knick-knacks, — never known to be without a box of matches, — and a nautical almanac. There were rows of hooks nailed to the backs of the doors, especially adapted to rubber coats and oilskins. And last of all, there was a fresh, sweet-smelling, brass-hooped cedar bucket, tucked away in a corner under the stairs, with a cocoanut dipper that had helped to cool almost every throat from Keyport Village to Keyport Light.

But it was the stove that made this room unique: not an ordinary, commonplace cooking-machine, but a big, generous, roomy arrangement, pushed far back out of everybody's way, with outriggers for broiling, and capacious ovens for baking, and shelves for keeping things hot, besides big and little openings on top for pots and kettles and frying-pans, of a pattern unknown to the modern chef; each and every one dearly prized by the little woman who burnt her face to a blazing red in its service. This cast-iron embodiment of all the hospitable virtues was the special pride of Aunty Bell, the captain's wife, a neat, quick, busy woman, about half the size of the captain in height, width, and thickness. Into its recesses she poured the warmth of her heart, and from out of its capacious receptacles she took the products of her bounty. Every kettle sang to please her, and every fire she built crackled and laughed at her bidding.

When Sanford entered there was hardly room enough to move. A damp, sweet smell of fresh young grass came in at an open window. Through the door could be seen the wet graveled walks, washed clean by the storm, over which hopped one or more venturesome robins in search of the early worm.

Carleton, the government inspector, sat near the door, his chair tilted back. In the doorway itself stood Miss Peebles, the schoolmistress, an angular, thin, mild-eyed woman, in a rain-varnished waterproof. She was protesting that she was too wet to come in, and could n't stop a minute. Near the stove stooped Bill Lacey, drying his jacket. Around the walls and on the window-sills were other waifs, temporarily homeless, — two from the paraphernalia dock (regular boarders these), and a third, the captain of the tug, whose cook was drunk. On the door-mat lay a dog that everybody stepped over, and under the dresser sat a silent, contemplative cat, with one eye on the table.

All about the place — now in the pantry, now in the kitchen, now with a big dish, now with a pile of dishes or a pitcher of milk — bustled Aunty Bell, with a smile of welcome and a cheery word for every one who came.

Nobody, of course, had come to breakfast, — that was seen from the way in which everybody insisted he had just dropped in for a moment out of the wet to see the captain, hearing he was home from the Ledge, and from the alacrity with which everybody, one after another, as the savory smells of fried fish and soft clams filled the room, forgot his good resolutions and drew up his chair to the hospitable board.

Most of them told the truth about wanting to see the captain. Since his sojourn among them, and without any effort of his own, he had filled the position of adviser, protector, and banker to about half the people along the shore. He had fought Miss Peebles's battle, when the school trustees wanted the girl from Norwich to have her place. He had recommended the tug captain to the tow-

ing company, and had coached him overnight to insure his getting a license in the morning. He had indorsed Caleb West's note to make up the last payment on the cabin he had bought to put his young wife Betty in; and when the new furniture had come over from Westerly, he had sent two of his men to unload it, and had laid some of the carpets himself the Saturday Betty expected Caleb in from the Ledge, and wanted to have the house ready for his first Sunday at home.

When Mrs. Bell announced breakfast, Captain Joe, in his shirt-sleeves, took his seat at the head of the table, and with a hearty, welcoming wave of his hand invited everybody to sit down, — Carleton first, of course, he being the man of authority, representing to the working man that mysterious, intangible power known as the "government."

Carleton generally stopped in at the captain's if the morning were stormy; it was nearer his lodgings than the farmhouse where he took his meals — and then breakfast at the captain's cost nothing! He had come in on this particular day ostensibly to protest about the sloop's having gone to the Ledge without a notification to him. He had begun by saying, with much bluster, that he did n't know about the one stone that Caleb West was reported to have set; that nothing would be accepted unless he was satisfied, and nothing paid for by the department without his signature. But he ended in great good humor when the captain invited him to breakfast and placed him at his own right hand. Carleton liked little distinctions when made in his favor; he considered them due to his position.

The superintendent was a type of his class. His appointment at Shark Ledge Light had been secured through the efforts of a brother-in-law who was a custom-house inspector. Before his arrival at Keyport he had never seen a stone laid or a batch of concrete mixed. To this ignorance of the ordinary methods of construction was added an overpowering sense of his own importance coupled with the knowledge that the withholding of a certificate — the superintendent could choose his own time for giving it — might embarrass everybody connected with the work. He was not dishonest, however, and had no faults more serious than those of ignorance, self-importance, and conceit. This last broke out in his person: he wore a dyed mustache and a yellow diamond shirt-pin, and — was proud of his foot.

Captain Joe understood the superintendent thoroughly. "Ain't it cur'us," he would sometimes say, "that a man 's old 's him is willin' ter set round all day knowin' he don't know nothin', never larnin', an' yit allus afeard some un 'll find it out?" Then, as the helplessness of the man rose in his mind, he would add, "Well, poor critter, somebody 's got ter support him; guess the guv'ment 's th' best paymaster fur him."

When breakfast was over, the skipper of the Screamer dropped in to make his first visit, shaking the water from his oilskins as he entered.

"Pleased to meet yer, Mis' Bell," he said in his bluff, wholesome way, acknowledging the captain's introduction to Mrs. Bell, then casting his eyes about for a seat, and finally taking a vacant window-sill.

"Give me your hat an' coat, and do have breakfast, Captain Brandt," said Mrs. Bell in a tone as cheery as if it were the first meal she had served that day.

"No, thank ye, I had some 'board sloop," replied Captain Brandt.

"Here, cap'n, take my seat," said Captain Joe. "I 'm goin' out ter see how the weather looks." He picked up the first hat he came to, — as was his custom, — and disappeared through the open door, followed by nearly all the seafaring men in the room.

As the men passed out, each one

reached for his oilskin hanging behind the wooden door, and waddling out like penguins they stood huddled together in the driving rain, their eyes turned skyward. Each man diagnosed the weather for himself. Six doctors over a patient with a hidden disease are never so impressive nor so obstinate as six seafaring men over a probable change of wind. The drift of the cloud-rack scudding in from the sea, the clearness of the air, the current of the upper clouds, were each silently considered. No opinions were given. It was for Captain Joe to say what he thought of the weather. Clearing weather meant one kind of work for them, — fitting derricks, perhaps, — a continued storm meant another.

If the captain arrived at any conclusion, it was not expressed. He had walked down to the gate and leaned over the palings, looking up at the sky across the harbor, and then behind him toward the west. The rain trickled unheeded down his sou'wester and fell upon his blue flannel shirt. He looked up and down the road at the passers-by tramping along in the wet: the twice-a-day postman, wearing an old army coat and black rubber cape; the little children huddled together under one umbrella, only the child in the middle keeping dry; and the butcher in the meat wagon with its white canvas cover and swinging scales. Suddenly he gave a quick cry, swung back the gate with the gesture of a rollicking boy, and opened both arms wide in a mock attempt to catch a young girl who sprang past him and dashed up the broad walk with a merry ringing laugh that brought every one to the outer door.

"Well, if I live!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell. "Mary Peebles, you jes' come here an' see Betty West. Ain't you got no better sense, Betty, than to come down in all this soakin' rain? Caleb 'll be dreadful mad, an' I don't blame him a mite. Come right in this minute and take that shawl off."

"I ain't wet a bit, Aunty Bell," laughed Betty, entering the room. "I got Caleb's high rubber boots on. Look at 'em. Ain't they big!" showing the great soles with all the animation of a child. "An' this shawl don't let no water through nowhere. Oh, but did n't it blow round my porch las' night!" Then turning to the captain, who had followed close behind, "I think you 're real mean, Cap'n Joe, to keep Caleb out all night on the Ledge. I was that dead lonely I could'er cried. Oh, is Mr. Sanford here?" she asked quickly, and with a little shaded tone of deference in her voice, as she caught sight of him in the next room. "I thought he 'd gone to New York. How do you do, Mr. Sanford?" with another laugh and a nod of her head, which Sanford as kindly returned.

"We come purty nigh leavin' everybody on the Ledge las' night, Betty, an' the sloop too," said Captain Joe, cocking his eye at the skipper as he spoke. Then in a more serious tone, "I lef' Caleb a-purpose, child. We got some stavin' big derricks to set, an' Mr. Sanford wants 'em up week arter next, an' there ain't nobody kin fix the anchor sockets but me an' Caleb. He 's at work on 'em now, an' I had to come back to git th' bands on 'em. He 'll be home for Sunday, little gal."

"Well, you jes' better, or I 'll lock up my place an' come right down here to Aunty Bell. Caleb warn't home but two nights last week, and it 's only the beginnin' of summer. I ain't like Aunty Bell, — she can't get lonely. Don't make no difference whether you 're home or not, this place is so chuck-full of folks you can't turn round in it; but 'way up where I live, you don't see a soul sometimes all day but a peddler. Oh, I jes' can't stand it, an' I won't. Land sakes, Aunty Bell, what a lot of folks you 've had for breakfast!"

Turning to the table, she picked up a pile of plates and carried them into the

pantry to Miss Peebles, who was there helping in the wash-up.

Lacey, who had stopped to look after his coat when the men went out, watched her slender, graceful figure, and bright, cheery, joyous face, full of dimples and color and sparkle, the hair in short curls all over her head, the throat plump and white, the little ears nestling and half hidden.

She had been brought up in the next village, two miles away, and had come over every morning, when she was a girl, to Miss Peebles's school. Almost everybody knew her and loved her; Captain Joe cared for her as though she had been his own child. When Caleb gave up the light-ship Captain Joe established him with Betty's mother as boarder, and that was how the marriage came about.

When Betty returned to the room again, Carleton and Lacey were standing.

"Take this seat; you must be tired walking down so far," said Carleton, with a manner never seen in him except when some pretty woman was about.

"No, I'm not a bit tired, but I'll set down till I get these boots off. Aunty Bell, can you lend me a pair of slippers? One of these plaguy boots leaks."

"I'll take 'em off," offered Carleton, with a gesture of gallantry.

"You'll do nothin' of the kind!" she exclaimed, with a half-indignant toss of her head. "I'll take 'em off myself," and she turned her back, and slipped the boots from under her dress. "But you can take 'em to Aunty Bell an' swap 'em for her slippers," she added, with a merry laugh at the humor of her making the immaculate Carleton carry off Caleb's old boots. The slippers on, she thanked him, with a toss of her curls, and, turning her head, caught sight of Lacey.

"What are you doing here, Bill Lacey?" she asked. "Why ain't you at the Ledge?"

Although the young rigger had been but a short time on the captain's force, he had lost no part of it before trying to make himself agreeable, especially to the wives of the men. His white teeth flashed under the curling mustache.

"Captain wants me," he answered, "to fit some bands round the new derricks. We expect 'em over from Medford to-day, if it clears up."

"An' there ain't no doubt but what ye 'll get yer job, Billy," burst out the captain; "it 's breakin' now over Crotch Island," and he bustled again out of the open door, the men who had followed him turning back after him.

Carleton waited until he became convinced that no part of his personality burdened Betty's mind, and then, a little disconcerted by her evident preference for Lacey, joined Sanford in the next room. There he renewed his complaint about the enrockment block having been placed without a notification to him, and he became pacified only when Sanford invited him on the tug for a run to Medford to inspect Mrs. Leroy's new dining-room.

As Mrs. Bell and the schoolmistress were still in the pantry, a rattling of china marking their progress, the kitchen was empty except for Lacey and Betty. The young rigger, seeing no one within hearing, crossed the room to Betty, and, bending over her chair, said in a low tone, "Why did n't you come down to the dock yesterday when we was a-hoistin' the stone on the Screamer? 'Most everybody 'longshore was there."

"Oh, I don't know," returned Betty indifferently.

"Ye ought'er seen the old man," continued Lacey; "me an' him held the guy, and he was a-blowin' like a porpoise."

Betty did not answer. She knew how old Caleb was.

"Had n't been for me it would'er laid him out."

The girl started, and her eyes flashed. "Bill Lacey, Caleb knows more in a

minute than you ever will in your whole life. You shan't talk that way about him, neither."

"Well, who 's a-talkin' ?" said Lacey, looking down at her, more occupied with the curve of her throat than with his reply.

"You are, an' you know it," she answered sharply.

"I did n't mean nothin', Betty. I ain't got nothin' agin him 'cept his gittin' *you*." Then in a lower tone, "You need n't take my head off, if I did say it."

"I ain't takin' your head off, Billy." She looked into his eyes for the first time, her voice softening. She was never angry with any one for long; besides, she felt older than he, and a certain boyishness in him appealed to her.

"You spoke awful cross," he said, bending until his lips almost touched her curls, "an' you know, Betty, there ain't a girl, married or single, up 'n' down this shore nor nowheres else, that I think as much of as I do you, an' if" —

"Here, now, Bill Lacey!" came a quick, sharp voice.

The young rigger stepped back, and turned his head.

Captain Joe was standing in the doorway, with one hand on the frame, an ugly, determined expression filling his eyes.

"They want ye down ter the dock, young feller, jes' 's quick 's ye kin get there."

Lacey's face was scarlet. He looked at Captain Joe, picked up his hat, and walked down the garden path without a word.

Betty ran in to Aunty Bell.

When the two men reached the swinging-gate, Captain Joe laid his hand on Lacey's shoulder, whirled him round suddenly, and said in a calm, decided voice that carried conviction in every tone, "I don't say nothin', an' maybe ye don't mean nothin', but I 've been a-watchin' ye lately, an' I don't like yer ways, Bill Lacey. One thing, howsomever, I 'll tell ye, an' I don't want ye ter forgit it: if I ever ketch ye a-foolin' round Caleb West's lobster-pots, I 'll break yer damned head. Do ye hear?"

VI.

A LITTLE DINNER FOR FIVE.

Sanford's apartments were in gala dress. The divans of the salon were gay with new cushions of corn-yellow and pale green. The big table was resplendent in a new cloth, a piece of richly colored Oriental stuff that had been packed away and forgotten in an old wedding-chest that stood near one window. All the pipes, tobacco pouches, smoking-jackets, slippers, canes, Indian clubs, dumbbells, and other bachelor belongings scattered about the rooms had been tucked out of sight, while books and magazines that had lain for weeks heaped up on chairs and low shelves, and unframed prints and photographs that had rested on the floor propped up against the wall and furniture, had been hidden in dark corners or hived in several portfolios.

On the table stood a brown majolica jar taller than the lamp, holding a great mass of dogwood and apple blossoms, their perfume filling the room. Every vase, umbrella jar, jug, and bit of pottery that could be pressed into service, was doing duty as flower-holder, while over the mantel and along the tops of the bookcases, and even over the doors themselves, streamed festoons of blossoms intertwined with smilax and trailing vines.

Against the tapestries covering the walls of the dining-room hung big wreaths of laurel tied with ribbons. The centre of one wreath was studded with violets, forming the initials H. S. The mantel was a bank of flowers. From the four antique silver church lamps suspended in the four corners of the room swung connecting festoons of

smilax and blossoms. The dinner-table itself was set with the best silver, glass, and appointments that Sanford possessed. Some painted shades he had never seen before topped the tall wax candles.

Sanford smiled when he saw that covers had been laid for but five. That clever fellow Jack Hardy had been right in suggesting that so delicate a question as the choosing of the guests should be left in the hands of Mrs. Leroy. Her tact had been exquisite. Bock had been omitted, there were no superfluous women, and Jack could have his tête-à-tête with Helen undisturbed. With these two young persons happy, the dinner was sure to be a success.

Upon entering his office, he found that the decorative raid had extended even to this his most private domain. The copper helmet of a diving-dress — one he himself sometimes used when necessity required — had been propped up over his desk, the face-plate unscrewed, and the hollow opening filled with blossoms, their leaves curling about the brass buttons of the collar. The very drawing-boards had been pushed against the wall, and the rows of shelves holding his charts and detailed plans had been screened from sight by a piece of Venetian silk exhumed from the capacious interior of the old chest.

The corners of Sam's mouth touched his ears, and every tooth was lined up with a broad grin.

"Doan' ask me who done it, sah. I ain't had nuffin to do wid it, — wid nuffin but de table. I sot dat."

"Has Mrs. Leroy been here?" Sanford asked, coming into the dining-room, and looking again at the initials on the wall.

"Yaas 'r, an' Major Slocomb an' Mr. Hardy done come too. De gen'lemen bofe gone ober to de club. De major say he comin' back soon 's ever you gets here. But I ain't ter tell nuffin 'bout de flowers, sah. Massa Jack say ef I do he brek my neck, an' I 'spec's he will. But Lord, sah, dese ain't no flowers. Look at dis," he added, uncovering a great bunch of American Beauties, — "dat 's ter go 'longside de lady's plate. An' dat ain't ha'f of 'em. I got mos' a peck of dese yer rose-water roses in de pantry. Massa Jack gwine ter ask yer to sprinkle 'em all ober de table-cloth; says dat 's de way dey does in de fust famblies South."

Sanford, not wishing to betray his surprise further, turned towards the sideboard to fill his best decanter.

"Have the flowers I ordered come?" he asked.

"Yaas 'r, got 'em in de ice-chest. But Massa Jack say dese yere rose-water roses on de table-cloth 's a extry touch; don't hab dese high-toned South'n ladies ebery day, he say."

Sanford reëntered the salon and looked about. Every trace of its winter dress had gone. Even the heavy curtains at the windows had been replaced by some of a thin yellow silk. A suggestion of spring in all its brightness and promise was everywhere.

"That 's so like Kate," he said to himself. "She means that Helen and Jack shall be happy, at any rate. She 's missed it herself, poor girl. It 's an infernal shame. Bring in the roses, Sam: I 'll sprinkle them now before I dress. Any letters except these?" he added, looking through a package on the table, a shade of disappointment crossing his face as he pushed them back unopened.

"Yaas 'r, one on yo' bureau dat 's jus' come."

Sanford forgot his orders to Sam, and with a quick movement of his hand drew the curtains of his bedroom and disappeared inside. The letter was there, but he had barely broken the seal when the major's cheery, buoyant voice was heard in the outside room. The next instant the major pushed aside the curtains and peered in.

"Where is he, Sam? In here, did you say?"

Not to have been able to violate the seclusion of even Sanford's bedroom at all times, night or day, would have grievously wounded the sensibilities of the distinguished Pocomokian; it would have implied a reflection on the closeness of their friendship. It was true he had met Sanford but half a dozen times, and it was equally true that he had never before crossed the threshold of this particular room. But these trifling formalities, mere incidental stages in a rapidly growing friendship, were immaterial to him.

"My dear boy, but it does my heart good to see you."

The major's arms, as he entered the room, were wide open. He hugged Sanford enthusiastically, patting his host's back with his fat hands over the spot where the suspenders crossed. Then he held him for a moment at arm's length.

"Let me look at you. Splendid, by gravy! fresh as a rose, suh, handsome as a picture! Just a trace of care under the eyes, though. I see the nights of toil, the hours of suffering. I wonder the brain of man can stand it. But the building of a lighthouse, the illumining of a pathway in the sea for those buffeting with the waves, — it is gloriously humane, suh!"

Suddenly his manner changed, and in a tone as grave and serious as if he were full partner in the enterprise and responsible for its success, the major laid his hand, this time confidingly, on Sanford's shirt-sleeve, and said, "How are we getting on at the Ledge, suh? Last time we talked it over, we were solving the problem of a colossal mass of — of — some stuff or other that" —

"Concrete," suggested Sanford, with an air as serious as that of the major. He loved to humor him.

"That 's it, — concrete; the name had for the moment escaped me, — concrete, suh, that was to form the foundation of the lighthouse."

Sanford assured the major that the concrete was being properly amalgamated, and discussed the laying of the mass in the same technical terms he would have used to a brother engineer, smiling meanwhile as the stream of the Pocomokian's questions ran on. He liked the major's glow and sparkle. He enjoyed most of all the never ending enthusiasm of the man, — that spontaneous outpouring which, like a bubbling spring, flows unceasingly, and always with the coolest and freshest water of the heart.

The major rippled on, new questions of his host only varying the outlet.

"And how is Miss Shirley?" asked the young engineer, throwing the inquiry into the shallows of the talk as a slight temporary dam.

"Like a moss rosebud, suh, with the dew on it. She and Jack have gone out for a drive in Jack's cart. He left me at the club, and I went over to his apartments to dress. I am staying with Jack, you know. Helen is with a school friend. I know, of cou'se, that yo'r dinner is not until eight o'clock, but I could not wait longer to grasp yo'r hand. Do you know, Sanford," with sudden animation and in a rising voice, "that the more I see of you, the more I" —

"And so you are coming to New York to live, major," said Sanford, dropping another pebble at the right moment into the very middle of the current.

The major recovered, filled, and broke through in a fresh place.

"Coming, suh? I have *come*. I have leased a po'tion of my estate to some capitalists from Philadelphia who are about embarking in a strawberry enterprise of very great magnitude. I want to talk to you about it later." (He had rented one half of it — the dry half, the half a little higher than the salt-marsh — to a huckster from Philadelphia, who was trying to raise early vegetables, and whose cash advances upon the rent had paid the overdue interest on the mortgage, leaving a margin hardly more

than sufficient to pay for the suit of clothes he stood in, and his traveling expenses.)

By this time the constantly increasing pressure of his caller's enthusiasm had seriously endangered the possibility of Sanford's dressing for dinner. He glanced several times uneasily at his watch, lying open on the bureau before him, and at last, with a hurried "Excuse me, major," disappeared into his bath-room, and closed its flood-gate of a door, thus effectually shutting off the major's overflow, now perilously near the danger-line.

The Pocomokian paused for a moment, looked wistfully at the blank door, and, recognizing the impossible, called to Sam and suggested a cocktail as a surprise for Sanford when he appeared again. Sam brought the ingredients on a tray, and stood by admiringly (Sam always regarded him as a superior being) while the major mixed two comforting concoctions, — the one already mentioned for Sanford, and the other designed for the especial sustenance and delectation of the distinguished Pocomokian himself.

This done he took his leave, having infused, in ten short minutes, more sparkle, freshness, and life into the apartment than it had known since his last visit.

Sanford saw the cocktail on his bureau when he entered the room again, but forgot it in his search for the open letter he had laid aside on the major's entrance. Sam found the cocktail when dinner was over, and immediately emptied it into his own person.

"Please don't be cross, Henry, if you can't find all your things," the letter read. "Jack Hardy wanted me to come over and help him arrange the rooms as a surprise for the Maryland girl. He says there 's nothing between them, but I don't believe him. The blossoms came from Newport. I hope you had time to go to Medford and find out about my dining-room, and that everything is going on well at the Ledge. I will see you to-night at eight.

K. P. L."

Sanford, with a smile of pleasure, shut the letter in his bureau drawer, and entering the dining-room, he picked up the basket of roses and began those little final touches about the room and table which he never neglected. He lighted the tapers in the antique lamps that hung from the ceiling, readjusting the ruby glass holders; he kindled the wicks in some quaint brackets over the side-board; he moved the Venetian flagons and decanters nearer the centrepiece of flowers, — those he had himself ordered for his guests and their chaperon, — and cutting the stems from the rose-water roses sprinkled them over the snowy linen.

With the soft glow of the candles the room took on a mellow, subdued tone; the pink roses on the cloth, the rosebuds on the candle-shades, and the mass of Mermets in the centre being the distinctive features, and giving the key-note of color to the feast. To Sanford a dinner-table with its encircling guests was always a palette. He knew just where the stronger tones of black coats and white shirt-fronts placed beside the softer tints of fair shoulders and bright faces must be relieved by blossoms in perfect harmony, and he understood to a nicety the exact values of the minor shades in linen, glass, and silver, in the making of the picture.

The guests arrived within a few minutes of one another. Mrs. Leroy, in yellow satin and black bows, a string of pearls about her throat, came first. It was one of the nights when she looked barely twenty-five, and seemed the fresh, joyous girl Sanford had known before her marriage. The ever present sadness which her friends read in her face had gone. She was all gayety and happiness, and her eyes, under their long lashes, were purple as the violets which she wore. Helen Shirley was in white

muslin, — not a jewel, — her fair cheeks rosy with excitement. Jack, hovering near her, was immaculate in white tie and high collar, while the self-installed, presiding genial of the feast, the major, appeared in a suit of clothes that by its ill-fitting wrinkles betrayed its pedigree, — a velvet-collared coat that had lost its dignity in the former service of some friend, and a shoestring cravat that looked as if it had belonged to Major Talbot himself (his dead wife's first husband), and that was now so loosely tied it had all it could do to keep its place.

While they awaited dinner, Jack, eager to show Helen some of Sanford's choicest bits, led her to the mantelpiece, over which hung a sketch by Smearly, — the original of his Academy picture; pointed out the famous wedding-chest and some of the accoutrements over the door; and led her into the private office, now lighted by half a dozen candles, one illumining the copper diving-helmet with its face-plate of flowers. Helen, who had never been in a bachelor's apartment before, thought it another and an enchanted world. Everything suggested a surprise and a mystery.

When she entered the dining-room on Sanford's arm, and saw on the wall the initials H. S., she gave a little start, colored, avoided Jack's gaze, then recovering herself said, "I never saw anything so charming. And H. S., — why, these are your initials, Mr. Sanford," looking up innocently into his eyes.

Sanford started, and a shade of cruel disappointment crossed Jack's face. Mrs. Leroy broke into a happy, contagious laugh, and her eyes, often so impenetrable in their sadness, danced with merriment.

The major watched them all with ill-disguised delight, and, beginning to understand the varying expressions flitting over his niece's face, said, with genuine emotion, emphasizing his outburst by kissing her rapturously on the cheek, "You dear little girl, you, don't you know your own name? H. S. stands for Helen Shirley, not Henry Sanford."

Helen blushed scarlet. She might have known, she said to herself, that Jack would do something lovely, just to surprise her. Why did she betray herself so easily?

Sanford looked at Mrs. Leroy. "No one would have thought of all this but you, Kate," he said.

"Don't thank me, Henry. All I did," she answered, still laughing, "was to put a few flowers about, and to have my maid poke a lot of man-things under the sofas and behind the chairs, and take away those horrid old covers and curtains. I know you'll never forgive me when you want something to-morrow you can't find, but Jack begged so hard I could n't help it. How do you like the candle-shades? I made them myself," she added, tipping her head on one side like a wren.

Helen turned and looked again at the wreath of violets on the wall. When, a moment later, in removing her glove, she brushed Jack's hand, lying on the table-cloth beside her own, the slightest possible pressure of her little finger conveyed her thanks.

Everybody was brimful of happiness: Helen radiant with the inspiration of new surroundings so unlike those of the simple home she had left the day before; Jack riding in a chariot of soap-bubbles, with butterflies for leaders, and drinking in every word that fell from Helen's lips; the major suave and unctuous, with an old-time gallantry that delighted his admirers, boasting now of his ancestry, now of his horses, now of his rare old wines at home; Sanford leading the distinguished Pocomokian into still more airy flights, or engaging him in assumed serious conversation whenever that obtuse gentleman insisted on dragging Jack down from his butterfly heights with Helen, to discuss with him some prosaic features of the club-house at Crab Island; while Mrs. Leroy,

happier than she had been in weeks, watched Helen and Jack with undisguised pleasure, or laughed at the major's good-natured egotism, his wonderful reminiscences and harmless pretensions, listening between pauses to the young engineer by her side, whose heart was to her an open book.

Coffee was served on the balcony. Mrs. Leroy sat on a low camp-stool with her back to the railing, the warm tones of the lamp falling upon her dainty figure. Her prematurely gray hair, piled in fluffy waves upon her head and held in place by a long jewel-tipped pin, gave an indescribable softness and charm to the rosy tints of her skin. Her blue-gray eyes, now deep violet, flashed and dimmed under the moving shutters of the lids, as the light of her varying emotions stirred their depths. About her every movement was that air of distinction, of repose, and of grace which never left her, and which never ceased to have its fascination for her friends. Added to this were a sprightliness and a vivacity which, although often used as a mask to hide a heavy heart, were to-night inspired by her sincere enjoyment of the pleasure she and the others had given to the young Maryland girl and her lover.

When Sam brought the coffee-tray she insisted on filling the cups herself, dropping in the sugar with a dainty movement of her fingers that was bewitching, laughing as merrily as if there had never been a sorrow in her life. At no time was she more fascinating to her admirers than when at a task like this. The very cup she handled was instantly invested with a certain preciousness, and became a thing to be touched as delicately and as lightly as the fingers that had prepared it.

The only one who for the time was outside the spell of her influence was Jack Hardy. He had taken a seat on the floor of the balcony, with his back next the wall — and Helen.

"Jack, you lazy fellow," said Mrs. Leroy, with mock indignation, as she rose to her feet, "get out of my way, or I 'll spill the cup. Miss Shirley, why don't you make him get up? He 's awfully in the way here."

One of Jack's favorite positions, when Helen was near, was at her feet. He had learned this one the summer before at her house on Crab Island, when they would sit for hours on the beach.

"I 'm not in anybody's way, my dear Mrs. Leroy. My feet are tied in a Chinese knot under me, and my back has grown fast to the rain-spout. Major, will you please say something nice to Mrs. Leroy and coax her inside?"

Sam had rolled a small table, holding a flagon of cognac and some crushed ice, beside the major, who sat half buried in the cushions of one of Sanford's divans. The Pocomokian struggled to his feet.

"You must n't move, major," Mrs. Leroy called. "I 'm not coming in. I 'm going to stay out here in this lovely moonlight, if one of these very polite young gentlemen will bring me an arm-chair." She looked with pretended dignity at Jack and Sanford as she spoke, and added, "Thank you, Henry," when Sanford dragged one toward her.

"Take *my* seat," said Jack, with a laugh, springing to his feet, suddenly realizing Mrs. Leroy's delicate but pointed suggestion. "Come, Miss Helen," thinking of a better and more retired corner, "we won't stay where we are abused. Let us join the major." With an arm to Miss Shirley and a sweeping bow to Mrs. Leroy, Jack walked straight to the divan nearest the curtains.

When Helen and Jack were out of hearing, Mrs. Leroy looked toward the major, and, reassured of his entire absorption in his own personal comfort, turned to Sanford, saying in low, earnest tones, "Can the new sloop lay the stones, Henry? You have n't told me a word yet of what you have been

doing for the last few days at the Ledge."

"I think so, Kate," replied Sanford, all the gayety of his manner gone. "We laid one yesterday before the easterly gale caught us. You got my telegram, did n't you?"

"Yes, but I was anxious for all that. Ever since I had that talk with General Barton I 've felt nervous over the laying of those stones. He frightened me when he said no one of the Board at Washington believed you could do it. It would be so awful if your plan should fail."

"But it 's not going to fail, Kate," he answered, with a decided tone in his voice, and that peculiar knitting of the eyebrows in which one could read his determination. "I can do it, and will. All I wanted was a proper boat, and I 've got that. I watched her day before yesterday. I was a little nervous until I saw her lower the first stone. Her captain is a plucky fellow, — Captain Joe likes him immensely. I wish you could have been there to see how cool he was, — not a bit flustered when he saw the rocks under the bow of his sloop."

Kate handed her empty coffee-cup to Sanford, and going to the edge of the balcony rested her elbows on the railing and looked down on the treetops of the square. When he joined her again she said, "Caleb West, of course, went down with the first stone, did n't he?" She knew Caleb's name as she did those of all the men in Sanford's employ. There was no detail of the work he had not explained to her. "And was the sea-bottom as you expected to find it?" she added.

"Even better," he answered, eager to discuss his anxieties with her. To Sanford, as to many men, there were times when the sympathy and understanding of a woman, the generous faith and ready belief of one who listens only to encourage, became a necessity. To talk to a man in this way would bore him, and would perhaps arouse a suspicion of Sanford's professional ability. He went over with her again, as he had done so many times before, all of his plans for carrying on the work and the difficulties that had threatened him. He talked of his hopes and fears, of his confidence in his men, his admiration for them, and his love for the work itself.

"Caleb says," he continued, "that as soon as he gets the first row of enrockment stones set, the others will lie up like bricks. And it 's all coming out exactly as we have planned it, too, Kate." Sanford now spoke with renewed energy; the comfort of his confidence and her understanding had done its work.

"I wonder what General Barton will think when he finds your plan succeeds? He says everywhere that you cannot do it," she added, with increased animation, a certain pride in her voice.

"I don't know and I don't care. It 's hard to get these old-time engineers to believe in anything new, and this foundation is new. But all the same, I 'd rather pin my faith to Captain Joe than to any one of them. What we are doing at the Ledge requires mental pluck and brute grit, — nothing else. Scientific engineering won't help us a bit."

Sanford, his back to the balcony rail, now stood erect, with face aglow and kindling eyes. Every tone of his voice showed a keen interest in the subject.

"And yet, after all, Kate, I realize that my work is mere child's play. Just see what other men have had to face. At Minot's Ledge, you know, — the light off Boston, — they had to chisel down a submerged rock into steps, to get a footing for the tower. But three or four men could work at a time, and then only at dead low water. They got but one hundred and thirty hours' work the first year. The whole Atlantic rolled in on top of them, and there was no shelter from the wind. Until

they got the bottom courses of their tower bolted to the steps they had cut in the rock, they had no footing at all, and had to do their work from a small boat. Our artificial island helps us immensely; we have something to stand on. And it was even worse at Tillamook Rock, on the Pacific coast. There the men were landed on the rock, — a precipitous crag sticking up out of the sea, — through the surf, in breeches buoys slung to the masthead of a vessel, and for weeks at a time the sea was so rough that no one could reach them. They were given up for dead once. All that time they were lying in canvas tents lashed down to the sides of the crag to keep them from being blown into rags. All they had to eat and drink for days was raw salt pork and the rain-water they caught from the tent covers. And yet those fellows stuck to it day and night until they had blasted off a place large enough to put a shanty on. Every bit of the material for that light-house, excepting in the stillest weather, was landed from the vessel that brought it, by a line rigged from the masthead to the top of the crag; and all this time, Kate, she was thrashing around under steam, keeping as close to the crag as she dared. Oh, I tell you, there is something stunning to me in such a battle with the elements!"

Kate's eyes kindled as Sanford talked on. She was no longer the dainty woman over the coffee-cups, nor the woman of the world she had been a few moments before, eager for the pleasure of assembled guests.

"When you tell me such things, Henry, I am all on fire." Her eyes flashed with the intensity of her feelings. Then she paused, and there settled over her face a deepening shadow like that of a coming cloud. "The world is full of such great things to be done," she sighed, "and I lead such a mean little life, doing nothing, nothing at all."

Sanford, when she first spoke, had looked at her in undisguised admiration. Then, as he watched her, his heart smote him. He had not intended to wound her by his enthusiasm, nor to awaken in her any sense of her own disappointments; he had only tried to allay her anxieties over his affairs. He knew by the force of her outburst that he had unconsciously stirred those deeper emotions, the strength of which really made her the help she was to him, but he did not ever want them to cause her suffering.

These sudden transitions in her moods were not new to him. She was an April day in her temperament, and could often laugh the sunniest of laughs when the rain of her tears was falling. These moods he loved. It was the present frame of mind, however, that he dreaded, and from which he always tried to save her. It did not often show itself. She was too much a woman of the world to wear her heart on her sleeve, and too good and tactful a friend to burden even Sanford with her sorrow. He knew what inspired it, for he had known her for years. He had witnessed the long years of silent suffering which she had borne so sweetly, — even cheerfully at times, — had seen with what restraint and self-control she had cauterized by silence and patient endurance every fresh wound, and had watched day by day the slow coming of the scars that drew all the tighter the outside covering of her heart.

As he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, — she leaning over the balcony at his side, — he could see that the tears had gathered under her lashes. It was best to say nothing when she felt like this. He recognized that to have made her the more dissatisfied, even by that sympathy which he longed to give, would have hurt in her that which he loved and honored most, — her silence, and her patient loyalty to the man whose name she bore. "She 's had a letter from Leroy," he said to himself, "and he 's

done some other disgraceful thing, I suppose;" but to Kate he made no reply.

Nothing had disturbed the other guests. From the softly lighted room where they sat came the clink of the major's glass, and the intermittent gurgle of the rapidly ebbing decanter as Sam supplied his wants. On the foreordained divan, half hidden by a curtain, Jack and Helen were studying the contents of a portfolio, — some of the drawings upside down. Now and then their low talk was broken by a happy, irrelevant laugh.

By this time the moon had risen over the treetops, the tall buildings far across the quadrangle breaking the sky-line. Below could be seen the night life of the Park. Miniature figures strolled about under the trees, flashing in brilliant light or swallowed up in dense shadow, as they passed through the glare of the many lamps scattered among the budding foliage and disappeared. Now it was a child romping with a dog, and now a group of men, or a belated woman wheeling a baby carriage home. The night was still, the air soft and balmy; only the hum of the busy street a block away could be heard where they stood.

Suddenly a figure darted across the white patch of pavement below them. Sanford leaned over the railing, a strange, unreasoning dread in his heart.

"What is it, Henry?" asked Mrs. Leroy.

"Looks like a messenger," Sanford answered.

Mrs. Leroy bent over the railing, and watched a boy spring up the low steps of the street door, ring the bell violently, and beat an impatient tattoo with his foot.

"Whom do you want?" Sanford asked gently.

The boy looked up, and, seeing the two figures on the balcony, answered, "Death message for Mr. Henry Sanford."

"A death message, did he say?" asked Mrs. Leroy. Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yes; don't move," said Sanford to her, and as he laid a hand on her arm he pointed toward the group inside. He felt a quick, sharp contraction in his throat. "Sam," he called in a lowered tone.

"Yaas 'r, — comin' direc'ly."

"Sam, there 's a boy at the outside door with a telegram. He says it 's a death message. Get it, and tell the boy to wait. Go quietly, now, and let no one know. You will find me here."

Mrs. Leroy sank into a chair, her face in her hands. Sanford bent over her, the blood mounting to his face, his own heart beating, his voice still calm.

"Don't give way, Kate; we shall know in a moment."

She grasped his hand and held on, trembling. "Do you suppose it is Morgan? Will Sam *never* come?"

Sam reëntered the room, his breath gone with the dash up and down three flights of stairs. He walked slowly toward the balcony and handed Sanford a yellow envelope. Its contents were as follows: —

"Screamer's boiler exploded 7.40 tonight. Mate killed; Lacey and three men injured. Joseph Bell."

Sanford looked hurriedly at his watch, forgetting, in the shock, to hand Mrs. Leroy the telegram. For a moment he leaned back against the balcony, absorbed in deep thought.

"Twenty-three minutes left," he said to himself, consulting his watch again. "I must go at once; they will need me."

Mrs. Leroy put her hand on his arm. "Tell me quick! Who is it, Henry?"

"Forgive me, dear Kate, but I was so knocked out. It is no one who belongs to you. It is the boiler of the Screamer that has burst. Three men are hurt," reading the dispatch again mechanically. "I wonder who they are?" as if he expected to see their names added to its brief lines.

She took the telegram from his hand. "Oh, Henry, I am so sorry, — and the boat, too, you counted upon. But look! read it again. Do you see? Captain Joe signs it, — he 's not hurt!"

Sanford patted her hand abstractedly, and said, "Dear Kate," but without looking at her or replying further. He was calculating whether it would be possible for him to catch the midnight train and go to the relief of his men.

"Yes, I can just make it," he said, half aloud, to himself. Then turning to Sam, his voice shaking in the effort to control himself, he said in an undertone, "Sam, send that boy for a cab, and get my bag ready. I will change these clothes on the train. Ask Mr. Hardy to step here; not a word, remember, about this telegram."

Jack came out laughing, and was about to break into some raillery, when he saw Mrs. Leroy's face.

Sanford touched his shoulder. "Jack, there has been an explosion at the work, and some of the men are badly hurt. Say nothing to Helen until she gets home. I leave immediately for Keyport. Will you and the major please look after Mrs. Leroy?"

Sanford's guests followed him to the door of the corridor: Helen radiant, her eyes still dancing; the major bland and courteous, his face without a ruffle; Jack and Mrs. Leroy apparently unmoved.

"Oh, I 'm so sorry you must go!" exclaimed Helen, holding out her hands. "Mr. Hardy says you do nothing but live on the train. Thank you ever so much, dear Mr. Sanford; I 've had such a lovely time."

"My dear suh," said the major, "this is positively cruel! This Hennessy" — he was holding his glass — "is like a nosegay; I hoped you would enjoy it with me. Let me go back and pour you out a drop before you go."

"Why not wait until to-morrow? This night traveling will kill you, old man," said Jack in perfunctory tones, the sympathetic pressure of his hand in Sanford's belying their sincerity.

Sanford smiled as he returned the pressure, and, with his eyes resting on Helen's joyous face, replied meaningly, "Thank you, Jack; it 's all right, I see." Helen's evening had not been spoiled, at all events.

Once outside in the corridor, — Sam down one flight of steps with Sanford's bag and coat, — Mrs. Leroy half closed the salon door, and laying her hand on Sanford's shoulder said, with a force and an earnestness that carried the keenest comfort straight to his heart, "I shall not worry, Henry, and neither will you. I know it looks dark to you now, but it will be brighter when you reach Keyport and get all the facts. I 've seen you in worse places than this; you always get through, and you will now. I am coming up myself on the early morning train, to see what can be done for the men."

VII.

BETTY'S FIRST PATIENT.

The wounded men lay in an empty warehouse which in the whaling-days had been used for the storing of oil, and was now owned by a friend of Captain Joe, an old whaler living back of the village.

Captain Joe had not waited for permission and a key when the accident occurred and the wounded men lay about him. He and Captain Brandt had broken the locks with a crowbar, improvised out of old barrels and planks an operating-table for the doctors, and dispatched messengers up and down the shore to pull mattresses from the nearest beds.

The room he had selected for the temporary hospital was on the ground floor of the building. It was lighted by four big windows, and protected by solid wooden shutters, now slightly ajar. Through the openings timid rays of

sunlight, strangers here for years, stole down leaning ladders of floating dust to the grimy floor, where they lay trembling, with eyes alert, ready for instant retreat. From the overhead beams hung long strings of abandoned cobwebs encrusted with black soot, which the bolder breeze from the open door and windows swayed back and forth, the startled soot falling upon the white cots below. In one corner was a heap of rusty hoops and mouldy staves, unburied skeletons of old whaling-days. But for the accumulation of years of dust and grime the room was well adapted to its present use.

Lacey's cot was nearest the door. His head was bound with bandages; only one eye was free. He lay on his side, breathing heavily. He had been blown against the shrouds, and the iron footrest had laid open his cheek and forehead. The doctor said that if he recovered he would carry the scar the rest of his life. It was feared, too, that he had been injured internally.

Next to his cot were those of two of the sloop's crew, — one man with ribs and ankle broken, the other with dislocated hip. Lonny Bowles, the quarryman, came next. He was sitting up in bed, his arm in a sling, — Captain Brandt was beside him; he had escaped with a gash in his arm.

Captain Joe was without coat or vest, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows, his big brawny arms black with dirt. He had been up all night; now bending over one of the crew, lifting him in his arms as if he had been a baby, to ease the pain of his position, now helping Aunty Bell with the beds.

Betty sat beside Lacey, fanning him. Her eyes were red and heavy, her pretty curls matted about her head. She and Aunty Bell had not had their clothes off. Their faces were smudged with the soot and grime that kept falling from the ceiling. Aunty Bell had taken charge of the improvised stove, heating the water, and Betty had assisted the doctors — there were two — with the bandages and lint.

"It ain't as bad as I thought when I wired ye," said Captain Joe to Sanford, stopping him as he edged a way through the group of men outside. "It 's turrible hard on th' poor mate, jes' been married. Never died till he reached th' dock. There warn't a square inch o' flesh onto him, the doctor said, that warn't scalded clean off. Poor feller," and his voice trembled, "he ain't been married but three months; she 's a-comin' down on the express to-day. Cap'n Bob 's goin' ter meet 'er. The other boys is tore up some, but we 'll have 'em crawlin' 'round in a week or so. Lacey 's got th' worst crack. Doctor sez he kin save his eye if he pulls through, but ye kin lay yer three fingers in th' hole in his face. He won't be as purty as he was," with an effort at a smile, "but maybe that 'll do him good. Now that you 're here I 'll go 'board the sloop an' see how she looks."

Sanford crossed at once to Lacey's bed, and laid his hand tenderly on that of the sufferer. The young fellow opened his well eye, and a smile played for an instant about his mouth, the white teeth gleaming. Then it faded with the pain. Betty bent over him still closer and adjusted the covering about his chest.

"Has he suffered much during the night, Betty?" asked Sanford.

"He did n't know a thing at first, sir. He did n't come to himself till the doctor got through. He 's been easier since daylight." Then, with her head turned toward Sanford, and with a significant gesture, pointing to her own forehead and cheek, she noiselessly described the terrible wounds, burying her face in her hands as the awful memory rose before her. "Oh, Mr. Sanford, I never dreamed anybody could suffer so."

"Where does he suffer most?" asked Sanford in a whisper.

Lacey opened his eye. "In my back, Mr. Sanford."

Betty laid her fingers on his hand. "Don't talk, Billy; doctor said ye were n't to talk."

The eye shut again wearily, and the brown, rough, scarred hand with the blue tattoo marks under the skin closed over the little fingers and held on.

Betty sat fanning him gently, looking down upon his bruised face. As each successive pain racked his helpless body she would hold her breath until it passed, tightening her fingers that he might steady himself the better. All her heart went out to him in his pain. Aunty Bell watched her for a moment; then going to her side, she drew her hand with a caressing stroke under the girl's chin, a favorite love-touch of hers.

"Cap'n says we got to go home, child, both of us. You 're tuckered out, an' I got some chores to do. We can't do no more good here. You come 'long an' get washed up 'fore Caleb comes. You don't want to let him see ye bunged up like this, an' all smudged and dirty with th' soot a-droppin' down. He 'll be here in half an hour. They 've sent the tug to the Ledge for him an' the men."

"I ain't a-goin' a step, Aunty Bell. I ain't sleepy a bit. There ain't nobody to change these cloths but me. Caleb knows how to get along," she answered, her eyes watching the quick, labored breathing of the injured man.

The mention of Caleb's name brought her back to herself. Since the moment when she had left her cottage, the night before, and in all her varying moods since, she had not once thought of her husband. At the sound of the explosion she had run out of her house bareheaded, and had kept on down the road, overtaking Mrs. Bell and the neighbors. She had not stopped even to lock her door. She only knew that the men were hurt, and that she had seen Captain Joe and the others working on the sloop's deck but an hour before. She remembered now Lacey's ghastly face as the lantern's light fell upon it, the limp body carried on the barrow plank and laid outside the warehouse door, and could still hear the crash of Captain Joe's iron bar when he forced off the lock. She would not leave the sufferer now that he had crawled back to life and needed her, — not, at least, until he was out of all danger. When Captain Joe passed with a cup of coffee for one of the sufferers, she was still by Lacey's side, fanning gently. He seemed to be asleep.

"Come, little gal," the captain called out, "you git along home. You done fust-rate, an' the men won't forgit ye for it. Caleb 'll be mighty proud when I tell 'im how you stood by las' night when they all piled in on top o' me. You run 'long now after Aunty Bell, an' git some sleep. I 'm goin' 'board the sloop to see how badly she 's hurted."

Betty only shook her head. Then she put her face against Captain Joe's strong arm and said, "No, please don't, Captain Joe. I can't go now."

She was still there, the fan moving noiselessly, when Mrs. Leroy and her maid and Major Slocomb entered the hospital, some hours later. The major had escorted Mrs. Leroy from New York, greatly to Sanford's surprise, and greatly to Mrs. Leroy's visible annoyance. All her protests the night before had only confirmed him in his determination to meet her at the train in the morning.

"Did you suppose, my dear suh," he said, in answer to Sanford's astonished look, as he handed the lady from the train on its arrival at Keyport, "that I would permit a lady to come off alone into a God-forsaken country like this, that raises nothin' but rocks and scrub pines?"

Mrs. Leroy seemed stunned when she saw the four cots upon which the men lay. She advanced a step toward Lacey's bed, and then, as she caught sight of the bandages and the ghastly face upon the blood-stained pillow, she stopped short and grasped Sanford's arm, and said in

a tremulous whisper, "Oh, Henry, is that his poor wife sitting by him?"

"No; that 's the wife of Caleb West, the master diver. That 's Lacey lying there. He looks to be worse hurt than he is, Kate," anxious to make the case as light as possible.

Her eyes wandered over the room, up at the cobwebbed ceiling and down to the blackened floor.

"What an awfully dirty place! Are you going to keep them here?"

"Yes, until they can get to work again. The building is perfectly dry and healthy, with plenty of ventilation. We will have it cleaned up, — it needs that."

Betty merely glanced at the group as she sat fanning the sleeping man. Their entrance had made but little impression upon her; she was too tired to move, and too much absorbed in her charge to offer the fine lady a chair.

Something in the girl's face touched the visitor.

"Have you been here all the morning?" asked Mrs. Leroy, crossing to Betty's side of the cot, and laying a hand on her shoulder.

Betty raised her eyes, the rims red with her long vigil, and the whites all the whiter because of the fine black dust that had sifted down and discolored her pale cheeks.

"I 've been here all night, ma'am," she said sweetly and gently, drawn instinctively by her sympathetic face.

"How tired you must be! Can I do anything to help you?"

Betty shook her head.

After the first shock at the sight of the wounded men, the major had crossed over to the bed occupied by Lonny Bowles, the big Noank quarryman, whose arm was in a sling, and had sat down on the bed. No one had yet thought of bringing in chairs, except for those nursing the wounded. As the Pocomokian looked into Bowles's bronzed, ruddy face, at the wrinkles about his neck, as seamy as those of a young bull, the great broad hairy chest, and the arms and hands big and strong, he was filled with astonishment. Everything about the quarryman seemed to be the exact opposite of what he himself possessed. This almost racial distinction was made clearer when, in the kindness of his heart, he tried to comfort the unfortunate man.

"I 'm ve'y sorry," the major began, "at finding you injured in this way, suh. Has the night been a ve'y painful one? You seem better off than the others. How did you feel at the time?"

Bowles looked him all over with a curious expression of countenance. He was trying to decide in his mind, from the major's white tie, whether he was a minister, whose next remark would be a request to kneel down and pray with him, or a quack doctor who had come to do a little business on his own account. The evident sincerity and tenderness of the speaker disconcerted him for the moment. He hesitated for a while, and formulated a reply in his mind that would cover the case if his first surmise were correct, and might at the same time result in his being let alone.

"Wall, it was so damn' sudden," said the quarryman. "Fust thing I knowed I wuz in the water with th' wind knocked out'er me, an' the next wuz when I come to an' they hed me in here an' the doctor a-fixin' me up. I 'm drier 'n a lime-kiln. Say, cap," — he looked over toward the water-bucket, and called to one of the men standing near the door, — "fetch me a dipper."

To call a man "cap" around Keyport is to dignify him with a title which he probably does not possess, but which you think would please him if he did.

"Let me get you a drink," said the major, rising from the bed. He dipped the floating tin in the bucket and brought it to the thirsty man.

Bowles drained the dipper to its last drop. "He ain't no minister an' he ain't no sawbones," he said to himself, as he

returned the empty tin to Slocomb with a "Thank ye, — much obleeged."

The reply satisfied the major, somehow, far more than the most elaborately prepared speech of thanks which he remembered ever to have received.

Then the two men continued to talk with each other freely, the one act of kindness having broken down the barrier between them. The Pocomokian told of his home on the Chesapeake, of his acquaintance with Sanford, of his coming up to look after Mrs. Leroy. "Could n't leave a woman without protection, you know," to which code of etiquette Bowles bobbed his head in reply. The major's tone of voice was as natural and commonplace as if he had been conversing with himself alone. The quarryman, in turn, talked about the Ledge, and what a rotten season it had been, — nothing but southeasters since work opened; last week the men only got three days' work. It was terrible rough on the boss (the boss was Sanford), paying out wages to the men and getting so little back; but it was n't the men's fault, — they were standing by day and night, catching the lulls when they came; they 'd make it up before the season was over; he and Caleb West had been up all the night before getting ready for the big derricks that Captain Joe was going to set up as soon as they were ready; did n't know what they were going to do now with that Screamer all tore up. He gave unconsciously a record of danger, unselfishness, loyalty, pluck, hard work, and a sense of duty that was a complete revelation to Slocomb, whose whole life had been one prolonged period of loafing, and whose ideas of the higher type of man were somehow inseparably interwoven with a veranda, a splint-bottomed chair, a palm-leaf fan, and somebody within call to administer to his personal wants.

When Captain Joe returned from an inspection of the sloop's injuries, Mrs. Leroy was still talking to Sanford, suggesting comforts for the men, and planning for mosquito nettings to be placed over their cots. The maid, a severe-looking woman in black, had taken a seat on an empty nail-keg which somebody had brought in, and which she had carefully dusted with her handkerchief before occupying. There was nothing she could possibly do for anybody.

Captain Joe looked at the party for a moment, noted Mrs. Leroy's traveling costume of blue foulard, ran his eye over the maid who was holding her mistress's dressing-case, then glanced at the major, in an alpaca coat, with white vest and necktie and gray slouch hat, and said in his calm, forceful, yet gentle way, "It was very nice of ye to come an' bring yer lady friend," pointing to the maid, "an' any o' Mr. Sanford's folks is allers welcome at any time; but we be a rough lot, an' the men 's rough, and ye kin see for yerself we ain't fixed up fur company. They 'll be all right in a week or so. Ef ye don't mind now, I 'm goin' to shet them shetters to keep the sun out an' git th' men quiet, — some on 'em ain't slep' any too much. The tug 'll be here to take ye over to Medford whenever ye 're ready; she 's been to th' Ledge fur th' men. Mr. Sanford said mebbe ye 'd be goin' over soon. Ye 're goin' 'long, did n't I hear ye say, sir?" Then addressing Slocomb, whose title he tried to remember, "We 've done th' best we could, colonel. It ain't like what ye 're accustomed to, — kind'er ragged place, — but we got th' men handy here where we kin take care on 'em, an' still look after th' work, an' we ain't got no time to lose this season; it 's been back'ard, blowin' a gale half the time. There 's the tug whistle now, ma'am," turning again to Mrs. Leroy.

Mrs. Leroy did not answer. She felt the justice of the captain's evident want of confidence in her, and realized at once that all of her best impulses could not save her from being an intrusion at this time. None of her former experience had equipped her for a situation of

such gravity as this. With a curious feeling of half contempt for herself, she thought, as she looked around upon the great strong men suffering there silently, how little she had known of what physical pain must be. She had once read to a young blind girl in a hospital, during a winter, and she had sent delicacies for years to a poor man with some affliction of the spine. She remembered that she had been quite satisfied with herself and her work at the time; and so had the pretty nurses in their caps, and the young doctors whom she met, the head surgeon even escorting her to her carriage. But what had she done to prepare herself for a situation like this? Here was the reality of suffering, and yet with all her sympathy she felt within herself a fierce repugnance to it.

As she turned to leave the building, holding her dainty skirts in her hand to avoid the dirt, the light of the open door was shut out, and eight or ten great strong fellows in rough jackets and boots, headed by Caleb West, just landed by a tug from the Ledge, walked hurriedly into the room, with an air as if they belonged there and knew they had work to do.

Caleb stood by Lacey's bed and looked down on him. His cap was off, his hands were clasped behind his back, while his big beard fell over his chest. He felt his eyes filling, and a great lump rose in his throat. He never could see suffering unmoved.

The young rigger opened his well eye, and the pale cheek flushed scarlet as he saw Caleb's face bending over him.

"Where did it hit ye, sonny?" asked Caleb, bending closer, and slipping one hand into Betty's as he spoke.

Betty pointed to her own cheek. Lacey, she said, was too weak to answer for himself.

"I 've been afeard o' that b'iler," Caleb said, turning to one of the men, "ever sence I see it work."

Betty shook her head warningly, holding a finger to her lips. Caleb and the men stopped talking.

"You been here all night, Betty?" whispered Caleb, putting his mouth close to her ear, and one big hand on her rounded shoulder.

Betty nodded her head.

"Ye ought'er be mighty proud o' her, Caleb," said Captain Joe, joining the group, and speaking in a lowered tone. "Ain't many older women 'longshore would'er done any better. I tried ter git 'er to go home with Aunty Bell two hours ago, but she sez she won't."

Caleb's face was suffused with pride and his heart gave a quick bound as he listened to Captain Joe's praise of the girl wife that was all his own. His rough hand pressed Betty's shoulder the closer. Now, as he thought to himself, the men about him could see the strong womanly qualities which had attracted him. He had always known that the first great sorrow or anxiety that came into her life would develop all her nature and make a woman of her.

"Lemme take hold now, Betty," said Caleb, still whispering, and stooping over her again. "Ye 're nigh beat out, little woman."

He slipped his arm around her slender waist as if to lift her from the chair. Betty caught his fingers and loosened his hand from its hold.

"I 'm all right, Caleb. You go home. I 'll be 'long in a little while to get supper."

Caleb looked at her curiously. Her tone of voice was new to him. She had never loosened his arm before, not when she was tired and sick. She had always crept into his lap, and put her pretty white arms around his neck, and tucked her head down on his big beard.

"What 's the matter, child?" he asked anxiously. "Maybe it 's hungry ye be?"

"Yes, I guess I 'm hungry, Caleb," said Betty wearily.

"I 'll go out, Betty, an' git ye some soup or somethin'. I 'll be back right away, little woman." He tiptoed past the cot, putting on his cap as he went.

Two of the men followed him with their eyes and smiled. One looked significantly at Lacey and then toward the retreating figure, and shook his head in a knowing way.

Betty had not answered Caleb. She did not even turn her head to follow his movements. She saw only the bruised, pale face before her as she listened to the heavy breathing of the sufferer. She would have dropped from her chair with fatigue and exhaustion but for some new spirit within her which seemed to hold her up, and to keep the fan still in her hand.

When Sanford, after escorting Mrs. Leroy to her home, returned to the improvised hospital, the lanterns had been lighted, the doctor had dressed the men's wounds, and had reported everybody on the mend. At Betty's urgent request he had made a careful examination of Lacey, and pronounced him positively out of danger. Only then had she left her post and gone to her own cottage with Caleb.

Captain Joe had followed Aunty Bell home for a few hours' rest, and all the watchers had been changed.

There was but one exception. Beside the cot upon which lay the sailor with the dislocated hip sat the major, with hat and coat off, his shirt-cuffs rolled up. He was feeding the sufferer from a bowl of soup which he held in his hand. He seemed to enjoy every phase of his new experience. It might have been that his sympathies were more than usually aroused, or it might have been that the spirit of vagabondage within him fitted him for every condition in life, making him equally at home among rich and poor, and equally agreeable to both. Certainly no newly appointed young surgeon in a charity hospital could have been more entirely absorbed in the proper running of the establishment than was Slocomb in the case of these rough men.

"I 'm going to take charge here tonight, major," said Sanford, going toward him, realizing for the first time that he had neglected his friend all day, and with a sudden anxiety as to where he should send him for the night. "Will you go to the hotel and get a room, or will you go to Captain Joe's cottage? You can have my bed. Mrs. Bell will make you very comfortable for the night."

The major turned to Sanford with an expression of profound sympathy for such misunderstanding in his face, hesitated for a moment, and said firmly, with a slight suggestion of wounded dignity in his manner, "By gravy, suh, you would n't talk about going to bed if you 'd been yere 'most all day, as I have, and seen what these po' men suffer. My place is yere, suh, an' yere I 'm going to stay."

Sanford had to look twice before he could trust his own eyes and ears. What was the matter with the Pocomokian?

"But, major," he continued in protest, determining finally in his mind that some quixotic whim had taken possession of him, "there is n't a place for you to lie down. You had better get a good night's rest, and come back in the morning. There 's nothing you can do here. I 'm going to sit up with the men tonight."

The major did not even wait for Sanford's reply. He placed the hot soup carefully on the floor, slipped one hand under the wounded man's head that he might swallow more easily, and then raised another spoonful to his lips.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

III.

Knightley Chetwode, as has been shown in my notes on an earlier letter, had taken part in a Jacobite plot. The Pretender, in spite of the failure of two risings in Scotland, was still buoyed up with hope. In the autumn of 1722, in a foolish manifesto, he called upon George I. to give up to him the throne of his fathers, and undertook in return to acknowledge him as king, instead of elector of Hanover. By the order of the two Houses of Parliament it was burnt by the common hangman. The habeas corpus act was suspended for a year, and many arrests were made. Chetwode was threatened with prosecution, as the next letter and the six following show.

XXVI.

Dublin. *Feb.* 12*th* 1722-3.

S^{R}, — Upon my Return last October, after five months absence in the Country, I found a Letter of yours, which I believe was then 2 months old; it contained no Business that I remember, and being then out of Health and Humer, I did not think an Answer worth your Receiving; I had no other Letter from you till last Friday, which I could not answer on Saturday, that being a day when the Bishop saw no Company; however I was with him a few minutes in the Morning about signing a Lease and then I had onely time to say a little of your Business, which he did not seem much to enter into, but thought you had no Reason to Stir in it, and that you ought to stay till you are attacked, which I believe you never will be upon so foolish an Accusation. On Sunday when I usually see him, he was abroad against his Custom, and yesterday engaged in Business and Company. To-day he sees no body it being one of the two days in the week that he shuts himself up. I look upon the Whig Party to be a little colder in the Business of Prosecutions, than they formerly were, nor will they readily trouble a Gentleman who lyes quiet and minds onely his Gardens and Improvements. The Improbability of your Accusers Story will never let it pass, and the Judges have [having] been so often shamed by such Rascals, are not so greedy at swallowing Informations. I am here in all their Teeth which they have shewn often enough, and do no more. And the Ch. Just. [Chief Justice] who was as venomous as a Serpent was forced to consent that a noli prosequi should pass after he had layd his hand on his Heart in open Court and Sworn, that I designed to bring in the Pretender.

Do you find that your Trees thrive and your drained Bog gets a new Coat? I know nothing so well worth the Enquiry of an honest Man, as times run. I am as busy in my little Spot of a Town Garden, as ever I was in the grand monde; and if it were five or ten miles from Dublin I doubt I should be as constant a Country Gentleman as you. I wish you good success in your Improvements for as to Politicks I have long forsworn them. I am sometimes concerned for Persons, because they are my Friends, but for Things never, because they are desperate; I always expect tomorrow will be worse, but I enjoy today as well as I can. This is my Philosophy, and I think ought to be yours; I desire my humble Service to M^{rs}
and am very sincerely
Your most obedient
humble Serv^{t}
J. S.

Swift had published in 1720 A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture, in which he said that "Ire-

land would never be happy till a law were made for burning everything that came from England, except their people and their coals." The government, not being able to reach the author for want of proof, prosecuted the printer. "The jury," wrote Swift, "brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry. The Chief-Justice sent them back nine times and kept them eleven hours." Swift retaliated with satire. Among the bitter verses he wrote on this unjust judge the following are perhaps the bitterest: —

"In church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried;
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married."

XXVII.

S^R^, — I was yesterday with A. B [Archbishop], who tells me that it was not thought fit to hinder the Law from proceeding in the common form, but that particular Instructions were given that you should be treated with all possible Favor; and I have some very good Reasons to believe those Instructions will be observed: neither in this do I speak by Chance: which is all I can say — I am y^rs^ &c.

Feb 25th 1722-3.
Monday Morn.

XXVIII.

S^R^, — I sent a Messenger on Friday to M^r^ Forbes's Lodging, who had orders if he were not at home, to say that I should be glad to see him — but I did not hear of him, though I stayd at home on Saturday till past two a Clock. I think all y^r^ Comfort lyes in your Innocence, your Steddyness, and the Advice of y^r^ Lawyers. I am forced to leave the Town sooner than I expected.

I heartily wish you good Success, and am in hopes the Consequences will not be so formidable as you are apt to fear. You will find that Brutes are not to be too much provoked; they that most deserve Contempt are most angry at being contemned; I know it by Experience. It is worse to need Friends, than not to have them. Especially in Times when it is so hard, even for cautious men to keep out of harms way.

I hope when this Affair is over you will make y^r^ self more happy in y^r^ Domestick: that you may pass the rest of y^r^ Life in emproving the Scene and y^r^ Fortune, and exchanging y^r^ Enemyes for Friends.

I am &c.

June 2nd 1723.
Past twelve at night.

XXIX.

[Indorsed, "Swift without date abt my Prosecution and his sentiments on severall particulars abt it. K. C."]

S^R^, — I was just going out when I received y^r^ note; these proceedings make my head turn round; I take it that the Governments leave for you to move the King's Bench must signify something, or else instead of a Dilemma it is an Absurdity. I thought you had put in a Memoriall, which I also thought would have an Answer in form. I apprehend they have a mind to evade a Request which they cannot well refuse; will not y^r^ lawyer advise you to move the King's Bench? and will he not say that it was the Direction of the Government you should do so? and will the Government own an advice or order that is evasive? I talk out of my Sphere. Surely the Attorney cannot reconcile this. I imagined y^r^ request should [have] been offered to the Justices in a Body not to one and then to t'other, which was doing nothing. I am wholly at a Loss what to say further.

XXX.

S^R^, — I sd [said] all I possibly could to D^r^ C—— and it is your Part to cultivate it, and desire that he will make the A. B. soften the Judge — you want some strong credit with the L^t^ [Lord Lieutenant] or proper methods with those

under him — As to putting you off, till the L^{t} goes; I think that can do no hurt. I suppose it is impossible for the Parl^{t} [Parliament] to rise till after Christmas, since they are now begining Bills that will pass with Difficulty, and if there be an Indemnity, then there will be an End. I believe all people agree with you, that y^{r} concern shocks you more than it does others. I am sure I saw my best friends very calm and easy when I was under worse difficultyes than you. A few good offices is all we can expect from others.

The calmness and easiness of Swift's friends when he was under difficulties can be justified by Johnson's reflection that "life occupies us all too much to leave us room for any care of others beyond what duty enjoins; and no duty enjoins sorrow or anxiety that is at once troublesome and useless."

It was perhaps his "best friends" that Swift had in mind when he wrote: —

> "In all distresses of our friends
> We first consult our private ends;
> While Nature kindly bent to ease us
> Points out some circumstance to please us."

His false friends he goes on to attack in the following lines: —

> "By innocence and resolution
> He bore continual persecution;
> While numbers to preferment rose
> Whose merits were to be his foes;
> When ev'n his own familiar friends,
> Intent upon their private ends,
> Like renegadoes now he feels
> Against him lifting up their heels."

XXXI.

S^{R}, — I had not y^{r} lett^{r} [letter] till I returned home and if I had I could not have known what to do. I think you should have attended the Bishop, and pressed him to what I desired in my letter, for I could not speak more urgently nor could I am able [*sic*] to say much more with him than what I wrote. M^{r} Bernard is a favorite of the Times and might have credit with the Attor^{y} Gen^{l} [Attorney General] to agree that the Thing should be granted, but he lyes still, and onely leaves you to do that which he can better do himself. I w^{d} [would] do six times more than you desire even for a perfect stranger, if he were in Distress, but I have turned the Matt^{r} [Matter] a thousand times in my Thoughts in vain. I believe y^{r} wisest friends will think as I do, that the best way will be to move the Sec^{try} [Secretary] in that manner he likes best — I am this moment going to Prayers and so remain y^{rs} &c.

Thursday mor. 9 o'clock.

The way in which the secretary of the lord lieutenant liked best to be moved was probably a bribe. An earlier secretary, bribed by a thousand pounds, had given to another man a deanery promised to Swift.

XXXII.

DUBLIN. *Jul.* 14*th* 1724.

S^{R}, — I had yours of Jun 27th and have been hindred by a great variety of Silly Business and Vexation from answering you. I am over head and ears in Mortar — and with a number of the greatest Rogues in Irel^{d} [Ireland] which is a proud word; But besides I am at an uncertainty what to say to you on the Affair you mention: what new Reason you may have, or discovery you have made of foul Play I cannot but be a stranger to. All I know is, that any one who talked of y^{r} Prosecution while you were here, unanimously condemned it as villanous and unjust, which hath made me think that it would be better to lye in oblivion, for my Reason of agreeing formerly that an Account of it would be usefull, went onely on the Supposition, that you would be tryed &c. But I protest I am no fit Adviser in this matter, and therefore I would entreat you to consult other Friends, as I would do if it were my own case. If you are advised to go on and pursue that Advice, by drawing up the Account, pray do it in Folio, with the Margin as wide as the

writing, and I shall add alter or correct according to my best Judgment and though you may not be advised to publish it, yet it may be some Amusement in wet winter Evenings. I hope you found y^r^ Plantations answer what you expected. You will hear that the Primate dyed yesterday at twelve o'Clock which will set the expecting Clergy all in a motion: and they say that Leving the Chief Justice dyed about the same Hour, but whether the Primate's death swallows up the other I cannot tell; for either it is false or not regarded; perhaps I shall know before this is closed. Ld [Lord] Oxford dyed like a great man, received visits to the last, and then 2 minutes before his Death, turned from his Friends, closed his own Eyes, and expired: M^r^ Stopford is returned from his Travells, the same Person he went, onely more Experience; he is the most in all regards the most valuable young Man of this Kingdom.

I am ever &c.

Leving is dead.

The Primate of Ireland was Lindsay, Archbishop of Armagh. King, Archbishop of Dublin, who had hoped to succeed him, was passed over on account of his age. When the new Primate called on him, he received him without rising from his chair. "'My Lord,' said he, 'I am certain your Grace will forgive me, because you know I am too old to rise.'" Swift's scorn of the bishops of the Irish Church is shown in the lines where, in the person of St. Patrick addressing Ireland, he likens them to magpies sent

"from the British soil
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black."

He wished to write the Earl of Oxford's life. "I have already taken care," he had written to him a few years earlier, "that you shall be represented to posterity as the ablest and faithfullest minister, and truest lover of your country that this age has produced." Posterity has formed its own judgment, and looks on his lordship as a shifty, pitiful creature. Even his colleague, Lord Chancellor Cowper, wrote of him, "His humour is to love tricks when not necessary, but from an inward satisfaction in applauding his own cunning."

"The most valuable young Man of this Kingdom," whom Swift thus put before Berkeley, became a bishop. Laurence Sterne was a boy of eleven. Burke and Goldsmith were not yet born.

XXXIII.

S^r^, — I have been above 7 weeks ill of my old Deafness and am but just recovered. Y^r^ Carrier has behaved himself very honorably, because you took Care to seal the Cords. Y^r^ Bergamot Pears are excellent, and the Orange Bergamots much best [*sic*] than those about this Town. Your Apples are very fair and good of their kind, and y^r^ Peaches and Nectarines as good as we could expect from the Year. But it is too great a Journy for such nice Fruit, and they are apt to take the Tast of the Moss. Y^r^ Cherry Brandy I depend on the goodness of, but would not suffer it to be tasted till another Time. I could find Fault with nothing but y^r^ Paper, which was so perfumed that the Company with me could not bear it.

There is a Draper very popular, but what is that to me — If Woods be disappointed it is all we desire.

Ld: Carteret is coming suddenly over.

I am y^r^ &c.

The Irish carrier of Swift's day was on the same level of honesty as are the conductors on the Italian railways of our time, against whose thievings the prudent traveler guards himself by cording his portmanteau and sealing the cord.

The "Draper" was the third of a series of letters by which Swift roused the Irish against the reception of a new

copper currency which one Wood (not "Woods," as he calls him) had obtained a patent to coin. The letters were signed "M. B. Drapier."

Lord Carteret was coming over as lord lieutenant. Swift once had a dispute with him about the grievances of Ireland. "Carteret replied with a mastery and strength of reasoning, which Swift, not well liking, cried out in a violent passion: —'What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you back, get you back. Pray God Almighty send us our boobies again.'" In some verses written a few years later the dean describes him as not one of those

> "Who owe their virtues to their stations,
> And characters to dedications."

He concludes: —

> "I do the most that friendship can,
> I hate the viceroy, love the man."

XXXIV.

[Indorsed, "About H. C. ye Method of Parting, question of Allowance, Stopford and other materiall difficulties."]

DUBLIN. *Octr* 1724.

S^R^, — I received your longer Letter, and afterwards your shorter by M^r^ Jackmans. I am now relapsed into my old Disease of Deafness, which so confounds my Head, that I am ill qualifyed for writing or thinking. I sent your Letter sealed to M^r^ Stopford. He never showed me any Letter of y^rs^ nor talked of anything relating to you above once in his Life and that was some years ago, and so of [*sic*] little consequence that I have forgot it, and therefore I sent your Letter sealed to him by a common Messenger onely under the Inspection of a discret Servant. I have lived in good Friendship with him, but not in such an Intimacy as to interfere in his Business of any sort, and I am sure I should not be fond of it, unless I could be of Service — As to what you mention of my Proposall at the Deanery, as far as a confused Head will give me leave to think; I was always of opinion that those who are sure they cannot live well together, could not do a better thing than to part. But the Quantum of y^r^ Allowance must be measured by your Income and other Circumstances. I am of opinion that this might be best done by knowing fairly, what the Person her self would think the lowest that would be sufficient for what you propose, and the Conditions of the Place to reside in, wherein if you disapprove, you have Liberty to refuse, and in this M^r^ Stopford's Mediation would be most convenient. I desire you will give some Allowance to his Grief and Trouble in this Matter. I solemnly protest he hath not mentioned one Syllable of this to me, and if he should begin, I think I would interrupt him — It is a hard Thing to convince others of our Opinion, and I need not tell you how far a Brother may be led by his Affections. I am likewise of Opinion that such a thing as Parting, if it be agreed on, may be done without Noise, as if it were onely going to visit a Friend, and the Absence may continue by degrees, and little notice taken. As to the Affair of your Son, I can not imagine why M^r^ Stopford hath not answered y^r^ Letter; I do believe there is some what in that Business of his Amour, an Affair begun in much youth, and kept up perhaps more out of Decency and Truth than Prudence. But he is too wise to think of proceeding further before he gets into some Settlem^t^ [Settlement] which may not probably be in severall Years, and I prefer him as a Tutor absolutely before any of his Age or Standing at least. The Discipline in Oxford is more remiss than here — and since you design he shall live in this Kingdom (where M^r^ Jackmans tells me you are preparing so fine a Habitation for him) I think it better to habituate him to the Country where he must pass his Life, especially since many chargeable accidents have happened to you (besides your Building) which will press parsimony upon you, and 50^ll^ a year will

maintain your Son a Commoner on which Conditions you will place him, if you intend he shall be good for Something.

You will allow for this confussed Paper for I have the noise of seven Watermills in my Ears and expect to continue so above a Month, but this sudden Return hath quite discouraged me. I mope at home and can bear no Company but Trebles and counterteners.

I am ever &c.

Your Perfumed Paper hath been ready to give me an Apoplexy either leave off these Refinements or we will send you to live on a mountain in Connaught.

So strong a disagreement had risen between Chetwode and his wife — the "Dame Plyant" of earlier letters, the mistress of that "little fire-side" to which Swift used to send kind messages — that they were thinking of separating. Stopford, as this letter shows, was her brother.

The discipline of Oxford from the Restoration onwards kept sinking and sinking, till it reached its lowest depth of degradation toward the close of the eighteenth century, — a memorable instance of the ruin that is brought on a seat of learning when it is placed under the government of a church. Swift once asked a young clergyman if he smoked. "Being answered that he did not, 'It is a sign,' said he, 'you were not bred in the University of Oxford, for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in these two arts no university in Europe can outdo them.'" Nevertheless, in his Essay on Modern Education he says that though he "could add some hundred examples from his own observation of men who learnt nothing more at Oxford than to drink ale and smoke tobacco," there were others who made good use of their time there, "and were ready to celebrate and defend that course of education." In his Essay on the Fates of Clergymen he thus describes the course of an Oxford student who was destined to rise high in the Church: "He was never absent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his college after Tom [the great Christ Church bell] tolled. He spent every day ten hours in his closet, in reading his courses, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his stockings; which last he performed to admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the expense of others with college ale, and at those seasons was always most devout. He wore the same gown five years without dragling or tearing. He never once looked into a playbook or a poem. He never understood a jest, or had the least conception of wit."

XXXV.

[Indorsed, "About James Stopford, and placing my son Vall: under his care in Coledge of Dublin."]

DUBLIN. *Decr* 19*th* 1724.

S^R^, — The Fault of my Eyes the Confusion of my Deafness and Giddyness of my Head have made me commit a great Blunder. I am just come from the Country where I was about 3 weeks in hopes to recover my Health; thither y^r^ last Letter was sent me, with the two inclosed, M^r^ Stopford's to you and yours to him. In reading them, I mistook and thought y^rs^ to him had been onely a Copy of what you had already sent to him so I burned them both as containing Things between y^r^selves, but I preserved y^rs^ to me to answer it, and now reading it again since my Return, I find my unlucky Error, which I hope you will excuse on Account of my many Infirmityes in Body and Mind. I very much approve of putting y^r^ Son under M^r^ Stopford's Care, and I am confident you need not apprehend his leaving the College for some years, or if he should, care may be taken to put the young Lad into good Hands, particularly under M^r^ King — I am utterly against his being a Gentleman Commoner on other Regards besides the Expence: and I believe 50^ll^ a Year (which is no small sum

to a Builder) will maintain him very well a creditable Pensioner. I have not seen the L^{t} [Lord Lieutenant] yet, being not in a Condition to converse with any Body, for want of better Ears, and better Health — I suppose you do not want Correspondents who send you the Papers Current of late in Prose and Verses on Woods, the *Juryes*, the Drapier &c. I think there is now a sort of Calm, except a very few of the lowest Grubstreet but there have been at least a Dozen worth reading — And I hope you approve of the grand Juryes Proceedings, and hardly thought such a Spirit could ever rise over this whole Kingdom.

I am &c.

Swift, in writing of a gentleman commoner, is applying to Dublin the term with which he had become familiar during his short residence in Oxford. The fellow commoner and pensioner of Dublin correspond to the gentleman commoner and commoner of the English university. The gentleman commoner, whose showy gown was very often seen in Oxford in my undergraduate days, is as extinct as the dodo. "In Dublin," as I am informed on high authority, "any one who chooses to pay his money foolishly can be a fellow commoner. He sits at the fellows' table and is distinguished by some points of college costume. Above him in rank is the son of a peer." It was as a gentleman commoner that Gibbon, about thirty years after the date of Swift's letter, entered Magdalen College, Oxford. He dined with the fellows, and was privileged to share in their "dull and deep potations," and to join in their conversation "as it stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal." At Christ Church, Oxford, in 1769, "the expense of a commoner keeping the best company was near £200 a year; that of a gentleman commoner, at least £250." At other colleges a commoner could have lived in decent comfort on £100.

Of the verses on Wood many were written by Swift, — some of them brutal enough.

The grand jury, having thrown out the bill against the printer of the "Drapier's Letters," was discharged by the chief justice in a rage. A new one was summoned, which made a presentment drawn up by Swift against "the base metal coined, commonly called Wood's half-pence," of which they "had already felt the dismal effects."

XXXVI.

[Indorsed, "With advice abt H. C. and how to arrange our separation and her Residence."]

DUBLIN. *Janr* 18, 1724–5.

S^{R}, — I answer y^{r} two Letters with the first opportunity of the Post. I have already often told you my Opinion, and after much Reflection — what I think it will be most prudent for you to do — I see nothing new in the case, but some displeasing Circumstances which you mention, and which I look upon as probable Consequences of that Scituation you are in — What I would do in such a Case I have told you more than once are: I would give that Person such an Allowance as was Suitable to my Ability, to live at a distance, where no Noise would be made. As to the Violences you apprehend you may be drawn to, I think nothing could be more unhappy for that would be vous mettre dans votre tort; which a wise Man would certainly avoyd. I do not wonder that you should see a neglect of domestic Care when all Reconciliation is supposed impossible, every body is encouraged or discouraged by *Motives*, and the meanest Servant will not act his Part if he be convinced that it will be impossible ever to please his Master. I am sure I have been more than once very particular in my Opinion upon this Affair; and have supposed any other Friend to be in the same case. There are many good Towns at a great distance from you, where People may board

reasonably, and have the Advantage of a Church and a Neighbourhood —

But what Allowance you are content to give must depend upon what you are able. I think such a Thing may be continued without making much Noise, and the Person may be a good while absent as upon Health or Visits, till the Thing grows out of Observation or Discourse. I entirely approve of y^r^ Choice of a Tutor for your Son, and he will consult Cheapness as well as other Circumstances.

I have been out of Order about 5 months and am just getting out of a Cold when my Deafness was mending — Sending you Papers by the Post would be a great Expence, and Sometimes the Post master kept them. But if any Carrier plyed between you and us, they might be sent by Bundles. They say Cadogan is to lose some of his Employm^nts^, and I am told, that next Pacquet will tell us of Severall Changes — I was t'other day well enough to see the Ld. L^t^ and the Town has a thousand foolish Storyes of what passed between us ; which indeed was nothing but old Friendship without a Word of Politicks.

According to one of the "foolish Storyes," Swift, at a full levee, pushed his way up to the lord lieutenant, and in a loud voice reproached him for issuing a proclamation against the Draper, — "'a poor shop-keeper whose only crime is an honest attempt to save his country from ruin. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood.' The whole assembly were struck mute. The titled slaves shrunk into their own littleness in the presence of this man of virtue. For some time a profound silence ensued, when Lord Carteret made this fine reply in a line of Virgil: —

'Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogunt Moliri.'"

("My cruel fate
And doubts attending an unsettled state
Force me.")

Lord Cadogan had succeeded Marlborough as commander-in-chief. "As the great Duke reviewed us," writes Esmond, "riding along our lines with his fine suite of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, stopping here and there to thank an officer with those eager smiles and bows of which his Grace was always lavish, scarce a huzzah could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried, 'D—— you, why don't you cheer?'"

XXXVII.

[Indorsed, "A little before H. C. and I parted."]

S^r^, — Your letter come this moment to my Hand and the Messenger waits and returns tomorrow. You describe yourself as in a very uneasy way as to Burr. I know it not but I believe it will be hard to find any Place without some Objections. To be permitted to live among Relations, will have a fair face, and be looked on as generous and good-natured, and therefore I think you should comply, neither do I apprehend any Consequences from the Person if the rest of the Family be discreet, and you say nothing against that — I think it would be well if you had some Companions in your House with whom to converse, or else the Spleen will get the Better, at least in long winter Evenings, when you cannot be among your workmen nor allways amuse y^r^ self with reading.

We have had no new thing of any Value since the second Letter from Nobody (as they call it) the Author of those two Letters is sd to be a Lord's eldest son — The Drapier's five Letters and those two, and five or six Copyes of Verses are all that I know of, and those I suppose you have had.

The Talk now returns fresh that the Ld. L^t^ will soon leave us, and y^e^ D [Duke] of Newcastle succeed, and that Horace Walpole will be Sec^ry^ of State.

I am &c.

Jan 30th 1724–5.

Swift's advice to Chetwode was like that given nearly forty years later by Dr. Johnson to a friend who had put away his wife: "Your first care must be to procure to yourself such diversions as may preserve you from melancholy and depression of mind, which is a greater evil than a disobedient wife."

The talk that the lord lieutenant was soon to leave was false. Some years after he had left, he wrote to Swift, "When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased D^r^ Swift."

Horace Walpole was the brother of Sir Robert Walpole, and uncle of the famous letter-writer, — "old Horace," as he was called later on. His nephew records how one day he left the House of Commons to fight a duel, and at once returned, "so little moved as to speak immediately upon the Cambrick Bill, which made Swinny say, 'That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*.'" Ruffles, then in fashion, were made of cambric.

XXXVIII.

[Indorsed, "About James Stopford's promise to indemnify me for debts of H. C.'s contracting."]

DUBLIN. *Febr.* 20*th* 1724–5.

S^r^, — I extracted the Articles you sent me, and I sent them to M^r^ Stopford, and this morning he shewed me a Letter he intends for you to night, which I think shews he is ready to do all in his Power. That of contracting Debts he will give Bonds; for the others you can not well expect more than his Word, and you have the Remedy in your Power. So I hope no Difficulty will remain. I am very glad you are putting of your Land, and I hope you will contract things into as narrow a Circle as can consist with your Ease, since your Son and other Children will now be an Addition to your annuall Charge.

As soon as it is heard that I have been with Folks in Power, they get twenty Storyes about the Town of what has passed, but very little Truth. An English Paper in print related a Passage of two Lines writ on a Card, and the Answer, of which Story four parts in five is false — The Answer was writ by Sir W. Fownes. The real Account is a Trifle, and not worth the Time to relate. Thus much for that Passage in y^r^ Letter.

As to Company, I think you must endeavor to cotton with the Neighboring Clergy and Squires. The days are lengthening and you will have a long Summer to prepare y^r^self for Winter. You should pass a month now and then with some County Friends, and play at whist for sixpence — I just steal this Time to write that you may have my Opinions at the same Time with M^r^ Stopford's Letter. I do think by all means he and you should be as well together as the Situation of Things will admit, for he has a most universal good reputation. I think above any young man in the Kingdom.

I am yr most obt &c. J. S.

Chetwode, who was to make his wife an allowance, feared she might incur debts for which the law would hold him answerable. Her brother was willing to give him bonds for repayment.

The "two Lines writ on a Card" may be those which Swift is said to have scratched on the window of the waiting-room in the castle: —

"My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard task,
For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask."

Under which Lord Carteret wrote: —

"My very good Dean, there are few who come here,
But have something to ask or something to fear."

Swift used to keep a record of his gains and losses at cards. "Whist" he sometimes spelled "whish," as the following account shows: —

	Won.
Nov 8th. Ombr. Percevl Barry . . .	5. 8.
" Ombr and whish. Raymd Morgan	2. 4.

XXXIX.

May 27th 1725.

S^r^, — The Place I am in is 8 miles from the Post so it may be some days before I have convenience of sending this. I have recovered my hearing for some time, at least recovered it so as not to be troublesome to those I converse with, but I shall never be famous for acuteness in that Sense, and am in daily dread of Relapses; against which I prepare my mind as well as I can; and I have too good a Reason to do so; For my eyes will not suffer me to read small Prints; nor anything by Candle-light, and if I grow blind, as well as deaf, I must needs become very grave, and wise, and insignificant. The Weather has been so unfavourable, and continues so, that I have not been able to ride above once; and have been forced for Amuse-m^t^ to set Irish Fellows to work, and to oversee them — I live in a Cabin and in a very wild Country; yet there are some Agreeablenesses in it, or at least I fancy so, and am levelling Mountains and raising Stones, and fencing against inconveniencyes of a scanty Lodging, want of vittalls, and a thievish Race of People.

I detest the world because I am growing wholly unfit for it, and could be onely happy by never coming near Dublin, nor hearing from it, or anything that passes in the Publick.

I am sorry your Enemyes are so restless to torment you, and truly against the opinion of Philosophers I think, next to Health a man's Fortune is the tenderest Point; for life is a Trifle; and Reputation is supply'd by Innocence, but the Ruin of a man's Fortune makes him a Slave, which is infinitely worse than loss of Life or Credit; when a man hath not deserved either; and I repent nothing so much, as my own want of worldly wisdom, in squandring all I had saved on a Cursed Wall; although I had your Example to warn me, since I had often ventured to railly you for your Buildings; which have hindred you from that Command of money; you might otherwise have had. I have been told that Lenders of money abound; not from the Riches of the Kingdom, but by the want of Trade — but whether Chattles be good security I can not tell. I dare say M^r^ Lightburn will be able to take up what he wants, upon the Security of Land, by the Judgm^t^ of the H. [House] of Lords; and I reckon he is almost a Lawyer, and would make a very good Solliciter. I can give you no Encouragement to go out of your way for a visit to this dismal Place; where we have hardly room to turn our selves, and where we send five miles round for a lean sheep. I never thought I could battle with so many Inconveniencyes, and make use of so many Irish Expedients, much less could I invite any Friend to share in them; and we are 8 miles from Kells, the nearest habitable Place — These is the State of Affairs here. But I should be glad to know you had taken some Method to lump your Debts. I could have wished M^r^ Stopford had let me know his Intentions of travelling with Graham; I know not the Conditions he goes on, and there is but one Reason why I should approve of such a Ramble; I know all young Travellers are eager to travell again. But I doubt whether he consults his Preferment, or whether he will be able to do any Good to, un Enfant gaté, as Graham is. Pray desire him to write to me. I had rather your Son might have the Advantage of his Care, than of his Chambers.

I read no Prints. I know not whether we have a new King, or the old: much less any thing of Barber. I did not receive any Packet from you.

I am ever y^r^ &c.

The 6 months are over, so the Discoverer of the Draper will not get the 300^ll^ as I am told. I hope the Parlm^t^ will do as they ought, in that matter, which is the onely publick thing, I have in my mind.

I hope you like D^r^ Delany's country Place and am glad to find you among such Acquaintances, especially such a Person as he.

Swift was staying in Dr. Sheridan's country retreat, "in a bleak spot among the wildest of the Cavan heaths," about fifty miles northwest of Dublin. He was, as he wrote to Pope, finishing his Gulliver's Travels. "The chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen."

His sight had been long failing. Twelve years earlier he had told how Vanessa

> "Imaginary charms can find
> In eyes with reading almost blind."

In some pretty lines to Stella on her birthday he said: —

> "For nature always in the right
> To your decay adapts my sight;
> And wrinkles undistinguished pass,
> For I 'm ashamed to use a glass;
> And till I see them with these eyes,
> Whoever says you have them, lies."

On another birthday he wrote to her:

> "This day then let us not be told
> That you are sick and I grown old;
> Nor think on our approaching ills,
> And talk of spectacles and pills."

He would not let art remedy the failings of nature; "for, having by some ridiculous resolution, or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in his latter years."

The work which he was overseeing was some improvements, at his own expense, on his friend's land, with which he hoped to surprise him. Sheridan had heard of what was going on, and on his arrival took not the slightest notice of the changes. "'Confound your stupidity;' said Swift, in a rage; 'why, you blockhead, don't you see the great improvements I have been making here?' 'Improvements! Mr. Dean,' and then he went on to make nothing of them."

Swift in this letter says that "next to Health a man's Fortune is the tenderest Point." Three years earlier he had written to Vanessa, "Remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth."

The "Cursed Wall" he had built, at a cost of £600, round a piece of ground he called Naboth's vineyard, close to the deanery house. "When the masons played the knave," he wrote, "nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss."

The judgment in the House of Lords was in the case of the Rev. Stafford Lightburne, against some of Swift's cousins. It reversed certain decrees of the Irish Exchequer Court, and affirmed others. It seems to have confirmed land to Lightburne. Swift wrote to him congratulating him on his success.

To Mr. Stopford, in a letter dated, "Wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland, Nov. 26, 1725," he wrote, "Come home by Switzerland; whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable." It is clear that he placed Switzerland on much the same level as Ireland.

On the publication of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, dated October 23, 1724, a reward of £300 was offered for the discovery of the author.

To Dr. Delany Swift addressed some lines which begin: —

> "To you whose virtues, I must own
> With shame, I have too lately known;
> To you by art and nature taught
> To be the man I long have sought."

XL.

July 19th 1725.

S^r^, — I had y^rs^ of the 10^th^ and y^r^ former of earlye date. Can you imagine there is anything in this Scene to furnish a Letter? I came here for no

other Purpose but to forget and to be forgotten. I detest all News or Knowledge of how the World passes. I am again with a Fitt of Deafness. The Weather is so bad and continues so beyond any Example in memory, that I cannot have the Beneffit of riding and I am forced to walk perpetually in a great Coat to preserve me from Cold and wett, while I amuse myself with employing and inspecting Laborers digging up and breaking Stones building dry Walls, and cutting thro Bogs, and when I cannot stir out, reading some easy Trash merely to divert me. But if the Weather does not mend, I doubt I shall change my Habitation to some more remote and comfortable Place, and there stay till y^{e} Parlm^{t} is over, unless it sits very late.

I send this directed as the former, not knowing how to do better but I wonder how you can continue in that Dirty Town. I am told there is very little Fruit in the Kingdom, and that I have but 20 Apples where I expected 500 — I hear Sale expected Harrison's whole Estate, and is much disappointed. Harrison's Life and Death were of a piece and are an Instance added to Millions how ridiculous a Creature is Man.

You agree with all my Friends in complaining I do not write to them, yet this goes so far that my averseness from it in this Place has made me neglect even to write on Affairs of great Consequence to my Self.

I am y^{r} most obd^{t} &c.

"How ridiculous a Creature is Man" Swift was at this time doing his best to show in his Gulliver's Travels. In this same year he described himself as "sitting like a toad in the corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons."

George Birkbeck Hill.

A GAME OF SOLITAIRE.

I.

THE lamp was lit, and the table drawn close to the fire. In Florence, when the tooth of December is set against the late roses, a fire is a good thing. Elizabeth, being an artist, was indulging herself in the damp luxury of living in an old palazzo, up five flights of stone stairs, and she tended her fire as if it were a shrine. Elizabeth's family had a slight inclination toward rheumatism, which justified her in the seeming luxury of a blaze.

Naturally, when Josephine Bromley tapped out a Spanish fandango-sort-of summons on the door, it cost Elizabeth, knowing immediately who it was, a moment of regret to be obliged to admit so unlooked-for and flighty a factor into her orderly evening.

"It rains," announced Phenie, shedding her wraps from her shoulders to the floor, as if they had been autumn leaves or detachable bits of bark that she had done with. "It rains, and it is as dark as Egypt, and you are a dear, Elizabeth!" she said, making straight to the fire and spreading out her thin hands before it.

"And you are a disgraceful tramp," responded Elizabeth, with more than a show of sincerity in her tone. "And besides that, you only call me 'a dear' because I happen to have common sense, and a fire for you to hover over."

"Yes, that's true; and whatever should we poor good-for-nothings do if it were not for you heaven-born worthy ones to look after us?" and Phenie, dropping to her knees, leaned forward

in rapturous delight toward the blaze. "Yes, you are the dearest of dears, Elizabeth!"

The "dearest of dears" looked scornfully at the pile of wet wraps that lay by the door, and made no response to this flattery, but said, "I suppose, of course, your feet are wet?"

"Of course," admitted Phenie promptly, as she rose and held up one slim foot after the other, shaking her head with a look of disapprobation in her face, as if her feet had been guilty of an indiscretion against her own supervision.

"And your cough does n't get any better?"

"Not any better at all," assented Phenie in an alien, pitying tone which she often used toward herself.

"You ought to be sent to an asylum, or home," said Elizabeth, with asperity.

"I should like to go home," murmured Phenie plaintively, "if only to see my little great-grandmother once more."

Elizabeth sniffed. She thought she knew all of Phenie's wiles of manner, but she had never before heard of this little great-grandmother that was so dear. "I never heard you speak of your great-grandmother before." The tone seemed to convey a challenge.

"No, maybe not," said Phenie sweetly; "but you know I must have had one."

"I suppose so. I never gave the matter a thought before. You do without so many things that most people consider essential, I did not know what your ideas might be as to grandmothers."

"My great-grandmother must have been very much like me when she was young," Phenie went on meditatively.

"I wonder, then, that she ever lived to have great-grandchildren." This was said vengefully.

"Oh, she did n't! She only lived to have children."

"Then what in the name of common sense are you sentimentalizing over, with all this nonsense about going home to see her?"

"Why, I always go and visit her when I am at home. She lies in a sunny, cosy little graveyard on a hill. I love to go there. She must have been delightful when she was alive!"

"Like yourself, Phenie, as you mentioned a few minutes ago."

"Did I say that? Well, I am sure she must have been much like me. In the first place, she looks like me; there is a picture of her cut in the gray slate headstone. She is represented as lying in a pretty-shaped narrow coffin, and on her arm is the child that died with her. The inscription reads: 'In memory of Josephine, the wife of Adoniram Hinton, who departed this life December twenty-sixth, 1785, in the thirtieth year of her age. On her left arm lieth the infant which died with her.' Just at this season, Elizabeth; and is n't that a pretty thought, — she and her baby asleep all these years together?"

"You are cheerful to-night, Phenie," was Elizabeth's only reply.

Phenie held up her flexible hands and moved them rapidly from side to side before her face, "to make oak leaves out of the flames," she explained to Elizabeth. Then, rising abruptly, she caught up the guitar and waved it to and fro, Spanish fashion, brushing her fingers across it as it swung, making a sort of breathing harmony, to which she hummed an accompaniment in a high voice which was thin but vibrant. She was slender, almost meagre; her dark hair hung in wisps as it had dried after being wet by the rain. It gave her an elfish look, but, with all her uncanny thinness and unexpectedness, there was a fascination about her that baffled Elizabeth even more than did Phenie's faults, for it seemed to ward off criticism; and it vexed Elizabeth that she could not be *more* vexed at this wayward thing.

Phenie never waited for other people's moods to set the pace. She was quite absorbed in her own guitar-swinging till the air reminded her of another Spanish song; then she threw herself into a crisp and saucy attitude, and broke into a *bolero* that ended in a high shrill note, which seemed to fill the room with matadors, señoritas, mantillas, and pomegranates, also with love and treason.

"Carmen," said Elizabeth grimly, "will you please tend to the fire?"

But Phenie did not stop her singing. Elizabeth put a fresh stick on the coals. From where she sat she could see that Phenie's dress was drawing wet hieroglyphics on the waxed floor. The dress was very shabby, — a beggar-skirt, — but worn with picturesque style.

"I am going to be married," abruptly announced Phenie, still thrumming on the guitar. "Yes, I remember now that is what I came in to tell you. I knew there was something I meant to speak of."

"And that is why you were so keen to go and see your little great-grandmother who lives in the churchyard and is so like you!"

"Perfectly natural in me. I was wondering how she felt when she was engaged to be married, — before she was the wife of Adoniram Hinton and had earned her little epitaph!"

"Don't tell me, Phenie, that you are going to marry Smith, — the dismal Smith who ought never to have come over here to ruin canvas! He ought to be back to-day in Vermont, helping his father on the farm. He never will earn enough to buy a bushel of potatoes by art."

"Smithy? Little Smithy? Oh no! He 's gone, you know, — gone away, disappeared, nobody knows where. Paid all his debts and disappeared, — improvident fellow!"

"Do you sleep well nights, Phenie, with all your moral responsibilities?"

"No, I don't sleep very well. I have nightmares." This, again, in her grieved and pitying tone. She was busy building up a vast and comfortable nest near the fire, and she did not seem to notice the air of disapprobation that radiated from Elizabeth.

Phenie's accessories always favored her. That was one reason why it was so hard to attach any ethical obligation to her. Even her atmosphere defied one to attribute responsibilities. Elizabeth was almost the only person who ever tried to, and she failed. She watched her now as she propped up the cushions against the copper *brocca*. This proving insecure, the fire-screen was tilted back, the cushions were heaped up, and into them sank Phenie, with a contented "There!"

"I suppose, then," remarked Elizabeth, after a pause, "that you are going to throw yourself away on that count who has been dangling round wherever you have been this fall. He is, if possible, one degree worse than Smith. Smith was respectable."

"No, I could n't bring myself to marry the count. I tried to; really I did," replied Phenie, as if hoping that Elizabeth would condone her failure in view of her efforts.

"The only other alternative is, then, an old, rich man. You have sold yourself."

"Never! Elizabeth, I am pained. This is an old friend of my mother's."

"I knew it," said Elizabeth dejectedly. "I knew it would be, of course, some one who was shiftless, bad, or rich and old."

"An old friend of my mother's," went on Phenie undisturbedly. "I met him years and years ago in America, when mother was living. He came to see us, and he took a great fancy to me. I was only a child then; besides, he had a wife," added she, with one of her sudden smiles that always exasperated Elizabeth; they meant so much or so little, according to the next remark. Phenie's smile always left one feeling that how-

ever it was construed, the opposite would be found to be true.

"Now his wife is dead, and he wants to marry me," continued Phenie.

"Where have you been seeing him?"

"That 's part of the fun of it. I have n't been seeing much of him. We have mostly corresponded."

"Oh!" groaned Elizabeth.

"We shall be married in January," Phenie went on, "here in Florence. He lives in London, but he will go to America to live if I want him to, — or anywhere else, for that matter. I am getting my trousseau ready. I bought a dear, delightful brass kettle to-day, — big and so comfortable-looking."

Elizabeth laughed in spite of her indignation. "I suppose you will have towers and domes and frescoes in your trousseau; they would be so useful in America."

"I did buy a Madonna to-day," said Phenie impressively, raising herself and clasping her knees with her thin, enthusiastic fingers, "a real old cracked Madonna, with the loveliest little Christus you ever saw. I cleaned it off with my own fingers. I worked for hours over it. I rubbed off all the old sticky varnish (Smithy taught me how just before he disappeared, poor dear!), and then I steamed it over an alcohol bath, and the cracks all drew together, and then I varnished it freshly, and now it is my own beautiful Madonna, — all my own! And I am going to buy a hundred-franc frame for it. I paid — just think, Elizabeth, and don't scold — I paid five hundred francs for the picture alone. Oh, is n't it glorious to be rich!"

Elizabeth looked at the frayed bottom of Josephine's dress, and her wholesome common sense revolted against this mothlike creature's burning its wings in the awful *to be*.

"Phenie," said she, "either don't tell me any more of your doings, or else let me advise you. You will ruin yourself. How dare you spend five hundred francs for anything, — anything except actual necessities? And where are you to get your bread and butter if this thing falls through?"

"'This thing,' as you curiously call my engagement, is not going to fall through; and besides, I never did care much for bread and butter; and so, just for once in my life, I am going to spend every cent I have, or can get hold of, and I am going to spend it for luxuries, and I am going to enjoy it. Now to-morrow," said she, as she picked up her wet wraps and surveyed them at arm's length with loathing, "to-morrow I shall buy myself a fur wrap, long, ample, and exclusive, with a dash of the sumptuous to it. No, Elizabeth, you may save your sermon; I am going now to be happy and look rich. Later I shall be rich and look happy."

A week later, Phenie's vivacious face blossomed above a fur wrap whose collar just revealed her pink ears. She looked both rich and happy.

II.

"Elizabeth," said Phenie, a few days after she had announced her engagement, "would you have dreamed that one could actually buy and have and hold forever, for one's very own, a great splendid cathedral lamp, that has been burning for nobody knows how many centuries, before some saint? Well, believe it or not, I 've done it, and I am going to try to live up to it, — in spiritual faith and constancy, you know. I shall have it hung right over my dressing-table when I get settled in my new home in America. I mean to put every scrap that I have collected here in Italy in my own room, so that I shall never forget how happy I have been here, — here in the land of joy!"

"When is your fiancé coming?"

"Oh, to-morrow, or yesterday, or some time. You see, he was to have come

last week, but it fell through, all along o' some sister of his. Elizabeth, he is rich, actually rich! It is almost ridiculous, my marrying a rich man."

"Quite," was the short reply. "Do you love him?"

"Of course I do! What a question! Only — well, I do not mind confiding to you, dear, that I am just a little disappointed to find he does n't seem to care one bit about Madonnas. He says they are all trash and bigotry, and I am afraid he is too old to change. I wrote to him yesterday that he must try to look at Madonnas as purely decorative. I am hoping that that will appeal to him."

"Phenie, you are intolerable! You don't deserve to be happy. You are too shallow for anything. I wish something could make you serious!"

"Why, Elizabeth! I thought you, of all people, would look on marriage as serious. Why, my dear, just being engaged has utterly changed me. I have become conventional. I don't even think of going out shopping without a maid, and you must remember how I used to roam about. The other day when I went to meet Mr. Griffith, I took Adela along, — truly I did."

"Meet him? Meet Mr. Griffith? When and where have you been meeting him?"

"Why, I meant to tell you that he was to have been here last Friday. He wrote that he would arrive by the eleven-thirty train, — in the morning, you know. We were all ready for him to breakfast with us. Such a pretty salad! — all green and gold; I arranged it myself in my old majolica bowl, with lots of flowers and fixings. Then came a telegram saying that he must hurry right through Florence on an earlier train, so as to meet his sister, who had been very ill somewhere in Egypt, and was on her way to Naples. He arranged it for me to meet him at the train; and then he begged me to go on with him as far as that place with the queer name, where they meet the incoming train from Rome, you know. Of course I went. Sister Maggie could n't go; I would n't let her go to the station with me, but I took Adela, and put her in the second-class compartment. And I did have a perfect dream of a time! Oh, Elizabeth, is n't joy easy to bear? And I know I looked well in my fur cloak!"

"How old is Mr. Griffith?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know, — some tedious age, I suppose; there is nothing so tedious as age. We ought to begin at the other end and wind up as babies; I have always thought so."

"Some of us do."

"Oh, if you mean me — I am old, old, old!" Phenie did look a little withered and tired for the moment.

This was on a Sunday afternoon near the end of December. She had dropped in to dine with Elizabeth, as was her wont on Sundays. It was the habit of the "boys," as they called the American art students, to call for them later in the afternoon and take them for long walks or to the picture-galleries.

"Miss Josephine looks like a dove today," remarked the tall Johnson to Elizabeth, as they strolled through the Boboli Gardens.

"A dove?" said Elizabeth questioningly. She was apt to see things in an ethical light, and it was not without an effort that she disassociated looking and being.

"Yes. You see she has on all the colors, graded from gray to soft fawn, and capped by that iridescent thing round her neck. Her head moves above it just like a dove's head."

"Methinks it is a cat," said Steinway, who prided himself on being rude.

Elizabeth, who was loyal, resented this. "I wonder," said she, "how any one dares to speak of a woman as if she were a piece of bric-à-brac, a picture, or an animal?"

"Oh, now, Miss Dunning, don't be too

hard. We fellows don't mean anything, you know. It is only so-called artistic slang."

"And really," joined in Anderson, "it is curious, Miss Elizabeth, but one does get to looking even at one's friends as if they were posing. Just see Miss Josephine now, — how she flattens out into a fresco against that white wall, in full sunlight. Why, if I painted her so, the donkeys who write the art criticisms would say I had filched from the old frescoes. But would n't it make a sensation in the Salon if I could only hit it off!" Anderson was young.

"Do you know," drawled Spellman to Elizabeth, "when Miss Bromley sings with her guitar, Spanish fashion, I regularly fall deeply in love with — some one else!"

"I wonder who?" thought Elizabeth. She only said, "Let us walk faster, please." That was almost the only time she did not know exactly what she wanted.

Bragdon, "the Baltimore Oriole," as he was popularly called, — he was very dashing, and inclined to a bit of flame-color in his cravat, — was walking with Phenie, and saying impressively: "I don't know what I shall do for the dramatic element when you go away from here. It will cost us fellows a heap of money for theatre tickets, to keep us amused then, and it won't be half so artistic."

"You can go to church for nothing," said the dove, with serenity.

Soon after this Sunday, Maggie, Phenie's sister, came in for a long talk with Elizabeth. She had been so busy with all the shopping and the making up of Josephine's wardrobe that she was brimming over with bottled-up emotions. Besides that, nobody who knew Elizabeth ever considered any undertaking fully begun or done without having had it out with her.

"You never in all your life knew any one so utterly generous as Phenie is," began Maggie; "and what do you think she has just done? She says she will have money enough after her marriage, so she has not only made over to me her half of the farm down in Kennebunk, but she has actually sent over to the savings-bank and drawn out all her money, and has given me five hundred dollars! She won't have a cent left after she has paid for all her dresses and for all those queer things she dotes on so much. I tell her she is no Christian, but a perfect heathen in her tastes. She only laughs; she does nothing but laugh and sing nowadays. Why, Elizabeth, the brass things alone that she has bought would fill a ship, I should think; and they smell so brassy! Besides that, she has bought a lot of inlaid chairs and tables and things. I really don't know as I ought to tell you, if *she* has n't already; but you know all about that Italian count who wanted to marry her? Well, he failed (he was a gambler; is n't it awful?), he failed, and then shot himself; and now Phenie has gone and bought up most of his old furniture at auction or of some dealer. She says that it has a sentiment for her, and that she is so grateful to have had the dance without paying the piper. I never half understand her, and I can't imagine how we ever came to be born in the same family. But you must come over and see Phenie's clothes. Every dress is copied from some old picture, and she has no end of old beads and jewelry. I feel as if I were living in a dream. I almost dread to wake up. And to think — in a month it will all be over!"

"I should suppose Mr. Griffith would remember that you too are the daughter of his old friend."

"Yes," assented Maggie vaguely; "but it is n't as if he had seen me."

"To be candid with you, Maggie" (as if, given half a chance, Elizabeth could ever have been anything but candid), "what puzzles me is that Mr. Griffith dared to think of marrying so young

a girl as Phenie. And if he wanted to, why did n't he come down to Florence and get acquainted with her first? He must be nearly twice as old as she."

"Do you know, Elizabeth, it seems queer to me, but he does n't look so very old. I know he must be; he can't be as young as he looks. I 've been over it again and again in my mind, and he can't be less than sixty, but he does n't look thirty-five."

"Oh, you 've seen him, then!" Elizabeth had a momentary sense of relief, immediately followed, however, by an uncomfortable feeling that at last Phenie was caught in a fib, for she certainly had said several times that Maggie had not seen Mr. Griffith.

Maggie hurried to say, "No, I have n't seen him, but Phenie has his photograph on her dressing-table. She puts fresh violets before it every day. His picture does not look old. Phenie is twenty-three, you know, and I am twenty-seven, and mother would have been fifty-seven if she had lived." (Maggie knew to a day just how old everybody was; that was her strong point, — almost her only one.) "Now if mother would have been fifty-seven, he must be older; but he does n't look anything like it. He is handsome, too."

A thousand little doubts were assailing Elizabeth, each one so small that it took a whole swarm of them to make a cloud thick enough to be palpable; but the cloud was getting somehow like a gray mist before her mind's eye.

"Miss Bromley has an aptitude for her future rôle of great lady," said Spellman to Elizabeth one day. "Do you know what she has just done? She has bought Bragdon's Arno by Moonlight, and he is so grateful he cannot speak of it without — well, doing what, if he were a girl, we should call crying; and he is the most undemonstrative fellow in the world. He means to stay over here for three more months of study. It will be the making of him."

"Good Lord!" said Elizabeth under her breath. All at once she had a vision of Phenie as she had appeared that night when she came in wet, nervous, and willful, and announced her engagement to Mr. Griffith, while she twanged on her guitar, her shabby gown dripping with rain; and now, only a few weeks later, she was buying pictures, playing fairy godmother to Bragdon.

Elizabeth's face was a study. Spellman answered what he thought he read in it, and said, "Oh, she 's all right. She is going to marry money, is n't she? I don't mean, of course, marrying *for* money. Marrying money and marrying *for* money are very different things."

"Yes, it 's different from marrying for money," assented Elizabeth gravely.

All the same, that night she took out her bank-book, and made a long and careful computation. "For," said she aloud, as good people will who live much alone, and whose imaginations need the reinforcement of words, "for, as sure as guns, I shall have to use something soon for friendship's sake. I feel shaky about Phenie. I can't help it, — I feel very shaky."

III.

Phenie was ready to be married, — gowns, brass kettles, Madonnas, and all. She looked a trifle worn, but she was in the gayest of spirits, and more full than ever of her vagaries. She was either exasperatingly gentle after doing the most reprehensible things, or else sweetly contrary; always being of the opposite mood, whatever was expected. She gave teas and lunches at her rooms, where her new artistic belongings created the impression of the fifteenth century having kaleidoscoped with the nineteenth.

Every day she had some new and grotesquely inappropriate possession to exploit, ofttimes bemoaning her inability to buy the little iron Devil that presided over the market-place, — alas that it was

not for sale! That alone, she declared, would be worth more to her than all her Madonnas.

Josephine was quite the sensation of Florence at this time, and it agreed wonderfully well with her.

One night Elizabeth was summoned suddenly by a wide-eyed Italian maid, with more emotion than power of speech. She brought a slip of paper from Josephine's sister Maggie, saying, "Come at once; Phenie is very ill." More than this could not be gathered from the maid, whose Neapolitan dialect was beyond the range of Elizabeth's studies.

Maggie stood shivering by the door when they reached her apartment. She was haggard with distress. "Mr. Griffith is dead," said she, "and I think Phenie will die too! What shall I do? She had a letter this afternoon from his sister in London. He died suddenly, and— Oh, Elizabeth, this is the awakening! Phenie is almost crazy. She fainted away when she read the letter. She had been restless and excited all day, as if she felt that something was going to happen; and she dropped down in a heap on the floor with the letter in her hand. Afterwards she laughed and cried horribly. I was afraid of her. I sent for the doctor, and he could n't do anything with her till he gave her something to put her to sleep; and even now she starts and calls out. I know she will die! What shall I do?" And poor Maggie laid her head on Elizabeth's shoulder, and had the first cry that she had found time for since the news had come.

While Elizabeth tried to comfort her, she herself was going through a certain self-chastisement. She was blaming herself for not feeling the grief of the circumstances more sympathetically, more spontaneously. She was sorry enough for the sobbing Maggie, but there was not that whole-souled oneness in her sympathy for the two desolated sisters that she felt there ought to be. "I wonder," she thought, "if I have been orderly and methodical so long that I have left no room for the expansions of pity." And worse than the distrust of her capacity for sympathy was the black swarm of doubts, which had increased so that they made a cloud in her brain through which Phenie and her dramatic troubles looked farcical and unreal. She seemed to see herself going through some grotesque drama, at the bottom of which there was no reality.

To Maggie, however, there was no unreality, either in Phenie's illness, called by the doctor a "nervous collapse," or in their financial position. The five hundred dollars so generously bestowed upon her by Phenie had long ago melted down to less than a third; and in the days that followed, the remaining portion melted like the snow on Monte Morello.

Life was very real to Maggie. Phenie's health mended slowly, and their finances not at all. Doctors' bills, tradesmen's bills, and all the little luxuries of sickness sucked their slender stream dry. One new expense, as Phenie recovered, threatened to bring them to utter and irretrievable ruin. Phenie was obliged to be out for hours driving in the Cascine, where, wrapped in her gray rabbits' fur cloak, with roses tucked in near her pale face, she received the admiring pity of the voluble Italians who had followed in every detail the poor signorina's drama.

It was now March, and Elizabeth came to a decision. Action followed always immediately on her decisions. She spent several hours in writing a letter. This letter was addressed to Mr. J. C. Griffith. After writing it she inclosed it in another carefully worded letter to her bankers in London, asking them to forward it to Mr. J. C. Griffith, if it were possible to obtain that gentleman's address; also asking them, as a favor, to write a letter to him themselves, introducing her, as she was consulting him on a matter of importance, but had

not the honor of an acquaintance with him.

She received a letter in reply from her bankers, stating that they had delivered the letter to J. C. Griffith, Esq., who happened to be well known to them, having been for many years a customer of theirs, so that there was no delay in transmitting the letter, with one of introduction as requested.

Then Elizabeth waited; and while she waited she tided over the affairs of the two sisters in her usual orderly, methodical, and practical manner; but she did not think it necessary to tell them that she had written to J. C. Griffith, Esq., and that she awaited with deep interest a letter from him. Occasionally she thanked Heaven devoutly that she knew what she wanted, and was practical enough to get it.

Her letter to Mr. Griffith had been a plain and full statement of the affairs of the two Bromley sisters, including all she knew of Phenie's engagement. She began by asking if the Mr. Griffith she was now addressing was the Mr. J. C. Griffith who had formerly been a friend of Mrs. Bromley's in America, saying: "If you are that friend, the following circumstances are of importance to you. Assuming that you are, I will give them to you as I see them, and I hope that you may help me in my efforts to send the two daughters back to America." She told him that early in the winter Josephine had announced her engagement to a Mr. J. C. Griffith, an old friend of her mother's, and that several weeks had been passed in preparing for the marriage; also, that all the fortune of the two girls had been spent. She explained to him that in some adroit manner, either by accident or by design, no one but Josephine had ever seen Mr. Griffith, and the engagement had ostensibly been arranged by letter; and that this engagement had been suddenly and shockingly broken off by the news of the death of Mr. Griffith, communicated to Josephine by the sister of the man, also by letter. She went on to tell him how ill Josephine had been and still was, and ended by saying: "The whole affair is to me a matter of confusion and, I frankly say, mystery. It is, however, borne in upon me that the Mr. Griffith to whom Josephine was or was supposed to be engaged was not the old friend of her mother's, and, acting on that impression, I write to put the matter in your hands. If you are that friend, will you aid the daughters on their way to America, and may I let you know when they pass through London? As to what you may think it is your duty to do in unraveling the mystery that surrounds the use of your name in the tragedy of Josephine's life, that is a matter outside of my power to suggest. I need not tell you that they do not know of my intercession with you on their behalf. On the receipt of your answer to this, I shall do as circumstances dictate in the matter of making known to them how I came into communication with you."

One day a letter came to Elizabeth from J. C. Griffith. He avowed himself to be the one who had been honored as the friend of Mrs. Bromley, "the most beautiful and fascinating woman I ever met or expect to meet." He said that he remembered Josephine as giving promise to be much like her mother, and that nothing in the world could exceed his delight in putting himself at their (he had first written "her," and then substituted "their") service. He added: "Miss Josephine inspires me with great interest. In her, evidently, a trace of the mother lives, even in the aptitude of her feet for somewhat tangled paths. I am proud to be of service to her."

"Good gracious!" said Elizabeth, "I 've fixed it now. The old fool will marry Phenie, as sure as my name is Elizabeth Dunning!"

And he did marry Phenie Bromley in just three months after he met her in London.

It was a long time before Elizabeth could make herself write to Josephine after receiving an erratic little note from her announcing her happy engagement to Mr. J. C. Griffith, without a single reference to the past, or a single explanation of who this Mr. Griffith was. And when Elizabeth did write, it could hardly be called a congratulatory letter. In fact, it read: —

"Phenie Bromley, will you tell me whose photograph you had standing on your dressing-table here in Florence, framed in old ivory and silver, before which you put fresh violets every day?"

And Phenie answered by return mail:

"Why, Elizabeth, you dear old thing, that was only a card that I used in my game of solitaire! Yours,

PHENIE BROMLEY GRIFFITH."

Madelene Yale Wynne.

THE COMING LITERARY REVIVAL.

I.

IT is said that the age of genius in literature, like the age of miracles in religious history, is past. A daring German critic of the last generation declared that the world no longer required a great poet after Goethe, and even ventured to set up a system by which poetry of the first order could be produced as if by machinery. Another philosopher, a man of wide fame, has maintained that the process of reducing all human nature to the level of comfortable mediocrity is already so far advanced that a time can be predicted when art will be for all men what the stage farce of an evening is now for the weary man of business. These are doubtless extreme views, but they are not without mild support in the words that escape more cautious writers. They indicate, at all events, that there is reason for doubt as to the future of letters, as well as room for the discussion of serious questions.

These questions belong, perhaps, to the domain of science rather than to that of the literary essayist. Scientific men have already shown interest in the matter by their investigations concerning the heredity of genius, concerning the relation between genius and insanity, and by varied psychological studies. If these aspects of the subject be left to those competent to depict them, there still remain problems of historical evolution, to solve which may lead, not to the origin of genius in the individual, but to a general law governing its opportunities.

Grant to those who assert it that there have been mute, inglorious Miltons, then the alternative between genius silent and genius vocal must be one of historical necessity. The man of genius is the product of an inevitable evolution. It is easy to say this and to believe it in the light of prevalent scientific opinions. It is not so easy to illustrate it. There can be, this side of Milton's chaos, nothing more confused or meaningless than the history of the world's literature estimated as a gradual process, step by step, toward perfection. The endless activity satirized by the Hebrew maxim-maker is lighted here and there by the glow of creative power; all the rest is a dull glimmer as of subterranean gnomes or cabiri busy at their forges. Criticism misleads because there is a deceitful brilliance about the achievements of one's own age. They are too near to be properly viewed. This lack of perspective may be corrected in some degree by the effort to imagine how contemporary or very recent writers will look to people one hundred or three hundred or a thousand years hence. In

this way the mind may forecast the actual processes of history similar to those by which the settled literary verdicts of the past have been reached.

There are some points in literary history about which there can be no dispute. For example, the world has not made a step forward in epic since the time of Homer; it has not improved the drama since Shakespeare ceased to write; it has not bettered the novel, unless morally, since Fielding laid down the pen; it has not surpassed Chaucer in humorous narrative verse, nor Petrarch in sonnet, nor Dante in philosophic satire, nor Milton in expressing the emotion of the infinite, nor Goethe in the power of impersonating an epoch. There is no possibility of comparing these writers among themselves, or of saying from the purely literary criteria which they give whether the world advanced from Homer to Goethe, or went backward in that long interval. Men of the highest genius stand separate from one another. It cannot be said of any one of these creative minds that he was greater than the rest. The standard by which they are to be measured is new in each case, and there is no gradation from one to the next. It is true of some, at least, with whom history has made us familiar, that they stand at the apex in a group where the rise and fall in power of thought and observation can be traced. All that is decipherable in the way of direct evolution in literature can be seen most distinctly in the Elizabethan drama, where there is a manifest increase of skill and power from the rude, inchoate mediæval forms of histrionic art until the climax is reached, followed by a declension, with occasional sallies of brilliant wit and high technical skill; and this declension has lasted to the present day, with no signs of a recurrence to anything like the profound thought, the insight into human nature, the deep originality of Shakespeare. The conditions, national and international, which environed Shakespeare have often been described. It took a world to make him, and the forces of a world were really turned upon the England of his time. But his case is not solitary. It is noteworthy that, with all the toil of the literary rank and file of a race, the crowning genius never emerges without an external shock and pressure and strain which force him to his place, and unite the nation as it were under his feet. Whether this shock be delivered in war, as has most frequently been the case in the past, or in less violent ways, it is indispensable. Look over the lives of men of acknowledged genius and see if there can be found one who truly created his own opportunity.

Meanwhile, another line of instances deserves inspection. Apparently a relation of antecedent and consequent, more rarely of cause and effect, exists between the rise of systems of philosophy and the outbreak of national literary enthusiasm in which genius becomes active. To each age, to every century, belongs a philosophy peculiar to itself. The tendencies of one age, though they result from the thinking and doing of its predecessors, are its own. They give rise to new thoughts and to new problems, and the first to attack the new problems or to utter the new thoughts are the philosophers of the new time. For this reason, philosophy, like literature, moves toward what must be deemed its ultimate goal, not by a steady advance, but by irregular approaches. It may even seem to recede at times, and at other times to be motionless and dead. It cannot transcend the processes of civilization, and, like literature again, it has for its background the general history of culture. It has no other problems than those which arouse and embarrass man and society at a given time, and no material for the solution of these problems except what lies in the general consciousness of the time. Scientific discovery, religious awakening, artistic creativeness, social and political unrest, are fruitful in new

impulses for philosophy, and they determine the outlines of its task, though not of its achievement. Where the relation between the various factors of human life, individual, social, political, and the philosophy to which they appeal is simple, the latter is just the expression of the knowledge which the age has of itself. This was never better evinced than in the eclecticism of Cicero, which was the forerunner of the still more elegant literary eclecticism of Virgil and Horace.

On the other hand, an age in which the forces of culture are divergent can find its philosophic expression only in the strife of opinions. In this case civilization fosters the growth of systems of thought which, specious as they are at first glance, are soon seen to be mere makeshifts. But these sports of philosophy are of the highest value in unraveling the history of literature, for it is they that presage by their eccentricities the special phases of intuition and fantasy for which mankind in general is at the moment keeping the sharpest outlook. The more permanent forms of philosophy, since they are deeply imbued with the individuality of their originators, or with some quality to which that name is given for lack of a better, and because they are effective in long reaches of time, find little response in the hearts of the contemporary multitude. In any case, owing to the mutability of human affairs, to the mere fact that men grow old, the conditions in which a philosophy germinates are not those surrounding it at its completion. Its own influence on its votaries and opponents has precluded such uniformity. It has put in words aspirations that were latent. It has formulated thoughts that were strange and foreign to the age just departed, but which seem as familiar as their own perceptions to men who have grown to maturity with it. Tendencies too slight for general observation a little while ago have become dominant, and because the philosopher felt them first, he said, no doubt awkwardly and pedantically, what others must say after him with such smoothness as they can attain, until final expression is reached in the words of a master in literature. Or, again, the tendencies in a philosophy, becoming the tendencies of an age, produce results which imperatively demand expression even in those forms of literature to which philosophy is abhorrent. Thus the process is one in which the thinker leads, and the poet follows; and this is fit, for after the true poet what is there to say? Study of the successive revivals of the literary spirit in the history of the world — we are forbidden to amass details — will show that philosophy gropes first in the environment which genius comes later to light up and to inhabit.

In such a study of philosophical movements care must be given to the limits of the inference. There are cases, for example that of Dante, where philosophical development stands to a given literary phenomenon as cause to effect. This is not usual. Were it possible to prove so much, it would not be necessary. What is required is to show that in the whole series of important literary instances there was a significant philosophical forerunning which presaged the advent of genius. This anticipatory stir of minds, however, is not a cause, but an effect of conditions which prepared the way for what was to come. It revealed the sensitiveness of men of thought to obscure tendencies which could become manifest and clear only in the man of intuition, the poet, the artist, the dramatist, or the romancer. Now, the moment this effort is made to trace the relationship between philosophy and literature, it dawns upon one that beneath and above the chaotic perturbations, the renascence and decadence of learning, there is, after all, a unity in the aspirations of the highest genius. Consciously or unconsciously, it must strive to utter, not a mere individual thought, nor the thought of a nation, but

the characteristic thought of humanity at the time.

Since history began, this thought has always been cleft in two. The East thinks one way, the West another, and no single mind has yet been able to grasp this divided thought in its entirety and to express it in its primeval oneness. Nevertheless, all the great poets of the West and nearly all the great philosophers have felt themselves confronted by this profoundest of all Eastern Questions. It is the sole reason for the existence of Homer and Herodotus. It causes Virgil to turn his epic into a romance. It is the very crux in Dante's science of history and in Milton's theology. It complicates for Shakespeare the characters of Othello and Shylock, and it adds one at least to the puzzles in Goethe's Faust. It stirs in the most significant myths of Plato. It is exorcised by Aristotle with a Pecksniffian wave of the hand toward his semi-Oriental predecessors, only to return supreme in neo-Platonism. It furnishes the problems on which Scholasticism goes to pieces. It answers Descartes with Spinoza, and Locke with Berkeley. At the very last, it is conspicuous by its absence from the aims of Kant. He stumbles over it in the literature of thought which it is his task to reduce to a critical unity, but he ignores it. In short, he gives little or no premonition, not even such as is manifest in Goethe's West-Eastern Divan, of phases of intellectual activity that were to be of absorbing interest within a few decades after his death. This was all the more remarkable because the so-called Enlightenment of the eighteenth century had unveiled once for all the cosmopolitan character of literary and philosophical effort at its best. But the Enlightenment was too artificial, too much constrained by rule, to exemplify its own teaching. A reaction was inevitable, and yet no reaction would serve to put the world back into the unconsciousness that had once been broken. Thenceforth genius must achieve what it could, in the full knowledge that its task was to recast the whole of the world's thought.

The proclamation of this fact almost in so many words, toward the close of the eighteenth century, resounded arrogantly in Germany. Still, it was not arrogance. It was the settled conviction of men who knew themselves capable of great achievement. Nevertheless, the literature which they produced was, taken as a whole, mainly a presage of the future. The Oriental side of civilization is meagrely set forth by the best of them. What they accomplished was to bring all the literary motives, just as Kant brought all the philosophical motives, of the European past to clear presentation on a single canvas, so to speak, with everything in fair perspective. Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, and the beginnings of modern life are seen in Faust; while there is only a hint here and there of the other phases of human activity beyond the horizon of Hellenism. The most noteworthy instance is the character of Lynceus in the Helena. There the Orientalism is vivid enough, but it is the Orientalism of those wild races which almost destroyed antique culture before they learned its value. In this meagreness of conception as regards the oldest and most stable aspects of humanity lies the refutation of those who say that after Goethe mankind no longer requires a transcendent poetic genius. When a voice as round and full as that of Dante shall speak for all the earth and all the ages, as Dante spoke for one great period, then the hope of further artistic and poetic achievement may be abandoned.

A common, perhaps an incorrect opinion is that the world is now passing through one of the comparatively dull periods in its literary history. The alleged decadence, it is said, pervades all European civilization. Yet the age is prolific enough. The censure is merely that its productions never rise above me-

diocrity when measured in the scale of genius, though to this censure is added by some a curious array of pathological conjectures. If this generation had been the first to be criticised in this way, the cry of decadence might fill one with melancholy forebodings. The fact is that these prosaic intervals are the rule, and the visits of genius to the world the rare exception. For example, an acute though academic critic has pointed out that the drama has bloomed in perfection only twice since history began to be recorded; but this remark has nothing to do with the fact that there are at this moment more playwrights on earth than ever before at any given time since Euripides retired to his cave.

The cavilers must acknowledge that certain fields of literary endeavor were never better cultivated than they are now. Some of these lie in the realm where profound learning, acute and patient observation, and minutely attentive thought supply the place of genius. They produce often works that deserve permanent fame on account of excellence of style. But usually style is a secondary affair with specialists. The incessant outpour of books, monographs, and articles on scientific topics which has been in progress for many years, and bids fair to continue for a long time to come, resembles the deluge of theological and philosophical treatises in the mediæval centuries and at the era of the Reformation. Deeply interesting as these tomes were to the men for whom they were written, they are now useless except to a few investigators. A similar fate awaits the scientific libraries of this day, when results which are now the aim of patient effort shall be part of the experience of humanity.

Not merely in this respect does modern life seem to have entered upon a period mediæval in its analogies. For instance, fiction has been marvelously compressed and shortened of late. Looking back over literary history since the first days of printing, one finds that the abbreviating process has been very gradual. The massive romances of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave way slowly to the less heroic narrative with more study of character in fewer words, and this to something better and shorter, and so on, until the short story — one episode of life beautifully told, every character clearly drawn, every word fitly chosen, every sentence carefully modeled for its place with the rest — has become the most charming of modern literary products. It is characteristic of modern life — that is, since the Enlightenment — that this result has been attained by conscious effort, though accompanied with an uneasy feeling that the world will never see long novels again as good as those of Fielding and Thackeray. In less conscious fashion and in ruder forms this alternation between the short story and the long novel has been observed in past times, and the short story has always been a marked feature of an age that was looking out for something larger than it had in hand, and something at least different from what it recognized as great in the past. The age of the short story has also been the age of the polished minor poet, whether he wrote social idyls in Alexandria, Latin goliards in a mediæval monastery, songs of love in a Provençal castle, or stanzas and sonnets for a modern magazine.

There are short stories and little poems which will live forever; but, on the whole, these two classes in literary art lack seriousness, if considered as an end in themselves. They are characteristic of a tentative, a waiting age. The Middle Ages were a time of waiting for the great work that was bound to come. This work, when it came, was a revelation of new form in poesy. The laws of classic verse were broken and new laws enforced by a triumphant example. The present, too, is an age of waiting. The recurrent question, Who is to write

the great American novel, or the great American drama, or the great American epic? is one which has been asked and answered with all degrees of uncertainty. It may never be answered in terms. The American who is to be reckoned the peer of Dante and Shakespeare may have to perfect a form of literature now undreamed of, to which the novel as we know it will be as foreign as the epic or the drama. Besides, this much-desiderated American may never emerge from the obscurity of mute, inglorious Miltonhood, if the following tentative outline of the opportunities of genius is approximately correct: —

First. A literary revival is always a local or national reaction to external influences. It is perfectly good science to say that no effect is ever produced by a single cause acting alone. The inference here drawn excludes none of the impulses attributed to heredity or to abnormal physiological or psychological conditions. It does not conflict with such facts of observation as the fertility of ancient Attica or Renaissance Tuscany in men of mind, as compared with regions hardly a day's march away from Athens or Florence. It is merely a supplemental necessity of the case.

Second. The greater the force applied from without, the more important the reaction within and the works that belong to it. This proposition may be looked on as a corollary of the ordinary scientific maxim that action and reaction are equal. But it is impossible to apply the rule in all its strictness to literature without the most minute and laborious investigation.

Third. No purely civil convulsion ever evoked a transcendent genius in art or poetry. A possible reason for this is that such a disturbance implies just the lack of that unity which is indispensable to genius. For genius is not scattered, it is concentrated effort.

Fourth. No nation incapable of an original movement in philosophy has ever produced imaginative genius of the highest rank. The only possible exception to this is Homer, and Homer's antecedents are unknown. The inference does not traverse the instinctive prejudice of the artist against the uninspired, plodding thinker. Everybody knows that systematized æsthetic is like apples of Sodom to the man of intuition. Nevertheless, the race that cannot rise to the level where it may form and express its own theory of beauty will never rise to that higher level where in the works of some master it must make its ideal of beauty actual. No original philosopher, no original genius. This is absolute.

Fifth. The progress of philosophy often indicates the course of national development which creates the environment appropriate to genius. It does not follow, however, that because the mould is ready the statue will be forthcoming. There are contingencies intervening which can be dealt with only by students of heredity and psychology and climate and habitat.

Sixth. The evolution of both philosophy and literature is incidental to the course of national life, and in the long run, doubtless, to that of all humanity. That is to say, neither grows up of its own accord. The background of all literary revivals lies in the history of that universal culture to which literature bears as transient a relation as that of the foliage to the tree. The tree lives long; the leaves flourish and decay year by year.

Seventh. But within itself the literary revival follows strictly the law of growth; or, if the phrase be more pleasing, the law of evolution and devolution. A noteworthy fact is, however, that growth appears less gradual than decay. The truth may be that much of the process preliminary to the advent of genius escapes observation. After the fact, many presages are remembered which in their own time passed unnoticed.

Eighth. The reaction passes away

without prevision of what is to follow. Perhaps the most signal example of this is the disappearance of the old Republican literature in Rome without a hint of the outburst which heralded and attended the Empire. But there is a chasm equally great, in recent times, between the older literature of America with its colonial impulses and that of the period of growing nationality from Irving to Lowell, and in England between the product of the disturbed Georgian period culminating in Byron and the mild melancholy of Tennyson and the group to which he belonged.

Ninth. But the reaction often projects itself upon other nations or localities, causing a new reaction, and sometimes creating new forms of literature. An instance of this is the Chaucerian cycle in England, affected as it was by motives which had just ceased to be active in Italy and France. French romanticism, the Dantean allegory, and Boccaccio's novel take a form very different, under the hand of Chaucer, from that which they wore originally. Observe, too, in a later time, what a metamorphosis is shown in the teachings of Locke and the smooth humanity of Pope after they have been transferred to France by Voltaire.

The question remains whether these dicta can be applied to conditions existing at the present day. As to the impact of nation upon nation, even to the point of conflict, it is hardly necessary to say more than that no intelligent man lives anywhere in the bounds of civilization who fails to look "nights and mornings" now for signs of war. There are even some who seem to be afflicted with visions of Armageddon. This aside, who shall stand as philosopher of the age? That is an inquiry in which the estimate the age puts upon itself cuts some figure. Whether it is just to itself in adopting a tone of self-depreciation is not important. That the tone is to be heard, and that it is only one signal of a turn of thought generally pessimistic, are significant facts. Optimism can hardly be said to exist as a philosophy at the present time. Evolutionary theories based wholly on physical facts, with a mechanical formula as the goal of the universe expressible in the strictest mathematical way, have driven it to the merely negative hope that everything will turn out for the best. Recent efforts at directing attention anew to Leibnitz attest the lack of initiative among thinkers of optimist preferences. Mr. Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy is now a complete system, and the amount of comfort it gives to the world is very small. In fact, about the only comfort it gives is that it is open to criticism. The tendencies of recent literature — Zola, Tolstoi, Kidd in Social Evolution, Nordau in Degeneration — are so well known that it is needless to specify them. All this has really little value in practical life. Human nature never yet gave up a struggle because of despair, nor ever deemed a hope attained worth a fraction of the unattainable. The true import of pessimism lies in the hint it gives that, unconsciously, mankind is reaching out toward a future as different as possible from the present and the past of which it is weary. It is along this line on which humanity seems to be moving toward a phase of existence different from all, if not better than any, through which it has passed before, that search must be made for philosophic presages of what is to come.

To any one who looks over the systems offered to the present age, it must be obvious that the promise of most of them is very limited, or that it depends on contingencies more or less remote. Thus one sees little of the influence of Herbart, strong thinker as he was, out side of the methods of pedagogy. His individual realism is expounded to deaf ears in the midst of the socialist and pantheistic tendencies of the time. Lotze's remarkably penetrating thought

is just now in process of transmutation through secondary minds. It has a long future, but it may be a remote one, in fee. Scottish philosophy is a mere survival. Besides, it has had its man of genius. If it once proclaimed Rousseau as its ally, it cannot deny Burns.

In America there are advocates of all philosophies, but there is no philosophy. This is not an individual opinion; it is the universal criticism on American learning. America has had one original metaphysician, and he belonged to the time when the social unity of the colonies had not yet given way to the chaos of modern life in the United States. This, again, is no individual dictum. But his thought has already worked itself out in literature. Perhaps somebody may be found to dispute the critical estimate of Hawthorne and Poe as the truly creative American minds in the field of imagination. Nevertheless, the estimate is not at all eccentric. It is based on much the same kind of reasoning as that which, according to a familiar anecdote, established the political and military primacy of Themistocles among the Greeks. The intellectual antecedents of many American men of letters in past generations can be traced largely to the Old World. This is not true of Hawthorne and Poe. The former in particular carried his Puritan environment with him to Italy, as that wonder-work The Marble Faun shows. But the fatalism of these two men in the study of character, a nemesis as unerring as that of the Greeks, is the artistic, emotional counterpart of the stern, unswerving thought of Jonathan Edwards. Whatever may be said of the ethics of The Raven or The Scarlet Letter, it is certain that they never would have emerged except from the culture which also produced A Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Notion of Free-Will.

If the hypothesis suggested in these pages be correct, America needs to start a new intellectual cycle; and it is superfluous to say that the way to start is not to rest in the boasted excellence of some light form of literature, for example the American short story. It will take larger effort than this, and effort along lines ill-beset, to bring out the American rival of Homer and Dante and Virgil and Goethe and Shakespeare. There is a deal of meaning in the remark attributed to Horace Greeley, that what the United States needed was a sound thrashing, but that, unfortunately, no other nation on earth was big enough to give it to them. The Old World is well-worn. It is gradually approaching, from sheer weariness, a social if not a political federalism, in which America must be teacher, not pupil. But the only lesson which America is now teaching the world in the ideal realm is precisely the lesson which von Hartmann has already put in words, namely, that the literature of the future is to be as the farce which the Berlin business man goes to see of an evening by way of recreation. It is doing its best to prove that, after Goethe, the rôle of transcendent genius is no longer to be played. By way of bringing about a new movement in letters, it would be an excellent thing if some profoundly one-sided thinker should arise to shake to pieces the eminently respectable but fatally monotonous philosophy of the American schools.

In another article we shall search for our philosopher over a somewhat wider area.

J. S. Tunison.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

IV.

Life at Mrs. M'Collop's apartments in 22 Breadalbane Terrace is about as simple, comfortable, dignified, and delightful as it well can be.

Mrs. M'Collop herself is neat, thrifty, precise, tolerably genial, and "verra releegious."

Her partner, who is also the cook, is a person introduced to us as Miss Diggity. We afterwards learned that this is spelled Dalgety, but it is considered rather vulgar, in Scotland, to pronounce the names of persons and places as they are written. When, therefore, I allude to the cook, which will be as seldom as possible, I shall speak of her as Miss Diggity-Dalgety, so that I shall be presenting her correctly both to the eye and to the ear, and giving her at the same time a hyphenated name, a thing which is a secret object of aspiration in Great Britain.

In selecting our own letters and parcels from the common stock on the hall table, I perceive that most of our fellow lodgers are hyphenated ladies, whose visiting-cards diffuse the intelligence that in their single persons two ancient families and fortunes are united. On the ground floor are the Misses Hepburn-Sciennes (pronounced Hebburn-Sheens); on the floor above us are Miss Colquhoun (Cohoon) and her cousin Miss Cockburn-Sinclair (Coburn-Sinkler). As soon as the Hebburn-Sheens depart, Mrs. M'Collop expects Mrs. Menzies of Kilconquhar, of whom we shall speak as Mrs. Mingess of Kinyukkar. There is not a man in the house; even the Boots is a girl, so that 22 Breadalbane Terrace is as truly a *castra puellarum* as was ever the Castle of Edinburgh with its maiden princesses in the olden time.

We talked with Miss Diggity-Dalgety on the evening of our first day at Mrs. M'Collop's, when she came up to know our commands. As Francesca and Salemina were both in the room I determined to be as Scotch as possible; for it is Salemina's proud boast that she is taken for a native of every country she visits.

"We shall not be entertaining at present, Miss Diggity," I said, "so you can give us just the ordinary dishes, — no doubt you are accustomed to them: scones, baps or bannocks with marmalade, finnan-haddie or kippered herrings, for breakfast, — tea, of course (we never touch coffee in the morning), porridge, and we like them well boiled, please" (I hope she noted the plural pronoun; Salemina did, and blanched with envy); "minced collops for luncheon, or a nice little black-faced chop; Scotch broth, peas brose or cockyleekie soup, at dinner, and haggis now and then, with a cold shape for dessert. That is about the sort of thing we are accustomed to, — just plain Scotch living."

I was impressing Miss Diggity-Dalgety, — I could see that clearly; but Francesca spoiled the effect by inquiring, maliciously, if we could sometimes have a howtowdy wi' drappit eggs, or her favorite dish, wee grumphie wi' neeps.

Here Salemina was obliged to poke the fire in order to conceal her smiles, and the cook probably suspected that Francesca found howtowdy in the Scotch dictionary; but we amused each other vastly, and that is our principal object in life.

Miss Diggity-Dalgety's forbears must have been exposed to foreign influences, for she interlards her culinary conversation with French terms, and we have discovered that this is quite common. A "jigget" of mutton is of course a *gigot*, and we have identified an "ashet" as an *assiette*. The "petticoat tails" she requested me to buy at the confectioner's were somewhat more puzzling, but when they were finally purchased by Susanna Crum they appeared to be ordinary little cakes; perhaps, therefore, though incorrectly, *petites gatelles*.

"That was a remarkable touch about the black-faced chop," laughed Salemina, when Miss Diggity-Dalgety had retired; "not that I believe they ever say it."

"I am sure they must," I asserted stoutly, "for I passed a flesher's on my way home, and saw a sign with 'Prime Black-Faced Mutton' printed on it. I also saw 'Fed Veal,' but I forgot to ask the cook for it."

"We ought really to have kept house in Edinburgh," observed Francesca, looking up from the Scotsman. "One can get a 'self-contained residential flat' for twenty pounds a month. We are such an irrepressible trio that a self-contained flat would be everything to us; and if it were not fully furnished, here is a firm that wishes to sell a 'composite bed' for six, and a 'gent's stuffed easy' for five pounds. Added to these inducements there is somebody who advertises that parties who intend 'displenishing' at the Whit Term would do well to consult him, as he makes a specialty of second-handed furniture and 'cyclealities.' What are 'cyclealities,' Susanna?" (She had just come in with coals.)

"I couldna say, mam."

"Thank you; no, you need not ask Mrs. M'Collop; it is of no consequence."

Susanna Crum is a most estimable young woman, clean, respectful, willing, capable, and methodical, but as a Bureau of Information she is painfully inadequate. Barring this single limitation she seems to be a treasure-house of all good practical qualities; and being thus clad and panoplied in virtue, why should she be so timid and self-distrustful?

She wears an expression which can mean only one of two things: either she has heard of the national tomahawk and is afraid of violence on our part, or else her mother was frightened before she was born. This applies in general to her walk and voice and manner, but is it fear that prompts her eternal "I couldna say," or is it perchance Scotch caution and prudence? Is she afraid of projecting her personality too indecently far? Is it the influence of the "catecheesm" on her early youth? Is it the indirect effect of heresy trials on her imagination? Does she remember the thumb-screw of former generations? At all events, she will neither affirm nor deny, and I am putting her to all sorts of tests, hoping to discover finally whether she is an accident, an exaggeration, or a type.

Salemina thinks that our American accent may confuse her. Of course she means Francesca's accent and mine, for she has none; although we have tempered ours so much that we can scarcely understand each other. As for Susanna's own accent, she comes from the heart of Aberdeenshire, and her language is beyond my power to reproduce.

We naturally wish to identify all the national dishes; so, "Is this cockle soup, Susanna?" I ask her, as she passes me the plate at dinner.

"I couldna say."

"This vegetable is new to me, Susanna; is it perhaps sea-kail?"

"I canna say, mam."

Then finally, in despair, as she handed me a boiled potato one day, I fixed my searching Yankee brown eyes on her blue-Presbyterian, non-committal ones and asked, "What is this vegetable, Susanna?"

In an instant she withdrew herself

her soul, her ego, so utterly that I felt myself gazing at an inscrutable stone image, as she replied, "I couldna say, mam."

This was too much! Her mother may have been frightened, very badly frightened, but this was more than I could endure without protest. The plain boiled potato is practically universal. It is not only common to all temperate climates, but it has permeated all classes of society. I am confident that the plain boiled potato has been one of the chief constituents in the building up of that frame in which Susanna Crum conceals her opinions and emotions. I remarked, therefore, as an apparent afterthought, "Why, it is a potato, is it not, Susanna?"

What do you think she replied, when thus hunted into a corner, pushed against a wall, driven to the very confines of her personal and national liberty? She subjected the potato to a second careful scrutiny, and answered, "I wouldna say it 's no!"

Now there is no inherited physical terror in this. It is the concentrated essence of intelligent reserve, caution, and obstinacy; it is a conscious intellectual hedging; it is a dogged and determined attempt to build up barriers of defense between the questioner and the questionee: it must be, therefore, the offspring of the catechism and the heresy trial.

Once again, after establishing an equally obvious fact, I succeeded in wringing from her the reluctant admission "It depends," but she was so shattered by the bulk and force of this outgo, so fearful that in some way she had imperiled her life or reputation, so anxious concerning the effect that her reluctant testimony might have upon unborn generations, that she was of no real service the rest of the day.

I wish that the Lord Advocate, or some modern counterpart of Braxfield, the hanging judge, would summon Susanna Crum as a witness in an important case. He would need his longest plummet to sound the depths of her consciousness.

I have had no legal experience, but I can imagine the scene.

"Is the prisoner your father, Susanna Crum?"

"I couldna say, my lord."

"You have not understood the question, Susanna. Is the prisoner your father?"

"I couldna say, my lord."

"Come, come, my girl! you must answer the questions put you by the court. You have been an inmate of the prisoner's household since your earliest consciousness. He provided you with food, lodging, and clothing during your infancy and early youth. You have seen him on annual visits to your home, and watched him as he performed the usual parental functions for your younger brothers and sisters. I therefore repeat, is the prisoner your father, Susanna Crum?"

"I wouldna say he 's no, my lord."

"This is really beyond credence! What do you conceive to be the idea involved in the word 'father,' Susanna Crum?"

"It depends, my lord."

And this, a few hundred years earlier, would have been the natural and effective moment for the thumb-screws.

I do not wish to be understood as defending these uncomfortable appliances. They would never have been needed to elicit information from me, for I should have spent my nights inventing matter to confess in the daytime. I feel sure that I should have poured out such floods of confessions and retractations that if all Scotland had been one listening ear it could not have heard my tale. I am only wondering if, in the extracting of testimony from the common mind, the thumb-screw might not have been more necessary with some nations than with others.

V.

We were on the eve of our first dinner-party; for invitations had been pouring in upon us since the delivery of our letters of introduction. Francesca had performed this task voluntarily, ordering a private victoria for the purpose, and arraying herself in purple and fine linen.

"Much depends upon the first impression," she had said. "Miss Hamilton's 'party' may not be gifted, but it is well dressed. My hope is that some of the people will be looking from the second-story front windows. If they are, I can assure them in advance that I shall be a national advertisement."

It is needless to remark that it began to rain heavily as she was leaving the house, and she was obliged to send back the open carriage, and order, to save time, one of the public cabs from the stand in the Terrace.

"Would you mind having the lāmiter, being first in line?" asked Susanna of Salemina, who had transmitted the command.

When Salemina fails to understand anything, the world is kept in complete ignorance, — least of all would she stoop to ask a humble maid servant to translate her vernacular; so she replied affably, "Certainly, Susanna, that is the kind we always prefer. I suppose it is covered?"

Francesca did not notice, until her coachman alighted to deliver the first letter and cards, that he had one club foot and one wooden leg; it was then that the full significance of "lāmiter" came to her. He was covered, however, as Salemina had supposed, and the occurrence gave us a precious opportunity of chaffing that dungeon of learning. He was tolerably alert and vigorous, too, although he certainly did not impart elegance to a vehicle, and he knew every street in the New Town, and every close and wynd in the Old Town. On this our first meeting with him, he faltered only when Francesca asked him last of all to drive to "Kildonan House, Helmsdale;" supposing not unnaturally that it was as well known an address as Morningside House, Tipperlinn, whence she had just come. The lāmiter had never heard of Kildonan House nor of Helmsdale, and he had driven in the streets of Auld Reekie for thirty years. None of the drivers whom he consulted could supply any information; Susanna Crum couldna say that she had ever heard of it, nor could the M'Collop nor Miss Diggity-Dalgety. It was reserved for Lady Baird to explain that Helmsdale was two hundred and eighty miles north, and that Kildonan House was ten miles from the Helmsdale railway station, so that the poor lāmiter would have had a weary drive even had he known the way. The friends who had given us letters to Mr. and Mrs. Jamison-Inglis (Jimmyson-Ingals) must have expected us either to visit John O'Groats on the northern border, and drop in on Kildonan House en route, or to send our note of introduction by post and await an invitation to pass the summer. At all events, the anecdote proved very pleasing to Edinburgh society. I hardly know whether, if they should visit America, they would enjoy tales of their own stupidity as hugely as they did the tales of ours, but they really were very appreciative in this particular, and it is but justice to ourselves to say that we gave them every opportunity for enjoyment.

But I must go back to our first dinner-party in Scotland. We were dressed at quarter past seven, when, in looking at the invitation again, we discovered that the dinner-hour was eight o'clock, not seven-thirty. Susanna did not happen to know whether Fotheringay Crescent was near or far, but the maiden Boots affirmed that it was only two minutes' drive, so we sat down in front of the fire to chat.

It was Lady Baird's birthday feast to which we had been bidden, and we had done our best to honor the occasion. We had prepared a large bouquet tied with the Maclean tartan (Lady Baird is of the Maclean family), and had printed in gold letters on one of the ribbons "Another for Hector," the battle-cry of the clan. We each wore a sprig of holly, because it is the "suaicheantas" or badge of the Macleans, while I added a girdle and shoulder-knot of tartan velvet to my pale green gown, and borrowed Francesca's emerald necklace, persuading her that she was too young to wear such jewels in the old country.

Francesca was miserably envious that she had not thought of tartans first. "You may consider yourself 'gey and fine,' all covered over with Scotch plaid, but I would n't be so 'kenspeckle' for worlds!" she said, using expressions borrowed from the M'Collop; "and as for disguising your nationality, do not flatter yourself that you look like anything but an American. I forgot to tell you the conversation I overheard in the tram this morning, between a mother and daughter, who were talking about us, I dare say. 'Have they any proper frocks for so large a party, Bella?' asked the mother.

"'I thought I explained in the beginning, mamma, that they are Americans.'

"'Still, you know they are only traveling, — just passing through, as it were; they may not be familiar with our customs, and we do want our party to be a smart one.'

"'Wait until you see them, mamma, and you will probably feel like hiding your diminished head! It is my belief that if an American lady takes a half-hour journey in a tram she carries full evening dress and a diamond necklace, in case anything should happen on the way. I am not in the least nervous about their appearance. I only hope that they will not be too exuberant; American girls are so frightfully vivacious and informal, I always feel as if I were being taken by the throat!'"

"It does no harm to be perfectly dressed," said Salemina consciously, putting a steel embroidered slipper on the fender and settling the holly in the silver folds of her gown; "then when they discover that we are all well bred, and that one of us is intelligent, it will be all the more credit to the country that gave us birth."

"Of course it is impossible to tell what country did give *you* birth," retorted Francesca, "but that will only be to your advantage — away from home!"

Francesca is inflexibly, almost aggressively American, but Salemina is a citizen of the world. If the United States should be involved in a war, I am confident that Salemina would be in front with the other Gatling guns, for in that case a principle would be at stake; but in all lesser matters she is extremely unprejudiced. She prefers German music, Italian climate, French dressmakers, English tailors, Japanese manners, and American — American something, — I have forgotten just what; it is either the ice-cream soda or the form of government, — I can't remember which.

"I wonder why they named it 'Fotheringay' Crescent," mused Francesca. "Some association with Mary Stuart, of course. Poor, poor, pretty lady! A free queen only six years, and think of the number of beds she slept in, and the number of trees she planted; we have seen, I am afraid to say how many already! When did she govern, when did she scheme, above all when did she flirt, with all this racing and chasing over the country? Mrs. M'Collop calls Anne of Denmark a 'sad scattercash' and Mary an 'awfu' gadabout,' and I am inclined to agree with her. By the way, when she was making my bed this morning, she told me that her mother claimed descent from the Stewarts of Appin, whoever they may be. She apolo-

gized for Queen Mary's defects as if she were a distant family connection. If so, then the famous Stuart charm has been lost somewhere, for Mrs. M'Collop certainly possesses no alluring curves of temperament."

"I am going to select some distinguished ancestors this very minute, before I go to my first Edinburgh dinner," said I decidedly. "It seems hard that they should have everything to do with settling our nationality and our position in life, and we not have a word to say. How nice it would be to select one's own after one had arrived at years of discretion, or to adopt different ones according to the country one chanced to be visiting! I am going to do it; it is unusual, but there must be a pioneer in every good movement. Let me think: do help me, Salemina! I am a Hamilton to begin with; I might be descended from the logical Sir William himself, and thus be the idol of the university set!"

"He died only about thirty years ago, and you would have to be his daughter: that would never do," said Salemina. "Why don't you take Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Melrose and Haddington? He was Secretary of State, King's Advocate, Lord President of the Court of Sessions, and all sorts of splendid things. He was the one King James used to call 'Tam o' the Cowgate.'"

"Perfectly delightful! I don't care so much about his other titles, but 'Tam o' the Cowgate' is irresistible. I will take him. He was my — what was he?"

"He was at least your great-great-great-great-grandfather; that is a safe distance. Then there 's that famous Jenny Geddes who flung her fauld-stule at the Dean in St. Giles's, — she was a Hamilton, too, if you fancy her!"

"Yes, I'll take her with pleasure," I responded thankfully. "Of course I don't know why she flung the stool, — it may have been very reprehensible; but there is always good stuff in stool-flingers; it 's the sort of spirit one likes to inherit in diluted form. Now whom will you take?"

"I have n't even a peg on which to hang a Scottish ancestor," said Salemina disconsolately.

"Oh, nonsense! think harder. Anybody will do as a starting-point; only you must be honorable and really show relationship, as I did with Jenny and Tam."

"My aunt Mary-Emma married a Lindsay," ventured Salemina hesitatingly.

"That will do," I answered delightedly.

> "'The Gordons gay in English blude
> They wat their hose and shoon;
> The Lindsays flew like fire aboot
> Till a' the fray was dune.'

You must be one of the famous 'licht Lindsays,' and you can look up the particular ancestor in your big book. Now, Francesca, it 's your turn!"

"I am American to the backbone," she declared, with insufferable dignity. "I do not desire any foreign ancestors."

"Francesca!" I expostulated. "Do you mean to tell me that you can dine with a lineal descendant of Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Baronet, of Duart and Morven, and not make any effort to trace your genealogy back further than your parents?"

"If you goad me to desperation," she answered, "I will wear an American flag in my hair, declare that my father is a railway conductor, and talk about the superiority of our checking system and hotels all the evening. I don't want to go, anyway. It is sure to be stiff and ceremonious, and the man who takes me in will ask me the population of Chicago and the amount of wheat we exported last year, — he always does."

"I can't see why he should," said I. "I am sure you don't look as if you knew."

"My looks have thus far proved no protection," she replied sadly. "Salemina is so adaptable, and you are so dra-

matic, that you enter into all these experiences with zest. You already more than half believe in that Tam o' the Cowgate story. But there 'll be nothing for me in Edinburgh society; it will be all clergymen" —

"Ministers," interjected Salemina.

— "all ministers and professors. My Redfern gown will be unappreciated, and my Worth evening frocks worse than wasted!"

"There are a few thousand medical students," I said encouragingly, "and all the young advocates, and a sprinkling of military men, — they know Worth frocks."

"And," continued Salemina bitingly, "there will always be, even in an intellectual city like Edinburgh, a few men who somehow escape all the developing influences about them, and remain commonplace, conventional manikins, devoted to dancing and flirting. Never fear, they will find you!"

This sounds harsh, but nobody minds Salemina, least of all Francesca, who well knows she is the apple of that spinster's eye. But at this moment Susanna announces the cab (in the same tone in which she would announce a burglar); we pick up our draperies, and are whirled off by the lāmiter to dine with the Scottish nobility.

VI.

It was the Princess Dashkoff who said, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, that of all the societies of men of talent she had met with in her travels, Edinburgh's was the first in point of abilities.

One might make the same remark today, perhaps, and not depart widely from the truth. One does not find, however, as many noted names as are associated with the annals of the Cape and Poker Clubs or the Crochallan Fencibles, those famous groups of famous men who met for relaxation (and intoxication, I should think) at the old Isle of Man Arms or in Dawney's Tavern in the Anchor Close. These groups included such shining lights as Robert Fergusson, the poet, and Adam Ferguson, the historian and philosopher, Gavin Wilson, Sir Henry Raeburn, David Hume, Erskine, Lords Newton, Gillies, Monboddo, Hailes, and Kames, Henry Mackenzie, and the ploughman poet himself, who has kept alive the memory of the Crochallans in many a jovial verse like that in which he describes Smellie, the eccentric philosopher and printer:

"Shrewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cocked hat, the grey surtout the same,
His bristling beard just rising in its might;
'T was four long nights and days to shaving night;"

or the characteristic picture of William Dunbar, a wit of the time, and the merriest of the Fencibles: —

"As I cam by Crochallan
I cannily keekit ben;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon boord en';
Sitting at yon boord en',
And amang guid companie!
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye 're welcome hame to me!"

or the verses on Creech, Burns's publisher, who left Edinburgh for a time in 1789. The "Willies," by the way, seem to be especially inspiring to the Scottish balladists.

"Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight!
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
And trig and braw;
But now they 'll busk her like a fright —
Willie 's awa'!"

I think perhaps the gatherings of the present time are neither quite as gay nor quite as brilliant as those of Burns's day, when

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam to pree;"

but the ideal standard of those meetings seems to be voiced in the lines: —

'Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!"

As they sit in their chairs nowadays to the very end of the feast, there is doubtless joined with modern sobriety a *soupçon* of modern dullness and discretion.

To an American the great charm of Edinburgh is its leisurely atmosphere: "not the leisure of a village arising from the deficiency of ideas and motives, but the leisure of a city reposing grandly on tradition and history; which has done its work, and does not require to weave its own clothing, to dig its own coals or smelt its own iron."

We were reminded of this more than once, and it never failed to depress us properly. If one had ever lived in Pittsburg, Fall River, or Kansas City, I should think it would be almost impossible to maintain one's self-respect in a place like Edinburgh, where the citizens "are released from the vulgarizing dominion of the hour." Whenever one of Auld Reekie's great men took this tone with me, I always felt as though I were the germ in a half-hatched egg, and as if he were an aged and lordly cock gazing at me pityingly through my shell. He, lucky creature, had lived through all the struggles which I was to undergo; he, indeed, was released from "the vulgarizing dominion of the hour;" but I, poor thing, must grow and grow, and keep pecking at my shell, in order to achieve existence.

Sydney Smith says in one of his letters, "Never shall I forget the happy days passed there [in Edinburgh], amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and the most enlightened and cultivated understandings." His only criticism of the conversation of that day (1797–1802) concerned itself with the prevalence of that form of Scotch humor which was called *wut*, and with the disputations and dialectics. We were more fortunate than Sydney Smith, because Edinburgh has outgrown its odious smells, barbarous sounds, and bad suppers, and, wonderful to relate, has kept its excellent hearts and its enlightened and cultivated understandings. As for mingled *wut* and dialectics, where can one find a better foundation for dinner-table conversation?

The hospitable board itself presents no striking differences from our own, save the usual British customs of serving sweets in soup-plates with dessert-spoons, of a smaller number of forks on parade, of the invariable fish-knife at each plate, of the prevalent "savory" and "cold shape," and the unusual grace and skill with which the hostess carves. Even at very large dinners one occasionally sees a lady of high degree severing the joints of chickens and birds most daintily, while her lord looks on in happy idleness, thinking, perhaps, how greatly customs have changed for the better since the ages of strife and bloodshed, when Scottish nobles

"Carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank their wine through helmets barred."

The Scotch butler is not in the least like an English one. No man could be as respectable as he looks, not even an elder of the kirk, whom he resembles closely. He hands your plate as if it were a contribution-box, and in his moments of ease, when he stands behind the "maister," I am always expecting him to pronounce a benediction. The English butler, when he wishes to avoid the appearance of listening to the conversation, gazes with level eye into vacancy; the Scotch butler looks distinctly heavenward, as if he were brooding on the principle of coördinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination. It would be impossible for me to deny the key of the wine-cellar to a being so steeped in sanctity, but it has to be done, I am told, in certain rare and isolated cases.

As for toilets, the men dress like all other men (alas, and alas, that we should say it, for we were continually hoping for a kilt!), though there seems to be no survival of the finical Lord Napier's

spirit. Perhaps you remember that Lord and Lady Napier arrived at Castlemilk in Lanarkshire with the intention of staying a week, but announced next morning that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it indispensable to return without delay to their seat in Selkirkshire. This was the only explanation given, but it was afterwards discovered that Lord Napier's valet had committed the grievous mistake of packing up a set of neckcloths which did not correspond *in point of date* with the shirts they accompanied!

The ladies of the "smart set" in Edinburgh wear French fripperies and *chiffons* as do their sisters everywhere, but the other women of society dress a trifle more staidly than their cousins in London, Paris, or New York. The sobriety of taste and severity of style that characterize Scotswomen may be due, like Susanna Crum's dubieties, to the haar, to the shorter catechism, or perhaps in some degree to the presence of three branches of the Presbyterian church among them; the society that bears in its bosom three separate and antagonistic kinds of Presbyterianism at the same time must have its chilly moments.

In Lord Cockburn's day the "dames of high and aristocratic breed" must have been sufficiently awake to feminine frivolities to be both gorgeously and extravagantly arrayed. I do not know in all literature a more delicious and lifelike word-portrait than Lord Cockburn gives of Mrs. Rocheid, the Lady of Inverleith, in the Memorials. It is quite worthy to hang beside a Raeburn canvas; one can scarce say more.

"Except Mrs. Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the Lady of Inverleith. She would sail like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling silk, done up in all the accompaniments of fans, ear-rings and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop, and train; managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage. She would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it, like summer waves. The descent from her carriage, too, where she sat like a nautilus in its shell, was a display which no one in these days could accomplish or even fancy. The mulberry-colored coach, apparently not too large for what it contained, though she alone was in it; the handsome, jolly coachman and his splendid hammer-cloth loaded with lace; the two respectful liveried footmen, one on each side of the richly carpeted step, — these were lost sight of amidst the slow majesty with which the Lady of Inverleith came down and touched the earth."

My right-hand neighbor at Lady Baird's dinner was surprised at my quoting Lord Cockburn. One's attendant squires are always surprised when one knows anything; but they are always delighted, too, so that the amazement is less trying. True, I had read the Memorials only the week before, and had never heard of them previous to that time; but that detail, according to my theories, makes no real difference. The woman who knows how and when to "read up," who reads because she wants to be in sympathy with a new environment; the woman who has wit and perspective enough to be stimulated by novel conditions and kindled by fresh influences, who is susceptible to the vibrations of other people's history, is bound to be fairly intelligent and extremely agreeable, if only she is sufficiently modest. I think my neighbor found me thoroughly delightful after he discovered my point of view. He was an earl; and it always takes an earl a certain length of time to understand me. I scarcely know why, for I certainly should not think it courteous to interpose any bar-

riers between the nobility and that portion of the "masses" represented in my humble person.

It seemed to me at first that he did not apply himself to the study of my national peculiarities with much assiduity, but wasted considerable time in gazing at Francesca, who was opposite. She is certainly very handsome, and I never saw her lovelier than at that dinner; her eyes were like stars, and her cheeks and lips a splendid crimson, for she was quarreling with her attendant cavalier about the relative merits of Scotland and America, and they ceased to speak to each other after the salad.

When the earl had sufficiently piqued me by his devotion to his dinner and his glances at Francesca, I began a systematic attempt to achieve his (transient) subjugation. Of course I am ardently attached to Willie Beresford, and prefer him to any earl in Britain, but one's self-respect demands something in the way of food! I could see Salemina at the far end of the table radiant with success, the W. S. at her side bending ever and anon to catch the pearls that dropped from her lips. "Miss Hamilton appears simple" (I thought I heard her say); "but in reality she is as deep as the Currie Brig!" Now where did she get that allusion? And again, when the W. S. asked her whither she was going when she left Edinburgh, "I hardly know," she replied pensively. "I am waiting for the shade of Montrose to direct me, as the Viscount Dundee said to your Duke of Gordon." The entranced Scotsman little knew that she had perfected this style of conversation by long experience with the Q. C.'s of England. Talk about my being as deep as the Currie Brig (whatever it may be); Salemina is deeper than the Atlantic Ocean! I shall take pains to inform her Writer to the Signet, after dinner, that she eats sugar on her porridge every morning: that will show him her nationality conclusively.

The earl took the greatest interest in my new ancestors, and approved thoroughly of my choice. He thinks I must have been named for Lady Penelope Belhaven, who lived in Leven Lodge, one of the country villas of the Earls of Leven, from whom he himself is descended. "Does that make us relatives?" I asked. "Relatives, most assuredly," he replied, "but not too near to destroy the charm of friendship."

He thought it a great deal nicer to select one's own forbears than to allow them all the responsibility, and said it would save a world of trouble if the method could be universally adopted. He added that he should be glad to part with a good many of his, but doubted whether I would accept them, as they were "rather a scratch lot." (I use his own language, which I thought delightfully easy for a belted earl.) He was charmed with the story of Francesca and the lāmiter, and offered to drive me to Kildonan House, Helmsdale, on the first fine day. I told him he was quite safe in making the proposition, for we had already had the fine day, and we understood that the climate had exhausted itself and retired for the season.

At this moment Lady Baird glanced at me, and we all rose to go into the drawing-room; but on the way from my chair to the door, whither the earl escorted me, he said gallantly, "I suppose the men in your country do not take champagne at dinner? I cannot fancy their craving it when dining beside an American woman!"

That was charming, though he did pay my country a compliment at my expense!

When I remember that he offered me his ancestors, asked me to drive two hundred and eighty miles, and likened me to champagne, I feel that, with my heart already occupied and my hand promised, I could hardly have accomplished more in the course of a single dinner-hour.

VII.

Francesca's experiences were not so fortunate; indeed, I have never seen her more out of sorts than she was during our long chat over the fire, after our return to Breadalbane Terrace.

"How did you get on with your delightful minister?" inquired Salemina of the young lady, as she flung her unoffending wrap over the back of a chair. "He was quite the handsomest man in the room; who is he?"

"He is the Reverend Ronald Macdonald, and the most disagreeable, condescending, ill-tempered prig I ever met!"

"Why, Francesca!" I exclaimed. "Lady Baird speaks of him as her favorite nephew, and says he is full of charm."

"He is just as full of charm as he was when I met him," returned the young lady nonchalantly; "that is, he parted with none of it this evening. He was incorrigibly stiff and rude, and oh! so Scotch! I believe if one punctured him with a hat-pin, oatmeal would fly into the air!"

"Doubtless you acquainted him, early in the evening, with the immeasurable advantages of our sleeping-car system, the superiority of our fast-running elevators, and the height of our buildings?" observed Salemina.

"I mentioned them," Francesca answered evasively.

"You naturally inveighed against the Scotch climate?"

"Oh, I alluded to it; but only when he said that our hot summers must be insufferable."

"I suppose you repeated the remark you made at luncheon, that the ladies you had seen in Princes Street were excessively plain?"

"Yes, I did!" she replied hotly; "but that was because he said that American girls generally looked bloodless and frail. He asked if it were really true that they ate chalk and slate pencils. Was n't that unendurable? I answered that those were the chief solid articles of food, but that after their complexions were established, so to speak, their parents often allowed them pickles and native claret."

"What did he say to that?" I asked.

"Oh, he said, 'Quite so, quite so;' that was his invariable response to all my witticisms. Then when I told him casually that the shops looked very small and dark and stuffy here, and that there were not as many tartans and plaids in the windows as we had expected, he remarked that as to the latter point, the American season had not opened yet! Presently he asserted that no royal city in Europe could boast ten centuries of such glorious and stirring history as Edinburgh. I said it did not appear to be stirring much at present, and that everything in Scotland seemed a little slow to an American; that he could have no idea of push or enterprise until he visited a city like Chicago. He retorted that, happily, Edinburgh was peculiarly free from the taint of the ledger and the counting-house; that it was Weimar without a Goethe, Boston without its twang!"

"Incredible!" cried Salemina, deeply wounded in her local pride. "He never could have said 'twang' unless you had tried him beyond measure!"

"I dare say; he is easily tried," returned Francesca. "I asked him, sarcastically, if he had ever been in Boston. 'No,' he said, 'it is not necessary to *go* there! And while we are discussing these matters,' he went on, 'how is your American dyspepsia these days, — have you decided what is the cause of it?'

"'Yes,' said I, as quick as lightning, 'we have always taken in more foreigners than we could assimilate!' I wanted to tell him that one Scotsman of his type would upset the national digestion anywhere, but I restrained myself."

"I am glad you did restrain yourself

— once," exclaimed Salemina. "What a tactful person the Reverend Ronald must be, if you have reported him faithfully! Why did n't you give him up, and turn to your other neighbor?"

"I did, as soon as I could with courtesy; but the man on my left was the type that always haunts me at dinners; if the hostess has n't one on her visiting-list, she imports one for the occasion. He asked me at once of what material the Brooklyn bridge is made. I told him I really did n't know. Why should I? I seldom go over it. Then he asked me whether it was a suspension bridge or a cantilever. Of course I did n't know; I am not a bridge-builder."

"You are so tactlessly, needlessly candid," I expostulated. "Why did n't you say boldly that the Brooklyn bridge is a wooden cantilever? He did n't know, or he would n't have asked you. He could n't find out until he reached home, and you would never have seen him again; and if you had, and he had taunted you, you could have laughed vivaciously and said you were chaffing. That is my method, and it is the only way to preserve life in a foreign country. Even my earl, who did not thirst for information (fortunately), asked me the population of the Yellowstone Park, and I simply told him three hundred thousand, at a venture."

"That would never have satisfied my neighbor," said Francesca. "Finding me in such a lamentable state of ignorance, he explained the principle of his own stupid Forth bridge to me. When I said I understood perfectly, the Reverend Ronald joined in the conversation, and asked me to repeat the explanation to him. Naturally I could n't, so the bridge man (I don't know his name, and don't care to know it) drew a diagram of the Forth bridge on his dinner-card and gave a dull and elaborate lecture upon it. Here is the card, and now that three hours have intervened I cannot tell which way to turn the drawing so as to make the bridge right side up; if there is anything puzzling in the world, it is these plans and diagrams. I am going to pin it to the wall, and ask the Reverend Ronald which way it goes."

"Will he call upon us?" we shrieked in concert.

"He asked if he might come and continue our 'stimulating' conversation, and as Lady Baird was standing by I could hardly say no. I am sure of one thing: that before I finish with him I will widen his horizon so that he will be able to see something beside Scotland and his little insignificant Fifeshire parish! I told him our country parishes in America were ten times as large as his. He said he had heard that they covered a good deal of ground, and that the ministers' salaries were sometimes paid in pork and potatoes. That shows you the style of his retorts!"

"I really cannot decide which of you was the more disagreeable," said Salemina; "if he calls, I shall not remain in the room."

"I would n't gratify him by staying out," retorted Francesca. "He is extremely good for the circulation; I think I was never so warm in my life as when I talked with him; as physical exercise he is equal to bicycling. The bridge man is coming to call, too. I gave him a diagram of Breadalbane Terrace, and a plan of the hall and staircase, on my dinner-card. He does n't add perceptibly to the gayety of the nations, but he is better than the Reverend Ronald. I forgot to say that when I chanced to be speaking of doughnuts that 'unconquer'd Scot' asked me if a doughnut resembled a peanut! Can you conceive such ignorance?"

"I think you were not only aggressively American, but painfully provincial," said Salemina, with some warmth. "Why in the world should you drag doughnuts into a dinner-table conversation in Edinburgh? Why not select topics of universal interest?"

"Like the Currie Brig or the shade of Montrose," I murmured slyly.

"To one who has ever eaten a doughnut, the subject is of transcendent interest; and as for one who has not — well, he should be made to feel his limitations," replied Francesca, with a yawn. "Come, let us forget our troubles in sleep; it is after midnight."

About half an hour later she came to my bedside, her dark hair hanging over her white gown, her eyes still bright.

"Penelope," she said softly, "I did not dare tell Salemina, and I should not confess it to you save that I am afraid Lady Baird will complain of me; but I was dreadfully rude to the Reverend Ronald! I could n't help it; he roused my worst passions. It all began with his saying he thought international marriages presented even more difficulties to the imagination than the other kind. *I* had n't said anything about marriages nor thought anything about marriages of any sort, but I told him *instantly* I considered that every international marriage involved two national suicides. He said that he should n't have put it quite so forcibly, but that he had n't given much thought to the subject. I said that *I* had, and I thought we had gone on long enough filling the coffers of the British nobility with American gold."

"*Frances!*" I interrupted. "Don't tell me that you made that vulgar, cheap newspaper assertion!"

"I did," she said stoutly, "and at the moment I only wished I could make it stronger. Then he said the British nobility merited and needed all the support it could get in these hard times, and asked if we had not cherished some intention in the States, lately, of bestowing it in greenbacks instead of gold! Then I threw all manners to the winds, and said that there were no husbands in the world like American men, and that foreigners never seemed to have any proper consideration for women. Now were my remarks any worse than his, after all, and what shall I do about it, anyway?"

"You should go to bed first," I said sleepily; "if you ever have an opportunity to make amends, which I doubt, you should devote yourself to showing the Reverend Ronald the breadth of your own horizon instead of trying so hard to broaden his. As you are extremely pretty, you may be able to do it; man is human, and I dare say in a month you will be advising him to love somebody more worthy than yourself. (He could easily do it!) Now don't kiss me again, for I am displeased with you; I hate international bickering!"

"So do I," said Francesca virtuously, as she plaited her hair, "and there is no spectacle so abhorrent to every sense as a narrow-minded man who cannot see anything outside of his own country. But he is awfully good-looking, — I will say that for him; and if you don't explain me to Lady Baird, I will write to Mr. Beresford about the earl. There was no bickering there; it was looking at you two that made us think of international marriages."

"It must have suggested to you that speech about filling the coffers of the British nobility," I replied sarcastically, "inasmuch as the earl has twenty thousand pounds a year, probably, and I could barely buy two gold hairpins to pin on the coronet. There, do go away, and leave me in peace!"

"Good-night again, then," she said, as she rose reluctantly from the foot of the bed. "I doubt if I can sleep for thinking what a pity it is that such an egotistic, bumptious, pugnacious, prejudiced, insular, bigoted person should be so handsome! And who wants to marry him, anyway, that he should be so distressed about international alliances?"

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE DWARF GIANT.

I CANNOT help irreverently wondering at times what the Folk-Lorelei of some centuries hence will make out of the fairy tales of Mr. Frank R. Stockton. I willingly leave this bewildering speculation, however, to pay a debt of gratitude to Mr. Stockton, of many years' standing, for one of his fairy stories has helped me more than half the volumes of philosophy I have read. It was written in the most charming, whimsical Stocktonese, and was all about Giant Dwarfs, Ordinary People, and Dwarf Giants.

It seems that the King of the Dwarfs was considered a giant, and therefore was much looked up to, as he was head and shoulders taller than his countrymen. Of course he was not a real giant; for though quite the largest and handsomest person in the kingdom, he shared the essential littleness of his people, and was, instead, a Giant Dwarf.

Now, when his daughter had arrived at the age of sixteen (she, too, was a Giant Dwarf), the king decided that she should devote a month or two to her education. But as there was in his own realm no institution of learning which came up to his enlarged ideas, he determined to take the princess to a neighboring kingdom where Ordinary People lived, and enter her in the great university which was devoted exclusively to the education of the young prince of that nation. So with the princess and a small retinue of dwarfs he set out. When he arrived at the capital, however, he found to his intense chagrin that he, the Giant Dwarf, was no taller than an Ordinary Person, and that, far from receiving the attention to which his rank entitled him, he was looked upon as a traveling showman, and his daughter was refused permission to enter the university. The rage of the King of the Dwarfs can be imagined. Day after day he strode through the streets, telling his wrongs to every one he met, and protesting that he was not an Ordinary Person at all, but a Giant Dwarf.

One lucky day he happened on another foreigner, who at first looked no way different from an Ordinary Person, but, on watching him closely, you gradually became aware of several peculiarities. In the first place, he had a habit of unconsciously looking upward from time to time; and then there was a calmness in his eyes when he gazed at the Ordinary People about, a largeness of manner and nobility of gesture, that under the circumstances were almost grotesque. He was, in reality, a Dwarf Giant, and through his sympathetic aid the daughter of the Giant Dwarf obtained permission to spend a week at the young prince's university; in the end, as happens in every well-regulated fairy tale, she married the prince.

The moral of this story did not occur to me when I read it; and not till long afterward, in a wholly unexpected fashion, did I realize it with any distinctness, — not, in fact, till Nicholas Boylston made it all clear.

Every one liked Boylston, but I am not quite sure that he returned the compliment unreservedly. He was a rather shy fellow, and in a noisy crowd always the quietest. He detested the conventions of society, and yet his own unassuming manners were the perfection of good taste. The only way in which he distressed those of us in whose particular circle he nominally belonged was by constantly wandering about with queer-looking people whom we did not know, and who seemed to us hopelessly commonplace. If you took a country walk

of a Sunday afternoon, you were sure to find Boylston strolling along with one of his odd fish, gravely discussing some problem of Idealism; or if you happened to row up the river, and shot into an unexpected nook, there was Boylston sprawled on the grassy bank, his hat over his face, with some pale enthusiast reading him manuscript verses.

One day, as he was about to start off and was tucking a book in his pocket, I complained bitterly. "Why on earth do you prowl around with Thingabob?" I protested; "he's so confoundedly ordinary!" (I think I wanted him to play tennis with me.)

"My dear fellow," he replied, — his voice was always very pleasant and grave, — "in the first place, you don't know anything about Thingabob; and in the second, I have the best of reasons, — he's a Dwarf Giant."

I could have hugged Boylston on the spot. Not only had he given me, as he said, the best of reasons, but, by a miracle of coincidence, for the phrase was unmistakable, he too had read, when he was a boy, the particular Stockton tale I had once loved and almost forgotten. Best of all, however, he had recovered for me a term which was in itself a justification, if any were needed, for one or two of my own friends. And since then, oddly enough, the persons whom I have most delighted in, although I could never, like Boylston, feel quite at home with them, have been Dwarf Giants.

Possibly you will not recognize a Dwarf Giant when you first meet him, for not until, by long practice, you have obtained clearness of vision will you be able to detect him among a crowd of Ordinary People; but in time you will come to know him.

One evening I was in a front seat at the Globe Theatre, waiting for the curtain to rise. During the overture, a flimsy, nondescript affair, I grew tired of looking at the people as they rustled in, and turned to watch the orchestra. It was the usual theatre orchestra: a group of ill-assorted men, indiscriminately clothed in shiny black, blowing and fiddling in a perfunctorily blatant fashion. But I soon picked out the 'cellist who sat directly in front of me. He was over sixty, I should judge, and although his shoulders stooped as he leaned slightly forward in his chair, I could see that he must be taller than the others. His face was smoothly shaven, clean-cut, and very white except where an old scar traced a thin, even line across one high cheek-bone, and his thick iron-gray hair was brushed smoothly back from his forehead. His black suit, although very old, was immaculately brushed, and hung about him loosely with an air of reminiscent, almost forgotten distinction. I soon differentiated the sound of his 'cello from that of the other instruments. His playing was not the perfunctory performance of his companions; there was a breadth and sweetness in his tone, a suave cleanness and dignity in his phrasing, that when you noticed his share of it alone came near redeeming the overture; and yet you could see that he did not care for what he was obliged to play, but did it that way simply because he unconsciously could not bring himself to do it differently.

After the curtain had fallen on the first act, I leaned over and said to him, "That orchestration was vile, — you did n't care for it?"

"Natürlich!" he answered, smiling at me without the least surprise.

Then we had a long half-whispered talk with each other across the railing, and at last he told me much about himself, although only that which concerned his profession; for there was a fine reserve in his courtesy, and I was far from feeling like committing an impertinence. He told me that he had begun with the 'cello when he was a boy; that years ago he had played for a little while in the great Gewandhaus Orchestra at Leipzig, but his health had broken

down (he looked like a man who had at one time been nearly engulfed); that once he had studied orchestration with Robert Franz, and once he had met and talked with Robert Schumann. He spoke of them with deep respect, yet quietly, as with a simple belief that, after all, they were his own kinsmen. We discussed many great moderns, — he was very patient. I remember saying to him, "And Wagner?"

"Prächtig! erstaunend! pöbelhaft!" he whispered back.

Then the leader rattled his baton, the trivial music began again, and my friend turned to his 'cello, smiling, — to me, henceforth, a Dwarf Giant. A month later, when I went again to the theatre, he was gone, and a fat little man sat in his chair, looking very vulgar and jolly.

Finally, I must pay my tribute to the greatest Dwarf Giant I have ever had the honor of meeting. I am willing to do it only because I feel sure that he will never see this. If he should, however, it would not disturb his high serenity; he would understand the motive which prompts me, and with rare magnanimity forgive the unwarranted liberty I take.

Several years ago, a friend came to me asking if I knew any one who wished to exchange lessons in English for instruction in Hebrew. The proposition was so unusual that I could think of no one, unless some enthusiast should turn up who wished to read the book of Job in the original. My friend told me that he had learned of a little old man who was trying to publish a book of philosophy, over which he had spent many years; but he wrote only in Hebrew, and was too poor to pay for having his work translated, — too poor even to pay for lessons in English. To support himself he kept a little cobbler shop. The picture thus called up was a strangely discrepant one for our nineteenth-century America, — it belonged more to another world, another century; he should have lived in Rijnsburg, where in 1660 another philosopher of his great race, Baruch Spinoza, was a polisher of lenses. But as my friend and I could think of no solution of the Hebrew-English problem, I soon drove the haunting figure of the cobbler from my mind.

Fortunately he found other friends, great-hearted men who, touched by his lifelong devotion to the noblest of speculations, his heroic self-sacrifice, and the dignity of his claim, helped him finally to publish his book. After that, he was obliged to canvass for it himself; and among a list of names that were given him of those who might perhaps purchase his work was my own.

One morning there came a rap at my door. At an impatient "Come in!" it opened softly, and a little old man entered. I cannot quite tell why I was at once sure who he was. I scarcely noticed the long black frock coat buttoned tightly about his shrunken figure; the queer silk hat, ancient and worn and neat, which he held in a black-cotton-gloved hand; the small frayed white lawn cravat; for his wonderful face riveted my attention. It was aged and hollow-cheeked; his gray beard and hair were very thin; his Jewish nose was high-arched and sensitive; his eyes, however, small and deep-set, were startlingly brilliant. His whole face was singularly colorless; the expression was a disquieting complexus of keen intellectuality, unspeakable sadness, and calm nobility. Without a single good feature, with a face old and haggard and unearthly, he yet seemed to me, at the moment, absolutely beautiful.

He bowed and addressed me as "Herr Doctor." Now, when some persons bestow on you a title you do not rightly possess, you take a distorted, irritated pleasure in promptly setting them right; when a very few others do it, however, you instinctively feel that the question involved is, not your dignity, but theirs. So I accepted the phrase and bowed in return. Our interview was short, and I

cannot write about it: we found very little to say to each other, — indeed, there was really nothing to be said. I purchased his book, and he thanked me gently and with a rare simplicity, wholly unconscious that I was the one who should feel gratitude. Then the little old philosopher went out, leaving me with an impression which it is beyond me to describe.

Of his book, The Disclosure of the Universal Mysteries, I am not qualified to speak, but here are one or two comments from men better fitted to judge. "Much in it reminds me of Spinoza," writes Professor Duncan of Yale, "and impresses one as being the production of a vigorous mind that has worked on the profound questions of philosophy in isolation from the general currents of modern speculation. It is all the more noteworthy from this fact." Professor William James writes of the book to Professor Seligman of Columbia: "There is a spiritedness about his whole attempt, a classic directness and simplicity in the style of most of it, and a bold grandeur in his whole outlook, that give it a very high æsthetic quality;" and then, to the author himself: "You are really a first cousin of Spinoza, and if you had written your system then, it is very likely that I might now be studying it with students, just as Spinoza now is studied."

Here, then, is a Dwarf Giant of the most perfect type, dwarfed solely through an accident of birth, — in this case through being born an anachronism. As Nicholas Boylston once said of his queer friends to me, "You set out to scoff, and at last, with a heartache for them, thank God you have known them."

But you will often find a Dwarf Giant nearer home than you suspect, though not so often as you will find Giant Dwarfs. These last are a noisy people, and usually to be avoided. But some night a friend whom you think you know well will come to your room and sit in the firelight a long time silent. Then, little by little, he will betray himself. He will tell you thoughts of his that reveal a greater nature than you imagined he had; that reveal a soul so much greater than your own that you feel small and helpless beside him. His face, however plain, will light up with an unexpected nobility, a new and larger beauty. And you will know that you have entertained a Dwarf Giant unawares.

ON AN OLD PLATE.

YEARS ago, in that misguided time when every new little house with three gables called itself "Queen Anne," we rented a "Queen Anne villa" for a summer on the Straits of Fuca. Number 16 Bird-Cage Walk, James' Bay, Victoria, B. C., was the address, and I remember we were quite vain of it, having come from a place with "city" tacked to its name, in the then Territory of Idaho.

The cottage was new, and so was most of its plenishing; only now and then we came upon some waif relic of old-country housekeeping, such as the lustre-ware plate. Perhaps it should be called a dish, the notion of a plate being something round; for it was square, with a wavy edge turned down, as a seamstress says, by hand. Much of its distinction of shape and coloring came from that appealing fallibility of the human touch.

Miss Gowrie, our Scotch landlady, thought so little of this plate that she did not even mention it in the inventory, — though her eyesight and memory were both good, — when it came to drawing up that document; and I may say there was little else she did not mention.

We were its discoverers, by accident, while seeking quite another and poorer thing. It did not answer the purpose of the lemon-squeezer we were in search of, but it made us forget about lemons and eke squeezers when we came upon it in the kitchen cupboard, where it had taken a permanent back seat.

I have no shame in confessing that I had never looked into that cupboard before; this was summer housekeeping, and I was on very tender terms with my little old English "maid," by courtesy the cook. Her gray hairs, her fifty years, and her manner of the upper servant come down in life quite precluded anything so paltry as prying into cupboards or noticing a tendency to monotony in the puddings.

To this day I can see Miss Gowrie's face of amazement when she recognized her old kitchen plate on the best parlor table (the one with weak legs), doing duty as a card-receiver. I will not say it was *piled* with the cards of the resident gentry, but there may have been a name or two, naturally on top, which Miss Gowrie knew and respected. It was evident from her expression that the combination struck her as uncanonical, — or rather as unorthodox, for she was no giddy Churchwoman.

We passed it off with praises of the plate, and tried to beguile her of a story as to its history; but she would not encourage such morbid preferment. It was against the established order of things that kitchen plates should be seen on parlor tables, displaying the names of the local aristocracy as if they were cold potatoes or slices of bacon. It was in vain we called her attention to the serious merits of the plate, — its individuality, its "frankness," its lovely old corners blunted as if dog's-eared by use, the rich burnish of its lustre border, the charm of its very lack-lustre where the burnish in places seemed to have dribbled off the edge, the quality of its rare old watery pink beneath the burnish, and finally the heart-stirring patriotism embodied in the legend in the centre of the plate. It has a plain white centre, old white, laced across with faint cracks, — not contemplated in the design, — like wrinkles in a clean old face. Upon this field is done in bold black and white the portrait of a frigate under full sail, "from truck to taffrail dressed," carrying thirteen guns on a side, and flying the British naval ensign. Under the picture, framed in horns of plenty and handsome pen-and-ink scrollwork, is the motto: —

> "May Peace and Plenty
> On our Nation Smile
> And Trade with Commerce
> Bless the British Isle."

Two small holes bored in the upper rim of the plate show that its place was on the wall of some loyal Briton's home. Had the plate been silver, with a coat of arms or an ancient guild-mark on it, or porcelain, bearing some famous factor's stamp, it is possible Miss Gowrie's memory might not have failed her so completely; but, humble as it was, she knew it not, she denied it, could not recall a name or a place connected with its past. Seeing us so foolish about it, she begged us to call it our own, and washed her hands there and then of all further complicity in our use of it.

We carried it away with the rest of the summer's booty, and we have it still; though not a Christmas comes but we think of some friend to whom we might fitly send it, — one of those for whom it is so difficult to choose a gift out of the shops, since they "have everything;" but invariably we harden our hearts; the thing is at once too cheap and too dear. To how many uses — without being ever of the slightest use — has it been put, in our rolling-stone housekeeping! If something is wanted to put something on which nobody ever uses, like the impersonal penholders on bedroom tables, there is the old Victoria plate. If there is a shelf that lacks character, or a corner where nothing else will "go," there it is again! Its copper and pink and strong black lines are always a welcome note; it is never too new or too smart; it has the double gift of adaptability and sincerity, two very good qualities in an old housemate.

We have one other piece of pottery

that talks, but in how different a language! It is one of a pair of Guadalajara water-coolers, — tall, bottle-shaped jars of unglazed clay, with necks just large enough for the clasp of a woman's hand. They are a pair, but not alike. The chosen vessel to which the potter confided his secret has a design of passion-flowers between stripes of terra cotta and black running round the bilge. In this band of color a space is left for the inscription: —

HELP YOURSELF
DOÑA TOMASITA

The peasant potter had no skill of his pen or brush; he was better at thumbing clay than writing dedications to the fair. Two of his four words are abbreviated, and the Spanish is barely legible, but it is easy to read the language of love and hospitality. The invitation is a pledge full of the poetry of the South.

Some ruthless disillusionists have said that water-jars inscribed to Tomasitas and Juanitas and Emilitas are no more personal, in the land where they grow, than stone-china mugs on five-cent counters "For a Good Child." We scout the sordid suggestion. Yet, granting that it were true, and that the trail of Commerce is over our gentle Indian jar equally with our bold British plate, how different is the appeal, how typical of the two races of buyers!

Public spirit, national pride, a touch of private greed, perhaps, a pious welcome to Trade, with a battle-ship all ready to persuade her if she be coy, and the ship's guns to defend her when persuaded, — these are the sentiments to lure coin out of stout British pockets. But the Southern merchant pipes to custom in a different key. He knows that he must strike his victim a little higher than the pocket; yet he need not aim quite so far as the country's need.

Guadalajara clay is of a peculiar, silky fineness, and it takes a polish as smooth and pallid as a girl's cheek blanched by moonlight; its touch, when filled with water, is as cool as her bare arm on the fountain curb. *His* fountain is miles away over dusty roads, but the jar goes empty past a dozen wells of strangers. It is for her to christen with her lips, or reject and condemn it to perpetual drought. He brings it safe to the brink; she is with him, and it is the moonlight of his dreams. The pigeons are nestling, lumps of sleepy feathers, on the Mission wall; the white-faced callas are awake, — they crowd around the fountain and rustle their cold leaves against her knees. They peer in, framing her darker image that floats inverted on the water. He leans and dips where his own reflection lies, but the ripples spread, and she laughs to see herself dispersed by his reluctant hand.

Did Tomasita help herself like a generous girl, and pledge her lover in his "draught divine"? — or did she drink from the lips only, and mock his thirst?

Her jar has been ours, by the vulgar right of purchase, for more than twenty years, and, counting time for what time is worth in Mexico, Tomasita must be a grandmother now, not without cost of a few wrinkles; but to us she is one of the immortal maidens whose moon of love shall never set. So much four words scrawled on a clay bottle can do.

Whenever a craftsman has kneaded a thought into his work, whether it be woman or country, hospitality or gain, it will go on speaking for him when his own clay is dumb. His gift will continue to praise the fair one long after he has forgotten her; his message will invigorate or charm us when plates are empty and bottles have gone dry.

This is what we say to our disillusionist when he claims that all things are for sale, in this world. It may be so; but we think that in every bargain something is released that no price can limit, something passes from seller to buyer which the one does not pay for nor the other supply.

MESSRS. CURTIS & CAMERON, Boston, publishers of the COPLEY PRINTS, will be glad to send their new Illustrated Christmas Catalogue to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps. The above reproduction of Mr. George De Forest Brush's "Mother and Child" is from one of the prints.

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THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

A VERY essential preliminary to the consideration of the American historical novel, in the light of either the achievements of the past or the possibilities of the future, must be a decision as to exactly what components go to constitute historical fiction. Though the term is one of common use, and in such use seems sufficiently definite, analysis reveals that it is a very loosely applied expression, and that a satisfactory definition is by no means a simple matter.

Superficially it is apparent that an historical novel is one which grafts upon a story actual incidents or persons well enough known to be recognized as historical elements. But this is inadequate as a line of demarcation, for it is necessarily based wholly on the reader's knowledge of history and thus cannot be accepted as a test, since it becomes solely a matter of personal view. An old story runs that a turfman bought a Life of Petrarch, conceiving it to be a record of his favorite race-horse, and was loud in his complaints when, as he phrased it, the book proved to be "all about a bloomin' poet." Clearly to this gentleman a novel which introduces Petrarch would not inherently be one founded on history. Is Stevenson's Treasure Island historical, in that we are somewhat concerned in the doings of Blackbeard and Flint, pirates of much fame in their own day? Is Melville's Israel Potter historical, in that it is elaborated from the old prisoner's pamphlet autobiography which he himself hawked about the country? Yet to most novel-readers Flint and Potter are as absolutely fictitious characters as any in romance. Thus an attempt to use the knowledge of the reader as a test is entirely inadequate.

Nor is the question of accuracy any more serviceable, for the most correct historical novels fall far short of what can be called historical truth, and any separation educed by this test becomes admittedly one merely of degree and, therefore, so wanting in exactness as to be wholly inapplicable for classification. The Pretender never came in disguise to England, as Thackeray by his Henry Esmond has made so many people believe, and the colonial laws of Massachusetts decreed a totally different story from that Hawthorne tells in The Scarlet Letter.

Granting that we must include all stories involving actual events or characters, even though no attempt is made to be historically correct, we still have not established a satisfactory limit, for another range of books at once claim inclusion. To most of its many thousand readers, Mrs. Foster's famous old story of The Coquette, or the History of Eliza Wharton, is simply a piece of imagination, ranking with Clarissa and Evelina, but to the antiquarian the tale told by the letters of Eliza Wharton and Major Sanford is in truth the narrative of the intrigue of Sarah Whitman and Pierrepont Edwards. Whether Mrs. Rowson's Charlotte Temple was really Charlotte Stanley, or her betrayer, Colonel Mon-

treville, the Colonel Montresor whom students of Revolutionary history know as one of the engineers of the British army, is still a matter of dispute. When the truth of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin was challenged, she published in a volume her authorities, thus revealing the strong historical basis the book had. The giving of aliases to actual individuals in putting them into novels is certainly but a piece of fictional license akin to the twisting of events, and can scarcely exclude the books in which such liberties are taken from being fairly judged historical.

Still more difficult of classification is what may be termed the Novel of Manners, or, perhaps, more descriptively, the Novel of an Epoch. A book of this class, though dealing with neither historical incidents nor real people, may yet convey a far truer picture of the time than the most elaborate stories of the before-mentioned kinds. An atmosphere can be as historical as an occurrence, and a created character can transmit a truer sense of a generation than the most labored biography of some actual person. It is scarcely possible to obtain a more vivid idea of the eighteenth-century life and people than is to be found in Fielding's Tom Jones, and in this sense it is the best of historical fiction. In the three volumes of the Littlepage MSS. Cooper took as his central theme the history of the great land grants of New York; Satanstoe relates the motives of state which induced the granting of the patents, the means taken to secure them, and the struggle with the Indians for their possession; The Chainbearer carries the history one point further by showing the method of settling these land grants, and tells of the struggle for possession between the owner and the squatters; and finally, the third of the series, The Redskins, deals with the fierce "anti-rent" war which broke out on the same estates some fifty years later. It is apparent, therefore, that these three books are historical novels. In fact, however, they are not more truly historical than the early works of Bret Harte, and it is a safe assertion to make that if the day ever comes when his stories of California are no longer held to be the classics of the West, they will still be read as pictures of the up-building of the Sierra States, or as historical novels.

It appears doubly defective to limit the historical novel to works describing occurrences that have passed out of the realm of contemporaneity into that of history, for it is obvious that every decade and every century must serve to make the pictures less true to life. Possibly it will be urged that time is needed to gain the perspective requisite for historical treatment—that is, to be able to write with breadth of view and without party feeling. This is to overlook a fact long since realized in the writing of true history—that partisan feeling is a matter not of generation, but of an individual; it is as rare to find history written with a bias as it is to find an unbiased opinion. In other words, partisanship is a matter of personality, and it is as easy for a fair-minded writer to treat contemporary events without feeling as those of a hundred years ago. Furthermore, the introduction of party feeling, or of bias, tends rather to make the novel truer to life than if it is written from a broader standpoint. In reading Westward Ho! few can fail to be irritated at its intense and narrow-minded anti-Romanism, yet no atmosphere could be truer from the English standpoint of the period of the Spanish Armada. Uncle Tom's Cabin was also a party platform, and therefore is only a truth from one point of view. Tourgée's A Fool's Errand at the time of its publication could be read as a tract or as a contemporary essay on reconstruction problems in the South, and yet eventually it should unquestionably rank as a novel up in historical fiction. Charles Brockden Brown's Arthur Mervyn was

printed almost immediately after the events described, but that does not prevent its being the best description, in an historical sense, of the Philadelphia pestilence of 1793.

Nor is party feeling avoided by lapse of years, tradition being as partisan as the men who transmit it. Save in one or two of Cooper's novels, it would be well-nigh impossible to find a romance dealing with Revolutionary history which does not make the Whig of that war the patriot, and the Tory the disloyal and, usually, evil-acting man. Yet the student of history knows that the loyalists, if a minority, were largely composed of the gentry and educated classes of the country; that they were the equivalent of what to-day are termed the "better element," and were superior in character to many of the men who opposed them. No American novelist has ventured to write of John Hancock and Jonathan Trumbull as men suspected of smuggling, or of Samuel Adams as a public man who sought, as other officials have done more recently, to vindicate himself from the charge of defalcation by an appeal to the ballots of the masses. Would any American author, striving to write popular fiction, dare to picture one signer of the Declaration as selling the secrets of his country to the French Ministry for a paltry pension, or another taking advantage of information of the need of the Continental cause for wheat to corner the supply at once so far as he was able? In one case alone have our writers dared to draw an approximately faithful portrait of a man who came to the front in early Revolutionary days, to describe the bounty-jumper, deserter, smuggler, and drunkard, who, nevertheless, rose to high honor in the American cause, and the reason for this exception is explained when the name of the man is given as Benedict Arnold.

This ability to see only one side of the Revolution is the more extraordinary since, in another respect, the American people, and the translators of their thought, have shown for the most part a very unusual fairness, and this distinction is in itself proof of the main point contended for: that distance or lapse of time has nothing to do with fairness of view. Already we have a material amount of romance dealing with the civil war period, with scarcely an example that does not take a broad and generous view of both sides, while, as already noted, a fair-minded Revolutionary novel is almost an unknown quantity. In fact, it could be claimed without much exaggeration that Thomas Nelson Page's Meh Lady contains more that is irenic than any ten novels treating of the Revolution. This distinction merely is proof, it will be said, of the inherent alienage towards Great Britain, and of the inherent nationalism of the American people; but the rancors of 1783 were little more bitter than the rancors of 1865, and that the first should find continuous expression in historical fiction and the other scarcely at all, though they are equally valuable from the novelist's point of view, illustrates the influence of popular view on the writers, and shows how absolutely reflective they are of the opinions and prejudices of their own generation. Still more it shows how little lapse of time goes to make the historical novel, and therefore how absurd it is to use the most obvious line of demarcation as an adequate limit.

No less absurd, however, would be the inclusion of all stories of contemporary life, for novels of manners do not intrinsically contain the faintest historical suggestion. A host of popular novelists of to-day are drawing for us the life of New York or Boston without embodying in their work the coloring which, in the future, might give their romances the quality of interest that we find in some of the books already mentioned. Yet these contemporary writers intend to convey as true a picture of the particular life they are delineating as did Han-

nah Foster, Charles Brockden Brown, or Bret Harte. It would be easy to pick out from the novels of the last decade one hundred dealing with the every-day life of New Yorkers, most of them written by indwellers of that city of considerable literary reputation, but it would be a bold prophet who should venture to predict for one of these books that it would be read fifty or one hundred years hence for its description of New York life and people.

Recognition of these facts must force the conclusion that a novel is historical or unhistorical because it embodies or does not embody the real feelings and tendencies of the age or generation it attempts to depict, and in no sense because the events it records have happened or the people it describes have lived. That is, the events and characters must be typical, not exceptional, to give it the atmosphere which, to another generation, shall make it seem more than a mere created fancy; and just because it is so much more difficult to draw a type than a freak, and because the exception appeals to the literary mind so much more than the rule, we have in every decade a great mass of romance nominally describing the life of the period, which, if read a few years later, is so untrue to the senses as really to seem caricature rather than true drawing.

Viewing the historical novel from this standpoint, it is obvious that two elements go to constitute it: First, that it must reflect a point of view either of a contemporary party, or else of a succeeding generation, upon some subject which has at one time been a matter of controversy, if not of conflict. Second, that some one or more characters in the novel must be true expressions of the period with which the book deals, or must approximate to contemporary belief of what the people of that period were like. In both these senses the inaccuracy of treatment which probably results does not flow from the writer, but rather from the reader. This possibly explains what at first thought seems a curious fact in historical fiction. With hardly an exception, true historians have failed signally when they came to write historical novels. In America, John Lothrop Motley, Edward Eggleston, W. Gilmore Simms, and J. Esten Cooke, all of whom have won success in historical writing, have essayed to turn their knowledge to use in historical fiction; yet it is to be questioned if the average reader of to-day has ever heard of Merry Mount, Montezuma, or The Virginian Comedians; and if the works of Mr. Simms have somewhat more repute, it is scarcely because of their greater interest, but because of their greater number. Dr. Eggleston has, notwithstanding, quite unconsciously given us in The Hoosier Schoolmaster a novel which in its descriptions of mid-western life deserves in every sense a place as an historical novel, and this in itself is proof that the historian is not fundamentally incapable of writing historical fiction.

All this tends to show that the great historical novel in the past has not been notable because of its use of historical events and characters, but because of its use of an historical atmosphere, such as Scott created in his Ivanhoe and Thackeray in his Esmond. It is an actual fact that Queen Anne's time stands out in the latter book with far more clearness than can be obtained from any history of the same period, and a similar assertion can be made almost as strongly of the former. In neither case, however, is it due to the introduction of real characters, and the incidents in both books are notoriously unhistorical. In Ivanhoe, by the use of certain elemental moods of mind, as by the struggle between Norman and Saxon, by the universal attitude towards the Jew, by outlaw and Templar, the big feelings of the time of Richard I. stand out clearly; and the book has satisfied the imagination of millions of readers. So in Esmond we

have the contest between the Jacobite and the Georgian, with its background of religious conflict, but in place of the tourney and the battlement as the means to an end, we have the intrigue and plotting which belong to the time of Marlborough and Bolingbroke. Briefly, in each case the atmosphere of the book is correct, falsify or pervert history as it may, and, therefore, as already said, each satisfies the imagination of the reader. For a like reason The Scarlet Letter and The Deerslayer have done the same. The reader breathes Puritanism throughout the first. It is not alone the descriptions of Massachusetts life that give the story this wonderful quality. Dimmesdale's conscience and the intellectual cruelty of his tormentor are truer historically than what in the book purports to be reconstructed from documentary sources. The Deerslayer is a description of an isolated outpost struggle between white and red — a series of adventures that Cooper might have placed at almost any date, and in almost any spot in this country. Yet the world over it has been accepted as the classic of the wonderful two hundred and fifty years' struggle between two races for the possession of a continent.

There can be little question that the historical novel has two advantages which well-nigh make it preëminent in interest. Foremost of these is the atmosphere of truth which is conveyed to the mind of the reader by the mention of real persons and places and events. This is equivalent to proving that a part of the book is based on fact, and, admitting this as so, most people fail to make the slightest distinction, but assume that all that is told them is of the same credibility. In other words, the whole story is made more reasonable, that is, more believable, to people, and therefore more interesting. For in however intellectual an attitude a romance is read, its primary enjoyment is due to how far the reader is made to accept the tale as something that has happened or might have happened.

The secondary advantage is but a development of this first one. As most people like or dislike a book because of what is termed its "convincingness," so a large number of readers seek to combine with their fiction a certain amount of instruction; and this has made the novel in our day a favorite means of education in an historical sense: a tale which would not be read as a story, and which would be laughed out of court as a history, may by the combination of the two obtain a distinct success, much as an inferior cordial and inferior spirits by blending can be made to pass for a fair brew of punch.

The chief advantage already dwelt upon involves none the less two distinct difficulties which seriously handicap historical fiction. The lesser of these is the rigidity of the events and conditions. It will, perhaps, be answered that the most glaring inaccuracies and twistings have been condoned. This cannot be denied, but it can be answered that anything is pardoned in a book with merits positive enough to balance its defects, and that thousands of novels with good in them, which have failed and been forgotten, fully offset the few which have succeeded in spite of their faults. On the contrary, even the most heedless and uninformed writer who attempts to use the materials of actual history must at once become conscious of the enormous hampering of pen freedom, though incidents and character are seemingly twisted at the will of the writer. The knowledge that he is falsifying facts gives to his work a resulting want of verisimilitude in the treatment that materially injures the book. What is more, the effect on the reader who detects this untruthfulness is a most important if intangible quantity. The writer can remember the little shock, and the resulting changed attitude of his own mood towards a novel treating of Shakespeare's

life, upon coming to the statement of the number of guineas paid the dramatist for a play, simply because he happened to know that the guinea was the coinage of the East India Company, and was not in use till Shakespeare had been many years in his grave. So, too, the best American historical novel of English writing excited the utmost merriment among its critics by a mere passing allusion to maple-sugar making in October. The greatest license is allowed the poet as compared to the novelist, but it is to be questioned if an American ever read Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming without a laugh over the "happy shepherd swain" who danced on the frontier "with timbrels" and "lovely maidens prankt with floweret new," while the "flamingo disported like a meteor on the lakes." Just because the novel purports to be historical, such slips are noted with far closer attention, and to avoid them is a task of great difficulty.

The second difficulty, and one is tempted to say the inherent defect, is the delineation of character — a difficulty so strongly marked that it extends not merely to the historical characters embodied, but often as well to the imaginative ones. Few who have written fiction have escaped the accusation of taking their characters from living models, for the lay reader apparently never realizes how much more easy it is for the author to imagine a type than to copy it. In the one case the plot practically produces the character: that is, your hero or heroine, your good man or your bad man, must, to make your story, speak or be silent at such a point; must make a sacrifice here, or draw back from one there. If your plot is properly made, if there are enough "things to be done," or "action," to use the playwright's technical expression, your character is really created; and the only work left for the writer is to fill in the minor details so that the character shall seem a consistent whole. The task is quite different, however, when an attempt is made to copy from life. Knowledge of any one person is at best superficial, and in conventional life is limited to little more than an impression of drawing-room conduct, or what might be properly termed the dress-parade moments of life. To meet a woman at half a dozen teas, to spend an hour in her opera-box, and to sit on her right hand at a dinner or two, is very far from knowing what her behavior would be in the exceptional moments of life, which is the concern of romance. Inevitably an attempt to copy from life must be but little better than trying to sketch from a model who is differently posed from the attitude you are endeavoring to draw, and it must necessarily produce a sense of unreality in the character. Nor is it an answer to say that as no living person is wholly consistent, if an action of an imaginary man or woman seems uncharacteristic it is only the truer to life. This is to lose sight of a law as fixed as that of perspective in painting. A character in a novel, as in a play, is a failure unless there is in it a distinct quality of fatalism. Your audience in each case must be absolutely prepared for the action taken in the crisis or climax. The situation may be original, there may be entire surprise; but the action of the character in that situation must be as definite and as expected, or, in other words, as reasonable (in accordance with the known qualities of the person) as the movement of pawns in a well-analyzed chess opening.

It will easily be conceived, then, with what difficulty an historical personage is transferred to the pages of a novel. The character is definite while the conditions are new, and unless the events are selected to suit the man, that is, unless the plot is built from the character, instead of the character being evolved from the plot, the result is almost hopelessly artificial. As an example, take the idea of Washington as presented in The Virginians. How shadowy the drawing is, how

absolutely weak the personality, as compared with those of George and Harry Warrington! Thackeray had studied the conventional historical portrait of the man and then transferred it as well as could be to new surroundings. But just because the man was so well known, the author was all the more hampered in his treatment of him, and painstakingly as he sought to vivify him, the portrait is at once colorless through its attempted accuracy, yet defective in its truth. Who in reading of the prim, formal, sensible man of twenty-six in the novel could infer from his reading the reality? — the gay young officer who was over-fond of "fashionable" clothes; who held a good cue at billiards; who passed whole days winning or losing money at cards; who loved the theatre and the cock-pit; who could brew bowls of arrack punch, and do his share in drinking them; who could dance for three hours without once resting; and who fell in and out of love so fiercely and so easily. Nor is this artificiality due to a transatlantic point of view of our greatest American. The portrait of Washington as given by Cooper in The Spy is equally absurd, though drawn by an American writer who could have talked with many who knew Washington personally. In each case the attempt is made to give us, not Major Washington of the Virginia regiment, or General Washington of the Continental army, but the sobered and aged President Washington of tradition.

These restrictions and limitations have produced their natural result, for in all American historical fiction there cannot be found a celebrated character who was as well a real character. The assertion might, indeed, be extended to English literature, for if Scott's Louis XI. or Shakespeare's innumerable characters are cited, it can be said that these characters are so absolutely the creation of the writers that they fall really within the imaginative rather than the historical class, and to this day the historian finds one of his distinct difficulties to be the existence of preconceived ideas of many historical characters, due solely to the novelist and dramatist. If this goes to prove that there has been no great historical character in fiction, it does not imply that historical fiction has not given us its full share of people who have passed into literature as types. American historical fiction has done even more, for it has created for us our idea concerning two great races which, it is probable, will remain through all time. The character of the black as delineated in Uncle Tom and in Topsy for some reason satisfies the imagination, and however much one may know and see of the negro in the South to counteract this view, it remains the one to which the mind recurs in thinking of the negro in the abstract. Even more remarkable is the second type, created for us by one man. To Cooper alone is due the accepted idea of the American Indian, and the application of the adjective "noble" to his race. The historian, or even the reader, who has sifted the truth of the red man as told in the early Jesuit Relations and the writings of such voyagers and explorers as Carver, Mackenzie, Lewis and Clark, and Schoolcraft, knows that the Indian ranks low in the scale of man; that he was always so much inferior to the white in intelligence and vigor that the frontiersman excelled him in woodcraft and physical endurance; that he was something of a coward; and that he is practically incapable of romance, or even of kindness, toward a woman. None the less, the Indian Cooper created, typified in Chingachgook and Uncas, will probably remain for all time the model from which future draughtsmen will work. But the historical novel of the past has done more than this for American literature. It has given us in Cooper and Hawthorne our two most famous novelists; and in the best of their work, and in

Uncle Tom's Cabin and Ben-Hur, we have what to this day are the most positive successes of American fiction.

What a blending of history and romance may do as to the future it is idle to attempt to prophesy. At the present moment there seems a revival of interest in American history, and the novelist has been quickly responsive to it. In the resulting literature, however, we find as yet the same defects that appear in much, one is tempted to say all, of our contemporary fiction. That is, an entire disregard of the big elements of American life and an over-accentuation of the untypical. In a general survey of our fiction, one is struck with its almost universal silence on all that has given us distinct nationality. Who in reading American fiction has ever brought away a sense of real glory in his own country? We are told that our people are hopelessly occupied in money-making, and that our politics are shamefully corrupt. Yet the joint product of these forces has won, or is winning, equality of man, religious liberty, the right of asylum, freedom of the ocean, arbitration of international disputes, and universal education; and this, too, while these people were fighting a threefold struggle with man, beast, and nature across a vast continent.

Disregarding all this, the novelist has turned to the petty in American life. With the most homogeneous people in both thought and language in the world, American literature is overburdened with dialect stories; with no true class distinctions, and with an essential resemblance in American life from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the novel of locality has been accepted as typical and not exceptional; with a people less absorbed in and less influenced by so-called society than any other great nation, we are almost submerged with what may be styled the Afternoon Tea Novel. It may be good fictional material, for human nature should be after all the first consideration of the novelist, but whales are not caught in pails, nor are the great purposes and passions of mankind usually to be found in the neighborhood of "the cups that cheer but not inebriate." And so our novelists may be likened to the early miners of gold, who, overlooking the vast mountain lodes of precious metal, industriously sifted the river-bed for the little shining particles that had been washed down from the former. American history and American life have their rich lodes of gold-bearing quartz; and when our people produce as good literary workers as mechanical engineers, when the best of our imagination turns from the practical to the ideal, there will be no lack of an American fiction.

Paul Leicester Ford.

AUTUMN.

Brother, Time is a thing how slight!
Day lifts and falls, and it is night.
Rome stands an hour, and the green leaf
Buds into being bright and brief.
For us, God has at least in store
One shining moment (less or more).
Seize, then, what mellow sun we may,
To light us in the darker day.

P. H. Savage.

FROM A MATTRESS GRAVE.

"I am a Jew, I am a Christian. I am tragedy, I am comedy, — Heraclitus and Democritus in one; a Greek, a Hebrew; an adorer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism as embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton; a beast, a devil, a god."

THE carriage stopped, and the speckless footman, jumping down, inquired, "Monsieur Heine?"

The concierge, knitting beside the porte-cochère, looked at him, looked at the glittering victoria he represented and at the grande dame who sat in it, shielding herself with a parasol from the glory of the Parisian sunlight; then she shook her head.

"But this is No. 3 Avenue Matignon?"

"Yes, but monsieur receives only his old friends. He is dying."

"Madame knows. Take up her name."

The concierge glanced at the elegant card. She saw "Lady" — which she imagined meant an English duchesse — and words scribbled on it in pencil.

"It is au cinquième," she said, with a sigh.

"I will take it up."

Ere he returned madame descended, and passed from the sparkling sunshine into the gloom of the portico, with a melancholy consciousness of the symbolic; for her spirit, too, had its poetic intuitions and insights, and had been trained by friendship with one of the wittiest and tenderest women of her time to some more than common apprehension of the greater spirit at whose living tomb she was come to worship. Hers was a fine face, wearing the triple aristocracy of beauty, birth, and letters. The complexion was of lustreless ivory, the black hair wound round and round. The stateliness of her figure completed the impression of a Roman matron.

"Monsieur Heine begs that your ladyship will do him the honor of mounting, and will forgive him the five stories for the sake of the view."

Her ladyship's sadness was tinctured by a faint smile at the message, which the footman delivered without any suspicion that the view in question meant the view of Heine himself. But then that admirable menial had not the advantage of her comprehensive familiarity with Heine's writings. She crossed the blank stony courtyard and toiled up the curving five flights, her mind astir with pictures and emotions.

She had scribbled on her card a reminder of her identity; but could he remember, after all those years and in his grievous sickness, the little girl of twelve who had sat next to him at the Boulogne table d'hôte? And she herself could scarcely realize at times that the fat, good-natured, short-sighted little man who had lounged with her daily at the end of the pier, telling her stories, was the most mordant wit in Europe, "the German Aristophanes," and that those nursery tales, grotesquely compact of mermaids, water-sprites, and a funny old French fiddler with a poodle that diligently took three baths a day, were the frolicsome improvisations of perhaps the greatest lyric poet of his age. She recalled their parting: "When you go back to England, you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine." To which the little girl, "And who is Heinrich Heine?" — a query which had set the fat little man roaring with laughter.

These things might be vivid still in her own vision, — they colored all she had read since from his magic pen: the wonderful poems, interpreting with equal magic the romance of the mediæval world, or the modern soul, naked and unashamed, as if clothed in its own

complexity; the humorous-tragic questionings of the universe; the delicious travel pictures and fantasies; the lucid criticisms of art and politics and philosophy, informed with malicious wisdom, shimmering with poetry and wit. But as for him, doubtless she and her ingenuous interrogation had long since faded from his tumultuous life.

The odors of the sick-room recalled her to the disagreeable present. In the sombre light she stumbled against a screen covered with paper painted to look like lacquer-work, and as the slipshod old nurse in a serre-tête motioned her forwards she had a dismal sense of a lodging-house interior, a bourgeois barrenness enhanced by two engravings after Léopold Robert, depressingly alien from that dainty boudoir atmosphere of the artist life she knew.

But this sordid impression was swallowed up in the vast tragedy behind the screen. Upon a pile of mattresses heaped on the floor lay the poet. He had raised himself a little on his pillows, amid which showed a longish, pointed white face, with high cheek-bones, a Grecian nose, and a large pale mouth, wasted from the sensualism she recollected in it to a strange Christ-like beauty. The outlines of the shriveled body beneath the sheet seemed those of a child of ten, and the legs looked curiously twisted. One thin little hand, as of transparent wax, delicately artistic, upheld a paralyzed eyelid, under which he peered at her.

"Lucy liebchen!" he piped joyously. "So you have found out who Heinrich Heine is!"

He used the familiar German "du;" for him she was still his little friend. But to her the moment was too poignant for speech. The terrible passages in the last writings of this greatest of autobiographers, which she had hoped poetically colored, were then painfully, prosaically true.

"Can it be that I still actually exist? My body is so shrunken that there is hardly anything left of me but my voice, and my bed makes me think of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which is in the forest of Broceliand, in Brittany, under high oaks whose tops shine like green flames to heaven. Oh, I envy thee those trees, brother Merlin, and their fresh waving! For over my mattress grave here in Paris no green leaves rustle, and early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding, and the jingle of pianos. A grave without rest; death without the privileges of the departed, who have no longer any need to spend money, or to write letters, or to compose books."

And then she thought of that ghastly comparison of himself to the ancient German singer, — the poor clerk of the Chronicle of Limburg, — whose sweet songs were sung and whistled from morning to night all through Germany, while he himself, smitten with leprosy, hooded and cloaked and carrying the lazarus-clapper, moved through the shuddering city. Silently she held out her hand, and he gave her his bloodless fingers; she touched the strangely satin skin and felt the fever beneath.

"It cannot be my little Lucy," he said reproachfully. "She used to kiss me. But even Lucy's kiss cannot thrill my paralyzed lips."

She stooped and kissed his lips. His little beard felt soft and weak as the hair of a baby.

"Ah, I have made my peace with the world and with God. Now he sends me his death-angel."

She struggled with the lump in her throat. "You must be indeed a prey to illusions if you mistake an Englishwoman for Azrael."

"Ach, why was I so bitter against England? I was only once in England, years ago. I knew nobody, and London seemed so full of fog and Englishmen. And I wrote a ballet for your Mr. Lumley, and it was never produced. Now

England has avenged herself beautifully. She sends me you. Others, too, mount the hundred and five steps. I am an annex to the Paris Exposition. Remains of Heinrich Heine. A very pilgrimage of the royal demimonde. A Russian princess brings the hateful odor of her pipe," he said, with scornful satisfaction; "an Italian princess babbles of *her* aches and pains as if in competition with mine. But the gold medal would fall to *my* nerves, I am convinced, if they were on view at the Exposition. No, no, don't cry; I meant you to laugh. Don't think of me as you see me now; pretend to me I am as you first knew me. But how fine and beautiful *you* have grown, even to my fraction of an eye, which sees the sunlight as through black gauze! Fancy, little Lucy has a husband, a husband — and the poodle still takes three baths a day. Are you happy, darling, are you happy?"

She nodded. It seemed a sacrilege to claim happiness.

"Das ist eigen! Yes, you were always so merry. God be thanked! How refreshing to find one woman with a heart, and that unseared! Here the women have a metronome under their corsets, which beats time, but not music. Himmel! what a whiff of my youth you bring me! Does the sea still roll green at the end of Boulogne pier, and do the sea-gulls fly, while I lie here, a Parisian Prometheus, chained to my bedpost? Ah, had I only the bliss of a rock with the sky above me! But I must not complain. For six years before I moved here I had nothing but a ceiling to defy. Now my balcony gives sideways on the Champs Élysées, and sometimes I dare to lie outside on a sofa, and peer at beautiful, beautiful Paris as she sends up her soul in sparkling fountains, and incarnates herself in pretty women who trip along like dance-music. Look!"

To please him she went to a window, and saw upon the narrow iron-grilled balcony a tent of striped chintz, like the awning of a café, supported by a light iron framework. Her eyes were blurred by unshed tears, and she divined rather than saw the far-stretching avenue palpitating with the fevered life of the Great Exposition year; the intoxicating sunlight; the horse-chestnut trees dappling with shade the leafy footways; the white fountain-spray and flaming flower-beds of the Rond Point; the flashing, flickering stream of carriages flowing to the Bois with their freight of beauty and wealth and insolent vice.

"The first time I looked out of that window," he said, "I seemed to myself like Dante, at the end of the Divine Comedy, when once again he beheld the stars. You cannot know what I felt when, after so many years, I saw the world again with half an eye for ever so little a space. I had my wife's opera-glass in my hand, and I saw with inexpressible pleasure a young vagrant vender of pastry offering his goods to two ladies in crinolines with a small dog. I closed the glass: I could see no more, for I envied the dog. The nurse carried me back to bed, and gave me morphia. That day I looked no more. For me the Divine Comedy was far from ended. The divine humorist has even descended to a pun. Talk of Mahomet's coffin! I lie between the two Champs Élysées: the one where warm life palpitates, and that other where the pale ghosts flit."

Then it was not a momentary fantasy of the pen, but an abiding mood that had paid blasphemous homage to the "Aristophanes of Heaven." Indeed, had it not always run through his work, this conception of humor in the grotesqueries of history, "the dream of an intoxicated divinity"? But his amusement thereat had been genial. "Like a mad harlequin," he had written of Byron, "he strikes a dagger into his own heart, to sprinkle mockingly with the jetting black blood the ladies and gentlemen around

. . . My blood is not so splenetically black: my bitterness comes only from the gall-apples of my ink." But now, she thought, that bitter draught always at his lips had worked into his blood at last.

"Are you quite incurable?" she said gently, as she returned from the window to seat herself at his side.

"No, I shall die some day, — Gruby says very soon. But doctors are so inconsistent. Last week, after I had had a frightful attack of cramp in the throat and chest, 'Pouvez-vous siffler?' he asked. 'Non, pas même une comédie de Monsieur Scribe,' I replied. So you may see how bad I was. Well, even that, he said, would n't hasten the end, and I should go on living indefinitely! I had to caution him not to tell my wife. Poor Mathilde! I have been unconscionably long a-dying. And now he turns round again and bids me order my coffin. But I fear, despite his latest bulletin, I shall go on some time yet increasing my knowledge of spinal disease. I read all the books about it, as well as experiment practically. What clinical lectures I will give in heaven, demonstrating the ignorance of doctors!"

She was glad to note the more genial nuance of mockery. Raillery vibrated almost in the very tones of his voice, which had become clear and penetrating under the stimulus of her presence; but it passed away in tenderness, and the sarcastic wrinkles vanished from the corners of his mouth, as he made the pathetic jest anent his wife.

"So you read as well as write?" she said.

"Oh well, Zichlinsky — a nice young refugee — does both for me most times. My mother, poor old soul, wrote the other day to know why I only signed my letters; so I had to say my eyes pained me, which was not so untrue as the rest of the letter."

"Does n't she know?"

"Know? God bless her, of course not. Dear old lady, dreaming so happily at the Dammthor of Düsseldorf, too old and wise to read newspapers, — no, she does not know that she has a dying son; only that she has an undying! Nicht wahr?"

He looked at her with a shade of anxiety, — that tragic anxiety of the veteran artist scenting from afar the sneers of the new critics at his life-work, and morbidly conscious of his hosts of enemies.

"As long as the German tongue lives."

"Dear old Germany!" he said, pleased. "Yes, it is true, —

> 'Nennt man die besten Namen,
> So wird auch der meine genannt.'"

She thought of the sequel —

> "Nennt man die schlimmsten Schmerzen,
> So wird auch der meine genannt" —

as he went on: —

"That was why, though the German censorship forbade or mutilated my every book, which was like sticking pins into my soul, I would not become naturalized here. Paris has been my new Jerusalem, and I crossed my Jordan at the Rhine, but as a French subject I should be like those two-headed monstrosities they show at the fairs. Besides, I hate French poetry. What measured glitter! Not that German poetry has ever been to me more than a divine plaything. A laurel wreath on my grave place or withhold, — I care not, — but lay on my coffin a sword, for I was as brave a soldier as your Canning in the liberation war of humanity. But my thirty years' war is over, and I die 'with sword unbroken and a broken heart.'" His head fell back in ineffable hopelessness. "Ah," he murmured, "it was ever my prayer, 'Lord, let me grow old in body, but let my soul stay young; let my voice quaver and falter, but never my hope.' And this is how I end."

"But your work does not end. Your fight was not vain. You are the inspirer of young Germany, and you are praised and worshiped by all the world: is that no pleasure?"

"No, I am not le bon Dieu!" He chuckled, his spirits revived by the blasphemous mot. "Ah, what a fate! To have the homage only of the fools, a sort of celestial Victor Cousin. One compliment from Hegel now must be sweeter than a churchful of psalms." A fearful fit of coughing interrupted further elaboration of the blasphemous fantasia. For five minutes it rent and shook him, the nurse bending fruitlessly over him, but at its wildest he signed to his visitor not to go, and when at last it lulled he went on calmly: "Donizetti ended mad in a gala-dress, but I end at least sane enough to appreciate the joke, — a little long drawn out and not entirely original, yet replete with ingenious irony. Little Lucy looks shocked, but I sometimes think, little Lucy, the disrespect is with the goody-goody folks, who, while lauding their Deity's strength and hymning his goodness, show no recognition at all of his humor. Yet I am praised as a wit as well as a poet. If I could take up my bed and walk, I would preach a new worship, — the worship of the Arch-Humorist. I would draw up the Ritual of the Ridiculous. Three times a day, when the muezzin called from the Bourse-top, all the faithful would laugh devoutly at the gigantic joke of the cosmos. How sublime, — the universal laugh at sunrise, noon, and sunset! Those who did not laugh would be persecuted; they would laugh, if only on the wrong side of the mouth. Delightful! As most people have no sense of humor, they would swallow the school catechism of the comic as stolidly as they now swallow the spiritual. Yes, I see you will *not* laugh. But why may I not, as everybody else does, endow my Deity with the quality which I possess or admire most?"

She felt some truth in his apology. He was mocking, not God, but the magnified man of the popular creeds; to him it was a mere intellectual counter with which his wit played, oblivious of the sacred aura that clung round the concept for the bulk of the world. Even his famous picture of Jehovah dying, or his suggestion that perhaps dieser Parvenu des Himmels was angry with Israel for reminding him of his former obscure national relations, what was it but a lively rendering of what German savants said so unreadably about the evolution of the God Idea? But she felt also that it would have been finer to bear unsmiling the smileless destinies; not to affront with the tinkle of vain laughter the vast imperturbable. She answered gently, "You are talking nonsense."

"I always talked nonsense to you, little Lucy, for

> 'My heart is wise and witty,
> And it bleeds within my breast.'

Will you hear its melodious drip-drip, my last poem? My manuscript, Catherine, and then you can go and take a nap. I gave you little rest last night."

The old woman brought him some folio sheets covered with great pathetically sprawling letters; and when she had retired, he began: —

> "How wearily time crawls along,
> The hideous snail that hastens not" . . .

His voice went on, but after the first lines the listener's brain was too troubled to attend. It was agitated with whirling memories of those earlier outcries throbbing with the passion of life, flaming records of the days when every instant held an eternity, not of ennui, but of sensibility. "Red life boils in my veins. . . . Every woman is to me the gift of a world. . . . I hear a thousand nightingales. . . . I could eat all the elephants of Hindostan, and pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. . . . Life is the greatest of blessings, and death the worst of evils." But the poet was still reading; she forced herself to listen.

> "Perhaps with ancient heathen shapes,
> Old faded gods, this brain is full;
> Who, for their most unholy rites,
> Have chosen a dead poet's skull."

He broke off suddenly: "No, it is too sad. A cry in the night from a man buried alive; a new note in German poetry, — was sage ich? — in the poetry of the world. No poet ever had such a lucky chance before — voyez-vous — to survive his own death, though many a one has survived his own immortality. 'Neminem ante mortem miserum.' Call no man wretched till he 's dead. 'T is not till the journey is over that one can see the perspective truthfully, and the tombstones of one's hopes and illusions marking the weary miles. 'T is not till one is dead that the day of judgment can dawn; and when one is dead, one cannot see or judge at all. An exquisite irony, nicht wahr? The wrecks in the Morgue, what tales they could tell! But dead men tell no tales. While there 's life there 's hope, and so the worst cynicisms have never been spoken. But I — I alone have dodged the fates. I am the dead-alive, the living-dead. I hover over my racked body like a ghost, and exist in an interregnum. And so I am the first mortal in a position to demand an explanation. Don't tell me I have sinned and am in hell. Most sins are sins of classification by bigots and poor thinkers. Who can live without sinning, or sin without living? All very well for Kant to say, 'Act so that your conduct may be a law for all men under similar conditions.' But Kant overlooked that *you* are part of the conditions. And when you are a Heine, you may very well concede that future Heines should act just so. It is easy enough to be virtuous when you are a professor of pure reason, a regular, punctual mechanism, a thing for the citizens of Königsberg to set their watches by. But if you happen to be one of those fellows to whom all the roses nod and all the stars wink — I am for Schelling's principle: the highest spirits are above the law. No, no, the parson's explanation won't do. Perhaps heaven holds different explanations, graduated to rising intellects, from parsons upwards. Moses Lump will be satisfied with a gold chair, and the cherubim singing, 'Holy! holy! holy!' in Hebrew, and will ask no further questions. Abdullah ben Osman's mouth will be closed by the kisses of houris. Surely Christ will not disappoint the poor old grandmother's vision of Jerusalem the Golden, seen through tear-dimmed spectacles as she pores over the family Bible. He will meet her at the gates of death with a wonderful smile of love; and as she walks upon the heavenly Jordan's shining waters hand in hand with him, she will see her erst-wrinkled face reflected from them in angelic beauty. Ah, but to tackle a Johann Wolfgang Goethe or an Immanuel Kant, — what an ordeal for the celestial professor of apologetics! Perhaps that 's what the Gospel means, — only by becoming little children can we enter the kingdom of heaven. I told my little god-daughter yesterday that heaven is so pure and magnificent that they eat cakes there all day, — it is only what the parson says translated into child-language, — and that the little cherubs wipe their mouths with their white wings. 'That 's very dirty,' said the child. I fear that unless I become a child myself I shall have severer criticisms to bring against the cherubs. O God," he broke off suddenly, letting fall the sheets of manuscript and stretching out his hands in prayer, "make me a child again even before I die; give me back the simple faith, the clear vision, of the child that holds its father's hand! Oh, little Lucy, it takes me like that sometimes, and I have to cry for mercy. I dreamt I *was* a child, the other night, and saw my dear father again. He was putting on his wig, and I saw him as through a cloud of powder. I rushed joyfully to embrace him, but as I approached him everything seemed changing in the mist. I wished to kiss his hands, but I recoiled with mortal cold. The fingers were withered branches, my father himself a leafless tree which the

winter had covered with hoar frost. Ah, Lucy, Lucy, my brain is full of madness and my heart of sorrow. Sing me the ballad of the lady who took only one spoonful of gruel, ‘ with sugar and spices so rich.’ ”

Astonished at his memory, she repeated the song of Lady Alice and Giles Collins, the poet laughing immoderately till at the end,

“ The parson licked up the rest,”

in his effort to repeat the line that so tickled him he fell into a fearful spasm, which tore and twisted him till his child’s body lay curved like a bow. Her tears fell at the sight.

“ Don’t pity me too much,” he gasped, trying to smile with his eyes. “ I bend, but I do not break.”

But she, terrified, rang the bell for aid. A jovial-looking woman — tall and well-shaped — came in, holding a shirt she was sewing. Her eyes and hair were black, and her oval face had the rude coloring of health. She brought into the death-chamber at once a whiff of ozone and a suggestion of tragic incongruity. Nodding pleasantly to the visitor, she advanced quickly to the bedside and laid her hand upon the forehead sweating with agony.

“ Mathilde,” he said, when the spasm abated, “ this is little Lucy, of whom I have never spoken to you, and to whom I wrote a poem about her brown eyes, which you have never read.”

Mathilde smiled amiably at the Roman matron.

“ No, I have never read it,” she said. “ They tell me that Heine is a very clever man and writes very fine books, but I know nothing about it, and must content myself with trusting to their word.”

“ Is n’t she adorable ? ” cried Heine delightedly. “ I have only two consolations that sit at my bedside, my French wife and my German nurse, and they are not on speaking terms ! But it has its compensations, for she is unable also to read what my enemies in Germany say about me, and so she continues to love me.”

“ How can he have enemies ? ” said Mathilde, smoothing his hair. “ He is so good to everybody. He has only two thoughts, — to hide his illness from his mother, and to earn enough for my future. And as for having enemies in Germany, how can that be, when he is so kind to every poor German that passes through Paris ? ”

It moved the hearer to tears, — this wifely faith. Surely the saint that lay behind the Mephistopheles in his face must have as real an existence, if the woman who knew him only as man, undazzled by the glitter of his fame, unwearied by his long sickness, found him thus without flaw or stain.

“ Delicious creature ! ” said Heine fondly. “ Not only thinks me good, but thinks that goodness keeps off enemies. What ignorance of life she crams into a dozen words ! As for those poor countrymen of mine, they are just the people who carry back to Germany all the awful tales of my goings-on. Do you know there was once a poor devil of a musician who had set my Zwei Grenadiere, and to whom I gave no end of help and advice when he wanted to make an opera on the legend of the flying Dutchman which I had treated in one of my books. Now he curses me and all the Jews together, and his name is Richard Wagner.”

Mathilde smiled on vaguely. “ You would eat those cutlets,” she said reprovingly.

“ Well, I was weary of the chopped grass cook calls spinach. I don’t want seven years of Nebuchadnezzardom.”

“ Cook is angry when you don’t eat her things, chéri. I find it difficult to get on with her since you praised her dainty style. One would think she was the mistress, and I the servant.”

“ Ah, Nonotte, you don’t understand the artistic temperament.” Then a twitch passed over his face. “ You must give me

a double dose of morphia to-night, darling."

"No, no, the doctor forbids."

"One would think he were the employer, and I the employee," he grumbled smilingly. "But I dare say he is right. Already I spend five hundred francs a year on morphia; I must really retrench. So run away, dearest. I have a good friend here to cheer me up."

She stooped down and kissed him.

"Ah, madame," she said, "it is very good of you to come and cheer him up. It is as good as a new dress to me to see a new face coming in, for the old ones begin to drop off. Not the dresses; the friends," she added gayly, as she disappeared.

"Is n't she divine?" cried Heine enthusiastically.

"I am glad you love her," his visitor replied simply.

"You mean you are astonished. Love? What is love? I have never loved."

"You!" And all the stories those countrymen of his had spread abroad, all his own love-poems, were in that exclamation.

"No, — never mortal women; only statues and the beautiful dead dream-women, vanished with the neiges d'antan. What did it matter whom I married? Perhaps you would have had me aspire higher than a grisette? To a tradesman's daughter? Or a demoiselle in society? 'Explain my position' — a poor exile's position — to some double-chinned bourgeois papa, who can only see that my immortal books are worth exactly two thousand marks banco? Yes, that 's the most I can wring out of those scoundrels in wicked Hamburg. And to think that if I had only done my writing in ledgers, the 'prentice millionaire might have become the master millionaire, ungalled by avuncular advice and chary checks. Ah, dearest Lucy, you can never understand what we others suffer, — you into whose mouths the larks drop roasted. Should I marry Fashion and be stifled? Or Money and be patronized? And lose the exquisite pleasure of toiling to buy my wife new dresses and knick-knacks? Après tout, Mathilde is quite as intelligent as any other daughter of Eve, — whose first thought, when she came to reflective consciousness, was a new dress. All great men are mateless; 't is only their own ribs they fall in love with. A more cultured woman would only have misunderstood me more pretentiously. Not that I did n't, in a weak moment, try to give her a little polish. I sent her to a boarding-school to learn to read and write, my child of nature among all the little schoolgirls, — ha! ha! ha! — and I only visited her on Sundays; and she could rattle off the Egyptian kings better than I, and once she told me with great excitement the story of Lucretia, which she had heard for the first time. Dear Nonotte! You should have seen her dancing at the school ball, — as graceful and maidenly as the smallest shrimp of them all. What gaieté de cœur! What good humor! What mother wit! And such a faithful chum! Ah, the French women are wonderful. We have been married fifteen years, and still when I hear her laugh come through that door my soul turns from the gates of death and remembers the sun. Oh, how I love to see her go off to mass every morning, with her toilette nicely adjusted and her dainty prayer-book in her neatly gloved hand! — for she 's adorably religious, is my little Nonotte. You look surprised; did you then think religious people shock me?"

She smiled a little. "But don't you shock her?"

"I would n't for worlds utter a blasphemy she could understand. Do you think Shakespeare explained himself to Anne Hathaway? But she doubtless served well enough as artist's model, — raw material to be worked up into Imogens and Rosalinds. Enchanting crea-

tures! How your foggy islanders could have begotten Shakespeare! The miracle of miracles. And Sterne! Mais non, an Irishman like Swift. Ça s'explique. Is Sterne read?"

"No, he is only a classic."

"Barbarians! Have you read my book on Shakespeare's heroines? It is good, nicht wahr?"

"Admirable."

"Then why should n't you translate it into English?"

"It is an idea."

"It is an inspiration. Nay, why should n't you translate all my books? You shall, you must. You know how the French edition fait fureur. French, — that is the European hall-mark, for Paris is Athens. But English will mean fame in Ultima Thule, — the isles of the sea, as the Bible says. It is n't for the gold-pieces, though God knows Mathilde needs more friends, as we call them. Heaven preserve you from the irony of having to earn your living on your death-bed! Ach, my publisher Campe has built himself a new establishment, — what a monument to me! Why should not some English publisher build me a monument in London? The Jew's books — like the Jew — should be spread abroad, so that in them all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. For the Jew peddles not only old clo', but new ideas. I began life — tell it not in Gath — as a commission agent for English goods, and I end it as an intermediary between France and Germany, trying to make two great nations understand each other. To that not unworthy aim has all my later work been devoted."

"So you really consider yourself a Jew still?"

"Mein Gott! have I ever been anything else but an enemy of the Philistines?"

She smiled. "Yes, but religiously?"

"Religiously! What was my whole fight to rouse Hodge out of his thousand years' sleep in his hole? Why did I edit a newspaper, and plague myself with our time and its interests? Goethe has created glorious Greek statues; but statues cannot have children. My words should find issue in deeds. I am no true Hellenist. Like my ancestor David, I have been not only a singer, I have slung my smooth little pebbles at the forehead of Goliath."

"But have n't you turned Catholic?"

"Catholic!" he roared like a roused lion. "They say that again! Has the myth of death-bed conversion already arisen about me? How they jump, the fools, at the idea of a man's coming round to their views when his brain grows weak!"

"No, not death-bed conversion. Quite an old history. I was assured you had married in a Catholic church."

"To please Mathilde! Without that the poor creature would n't have thought herself married in a manner sufficiently pleasing to God. It is true we had been living together without any church blessing at all, but que voulez-vous? Women are like that. For my part, I should have been satisfied to go on as we were. I understand by a wife something nobler than a married woman chained to me by money-brokers and parsons, and I deemed my faux ménage far firmer than many a 'true' one. But since I *was* to be married, I could not be the cause of any disquiet to my beloved Nonotte. We even invited a number of Bohemian couples to the wedding-feast, and bade them follow our example in daring the last step of all. Ha! ha! There is nothing like a convert's zeal, you see. But convert to Catholicism! That 's another pair of sleeves. If your right eye offend you, pluck it out; if your right hand offend you, cut it off; and if your reason offend you, become a Catholic! No, no, Lucy, a Jew I have always been."

"Despite your baptism?"

The sufferer groaned, but not from physical pain.

"Ah, cruel little Lucy, don't remind me of my youthful folly. Thank your stars you were born an Englishwoman. I was born under the fearful conjunction of Christian bigotry and Jewish, in the Judenstrasse. In my cradle lay my line of life marked out from beginning to end. My God, what a life! You know how Germany treated her Jews, — like pariahs and wild beasts: at Frankfort, for centuries the most venerable rabbi had to take off his hat if the smallest gamin cried, 'Jude, mach mores!' Ah, as I have always said, Judaism is not a religion, but a misfortune. And to be born a Jew *and* a genius! What a double curse! Believe me, Lucy, a certificate of baptism was a necessary card of admission to European culture. And yet, no sooner had I taken the dip than a great horror came over me. Many a time I got up at night and looked in the glass and cursed myself for my want of backbone! Alas, my curses were more potent than those of the rabbis against Spinoza, and this disease was sent me to destroy such backbone as I had. No wonder the doctors do not understand it. I learnt in the Ghetto that if I did n't twine the holy phylacteries round my arm, serpents would be found coiled round the arm of my corpse. Alas, serpents have never failed to coil themselves round my sins. The Inquisition could not have tortured me more had I been a Jew of Spain. If I had known how much easier moral pain is to bear than physical, I would have saved my curses for my enemies, and put up with my conscience-twinges. Ah, truly said your divine Shakespeare that the wisest philosopher is not proof against a toothache. When was any spasm of pleasure so sustained as pain? Certain of our bones, I learn from my anatomy books, manifest their existence only when they are injured. Happy are the bones that have no history. Ugh! how mine are coming through the skin, like ugly truth through fair romance! I shall have to apologize to the worms for offering them nothing but bones. Alas, how ugly-bitter it is to die! How sweet and snugly we can live in this snug, sweet nest of earth! What nice words! I must start a poem with them. Yes, sooner than die I would live over again my miserable boyhood in my uncle Solomon's office, miscalculating in his ledgers like a trinitarian while I scribbled poems for the Hamburg Wächter. Yes, I would even rather learn Latin again at the Franciscan cloister and grind law at Göttingen. For after all, I should n't have to work very hard; a pretty girl passes, and to the deuce with the Pandects! Ah, those wild university days, when we used to go and sup at the Landwehr, and the rosy young Kellnerin who brought us our goose mit Apfelkompot kissed me before all the other Herren Studenten, because I was a poet, and already as famous as the professors! And then, after I should be reëxpelled from Göttingen, there would be Berlin over again, and dear Rahel Levin and her Salon, and the Tuesdays at Elise von Hohenhausen's (at which I would read my Lyrical Intermezzo), and the mad literary nights with the poets in the Behrenstrasse. And balls, theatres, operas, masquerades! Shall I ever forget the ball where Sir Walter Scott's son appeared as a Scotch Highlander, just when all Berlin was mad about the Waverley novels? I, too, should read them over again for the first time, those wonderful romances; yes, and I should write my own early books over again, — oh, the divine joy of early creation! — and I should set out again with bounding pulses on my Harzreise; and the first night of Freischütz would come once more, and I should be whistling the Jungfern, and sipping punch in the Casino with Lottchen filling up my glass." His eyes oozed tears; suddenly he stretched out his arms, seized her hand and pressed it frantically, his face and body con-

vulsed, his paralyzed eyelids dropping. "No, no!" he pleaded in a hoarse, hollow voice, as she strove to withdraw it. "I hear the footsteps of death. I must cling on to life, — I must, I must. Oh, the warmth and the scent of it!"

She shuddered; for an instant he seemed a vampire, with shut eyes, sucking at her life-blood to sustain his; and when that horrible fantasy passed, there remained the overwhelming tragedy of a dead man lusting for life. Not this the ghost who, as Berlioz put it, stood at the window of his grave regarding and mocking the world in which he had no further part. But his fury waned; he fell back as in a stupor, and lay silent, little twitches passing over his sightless face.

She bent over him, terribly distressed. Should she go? Should she ring again? Presently words came from his lips at intervals, abrupt, disconnected, and now a ribald laugh, and now a tearful sigh. And then he was a student humming,

"Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus,"

and his death-mask lit up with the wild joys of living. Then earlier memories still — of his childhood in Düsseldorf — seemed to flow through his comatose brain: his mother and brothers and sisters; the dancing-master he threw out of the window; the emancipation of the Jewry by the French conquerors; the joyous drummer who taught him French; the passing of Napoleon on his white horse; the atheist schoolboy friend with whom he studied Spinoza on the sly. And suddenly he came to himself, raised his eyelid with his forefinger and looked at her.

"Catholic!" he cried angrily. "I never returned to Judaism, because I never left it. My baptism was a mere wetting. I have never put 'Heinrich' — only 'H.' — in my books, and never have I ceased to write 'Harry' to my mother. Though the Jews hate me even more than the Christians, yet I was always on the side of my brethren."

"I know, I know," she said soothingly. "I am sorry I hurt you. I remember well the passage in which you say that your becoming a Christian was the fault of the Saxons who changed sides suddenly at Leipzig; or else of Napoleon, who had no need to go to Russia; or else of his schoolmaster who gave him instruction at Brienne in geography, and did not tell him that it was very cold at Moscow in winter."

"Very well, then," he said, pacified. "Let them not say either that I have been converted to Judaism on my deathbed. Was not my first poem based on one in the Passover night Hagadah? Was not my first tragedy — Almansor — really the tragedy of downtrodden Israel, that great race which from the ruins of its second temple knew to save, not the gold and the precious stones, but the real treasure, the Bible, a gift to the world that would make the tourist traverse oceans to see a Jew if there were only one left alive? The only people that preserved freedom of thought through the Middle Ages, they have now to preserve God against the freethought of the modern world. We are the Swiss Guards of Deism. God was always the beginning and end of my thought. When I hear his existence questioned, I feel as I felt once in your Bedlam when I lost my guide, a ghastly forlornness in a mad world. Is not my best work — The Rabbi of Baccharach — devoted to expressing the 'vast Jewish sorrow,' as Börne calls it?"

"But you never finished it!"

"I was a fool to be persuaded by Moser. Or was it Gans? Ah, will not Jehovah count it to me for righteousness, that New Jerusalem Brotherhood with them in the days when I dreamt of reconciling Jew and Greek, the goodness of beauty with the beauty of goodness! Oh, those days of youthful dream whose winters are warmer than the summers of the after-years! How they tried to crush us, the rabbis and the state alike! O

the brave Moser, the lofty-souled, the pure-hearted, who passed from counting-house to laboratory and studied Sanscrit for recreation, moriturus te saluto. And thou, too, Markus, with thy boy's body and thy old man's look, and thy encyclopædic, inorganic mind; and thou, O Gans, with thy too organic Hegelian hocus-pocus! Yes, the rabbis were right, and the baptismal font had us at last; but surely God counts the Will to Do, and is more pleased with great-hearted dreams than with the deeds of the white-hearted burghers of virtue, whose goodness is essence of gendarmerie. And where, indeed, if not in Judaism, broadened by Hellenism, shall one find the religion of the future? Be sure of this, anyhow, — that only a Jew will find it. We have the gift of religion, the wisdom of the ages. You others — young races fresh from staining your bodies with woad — have never yet got as far as Moses. Moses, that giant figure, who dwarfs Sinai when he stands upon it: the great artist in life, who, as I point out in my Confessions, built human pyramids; who created Israel; who took a poor shepherd family and created a nation from it, — a great, eternal, holy people, a people of God, destined to outlive the centuries, and to serve as a pattern to all other nations: a statesman, not a dreamer, who did not deny the world and the flesh, but sanctified it. Happiness, — is it not implied in the very aspiration of the Christian for post-mundane bliss? And yet 'the man Moses was very meek,' the most humble and lovable of men. He too — though it is always ignored — was ready to die for the sins of others, praying, when his people had sinned, that *his* name might be blotted out instead; and though God offered to make of him a great nation, yet did he prefer the greatness of his people. He led them to Palestine, but his own foot never touched the promised land. What a glorious, Godlike figure, and yet so prone to wrath and error, so lovably human! How he is modeled all round like a Rembrandt, while your starveling monks have made your Christ a mere decorative figure with a gold halo! O Moshé Rabbenu, Moses our teacher indeed! No, Christ was not the first nor the last of our race to wear a crown of thorns. What was Spinoza but Christ in the key of meditation?"

"Wherever a great soul speaks out his thoughts, there is Golgotha," quoted the listener.

"Ah, you know every word I have written," he said, childishly pleased. "Decidedly, you must translate me. You shall be my apostle to the heathen. You are good apostles, you English. You turned Jews under Cromwell, and now your missionaries are planting our Palestinian doctrines in the South Seas or amid the josses and pagodas of the East, and your young men are colonizing unknown continents on the basis of the Decalogue of Moses. You are founding a world-wide Palestine. The law goes forth from Zion, but by way of Liverpool and Southampton. Perhaps you are indeed the lost Ten Tribes."

"Then you would make me a Jew, too," she laughed.

"Jew or Greek, there are only two religious possibilities, — fetish-dances and spinning dervishes don't count. The Renaissance meant the revival of these two influences, and since the sixteenth century they have both been increasing steadily. Luther was a child of the Old Testament. Since the exodus Freedom has always spoken with a Hebrew accent! Christianity is Judaism run divinely mad: a religion without a drainage system, a beautiful dream dissevered from life, soul cut adrift from body and sent floating through the empyrean, when at best it can be only a captive balloon. At the same time, don't take your idea of Judaism from the Jews. It is only an apostolic succession of great souls that understands anything in this world. The Jewish mission will never be over till the Christians are converted to the re-

ligion of Christ. Lassalle is a better pupil of the Master than the priests who denounce socialism. You have met Lassalle? No? You shall meet him here, one day. A marvel. Me plus Will. He knows everything, feels everything, yet is a sledge-hammer to act. He may yet be the Messiah of the nineteenth century. Ah, when every man is a Spinoza and does good for the love of good, when the world is ruled by Justice and Brotherhood, Reason and Humor, then the Jews may shut up shop, for it will be the holy Sabbath. Did you mark, Lucy, I said Reason and Humor? Nothing will survive in the long run but what satisfies the sense of Logic and the sense of Humor! Logic and Laughter, — the two trumps of doom! Put not your trust in princes; the really great of the earth are always simple. Pomp and ceremonial, popes and kings, are toys for children. Christ rode on an ass; now the ass rides on Christ."

"And how long do you give your trumps to sound before your millennium dawns?" said "little Lucy," feeling strangely old and cynical beside this incorrigible idealist.

"Alas, perhaps I am only another Dreamer of the Ghetto; perhaps I have fought in vain. A Jewish woman once came weeping to her rabbi with her son, and complained that the boy, instead of going respectably into business like his sires, had developed religion, and insisted on training for a rabbi. Would not the rabbi dissuade him? 'But,' said the rabbi, chagrined, 'why are you so distressed about it? Am *I* not a rabbi?' 'Yes,' replied the woman, 'but this little fool takes it seriously.' Ach, every now and again arises a dreamer who takes the world's lip-faith seriously, and the world tramples on another fool. Perhaps there is no resurrection for humanity. If so, if there 's no world's Saviour coming by the railway, let us keep the figure of that sublime Dreamer whose blood is balsam to the poor and the suffering."

Marveling at the mental lucidity, the spiritual loftiness, of his changed mood, his visitor wished to take leave of him with this image in her memory; but just then a half-paralyzed Jewish graybeard made his appearance, and Heine's instant dismissal of him on her account made it difficult not to linger a little longer.

"My chef de police!" he said, smiling. "He lives on me, and I live on his reports of the great world. He tells me what my enemies are up to. But I have them in there," and he pointed to an ebony box on a chest of drawers and asked her to hand it to him.

"Pardon me before I forget," he said, and seizing a pencil like a dagger he made a sprawling note, laughing venomously. "I have them here!" he repeated. "They will try to stop the publication of my Memoirs, but I will outwit them yet. I hold them! Dead or alive, they shall not escape me. Woe to him who shall read these lines, if he has dared attack me! Heine does not die like the first comer. The tiger's claws will survive the tiger. When I die, it will be for *them* the day of judgment."

It was a reminder of the long fighting life of the free-lance; of all the stories she had heard of his sordid quarrels, of his blackmailing his relatives and besting his uncle. She asked herself his own question: "Is genius, like the pearl in the oyster, only a splendid disease?"

Aloud she said, "I hope you are done with Börne."

"Börne?" he said, softening. "Ach, what have I against Börne? Two baptized German Jews exiled in Paris should forgive each other in death. My book was misunderstood. I wish to Heaven I had n't written it. I always admired Börne, even if I could not keep up the ardor of my St. Simonian days when my spiritual Egeria was Rahel Varnhagen. I had three beautiful days with him in Frankfort, when he was full of Jewish wit and had n't yet shrunk to a mere politician. He was a brave soldier

of humanity, but he had no sense of art, and I could not stand the dirty mob around him, with its atmosphere of filthy German tobacco and vulgar tirades against tyrants. The last time I saw him he was almost deaf and worn to a skeleton by consumption: he dwelt in a vast bright silk dressing-gown, and said that if an emperor shook his hand, he would cut it off. I said, if a workman shook mine, I should wash it. And so we parted; and he fell to denouncing me as a traitor and a persifleur, who would preach monarchy or republicanism according to which sounded better in the sentence. Poor Lob Baruch! Perhaps he was wiser than I in his idea that his brother Jews should sink themselves in the nations. He was born, by the way, in the very year of old Mendelssohn's death. What an irony! But I am sorry for those insinuations against Madame Strauss. I have withdrawn them from the new edition, although, as you may know, I had already satisfied her husband's sense of justice by allowing him to shoot at me, whilst I fired in the air. What can I more?"

"I am glad you have withdrawn them," she said, moved.

"Yes; I have no Napoleonic grip, you see. A morsel of conventional conscience clings to me."

"Therefore I could never understand your worship of Napoleon."

"There speaks the Englishwoman. You Pharisees — forgive me! — do not understand great men, you and your Wellington! Napoleon was not of the wood of which kings are made, but of the marble of the gods. Let me tell you the Code Napoléon carried light not only into the Ghettos, but into many another noisome spider-clot of feudalism. The world wants earthquakes and thunderstorms, or it grows corrupt and stagnant. This Paris needs a scourge of God, and the moment France gives Germany a pretext there will be sackcloth and ashes, or prophecy has died out of Israel."

"Qui vivra verra," ran heedlessly off her tongue. Then, blushing painfully, she said quickly, "But how do you worship Napoleon and Moses in the same breath?"

"Ah, my dear Lucy, if your soul were like an Aladdin's palace with a thousand windows opening on the human spectacle! Self-contradiction the fools call it, if you will not shut your eyes to half the show. I love the people, yet I hate their stupidity and mistrust their leaders. I hate the aristocrats, yet I love the lilies that toil not, neither do they spin, and sometimes bring their perfume and their white robes into a sick man's chamber. Who would harden with work the white fingers of Corysande, or sacrifice one rustle of Lalage's silken skirts? Let the poor starve; I 'll have no potatoes on Parnassus. My socialism is not barracks and brown bread, but purple robes, music, and comedies.

"Yes, I was born for paradox. A German Parisian, a Jewish German, a political exile who yearns for dear homely old Germany, a skeptical sufferer with a Christian patience, a romantic poet expressing in classic form the modern spirit, a Jew and poor, — think you I do not see myself as lucidly as I see the world? 'My mind to me a kingdom is' sang your old poet. Mine is a republic, and all moods are free, equal, and fraternal, as befits a child of light. Or if there *is* a despot, 't is the king's jester, who laughs at the king as well as all his subjects. But am I not nearer truth for not being caged in a creed or a clan? Who dares to think truth frozen, on this phantasmagorical planet, that whirls in beginningless time through endless space! Let us trust, for the honor of God, that the contradictory creeds for which men have died are all true. Perhaps humor — your right Hegelian touchstone to which everything yields up its latent negation — passing on to its own contradiction gives truer lights and shades than your pedantic Philistin-

ism. Is truth really in the cold white light, or in the shimmering interplay of the rainbow tints that fuse in it? Bah! Your Philistine critic will sum me up, after I am dead, in a phrase; or he will take my character to pieces and show how they contradict one another, and adjudge me, like a schoolmaster, so many good marks for this quality, and so many bad marks for that. Biographers will weigh me grocer-wise, as Kant weighed the Deity. Ugh! You can be judged only by your peers or by your superiors, — by the minds that circumscribe yours, not by those that are smaller than yours. I tell you that when they have written three tons about me, they shall as little understand me as the cosmos I reflect. Does the pine contradict the rose, or the lotus-land the iceberg? I am Spain, I am Persia, I am the North Sea, I am the beautiful gods of old Greece, I am Brahma brooding over the sun-lands, I am Egypt, I am the Sphinx! But oh, dear Lucy, the tragedy of the modern, all-mirroring consciousness that dares to look on God face to face; not content with Moses to see the back parts, nor with the Israelites to gaze on Moses! Ach, why was I not made four-square like old Moses Mendelssohn, or sublimely one-sided like Savonarola? I, too, could die to save humanity, if I did not at the same time suspect humanity was not worth saving. To be Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one, — what a tragedy! No, your limited intellects are happier, — those that see life in some one noble way, and in unity find strength. I should have loved to be a Milton, like one of your English cathedrals, austere, breathing sacred memories, resonant with the roll of a great organ, with painted windows on which the shadows of the green boughs outside wave and flicker and just hint of nature. Or one of your aristocrats, with a stately home in the country, and dogs and horses, and a beautiful wife, — in short, I should like to be your husband. Or failing that, my own wife, — a simple, loving creature whose idea of culture is cabbages. Ach, why was my soul wider than the Ghetto I was born in, why did I not mate with my kind?" He broke into a fit of coughing, and "little Lucy" thought suddenly of the story that all his life-sadness and song-sadness were due to his rejection by a Jewish girl in his own family circle.

"I tire you," she said. "Do not talk to me. I will sit here a little longer."

"Nay, I have tired *you*. I could not but tell you my thoughts, for you are at once a child who loves and a woman who understands me. And to be understood is rarer than to be loved. My very parents never understood me. Nay, were they my parents, the mild man of business, the clever, clear-headed Dutch-woman, God bless her? No: my father was Germany, my mother was the Ghetto. The brooding spirit of Israel breathes through me, that engendered the tender humor of her sages, the celestial fantasies of her saints. Perhaps I should have been happier had I married the first black-eyed Jewess whose father would put up with a penniless poet! I might have kept a kitchen with double crockery, and munched Passover cakes at Easter. Every Friday night I should have come home from the labors of the week, and found the table-cloth shining like my wife's face, and the Sabbath candles burning, and the angels of peace sitting hidden beneath their great invisible wings; and my wife, piously conscious of having thrown the dough on the fire, would have kissed me tenderly, and I should have recited in an ancient melody, 'A virtuous woman, who can find her? Her price is far above rubies!' There would have been little children with great candid eyes, on whose innocent heads I should have laid my hands in blessing, praying that God might make them like Ephraim and Manasseh, Rachel and Leah, — persons of dubious exemplariness; and we should have sat

down and eaten Schalet, which is the divinest dish in the world, pending the Leviathan that awaits the blessed at Messiah's table. And instead of singing of cocottes and mermaids, I should have sung, like Jehuda Halévi, of my Herzensdame, Jerusalem. Perhaps — who knows? — my Hebrew verses would have been incorporated in the festival liturgy, and pious old men would have snuffled them helter-skelter through their noses! The letters of my name would have run acrostic-wise adown the verses, and the last verse would have inspired the cantor to jubilant roulades or tremolo wails, while the choir boomed in 'Pom!' and perhaps my uncle Solomon, the banker, to whom my present poems made so little appeal, would have wept and beaten his breast and taken snuff to the words of them. And I should have been buried honorably in the House of Life, and my son would have said 'Kaddish.' Ah me, it is after all so much better to be stupid and walk in the old laid-out, well-trimmed paths than to wander after the desires of your own heart and your own eyes over the blue hills. True, there are glorious vistas to explore, and streams of living silver to bathe in, and wild horses to catch by the mane, but you are in a chartless land without stars and compass. One false step, and you are over a precipice or up to your neck in a slough. Ah, it is perilous to throw over the old surveyors. I see Moses ben Amram, with his measuring-chain and his graving-tools, marking on those stone tables of his the deepest abysses and the muddiest morasses. When I kept swine with the Hegelians I used to say, — alas, I still say, for I cannot suppress what I have once published, — 'Teach man *he*'s divine: the knowledge of his divinity will inspire him to manifest it.' Ah me, I see now that our divinity is like old Jupiter's, who made a beast of himself as soon as he saw pretty Europa. No, no, humanity is too weak and too miserable. We must have faith — we cannot live without faith — in the old simple things, the personal God, the dear old Bible, a life beyond the grave."

Fascinated by his talk, which seemed to play like lightning round a cliff at midnight, revealing not only measureless heights and soundless depths, but the greasy wrappings and refuse bottles of a picnic, the listener had an intuition that Heine's mind did indeed — as he claimed — reflect, or rather refract, the All. Only not sublimely blurred as in Spinoza's, but specifically colored and infinitely interrelated, so that he might pass from the sublime to the ridiculous with an equal sense of its value in the cosmic scheme. It was the Jewish artist's proclamation of the Unity, the humorist's "Hear, O Israel."

"Will it never end, this battle of Jew and Greek?" he said, half to himself, so that she did not know whether he meant it personally or generally. Then, as she tore herself away, "I fear I have shocked you," he said tenderly. "But one thing I have never blasphemed, — Life. Is not enjoyment an implicit prayer, a latent grace? After all, God is our Father, not our drill-master. He is not so dull and solemn as the parsons make out. He made the kitten to chase its tail, and my Nonotte to laugh and dance. Come again, dear child, for my friends have grown used to my dying, and expect me to die forever, an inverted immortality. But one day they will find the puppet-show shut up and the jester packed in his box. Good-by. God bless you, little Lucy, God bless you."

The puppet-show was shut up sooner than he expected, but the jester had kept his most wonderful mot for the last.

"Dieu me pardonnera," he said. "C'est son métier."

I. Zangwill.

BELATED FEUDALISM IN AMERICA.

I.

It is easy to see that at the time of the American Revolution, the bulk of the American people and most of their leaders took it for granted that they could discard political inequality, and still keep the remainder of the English social and ethical ideas intact. Political inequality, as exemplified in arbitrary taxation, was what they particularly objected to, as Pym or Hampden might have objected to it; religious freedom they had, and as they were, for the most part, very English in their habits of thought, the rest of the old theories suited them well enough.

There were, it is true, two men, Jefferson and Franklin, who saw further into the millstone that had been hanged about the neck of our people than any one else in the country. Franklin was the embodiment of the colonial experience of independence; Jefferson was this, and the prophet of a new order of ideas as well. He saw that between aristocracy and democracy there was some great intrinsic difference, much deeper than a mere difference in the form of government. He did his practical work as it came to hand: he disestablished the Church in Virginia, put the government of his State in working order, represented his country abroad, governed it at home, and tried to abolish slavery; but he wanted to do more than this. What he feared was, not England, but aristocracy; and he feared it, not as a form of government, but as an attitude of mind opposed to reason. In arguing for his code, he says that he would have it form "a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient and future aristocracy" "Now that we have no councils, governors, or kings to restrain us from doing right," let us correct our code, "in all its parts, with a single eye to reason, and the good of those for whose government it was framed." In a word, he wanted to make Americans at once into anti-feudal creatures like himself.

It is no wonder that while his contemporaries made great use of him and applauded his work, many of them looked at him askance, and, failing to understand him, regarded him as a great but somewhat diabolical intelligence. For the foundation of English society was then and still is feudal, and consequently the mental attitude of men towards one another, towards literature, towards art, towards religion, was then and still is full of feudal notions. When we discarded political inequality, what we really did, though we may not have realized it, was to pull the foundation from under this whole system of feudal thinking; and though the old edifice did not fall immediately, every part of it has shifted its place or split under the new strain, till it ought to be evident now that it should be condemned and abandoned.

From the start two parties have been engaged in this work: on one side the learned and the literary, who have always upheld the traditional view, and have urged us by precept and example to stick to what we got from Europe; and against them men and women of life and action, who have gone ahead in spite of their teachers, trying this, discarding that, and steadily creating a new moral and intellectual habitation of their own. In every phase of life we have had to deal not only with the legitimate remnants of European tradition, but with the misguided efforts of academic provincialism to keep it artificially alive.

The chief obstacle to the growth of a clear-cut American conception of life was New England, her literary men and divines, and the early tremendous pro-slavery influence. Auguste Laugel, writ-

ing of Massachusetts after the war of the Rebellion, says, "This State will long remain the guide and, so to speak, the intellectual protector of the country." The description was true enough, and the result of that intellectual protectorate may now be understood. It kept us a dependency of Europe, and we held our rights as to what we should think and how we should say it in fee from Europe under the Lieutenancy of Massachusetts.

She was our self-constituted Academy to condemn what offended her tastes and beliefs, and she exercised her authority blandly in the serene conviction that she was a producer of intellect, and not a dealer in intellectual wares. Yet one morning Dr. Holmes woke up and found that he and all American poets were singing about skylarks and primroses and a host of other birds and flowers that they had never come across outside the covers of an English book. This practical example is symbolic of our thinking. To know about thought, not to think; to speak in terms of thinking, not with ideas, was the gist and pith of her intellectuality.

The work of New England could not have been different. To speak of it in this way is not to blame; it is only to refuse undeserved praise. We restate the results, and say that she kept us from thinking our own thoughts and from expressing them in our own way. That is the function of intellectual protectors. The story of the early struggles of New England for intellectual food (there was a time when one copy of Goethe had to suffice for Cambridge, if not for Massachusetts) is a pathetic one. Scraps of European genius in the shape of books and prints went from hand to hand, like the newspaper in a lighthouse or a schoolboy's orange. When these rare treasures were obtained, they imposed themselves on starving minds, and created the awe and reverence that make a cult.

But awe and reverence create nothing; they simply enjoy. They are the multitude which takes pleasure in the works of genius, and gives them a value with critics as the go-between. The real maker of thought and art does not deal with the world at second-hand. He is not a disciple, nor a wonderer, nor a critic. He fastens on life itself, and executes his own achievement. Emerson alone was inspired, not dominated by the new learning. It would not have been wonderful if he had never appeared at all.

This experience of America is not unique. The same thing took place on a larger scale over the whole of Europe after the rediscovery of the classics. The parallel must not be pushed too far; for the first effect of the Renaissance was to inspire each country as it was reached, and only later did the reverence for an alien form bring native methods into contempt, and cramp originality and the spontaneous expression of feeling. New England skipped the valuable period, and plunged at once into the stage of imitation; and just as every Frenchman between Malherbe and Hugo, and every Englishman between Waller and Byron, wrote as though Aristotle or one of the Muses had been looking over his shoulder, so all but half a dozen Americans have written under the imaginary supervision of the great spirits of Europe. We are to be congratulated that Emerson, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Lanier, Whitman, and The Biglow Papers escaped.

This influence of foreign literature has befuddled the brains of our professional critics. We live on an American plan, but our standard authors have written on a European plan. Our canons of criticism are all in the air. In estimating intellectual work, our critics do not know what is polite and what is coarse, what is decent and what vulgar, what is natural and what artificial, what artistic and what fantastic, what solid flesh and what bombast. Europe consistently rates everything by European weights and measures, and her judgments are relatively correct, while we dignify our criticism with a smack of Europe by measuring

calico with a yardstick marked off into centimetres, and we never know the exact amount of our purchase.

One result is that we undervalue much good American work. America can never create a literature of her own which shall differ from English literature as much as the literature of Provence differed from that of Paris, for with us the language is the same and it is fixed. An idea once launched in good shape belongs to both countries. But we can have a literature as different from that of England as the literature of the nineteenth century is from that of the eighteenth. What is more, we have the actual makings of it; but we must know what we want. There is no use in trying to manufacture a literature which England will consider equal to her own. If we stick to her standards, we shall have to imitate; and if we discard them, we shall never please her. The better we are, the less she will like it. We have given a fair trial to imitation, and have not been successful; for we have had no English writer of the first class except Hawthorne. As to relying on our own standards, it requires more courage than the Europeanized man of letters has, and more latitude of thought and expression than the cultivated American will tolerate. And yet it is the only way.

Cultivated people do not like the writing that represents American literature, and up to this time they have been able to keep it under. They repudiate it, not because it is not true, but because they will not accept the truth in that shape. They are ashamed of it, not because it is not human, but because it is rough and coarse compared to the polished form of Europe. They have put it into a sub-literary class, and refused to recognize it, not because it does not get to the point, but because it does not go there in that roundabout way which they learned from Europe, where there are so many corners to be turned.

Garrison and Phillips descended to it in their fighting-times, and it offended the cultivated ears of Boston quite as much as the sentiments it was used to convey. It is not "nobly censorious," as Jonson calls the language of Bacon. It is not made up of many and great-swelling words, like the speeches of Thersites and Daniel Webster, if Phillips is to be believed. It is what Garrison calls his own language, "as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice;" and our smooth-eared critics like it so little that it turns them away from the point of its argument. They shut the book of any one who uses it unchastened, and range him up with Milton as a foul-mouthed controversialist.

Yet America's good writing must come out of this way of dealing with words and thoughts, and not from England. It need not be ribald or offensive in the hands of any one who has "the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon." When made to keep a civil tongue, it becomes the best way of expressing clear ideas, as Professor Sumner has shown by adopting it, somewhat "licked into shape," in his book What Social Classes Owe to Each Other. Novels can be written in it which will not have to keep a long way from nature to produce the illusion of reality. From this vulgar idiom could arise an American drama more Shakespearean than anything since Shakespeare's day. Hoyt and Hart and Harrigan are its present representatives. We waste these vigorous beginnings by repudiating their influence.

The influence of the churches has been much less powerful in keeping alive tradition than the influence of letters. Americans like cultivation, but they do not like ecclesiasticism. They will do a great deal for anything that is voluntary, but they will not put up with what savors of authority. Boston is the only place I have ever heard spoken of as priest-ridden, but for the last seventy years, at least, this criticism has been

only half deserved. Lyman Beecher, "who held the orthodoxy of Boston in his right hand," and Channing, who said, "I ought to have spoken before," were among Boston's most influential priests, and yet each of them made a fair share of his earthly pilgrimage with Boston on his back.

Nevertheless, the clergy of all denominations have steadily enjoined, without looking into them, rules of conduct that had their origin in feudal times, and views of life and duty that do not apply to our conditions. As it was with the skylark, so it has been with the catechism. Whatever was found set down had to be taught, whether it corresponded to conditions or not. The common law, too, is a stronghold of anachronisms. How do we handle these matters?

The best service of America to humanity is to clear the minds of men from useless Asiatic, Hebraic, Grecian, Roman, and European superstitions; yet it is not always possible to tell which of our social and moral possessions are valuable, and which are not. A man values what he thinks. He cannot separate good from bad by mere inspection, as one separates black beans from white, for good and bad are often indistinguishable. What is wanted is a process, a situation, that shall teach us what we cannot think out for ourselves; that shall save what is useful, and reject what is worthless, as mercury separates gold-dust from the sweepings of a factory.

Any society affords some such process for the natural selection of ideas, but unless the conditions of that society are natural the selection will be false. In this country the conditions are more nearly natural than any that have existed elsewhere since men began to make slaves and vassals of one another. Wherever human relations are based on mistakes of fact, historical traditions, religious doctrines, or *a priori* reasonings, the general ideas of the people will be as crooked as the particular absurdities with which they have to cope, and will differ from ideas founded on plain present necessity. By saying that the conditions of this country are more natural than those of any other, I mean that we have fewer arbitrary and imaginary facts to deal with than anybody else.

All societies where one set of men gets a permanent advantage over another from generation to generation become societies of imaginary facts. For example: An hereditary nobility upsets men's ideas as to the nature of the universe, because such a nobility recognizes duties founded on status, and plays the part of Providence to the lower orders. The peasant finds outside of himself some one who considers it a duty to look after him. That being the case, he keeps alive perfectly unfounded notions as to the part played by a Providence altogether outside of human affairs, and he remains a peasant.

It is very important to know how much trust can be put in the supernatural, and anything that tends to obscure this question is an evil. The catechism which Nicholas of Russia made for the Poles, in which he told them that Christ is next below God, and the Emperor of all the Russias next below Christ, must ruin all true views of life in the mind of any one who believes it, and any system that retains traces of such teaching must be injurious. Where, however, as in this country, every man relies on his own exertions and is able to follow out the results of his own behavior, he will soon get a good idea of what assistance is to be got from another world, and what kind of help it will be.

Again, in a society where it makes no difference to the best people whether they are vicious or virtuous, where their credit, incomes, and social position depend on who they are, not on what they do, virtue remains a mere theory. Poets and philosophers, moralists and divines, will teach that virtue itself is either a divine command or an opinion

to be thought out on a priori principles. They will not readily admit that virtue is a thing to be discovered. The most absurd and even the most damaging behavior will get the name of virtue, and have itself imposed on a people. This has happened an untold number of times, for the most part under the auspices of ecclesiastical authority. But in a society like ours, where even the most fashionable and the richest are liable to suffer the legitimate results of their behavior, every one soon finds that virtue is a practical thing, and morality a matter of business. All arbitrary theories of right and wrong which cannot be rationally justified drop out in practice. Virtues and vices establish and explain themselves on the basis of their results, and every antiquated creed or catechism stands out for what it is worth.

What we did when we discarded the political basis of European society was to give notice to all the inhabitants of this country that thenceforth each one of them was at liberty to consider his interests more important than those of any one else. It was a frank surrender to whatever it is in civilized life that represents the struggle for existence. This surrender involved a looser form of government than any former people had ever been able to stand. We have managed to handle it so far, and while it lasts it affords precisely the kind of process humanity wants for winnowing good from evil. Just what will be taken and what will be left cannot be foretold, but the process is one that can be trusted, and it may safely be predicted that its immediate effect will be to destroy all those ideas and beliefs which, without our knowing it, were tinged with useless traditions. Some of these traditions are still cherished by many, and they will outlive more than one generation.

Our first good piece of work was to overhaul European morality from top to bottom, and put traditional ideas of right and wrong to a new test. Men who escaped from the influence of New England, and, better still, those who got beyond the reach of the law, proceeded, with a singularly free conscience, to test the validity of every injunction. There is not a law of God or man that has not somewhere in this country been made an open question during the last hundred years. We have had Mormonism with its polygamy, human slavery, free-love, lynch law, the Ku-Klux, organized murder, organized robbery, and organized corruption. We have had governments within governments, clans, tribes, brotherhoods, and socialist experiments, more than twenty. Every sort of relationship between man and woman, even to the abolition of childbirth, has been tried by a sect; not as a vice, but as an experiment. Every kind of relation between man and man has been tried, and almost every relation, in the way of religious and spiritualistic beliefs, between man and the universe. Even New England produced a crop or two of protestants against traditional virtue.

Very often the experimenters in new moralities were brought roughly back to understand that they had been gnawing some hard old file; but that was inevitable among people who would not follow any tradition on authority, nor take any custom for granted. Yet if most of the Decalogue has stood the test, there are many other rules for conduct that have not come out as well. My duty towards my neighbor was thoroughly revised long before the evolutionary moralists began to draw upon their theory for a rational system of ethics. Having got our interests into our own hands, with no one to fall back on, we soon saw that we were under no obligation to love our neighbor as ourselves. We thought little about the matter, and wrote nothing; but the paternal and altruistic morality, invented by a mediæval priesthood to meet the requirements of lords and vassals, was simply dropped when it came to action. If the clergy have succeeded in preserving

the semblance of acquiescence, they have not greatly restrained behavior. They have had to be practical themselves, and it is not in New England alone that they have had to "take the stock list for their text." In this respect our laity have behaved like nobles. Not since Innocent's excommunication failed to impress the Frankish lords who sacked Zara have religious scruples prevented European aristocrats from doing what they liked. Only the common people have been kept in order by them. Here we too have done as we liked. We have declined to submit ourselves to our spiritual pastors and masters. We are doing what the Church has declared to be impossible; we are inventing an extra-theological morality which not only works well, but is getting recognition on paper. To it the clergy conform. They no longer base their advice on the sole ground that what they counsel is the will of God. They try to make their arguments good, and they do not arbitrarily dictate the right thing to do.

All this warfare against usage shocks moralists of the old school. It seems to them useless and wasteful, but above all wicked. There has been much less moral turpitude in it than they imagine. Moralists are far too parsimonious in their ideas of the cost at which good things are bought. They think a little paper and ink and a little cogitation will push the world ahead; but such things very seldom stir it. Men's minds are hard to move, and abstract arguments make no headway against actual interests. Blood and sweat and dollars are what reach the brain of the average man, — not ink. Wrong to established right, wickedness to accepted virtue, outrage to beloved sanctity, are all on the conservative programme of progress. There was need of just such an indiscriminate mad rush to try everything that was not authorized, in order to break down the authorized version of life. The recklessness of these ethical pioneers paved the way for the enfranchisement of proper boldness. We have in it an example for those who determine to make a radical and at the same time a reasonable attack on any existing institution. The power of custom is enormous, and the custom of doing the customary thing is the strongest of all. We do not realize how thoroughly the power of senseless custom has been broken in America. One must go to Germany, or even to England, to understand how far ahead of them we are in this respect. It is not an advance that was to be had for the asking. It requires a great shaking up to establish the custom of trying experiments, and we owe a debt of gratitude to those who helped us to do it. If in doing it they explored many a road which a child could have told them would prove to be a cul-de-sac, we should not, for all that, underestimate their service. Not all of us have courage enough to taste the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but somebody must do it, and find out whether in the day that he eats thereof he will surely die. Often the serpent who denies this threat will be found to speak the truth.

In public affairs this iconoclastic activity has now settled down to a more or less regulated latitude of action, coupled with a great willingness to experiment with the laws. We have nearly half a hundred legislative machines, which thousands of cliques are trying to use to further their own interests or to put their special theories to the test. We complain of over-legislation, and are put out by changes of equilibrium, as a rich man might be annoyed at the rolling of his yacht; but we must bear with the discomforts of our advantages. Over-legislation is bad, but it is better than to rot at ease, moored to the lethe wharf of an old custom.

In private affairs we are working out a morality based absolutely on pure egotism. Any departures from that basis are either departures in appearance only, or

they are deliberate and voluntary exceptions. Many philosophers have seen that such a system was the only sensible one, if not the only possible one, for this world, but it has remained for us to get it into thoroughgoing operation. Philosophical treatises have had nothing to do with its establishment. We have it because we have had a chance to try the experiment. The fight against it is all on paper, and comes under the head of literature, for the thing itself is a fact.

We say the fewer laws the better, but there are many things that must be provided for, and the question is how to provide for them in the best way. In most cases the only way to discover this best way is by experiment, and hundreds of legitimate experiments are getting a trial. It is fortunate that they are not tried on the whole nation at once. Quick divorces, woman suffrage, the single tax, may be good things, but better than any of them is the chance to watch all these experiments going on in different parts of the country. If there is a limit to profitable disturbance, that too must be found by experiment.

All this lack of restraint goes together with a change of moral attitude, and this has brought down upon Americans a number of charges, all of which may be summed up in the accusation that we lack individual moral courage. De Tocqueville was the first to make the accusation; Wendell Phillips repeated it; Charles Follen, a foreigner who made this country his home, corroborated it; and Mr. Bryce, after sixty years, goes so far as to say that our public men "do not aspire to the function of forming opinion. They are like the eastern slave who says, 'I hear and I obey.'"

The best explanation I can give of this charge is that every American feels that his neighbors may some day be of use to him. No one can afford to make enemies. We are all one another's lawyers, tailors, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, and we cannot risk the loss of any trade or custom. So we keep our mouths shut about one another's shortcomings. Very good. But how about Europeans? Examine the outspoken foreigner, English, French, or German, whose behavior is taken to represent the moral tone of his country. You will find that he relies on the fact that what he says will have no effect on his fortunes. He may appear to have no regard for consequences, but the truth is that there will be no disastrous consequences in his case. As a rule, he is bolstered up by some establishment, estate, title, class, church, social position, academy coterie or clique, which exercises an authoritative and feudal influence over the minds of his fellow citizens. He is part of some institution which, by its prestige, protects him from personal responsibility. To the outsider who does not appreciate these protective influences, or to the native who is unconscious of them, the boldness of these men seems absolute, but in reality it is confined to those points of the compass at which they are defended. They are but brave nor'-nor'east. When the wind is southerly, they know a hawk from a hand-saw, and run to cover. Their courage is relative. Take them in the rear, try to make them speak boldly about some superior on whom they depend, and who can get them into trouble, and you will find that moral independence is no commoner in Europe than it is among Americans who are not protected from the consequences of what they do and say.

But there is another aspect to this matter, and here it is that any one who tries to deal with American evils on feudal principles will come to grief. Let us admit that a prudent self-interest makes men careful as to how they attack one another; is there nothing to be said in favor of that result? It is not necessarily immoral, for the social duty of the class-protected aristocrat may be no duty at all for the self-protected citizen of a republic. The ideas of what are and

what are not the public duties of private citizens are among the very things that are undergoing a change. New conditions make new virtues, and it may well happen that a quality shall set sail from Dublin as virtue, and land an absurdity in New York or Chicago.

Is it not true that if people have reason to think twice before they indulge in a free attack upon their neighbors, much worthless criticism will be prevented? You may call this restraint of interference by any disagreeable name you choose; it is nevertheless a good thing. It adds to the freedom of action as much as it takes away from the freedom of speech, and workers have rights as well as talkers. Unless it can be shown that real abuses go permanently free, no harm is done. It is true that the correction of some evils is delayed. We let our neighbors go their gait until they begin to injure us in some tangible way. When that happens, we grow bold enough to defend ourselves both in speech and in action. Our method has this advantage, that reform can never begin under the dangerous guidance of moral enthusiasm. Vice is attacked because it does harm, not because it is sinful. Thievery of officials is checked because we need our own money, not because they are immoral to take it. We are slow to anger and justice is delayed, but when it comes, it comes on solid principles, about which there can be no question whatever, and not on mere excitement and enthusiasm. This toleration of wrong-doing is offset by a corresponding toleration of new activities. Innovations which are thought wrong have a chance to live and prove themselves harmless and even beneficial. They are not suppressed by a priori and irresponsible moralizers before their good points can be seen. Unless we belong to the army of American cranks, we do not rebel against our neighbors on any theoretical provocation. When we condemn anybody, our judgment is a responsible one; that is, it is a judgment which it may cost us money — and not inherited money, but earned money — to maintain. It is a real protest based on a real injury, not on an injury to some prejudice or superstition, such as can get a man into trouble in Europe, nor on arbitrary and theoretical objections, such as one still hears from the pulpit.

The man who does not grasp this situation goes about his reforms in what is really a priestly way, and he is astonished and disappointed to find how little effect he produces. He adopts the time-worn plan of making an appeal to conscience by a sweeping condemnation of abuses on moral grounds, and he gets little or no response. This angers him, and he denounces the most respectable people as selfish and spiritless cowards. The trouble is that his standard of duty no longer exists except on paper. Any one who wishes to accomplish actual reforms will waste his time if he relies on mere appeals to conscience. He must bring out facts and figures, and show the abuse he is after as a definite and tangible injury. He must then prove it, and set the machinery of the law to work at some actual point, and accomplish some practical improvement. Then the people will believe him and stand behind him. Otherwise they are probably too busy with their own affairs to attend to homiletic discourses. It is a long road, but it is the right road. Cross-cuts to righteousness are artificial survivals. Lincoln and Grant did their duty and dealt with their victories in this spirit, and in great matters it offers the most impressive exhibition of great morality. It is not unkind, but when it descends upon obliquity it is absolute. It is like the fall of night.

All these changes in the way of looking at things go to make up our theory of life, our view of the universe, our philosophy.

Henry G. Chapman.

LITERARY LONDON TWENTY YEARS AGO.

No day in an American's recollection can easily be more cheerful than that in which he first found himself within reach of London, prepared, as Willis said half a century ago, to see whole shelves of his library walking about in coats and gowns. This event did not happen to me for the first time until I was forty-eight years old, and had been immersed at home in an atmosphere of tolerably cultivated men and women; but the charm of the new experience was none the less great, and I inspected my little parcel of introductory letters as if each were a key to unlock a world unknown. Looking back, I cannot regret that I did not have this experience earlier in life. Valentine, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, says that homekeeping youth have ever homely wits; yet it is something to have wits at all, and perhaps there is more chance for this if one is not transplanted too soon. Our young people are now apt to be sent too early to Europe, and therefore do not approach it with their own individualities sufficiently matured; but in those days foreign travel was much more of an enterprise, and no one could accuse me, on my arrival, of being unreasonably young.

I visited London in 1872, and again in 1878, and some recollections based on the letters and diaries of those two years will be combined in this paper. The London atmosphere and *dramatis personæ* had changed little within the interval, but the whole period was separated by a distinct literary cycle from that on which Emerson looked back in 1843. He then wrote that Europe had already lost ground; that it was not "as in the golden days when the same town would show the traveler the noble heads of Scott, of Mackintosh, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Cuvier, and Humboldt." Yet I scarcely missed even these heads, nearly thirty years later, in the prospect of seeing Carlyle, Darwin, Tennyson, Browning, Tyndall, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, and Froude, with many minor yet interesting personalities. Since the day when I met these distinguished men another cycle has passed, and they have all disappeared. Of those whom I met twenty-five years ago at the Athenæum Club, there remain only Herbert Spencer and the delightful Irish poet Aubrey de Vere; and though the Club now holds on its lists the names of a newer generation, Besant and Hardy, Lang and Haggard, I cannot think that what has been added quite replaces what has been lost. Yet the younger generation itself may think otherwise; and my task at present deals with the past alone. It deals with the older London group, and I may write of this the more freely inasmuch as I did not write during the lifetime of the men described; nor do I propose, even at this day, to speak of interviews with any persons now living.

My first duty in England was, of course, to ascertain my proper position as an American, and to know what was thought of us. This was easier twenty-five years ago than it now is, since the English ignorance of Americans was then even greater than it is to-day, and was perhaps yet more frankly expressed. One of the first houses where I spent an evening was the very hospitable home of a distinguished scholar, then the president of the Philological Society, and the highest authority on the various dialects of the English language; but I was led to think that his sweet and kindly wife had not fully profited by his learning. She said to me, "Is it not rather strange that you Americans, who seem such a friendly and cordial race, should invariably address a newcomer as 'stranger,' while we English, who are thought to be cold

and distant, are more likely to say 'my friend'?" She would scarcely credit it when I told her that I had hardly ever in my life been greeted by the word she thought so universal; and then she added, "I have been told that Americans begin every sentence with 'Well, stranger, I guess.'" I was compelled to plead guilty to the national use of two of these words, but still demurred as to the "stranger." Then she sought for more general information, and asked if it were really true, as she had been told, that railway trains in America were often stopped for the purpose of driving cattle off the track. I admitted to her that in some regions of the far West, where cattle abounded and fencing material was scarce, this might still be done; and I did not think it necessary to say that I had seen it done, in my youth, within twenty miles of Boston. But I explained that we Americans, being a very inventive race, had devised a little apparatus to be placed in front of the locomotive in order to turn aside all obstructions; and I told her that this excellent invention was called a cow-catcher. She heard this with interest, and then her kindly face grew anxious, and she said hesitatingly, "But is n't it rather dangerous for the boy?" I said wonderingly, "What boy?" and she reiterated, "For the boy, don't you know, — the cow-catcher." Her motherly fancy had depicted an unfortunate youth balanced on the new contrivance, probably holding on with one arm, and dispersing dangerous herds with the other.

One had also to meet, at that time, sharp questions as to one's origin, and sometimes unexpected sympathy when this was ascertained. A man of educated appearance was then often asked, — and indeed is still liable to be asked, — on his alluding to America, how much time he had spent there. This question was put to me, in 1878, by a very lively young maiden at the table of a clergyman who was my host at Reading; she went on to inform me that I spoke English differently from any Americans she had ever seen, and she had known "heaps of them" in Florence. When I had told her that I spoke the language just as I had done for about half a century, and as my father and mother had spoken it before me, she caught at some other remark of mine, and asked with hearty surprise, "But you do not mean that you really like being an American, do you?" When I said that I should be very sorry not to be, she replied, "I can only say that I never thought of such a thing; I supposed that you were all Americans because you could n't help it;" and I assured her that we had this reason, also. She sung, later in the evening, with a dramatic power I never heard surpassed, Kingsley's thrilling ballad of Lorraine, of which the heroine is a jockey's wife, who is compelled by her husband to ride a steeple-chase, at which she meets her death. The young singer had set the ballad to music, and it was one of those coincidences stranger than any fiction that she herself was killed by a runaway horse but a few months later.

An American had also to accustom himself, in those days, to the surprise which might be expressed at his knowing the commonplaces of English history, and especially of English legend. On first crossing the border into Scotland, I was asked suddenly by my only railway companion, a thin, keen man with high cheek-bones, who had hitherto kept silence, "Did ye ever hear of Yarrow?" I felt inclined to answer, like a young American girl of my acquaintance when asked by a young man if she liked flowers, "What a silly question!" Restraining myself, I explained to him that every educated American was familiar with any name mentioned by Burns, by Scott, or in the Border Minstrelsy. Set free by this, he showed me many things and places which I was glad to see, — passes by which the Highland raiders came down, valleys where they

hid the cattle they had lifted ; he showed me where their fastnesses were, and where "Tintock tap" was, on which a lassie might doubtless still be wooed if she had siller enough. By degrees we came to literature in general, and my companion proved to be the late Principal Shairp, professor of poetry at Oxford, and author of books well known in America.

I encountered still another instance of the curious social enigma then afforded by the American in England, when I was asked, soon after my arrival, to breakfast with Mr. Froude, the historian. As I approached the house I saw a lady speaking to some children at the door, and she went in before I reached it. Being admitted, I saw another lady glance at me from the region of the breakfast parlor, and was also dimly aware of a man who looked over the stairway. After I had been cordially received and was seated at the breakfast-table, it gradually came out that the first lady was Mrs. Froude's sister, the second was Mrs. Froude herself, while it was her husband who had looked over the stairs ; and I learned furthermore that they had severally decided that, whoever I was, I could not be the American gentleman who was expected at breakfast. What was their conception of an American, — what tomahawk and scalping-knife were looked for, what bearskin or bareskin, or whether it was that I had omitted the customary war-whoop, — this never was explained. Perhaps it was as in Irving's case, who thought his kind reception in England due to the fact that he used a goose-quill in his hand instead of sticking it in his hair, — a distinction which lost all its value, however, with the advent of steel pens. At any rate, my reception was as kind as possible, though my interest in Froude, being based wholly on his early book, The Nemesis of Faith, was somewhat impaired by the fact that he treated that work as merely an indiscretion of boyhood, and was more interested in himself as the author of a history, which, unluckily, I had not then read. We met better upon a common interest in Carlyle, a few days later, and he took me to see that eminent author, and to join the afternoon walk of the two in Hyde Park. Long ago, in The Atlantic Monthly, I described this occasion, and dwelt on the peculiar quality of Carlyle's laugh, which, whenever it burst out in its full volume, had the effect of dissolving all the clouds of his apparent cynicism and leaving clear sky behind. Whatever seeming ungraciousness had preceded, his laugh revealed the genuine humorist at last, so that he almost seemed to have been playing with himself in the fierce things he had said. When he laughed, he appeared instantly to follow Emerson's counsel and to write upon the lintels of his doorpost "Whim!" I was especially impressed with this peculiar quality during our walk in the park.

Nothing could well be more curious than the look and costume of Carlyle. He had been living in London nearly forty years, yet he had the untamed aspect of one just arrived from Ecclefechan. He wore "an old experienced coat," such as Thoreau attributes to his Scotch fisherman, — one having that unreasonably high collar of other days, in which the head was sunk ; his hair was coarse and stood up at its own will ; his bushy whiskers were thrust into prominence by one of those stiff collars which the German students call "father-killers," from a tradition that the sharp points once pierced the jugular vein of a parent during an affectionate embrace. In this guise, with a fur cap and a stout walking-stick, he accompanied Froude and myself on our walk. I observed that near his Chelsea home the passers-by regarded him with a sort of familiar interest, farther off with undisguised curiosity, and at Hyde Park, again, with a sort of recognition, as of an accustomed figure. At one point on our way some poor children were playing on a bit of

rough ground lately included in a park, and they timidly stopped their frolic as we drew near. The oldest boy, looking from one to another of us, selected Carlyle as the least formidable, and said, "I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?" Carlyle stopped, leaning on his staff, and said in his homeliest accents, "Yes, my little fellow, ye may r-r-roll at discraytion;" upon which the children resumed their play, one little girl repeating his answer audibly, as if in a vain effort to take in the whole meaning of the long word.

One of my pleasantest London dinners was at the ever hospitable house of the late Sir Frederick Pollock; the other persons present being Lady Pollock, with her eldest son, the present wearer of the title, and two most agreeable men, — Mr. Venable, for many years the editor of the annual summary of events in the London Times, and Mr. Newton, of the British Museum. The latter was an encyclopædia of art and antiquities, and Mr. Venable of all the social gossip of a century; it was like talking with Horace Walpole. Of one subject alone I knew more than they did, namely, Gilbert Stuart's pictures, one of which, called The Skater, had just been unearthed in London, and was much admired. "Why don't they inquire about the artist?" said Sir Frederick Pollock. "He might have done something else." They would hardly believe that his pictures were well known in America, and that his daughter was still a conspicuous person in society. Much of the talk fell upon lawyers and clergymen. They told a story of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, that he had actually evaded payment of his tailor's bill on the ground that it had not been presented for six years, which in England is the legal limit. They vied with one another in tales of the eccentricities of English clergymen: of one who was eighteen years incumbent of an important parish, and lived in France all the time; of another who did not conduct service in the afternoon, as that was the time when it was necessary for him to take his spaniels out; of another who practiced his hawks in the church; of another who, being a layman, became master of Caius College (pronounced Keys) at Oxford, had a church living at his disposal, and presented it to himself, taking orders for the purpose. After officiating for the first time he said to the sexton, "Do you know, that 's a very good service of your church?" He had literally never heard it before! But all agreed that these tales were of the past, and that the tribe of traditional fox-hunting and horse-racing parsons was almost extinct. I can testify, however, to having actually encountered one of the latter class this very year.

I met Matthew Arnold one day by appointment at the Athenæum, in 1878, and expressed some surprise that he had not been present at the meeting of the Association Littéraire Internationale which I had just attended in Paris. He said that he had declined because such things were always managed with a sole view to the glorification of France; yet he admitted that France was the only nation which really held literature in honor, as was to be seen in its copyright laws, — England and America caring far less for it, he thought. He told me that his late address on Equality was well enough received by all the audience except the Duke of Northumberland, the presiding officer, and in general better by the higher class, which well knew that it was materialized, than by the middle class, which did not know that it was vulgarized. Lord William Russell, whom I found talking with him as I came up, had said to him, with amusement, "There was I sitting on the very front seat, during the lecture, in the character of the Wicked Lord." Arnold fully agreed with a remark which I quoted to him from Mrs. George Bancroft, who had been familiar with two courts, to the effect that

there was far more sycophancy to rank among literary men in London than in Berlin. She said that she had never known an English scholar who, if he had chanced to dine with a nobleman, would not speak of it to everybody, whereas no German savant would think of mentioning such a thing. "Very true," replied Arnold, "but the German would be less likely to be invited to the dinner." He thought that rank was far more exclusive and narrow in Germany, as seen in the fact that there men of rank did not marry out of their circle, a thing which frequently took place in England. He also pointed out that the word *mésalliance* was not English, nor was there any word in our language to take its place. Arnold seemed to me, personally, as he had always seemed in literature, a keen but by no means judicial critic, and in no proper sense a poet. That he is held to be such is due, in my judgment, only to the fact that he has represented the passing attitude of mind in many cultivated persons.

I visited Darwin twice in his own house at an interval of six years, once passing the night there. On both occasions I found him the same, but with health a little impaired after the interval, — always the same simple, noble, absolutely truthful soul. Without the fascinating and boyish eagerness of Agassiz, he was also utterly free from the vehement partisanship which this quality brings with it, and he showed a mind ever humble and open to new truth. Tall and flexible, with the overhanging brow and long features best seen in Mrs. Cameron's photograph, he either lay half reclined on the sofa or sat on high cushions, obliged continually to guard against the cruel digestive trouble that haunted his whole life. I remember that at my first visit, in 1872, I was telling him of an address before the Philological Society by Dr. Andrew J. Ellis, in which he had quoted from Alice in the Looking-Glass the description of what were called portmanteau words, into which various meanings were crammed. As I spoke, Mrs. Darwin glided quietly away, got the book, and looked up the passage. "Read it out, my dear," said her husband; and as she read the amusing page, he laid his head back and laughed heartily. Here was the man who had revolutionized the science of the world giving himself wholly to the enjoyment of Alice and her pretty nonsense. Akin to this was his hearty enjoyment of Mark Twain, who then had hardly begun to be regarded as above the Josh Billings grade of humorist; but Darwin was amazed that I had not read The Jumping Frog, and said that he always kept it by his bedside for midnight amusement. I recall with a different kind of pleasure the interest he took in my experience with the colored race, and the faith which he expressed in the negroes. This he afterward stated more fully in a letter to me, which may be found in his published memoirs. It is worth recording that even the incredulous Carlyle had asked eagerly about the colored soldiers, and had drawn the conclusion, of his own accord, that in their case the negroes should be enfranchised. "You could do no less," he said, "for the men who had stood by you."

Darwin's house at Beckenham was approached from Orpington station by a delightful drive through lanes, among whose tufted hedges I saw the rare spectacle of two American elms, adding those waving and graceful lines which we their fellow countrymen are apt to miss in England. Within the grounds there were masses of American rhododendrons, which grow so rapidly in England, and these served as a background to flower-beds more gorgeous than our drier climate can usually show.

At my second visit Darwin was full of interest in the Peabody Museum at Yale College, and quoted with approval what Huxley had told him, that there was more to be learned from that one

collection than from all the museums of Europe. But for his chronic seasickness, he said, he would visit America to see it. He went to bed early that night, I remember, and the next morning I saw him, soon after seven, apparently returning from a walk through the grounds, — an odd figure, with white beard, and with a short cape wrapped round his shoulders, striding swiftly with his long legs. He said that he always went out before breakfast, — besides breakfasting at the very un-English hour of half past seven, — and that he was also watching some little experiments. His son added reproachfully, "There it is: he pretends not to be at work, but he is always watching some of his little experiments, as he calls them, and gets up in the night to see them." Nothing could be more delightful than the home relations of the Darwin family; and the happy father once quoted to me a prediction made by some theological authority that his sons would show the terrible effects of such unrighteous training, and added, looking round at them, "I do not think I have much reason to be ashamed."

I think it was on that very day that I passed from Darwin to Browning, meeting the latter at the Athenæum Club. It seemed strange to ask a page to find Mr. Browning for me, and it reminded me of the time when the little daughter of a certain poetess quietly asked at the dinner-table, between two bites of an apple, "Mamma, did I ever see Mr. Shakespeare?" The page spoke to a rather short and strongly built man who sat in a window-seat, and who jumped up and grasped my hand so cordially that it might have suggested the remark of Madame Navarro (Mary Anderson) about him, — made, however, at a later day, — that he did not appear like a poet, but rather "like one of our agreeable Southern gentlemen." He seemed a man of every day, or like the typical poet of his own How It Strikes a Contemporary. In all this he was, as will be seen later, the very antipodes of Tennyson. He had a large head of German shape, broadening behind, with light and thin gray hair and whitish beard; he had blue eyes, and the most kindly heart. It seemed wholly appropriate that he should turn aside presently to consult Anthony Trollope about some poor author for whom they held funds. He expressed pleasure at finding in me an early subscriber to his Bells and Pomegranates, and told me how he published that series in the original cheap form in order to save his father's money, and that single numbers now sold for ten or fifteen pounds. He was amused at my wrath over some changes which he had made in later editions of those very poems, and readily admitted, on my suggesting it, that they were merely a concession to obtuse readers; he promised, indeed, to alter some of the verses back again, but — as is the wont of poets — failed to do so. I was especially struck with the way in which he spoke about his son, whose career as an artist had well begun, he said; but it was an obstacle that people expected too much of him, as having had such a remarkable mother. It was told in the simplest way, as if there were nothing on the paternal side worth considering.

The most attractive literary headquarters in London, in those days, of course, was the Athenæum Club. It used to be said that no man could have any question to ask which he could not find somebody to answer the same afternoon, between five and six o'clock, at that Club. The Savile Club and Cosmopolitan Club were also attractive. The most agreeable private receptions of poets and artists were then to be found, I think, at the house of William Rossetti, where one not merely had the associations and atmosphere of a brilliant family, — which had already lost, however, its most gifted member, — but also encountered the younger set of writers,

who were all preraphaelites in art, and who read Morris, Swinburne, and for a time, at least, Whitman and even Joaquin Miller. There one met Mrs. Rossetti, who was the daughter of Madox Brown, and herself an artist; also Alma Tadema, just returned from his wedding journey to Italy with his beautiful wife. One found there men and women then coming forward into literature, but now much better known, — Edmund Gosse, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Cayley, the translator of Dante, and Miss Robinson, now Madame Darmesteter. Sometimes I went to the receptions of our fellow countrywoman, Mrs. Moulton, then just beginning, but already promising the flattering success they have since attained. Once I dined with Professor Tyndall at the Royal Society, where I saw men whose names had long been familiar in the world of science, and found myself sitting next to a man of the most eccentric manners, who turned out to be Lord Lyttelton, well known to me by name as the Latin translator of Lord Houghton's poems. I amazed him, I remember, by repeating the opening verses of one of his translations.

I met Du Maurier once at a dinner party, before he had added literary to artistic successes. Some one had told me that he was probably the most bored man in London, dining out daily, and being tired to death of it. This I could easily believe when I glanced at him, after the ladies had retired, lounging back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, and looking as if the one favor he besought of everybody was to let him alone. This mute defiance was rather stimulating, and as he sat next to me I was moved to disregard the implied prohibition; for after all, one does not go to a dinner party in order to achieve silence; one can do that at home. I ventured, therefore, to put to him the bold question how he could justify himself in representing the English people as so much handsomer than they or any other modern race — as I considerately added — really are. This roused him, as was intended; he took my remark very good-humoredly, and pleaded guilty at once, but said that he pursued this course because it was much pleasanter to draw beauty than ugliness, and, moreover, because it paid better. "There is Keene," said he, "who is one of the greatest artists now living, but people do not like his pictures as well as mine, because he paints people as they really are." I then asked him where he got the situations and mottoes for his charming pictures of children in the London parks. He had an especial group, about that time, who were always walking with a great dog and making delightful childish observations. He replied that his own children provided him with clever sayings for some time; and now that they had grown too old to utter them, his friends kept him supplied from their nurseries. I told him that he might imitate a lady I once knew in America, who, when her children were invited to any neighboring house to play, used to send by the maid who accompanied them a notebook and pencil, with the request that the lady of the house would jot down anything remarkable which they might say during the afternoon. He seemed amused at this; and a month or two later, when I took up a new London Punch at Zermatt, I found my veritable tale worked up into a picture: a fat, pudgy little mother handing a notebook to a rather stately and defiant young governess; while the children clustering round, and all looking just like the mother, suggested to the observer a doubt whether their combined intellects could furnish one line for the record. It was my scene, though with a distinct improvement; and this was my first and only appearance, even by deputy, in the pages of Punch.

It was in 1872, on my first visit to England, that I saw Tennyson. That visit was a very brief one, and it curiously happened that in the choice which often

forces itself upon the hurried traveler, between meeting a great man and seeing an historic building, I was compelled to sacrifice Salisbury Cathedral to this poet as I had previously given up York Minster for Darwin. Both sacrifices were made on the deliberate ground, which years have vindicated, that the building would probably last for my lifetime, while the man might not. I had brought no letter to Tennyson, and indeed my friend James T. Fields had volunteered a refusal of any, so strong was the impression that the poet disliked to be bored by Americans; but when two ladies whom I had met in London, Lady Pollock and Miss Anne Thackeray, — afterwards Mrs. Ritchie, — had kindly offered to introduce me, and to write in advance that I was coming, it was not in human nature, at least in American nature, to decline. I spent the night at Cowes, and was driven eight miles from the hotel to Farringford by a very intelligent young groom who had never heard of Tennyson; and when we reached the door of the house, the place before me seemed such a haven of peace and retirement that I actually shrank from disturbing those who dwelt therein, and even found myself recalling a tale of Tennyson and his wife, who were sitting beneath a tree and talking unreservedly, when they discovered, by a rustling in the boughs overhead, that two New York reporters had taken position in the branches and were putting down the conversation. Fortunately, I saw on the drawing-room table an open letter from one of the ladies just mentioned, announcing my approach, and it lay near a window, through which, as I had been told, the master of the house did not hesitate to climb, by way of escape from any unwelcome visitor.

I therefore sent up my name. Presently I heard a rather heavy step in the adjoining room, and there stood in the doorway the most un-English looking man I had ever seen. He was tall and high-shouldered, careless in dress, and while he had a high and domed forehead, yet his brilliant eyes and tangled hair and beard gave him rather the air of a partially reformed Corsican bandit, or else an imperfectly secularized Carmelite monk, than of a decorous and well-groomed Englishman. He greeted me shyly, gave me his hand, which was in those days a good deal for an Englishman, and then sidled up to the mantelpiece, leaned on it, and said, with tne air of an aggrieved schoolboy, "I am rather afraid of you Americans; your countrymen do not treat me very well. There was Bayard Taylor" — and then he went into a long narration of some grievance incurred through an indiscreet letter of that well-known journalist. Strange to say, the effect of this curious attack was to put me perfectly at my ease. It was as if I had visited Shakespeare, and had found him in a pet because some one of my fellow countrymen had spelled his name wrong. I knew myself to be wholly innocent and to have no journalistic designs, nor did I ever during Tennyson's lifetime describe the interview. He perhaps recognized my good intentions, and took me to his study, then to his garden, where the roses were advanced beyond any I had yet seen in England. I was struck, in his conversation, with that accuracy of outdoor knowledge which one sees in his poems; he pointed out, for instance, which ferns were American, and which had been attempted in this country, but had refused to grow. He talked freely about his own books, and it seemed to me that he must be like Wordsworth, as we find him in the descriptions of contemporaries, — a little too isolated in his daily life, and too much absorbed in the creations of his own fancy. Lord Houghton, his lifelong friend, said to me afterwards, "Tennyson likes unmixed flattery." This I should not venture to say, but I noticed that when he was speaking of other men, he mentioned as an important trait in their character whether

they liked his poems or not; Lowell, he evidently thought, did not. Perhaps this is a habit of all authors, and it was only that Tennyson spoke out, like a child, what others might have concealed.

He soon offered, to my great delight, to take me to the house of Mrs. Cameron, the celebrated amateur photographer, who lived close by. We at once came upon Mr. Cameron, a very picturesque figure, having fine white hair and beard, and wearing a dressing-gown of pale blue with large black velvet buttons, and a heavy gold chain. I had heard it said that Mrs. Cameron selected her housemaids for their profiles, that she might use them for saints and madonnas in her photographic groups; and it turned out that all these damsels were upstairs, watching round the sick-bed of the youngest, who was a great favorite in the Tennyson family. We were ushered into the chamber, where a beautiful child lay unconscious upon the bed, with weeping girls around; and I shall never forget the scene when Tennyson bent over the pillow, with his sombre Italian look, and laid his hand on the unconscious forehead; it was like a picture by Ribera or Zamacois. The child, as I afterwards heard, never recovered consciousness, and died within a few days. Presently Mrs. Cameron led us downstairs again, and opened chests of photographs for me to choose among. I chose one, The Two Angels at the Sepulchre, for which one of the maid servants had stood as a model; another of Tennyson's Eleanore, for which Mrs. Stillman (Miss Spartalis) had posed; and three large photographs of Darwin, Carlyle, and Tennyson himself, — the last of these being one which he had christened The Dirty Monk, and of which he wrote, at Mrs. Cameron's request, in my presence, a certificate that it was the best likeness ever taken of him. I have always felt glad to have seen Tennyson not merely in contact with a stranger like myself, but as he appeared among these friendly people, and under the influence of a real emotion of sympathy, showing the deeper nature of the man.

No one knows better than myself how slight and fragmentary are the recollections here recorded, yet even such glimpses occasionally suggest some aspect of character which formal biographers have missed. A clever woman once said to me that she did not know which really gave the more knowledge of a noted person, — to have read all he had written and watched all he had done, or, on the other hand, to have taken one moment's glance at his face. As we grow older, we rely more and more on this first glance. I never felt for an instant that I had really encountered in England men of greater calibre than I had met before, — for was I not the fellow countryman of Emerson and Hawthorne, of Webster and Phillips? — yet, after all, the ocean lends a glamour to the unseen world beyond it, and I was glad to have had a sight of that world, also. I was kindly dismissed from it, after my first brief visit, by a reception given me at the rooms of the Anglo-American Club, where Thomas Hughes — whom I had first known at Newport, Rhode Island — presided, and where Lord Houghton moved some too flattering resolutions, which were seconded by the present Sir Frederick Pollock. Returning to my American home, I read, after a few days, in the local newspaper (the Newport Mercury), that I was reported to have enjoyed myself greatly in England, and to have been kindly received, "especially among servants and rascals." An investigation by the indignant editor revealed the fact that the scrap had been copied from another newspaper; and that a felicitous misprint had substituted the offending words for the original designation of my English friends as savants and radicals.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

Yes, I think I may say that in general my portraits are rather well thought of. By "my portraits" I mean, not those that other people paint of *me*, but those that I paint of *them*. Stanhope, too, shares the common opinion, though what we artists think of an opinion that is purely literary everybody knows. He is constantly referring to my "art." I seldom refer to his. That piques him. But I do not acknowledge that literature *is* an art, except, perhaps, in some secondary, subsidiary sense; for of late, it is true, "we others" have rather favored that *métier*. But we must frame our pictures.

My portraits, yes. My Trois Vieilles Femmes received honorable mention at the last Salon; my Woman of a Certain Age is just now causing considerable comment at Burlington House.

All accounts agree; all strike the same note: it is always and ever my "eye for character." The unified voice of appreciation never falls below "penetration," and often enough it rises even to "divination." Stanhope, in his "art," tries for the same things, but he wastes a great many words, for his medium is wholly wrong. Sometimes I "probe a complicated nature to its depths;" sometimes I "throw a flood of light upon the" — And so forth, and so forth.

Very well: let them keep it up; let them employ their "art" to glorify mine.

I became acquainted with Madame Skjelderup-Brandt rather suddenly. But that is the way things go in Sicily, especially at Girgenti, where people feel as if they had about reached the Ultima Thule of the South, and where there exists, therefore, something of a disposition to hang together. Perhaps this comes from those last few hours in the train, where everybody seems to carry a gun or a revolver as a matter of course; perhaps from the necessity of huddling together through the evening in the hotel, from which no one thinks of issuing to the town on the hill above, or even to the humpy and betufted environs of the house itself; perhaps from the fact that there is a single well-established route through the island for travelers, one and all, and from the feeling that it is better to make one's acquaintances near the beginning of it than near the end.

I made the acquaintance of Madame Skjelderup-Brandt near the beginning (not that I learned her name till I met her again, months afterward, at Florence). She came in to dinner, sat down beside me at table, and within three minutes we were on the best of terms. I saw at once that she had character; my fingertips tingled for a pencil; I was almost for "getting" her on the table-cloth. Her prompt friendliness was most opportune, for the Dutch baron, across the table, had just turned me down. In response to my modest salutation he had dropped his cold eye to his plate, and I thought I saw him communicating to that chill and self-sufficing utensil a sulky, even a dogged determination not to let me know him. Yet how was I to have apprehended that he was Dutch, and a baron, and proud of his family, and away from home for the first time?

"Leave him alone," mumbled Stanhope at my elbow.

"I 'm going to," I responded. "So are the rest," I added, for there was a vacant seat on each side of him.

Madame Brandt leaned a little my way, as she busied herself in a review of her forks and spoons.

"That young man has a good deal to learn," she said to me under her voice. She crinkled up her dark eyes with a kind of suppressed joviality, and drew

her mouth down at one corner by a sort of half-protestant grimace. Did her accent produce the grimace, or did her grimace produce the accent? It was the slightest accent in the world. Was it Hungarian? I wondered. Then she said something — perhaps the same thing over again — to a pair of young girls on the other side of her.

"He has indeed," I rejoined expressively. Whereupon she crinkled those dusky eyes of hers for me once more, and I felt that we might easily become friends.

I put Madame Brandt down for about forty-three. She ran to the plump, the robust, the durable, and she was dressed in a way that achieved elegance with little sacrifice of individuality. Her dark hair was slightly grizzled; her shrewd eyes still twinkled merrily under their fine black brows at a discomfiture that I was unable altogether to conceal; and her sturdy little hands (they had ever so many rings, yet they contrived to express as few hands do a combination of good sense, good nature, and thoroughgoing competence) still busied themselves with the forks and the spoons, as her straight, decided lips made a second shadowy grimace, the comment of a wide traveler on provincial pride wandering abroad for the first time.

Our menu promised great things. The house was "of the first rank," and the dinner was to be of corresponding state. There were difficulties: the milk had to come sterilized from Palermo, and the meats were sent down all the way from Lombardy; yet we got through the eight courses that our rank demanded. As the fish came on, our number was increased by one: a middle-aged lady entered and sat down on the baron's right. She was a quiet little body, with a pale face and eyes of a timid and appealing blue. She seemed embarrassed, distressed, detached. Stanhope figured her (a little later on, after allowing himself a due margin of time to get his literary enginery into play) as some faded waterbloom, rudely uprooted, and floating away who could say whither? This poetical analogy made no great impression upon me; her face was far from offering itself with any particular degree of usefulness. However, we both agreed that she did look detached.

"Decidedly so," affirmed Stanhope. "And if nobody speaks to her, I 'll do it myself."

But Madame Brandt greeted her very kindly, with a sort of unceremonious good nature, — as if for the tenth or twentieth time, — and yet with a delicate shade of consideration and concern.

"Your turn, now," I said to the baron, — inaudibly, it is true. "Don't go on fussing over that fish-bone; it's only a pretense. Look up, I say."

He must have heard me. He raised his eyes. His glance, though cool, was civil, and he gave her a word of conventional greeting.

"That 's better," I commented. The little lady appeared to become a trifle more self-assured, more animated.

"Something might be done with her, after all," I thought. My revolt against the *jeune fille* has carried me to great lengths.

"What is such a type doing in a hotel," questioned Stanhope, "and in a hotel so far away from home at that? A domestic body, if ever I saw one; she does n't even know how to take her place at a public table. She has cleared the entire distance between her own home and this hotel in a single jump. Did you ever see anybody so timid, so deprecatory, so propitiatory, so" —

"Your language!" I sighed. Then, "Why should she be frightened? We are only a dozen all told."

Stanhope ran his eye round the table. "She makes us thirteen."

"I am not superstitious," I declared.

"Nor I. But what can have brought her so far, and have hurried her along so fast?" he proceeded.

"So far? So fast?" I repeated. "Oh, you literati will never take a thing as it is; you will never be satisfied with a moment of arrested motion. Action, movement, progression, — you must always have your little story going on."

"But you will agree that she is from the far North. Don't you see the Baltic in her complexion? Don't you see the — h'm — the Teutonic sky in her eyes?"

"What I see is that you are coming round to my way. Bravo! It's surprising how seldom you do get my point of view."

"Don't think I'm trying to invade your province," he rejoined. "You won't mind if I wonder whether she is an invalid?"

"She hardly looks ill," I replied. "Worried, if you like, anxious, under some severe strain."

"Undoubtedly. Now, there; what did the lady on your right say to her?"

For Madame Brandt had addressed to the newcomer what seemed to be a few words of sympathetic inquiry, employing certain specific vocal lilts and inflections that she had already employed in addressing the two young girls just beyond.

"How do *I* know?" I asked rather pettishly. "Tell me what language the lady on my right was speaking in. Tell me what country the lady on my right is a native of. Tell me the name, country, rank, and title of the individual opposite who has undertaken to be silent in *all* the languages. Tell me the nationality of that high-shouldered youth behind the épergne, — the one with those saffron eyes and that shock of snuff-brown hair. Give me the origins of the elderly ringleted female up at the head who has staked out her poodle at the table-leg. I know abbés and lieutenants and curates, especially English ones; there's nothing else I'm sure of. Oh dear, what is that poor woman trying to tell the waiter? He speaks Italian, English, and French; won't any of the three serve her?"

The little lady from the North was looking up from her plate of belated soup into the waiter's face with an expression of perplexed appeal.

"Can't you help her?" growled Stanhope.

I made some advance in French, but uselessly. Madame Brandt came to her aid in her own special idiom, and then communicated with the waiter in German.

"Ah, you speak everything!" I said to her, with an abrupt informality not unlike her own.

"Oh, we who come from the little countries!" she returned, with a careless good humor. "But there are greater linguists than I in the house," and she pointed toward the chair opposite that still remained vacant.

Just before the removal of the entrée this chair came to be occupied.

"Fourteen at last!" breathed Stanhope.

Another woman entered, and the sorrowful little creature from the Northland, after a word passed with the newcomer in the only language of which she herself seemed to have a command, accomplished a depressed and inconspicuous exit.

"Thirteen again!" sighed Stanhope.

"Don't twang that string any longer," I remonstrated.

The new arrival, who had come on with much directness and self-assurance, and had seated herself with all the self-possession in the world, gave the waiter a hint about the smoking lamp in Italian, favored the company with a brief but comprehensive salutation in French, unfolded her napkin, and achieved a swift and easy dominance of place, people, and occasion.

It was one more "woman of a certain age." I trod on Stanhope's foot. "What do you think of *this?*" was my meaning. My pressure was full of implication, even of insinuation. He made no response, — he whose intuitions are his constant boast.

Of a certain age, yes. But what age? Thirty-five? Thirty-seven — thirty-eight? Single? Married? Widowed? Divorced? A lady or — not?

Once more I trod on Stanhope's foot. This time his foot pushed mine away. "Work it out for yourself," — that was plainly what he meant.

Well, then, a woman of thirty-seven; rather tall than not; neither stout nor thin, yet noticeably big-boned; and dressed in black brocaded silk. Of robust constitution, perhaps, yet not in robust health. Her face pale, worn; not haggard, yet full of lines; weathered, apparently, by a long and open exposure to the storms of life. Her hair (none too carefully arranged) already turning gray. Her cheek-bones high-set and wonderfully assertive, — what was her race? Her eyes (of a bright, bold, hard blue) most markedly oblique, — what was her lineage? Her wrists thick; her hands large and rather bony, yet white (even blanched) and well kept; her nails carefully trimmed, but one or two of her finger-tips discolored as if by some liquid, not ink, — what were her interests, what was her occupation? Her chin firm, decided, aggressive —

(Artichokes? Stewed in something or other? No, thank you. Artichokes have no *raison d'être* beyond the pleasure they give one in picking them apart leaf by leaf, and for that they must be dry. I will wait for the roast.)

— firm, decided, aggressive. Her mouth — if I may express myself so — open; I mean large, frank, without pretense, guiltless of subterfuge. No difficulty there. But those eyes, those cheek-bones! They puzzled me, fascinated me. They threw my thoughts forward to some new country that I had never seen, to some new people that I had never mingled with, to some new life broadly, irreconcilably at variance with our own. The face they helped to form prompted me to the sketching out of some novel career altogether unique and individual, challenged me to reconstruct the chain of experiences that had led this singular woman over what rigors of unknown seas and mountains to the mild joys of this blooming Sicilian spring. "She has lived," I thought; "she has looked out for herself; she has character, capacity. But she is so worn, so hard, so brusque, so bold. Is she — is she" — and I said it to myself in a whisper's whisper — "is she — respectable?"

I appealed to the table; how were my commensals receiving her? Just as they would receive anybody else, apparently. Yet, was she accepted, or did she impose herself? For she took the initiative from the start. She knew everybody. Stanhope and I were the only new arrivals of the day. She greeted Madame Skjelderup-Brandt, — well and good. She greeted the two gray doves by madame's side, and they modestly responded, — better and better. She accosted the baron in German, and extracted a whole sentence from him in reply, — best of all. She had a word for Toto tied to the table-leg, and received acknowledgments in some unclassified jargon from Toto's mistress, — highly satisfactory. But the English curate, he of the lank limbs and the underdone countenance? Ah, he is not cordial. (How long has he been in the house?) And the curate's lady, with her desiccated physiognomy, is coldly mute. (How much does she know of the world?) And the head waiter himself, — is his attitude that of friendly good will, or that of careless, open disrespect?

I felt Stanhope's foot against mine. I started. "I — I beg pardon!"

"I was only saying," said the voice of the object of my conjectures, with her look partly on my face and partly on the label of my wine-bottle, "that you would have done better to select some local growth; our Tempij, for example. Marsala is generally fortified beyond all reason."

I glanced at Stanhope. I decided

that her advances must have begun with him, and have reached me by a subsequent stage. But I found them abrupt and irregular, all the same.

"Marsala *is* a local growth, according to most people's notions of Sicily, is n't it?" I asked.

"Poor Marsala, — after they have finished with it!" she observed, taking her own bottle in hand.

I shall not say that her voice was harsh or rough, though her vocal chords must have had their own peculiar adjustment. I shall not insist that her English had an accent; least of all shall I insist upon what particular accent it may have been.

She pushed her bottle across toward me.

"Try it, anyway. It is nothing remarkable, but you will see a difference."

"Dear me," I thought, "this is most singular. I never saw such directness; I never met such — h'm. She breaks down all barriers; she dispenses with all conventions; really, she lets in quite a different air; what quarter does it blow from?" I felt the eye of the curate's wife upon me, and would rather have had things different.

"It *is* better," I acknowledged. "My next bottle shall be the same as yours." I am not sure that I should have put it just in that way with everybody.

"You stay long enough, then, for a second?" Why should she want to know? Why should she make her want known so badly?

"A day or two," responded Stanhope. "We see the temples, and then move on — to other temples."

"Like all the rest," she said.

"Are they?" I asked. "We hoped they might be different."

"*You* are like all the rest. Nobody stops long enough."

"You stay longer?" I remembered her reference to "our tempij."

She looked thoughtfully into her glass.

"Yes," she replied in an altered tone, a tone of great quietness and restraint; "I have been here some time." And she became silent.

After a short lapse the conversation became general, and she reëntered it. Travel-talk: we exchanged feeble nothings about routes and accommodations; we praised here, and we condemned there, — all from the strict standpoint of personal experience. My Enigma touched on the hotels at Corfu, on the steamer for Tunis, on the express for Constantinople. She seemed to have been everywhere, to have seen everything, to have met everybody. She evoked responses, more or less in kind, from every quarter. Madame Brandt grew restive under all this indifferent discourse; I could see that she felt herself capable of handling better material. She veered off toward politics; she had her own ideas on everything and a policy for everybody. Her "little country" was evidently outside the circle of great things; hers was a broad, external vision, and embraced all powers and potentates in its easy and masterful sweep. Politics was her hobby; so she mounted her steed and swung round the track finely; she kicked up a tremendous lot of dust, and took every hurdle without blinking an eyelash.

But this demonstration led to no counter-demonstration from our neighbor over the way. To all other leads she would respond, but not to the lead political. She who appeared to know so much on every other subject was dumb on the subject of statecraft. At the first opportunity she gave the talk a strong twist in the direction of art and literature. She was better acquainted with the new men in Paris than I was myself, and she made easy casual references to men of the North whose names I had never even heard. She had a good deal to say about the later lights in Italian literature, — especially some of the more dubious ones, whom she ap-

peared to have met personally; and she commented with an unceremonious frankness on a few of the more fragrant practitioners of present-day French fiction. Stanhope became completely engrossed. She gave him intimate details about authors he was already familiar with; she made suggestions for readings in new authors whose names he had barely heard; she launched him bodily upon all the currents and cross-currents and counter-currents of Continental fiction, — she almost swamped him. She led him on from fact to theory, and from theory to practice, and from practice to ethics. Those strong [illegible]nds of hers took a firm grip upon the trunk of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and made a mighty rustle overhead among its leaves. There was one moment when I thought I almost saw things as they were, — all things save the speaker's self. She involved the whole table: the baron warmed to life; the curate flamed in protest; the saffron-eyed young man (who turned out to be a Croat) clamored against her assumptions and conclusions; until Madame Brandt, who was as deeply involved as anybody (and whose expressions showed at once a wide tolerance and a generous idealism), became suddenly conscious of the presence of her offspring. These two young creatures sat there side by side, with downcast eyes and attentive ears, — rather disconcerted by an interchange of ideas that had never before come within their ken. Their mother, returning to herself, gave a shrug, laid her own hand upon the trunk of the tree, and quieted down its agitated foliage before too many leaves had detached themselves and come fluttering down in the wrong direction.

The situation had been most promising, most inspiring. Ah, these young girls, these tedious young girls, — how much they have to answer for!

We were at the fruit. The disputant-in-chief stopped the waiter, looked over his offerings with a leisurely yet critical eye, made her choice, called for an extra plate, arranged her pears and grapes upon it, rose unceremoniously, bade us all a brusque yet good-tempered *bon soir*, and walked out of the room.

I looked after her, — with a certain intentness, perhaps. Then, turning back, I detected Madame Brandt looking with a like intentness at me. I smiled; but she turned away without any change of expression. How long had her observations been going on?

I followed Stanhope into the smoking-room. We had it to ourselves.

"Well?" said I.

"Well?" said he.

"What is she?" I asked.

"Make your own guess. I thought at the beginning that she might be one of those Baltic Germans."

"She is n't."

"A Dane, then? A Finn? A Croat, — another of them? Or a — a" —

I did not wait for further conjecture. "Time will show, perhaps. She is a 'linguist,' remember; she will lapse into her own tongue in due course. I 'm sure she has n't done so yet. When she does, may we be able to recognize it."

"She spoke to the dog," submitted Stanhope.

"Humph!" said I. Then, "What is she doing here?" I added.

"She is a companion," he replied. "That black figured silk — her one good gown."

"If you are going to be farcical!" I exclaimed. "Companion! Did you ever meet any one less secondary, less subordinate?"

"She is a nurse, then; or a female courier, — she knows everything."

"'Female courier'? 'Female free-lance' would be better. Couriers and such have their own dining-room here. She is an adventuress."

"Don't be too hasty," said Stanhope.

"Well, then, a grass widow, waiting

for the husband — or the remittance — that never comes. She 's been here some time, it seems."

"Don't be so uncharitable," said Stanhope.

"How she talked before those children!"

"She said what all thinking persons must believe."

"That does n't help. Come, come, what is she, then?"

"A political agent, perhaps. She followed every other lead."

"Would politics lead her to Girgenti?"

"This province is certainly a political factor; those sulphur-mines, all these communal disturbances" —

"Nonsense."

"Well, then, she is a" —

"A what?" I demanded.

"A cosmopolite."

"I see you are at the end of your string," I said.

Girgenti sits whity-gray on its high hilltop and looks out upon two worlds: landward, into the Inferno of the sulphur-mines; seaward, over the Paradiso of the almond-groves. The two worlds were before us, where to choose: should we take the miseries of the sulphur-workers, evidenced by the dismal piles of refuse that disfigured the stripped and glaring hillsides of the interior, or should we follow that long and suave slope waterward, where bands of singing peasantry ply their mattocks under the tangled shade of vine and almond and olive, and where, on the last crest of the descending terraces, the yellow and battered temples of the old Greek day look out upon the blueness of the sea and up into the blueness of the sky? We chose as artists, not as philanthropists, not as humanitarians: we took the groves, the vineyards, the temples.

We were well into the latter half of February, — the spring had fully declared itself. We stepped from the coffee-room out upon the terrace, to take a comprehensive glance over the field of our coming labors. The morning was cloudless; the air was fresh, yet mild; groups of cypress-trees rose straight and dark through the pink cloud-blooms of the almond-trees; and the sea and the sky met in one high, clear, uncompromising line that ran from the tossing hilltops on our left to the long, heaving promontory on our right.

"Here lies our day's work before us!" I cried, — "map and panorama all in one. There 's the first of our temples down on the ridge just behind that olive-grove, and over yonder are two or three more. Where is the one they make all those models and photographs of, I wonder, — the one with the three or four columns and the bit of entablature?"

"More to the right," said Stanhope. "Yes, everything is laid out before us, truly. And what have you ever seen more Greek than this landscape, — more marked by repose, moderation, symmetry, suavity? And how can we see it better than by continuing to stand precisely where we are?"

"You are right," I returned. "This is one of the loveliest landscapes in the world, so that our duty toward it is perfectly clear: we must trample on it, we must jump into the midst of it, we must violate it; we must do everything but leave well enough alone. Come, the road down leads to the left."

So, partly by means of the highroad, partly by following a rocky little footway that took its willful course between ragged old stone walls through bean-beds, barley-fields, and olive-groves, we passed down to the temple of Juno.

The temple stands on a sandstone ledge, close to the mossy ruins of the old town walls; we seemed as high above the sea as ever. There was an empty carriage waiting under a gnarled old olive near one corner of the structure. Within the cella we saw the two

daughters of Madame Brandt clambering over the vast broken blocks that strewed the pavement, and on the steps outside, with her back comfortably fitted into the fluting of one of the worn and weathered columns of yellow sandstone, sat Madame Brandt herself.

"You are early," she said, rising. "But we are earlier. Let me welcome you, let me guide you, let me introduce you," with a genial wave of the hand over the whole lovely prospect. Away above us was the Rock of Athena, which we might climb for the view; away below us was Porto Empedocle with its shipping, best seen from a distance. In the midst of the landscape — the heart of the rose, she called it — was the old church of San Nicola with its gardens. "Take everything," she added; "take even this beautiful air, if you have a page in your sketch-book for anything like that." She became suddenly pensive. "Such a day, such an air," she went on presently, "would make a sick man well, if anything could." She seemed to look back toward the hotel.

"Oh," said I, fingering my sketch-book, as it stuck half out of my pocket, "I don't know that I shall do anything in particular. Landscape, architecture, all very nice, but no human interest. Good background, of course, but something more needed for the actual subject."

"There is human interest everywhere," she replied in the same pensive tone. "What else has kept me here?" she added, half beneath her breath. Then she shook herself, and her old brusque gayety came uppermost again. "I 'm human; I 'm interesting. So are my girls; make something out of them."

"Nothing better, I 'm sure," said Stanhope. He began to climb up into the cella; the two doves were to be summoned forthwith. The division of labor begun in the hotel drawing-room on the previous evening was to continue, then: he had entertained the daughters with the last battle of flowers at Palermo, while I had listened to the mother on the policy of Russia in Central Asia. Stanhope thinks the young girl indispensable; he drags her into all his stories, and is always trying to force her into my pictures.

"Don't let me disturb your daughters," I hastened to say. "You are here yourself; you 're in the foreground; you 're practically posed already."

"But my girls are thought rather pretty," insisted Madame Brandt stoutly, from the length of battered cornice on which she had seated herself.

"H'm," said I in return; "the principal thing is n't prettiness, nor even beauty. The principal interest is in expression; and expression comes from experience, and experience follows on participation in life."

"Well, I have participated," she rejoined; "I 'm not insipid, if my poor girls do seem so. I have n't vegetated; I have — I have — banged about considerable. Is that the way you say it, — 'banged about considerable'? I am so fond of using those expressions, though I have n't kept up my English as I should. But do you consider me very much battered and defaced?"

"I would n't have you the least changed, — unless you choose to change the slant of your head the merest shade to the left."

"Very well." Then, "You need n't come, children. Run and pick some flowers; let the gentleman help you. Only don't go very far."

"There," I said, "now I have everything I want, — you, and the temple, and a bit of the town wall, and some of the tombs in the wall (you said they were tombs, I think), and a stretch of the sea-line — No, it 's too much; move back to your column, please; I shall take you just for yourself."

"Very well." She moved back. "But I 'm not sure," she went on, with a little air of close scrutiny, "that I like to

find a man under thirty preferring old women to younger ones."

"Character is the great thing," I insisted. "You are to pass on me, not as a man, but as an artist."

"There *is* a difference," she observed. "You will go to Florence?" she asked presently, with an effect of absentness. "It is full of pensions, and the pensions are full of dear old ladies."

"Life-histories, and all that," I admitted. "But I find the same thing here," I said, with intention.

"Here? Ah, I see," she replied, as she glanced upward at the weatherworn stretch of entablature that still bridged over spaces here and there between the columns; "one old ruin reposing in the shadow of another!" She gave a quizzical squeeze and twinkle to those dark eyes of hers.

"Of course I don't mean you!"

"Do you mean yourself? Are you really so world-worn? And I thought you seemed such a good young man!"

I suppose I am a good young man, when you come to it; but why throw it in my face? "No, I don't mean myself," I protested.

"Oh, I know what you would say," she went on, with a shrug. "It is simply that you are fond of reading human documents, — is that the way you express it? — fond of reading human documents, provided they have n't come too lately from the press."

"Precisely. Gothic, black letter, uncials, hieroglyphs, — anything, in fact, with sufficient age and character to make it interesting."

"And you rather like to puzzle things out for yourself?"

"I don't like to be helped too much, of course."

"And you generally decipher your manuscript in the end?"

"Why, yes, generally."

She rubbed a forefinger over the face of her column, and detached a tiny seashell or two from its bed in the yellow mass. "Well, the hotel library is full of old things; some of them fall to pieces in your hands."

"And others are so strongly and stiffly bound that you can hardly force them to lie open. But I shall read them yet."

"Only don't take hold of them upside down; you would injure your own eyes and do injustice to the author's text." She fixed her eye on my pencil. "How far have you got with me?"

"I have finished. But I think I shall put in the water-line and a bit of the coast, after all, to remind you that you are four hundred feet above the sea."

"What is four hundred? I am used to four thousand," she declared recklessly.

"Four thousand?"

"Yes. I tramp over the mountains. I love them. They do me good." Then, "Well, if you have finished, I may move, I suppose. I must have those children back."

"Here they come," I said. "Their hands are full of flowers."

So were Stanhope's. The pains he is capable of taking with chits of sixteen and eighteen! He makes himself absurd.

"Come, girls," cried Madame Brandt joyfully, "come and see what has happened to your mother!"

The girls came up with shy smiles of decorous expectation.

"Yes, here I am, true enough," declared Madame Brandt, as she looked over the drawing. "Only" — and she stopped.

Only what? What did she find amiss, in Heaven's name? It was but a rapid impromptu, — not fifty strokes all told, — yet I had caught the woman unmistakably.

"Only you have n't exactly made a Norwegian of me, after all."

She was a Norwegian, then? I should never have guessed it. It is easy enough now to descant upon Madame Skjelderup-Brandt's out-of-door quality, to talk about the high, clear atmosphere of the

North, to dwell on the fresh tang of the breezes from across the fjords. . . . *Esprit d'escalier.*

I must have seemed a bit crestfallen. I must have looked as if I expected to be told that I had simply worked my own nationality into the portrait, — most odious of all comments. I think she saw that she must make amends.

"No, you have not made a good Norwegian of me; but that may be because I am not a good Norwegian. You look into me and see me for what I am. You make me an American."

There, she had said it, after all, and said it as bluntly as you please.

"Why, really" — I began protestingly.

"You see more than the mere me," she went on quickly. "You see my hopes, my aspirations; you detect my secret and cherished preferences; you" —

"Why, really" — I began again, puzzled.

"It is a real piece of divination!" she cried, — her actual words, I assure you. "How could you know that I have a son in Milwaukee? He has been over there two years, and he is making his everlasting fortune, — or so I hope. 'Everlasting fortune,' — is that well said? Ah, thanks. And how could you know that I have a sister-in-law in Minnesota? She has been over there six. She likes it; she won't come back, except every third summer for a few weeks. And how could you know that it has been the dream of my life to go over there, too? I think of nothing else; I read their papers; I even allow my daughters to go picking flowers round ruined temples with new young men. . . . Oh, how you see through me, how you understand me, how you frighten me!"

"Why, really" — I began once more, half flattered; while Stanhope gave me a curious glance as if to ask, "What has been going on here? What is the woman trying to bring about?"

"But whatever in the world am I doing," proceeded Madame Brandt, "with a Greek temple and a Mediterranean horizon behind me? Your background should have been quite a different one. You should have stood me in front of an elevator," — she threw out her plump arms to indicate a capacity of a million bushels, — "or else in front of a sky-scraper. Ah, what a lovely, picturesque word, 'sky-scraper'! I'm so glad to have a chance to use it!"

I reached out for the drawing. "I will change it," I volunteered.

"Yes," said Stanhope; "change it from a souvenir to a prophecy."

"No," responded Madame Brandt; "let it stay as it is, a souvenir and a prophecy combined."

So Madame Brandt remained Græco-American, to the exclusion of her native Norway, — that was the "little country." And if she were Norwegian, why might not the other two ladies be Norwegian as well?

"You are not without compatriots here?" I was feeble enough to remark.

"By no means," she assented.

"The little lady who sat opposite us at dinner last night may be one of them?"

"Yes."

"And the other lady who sat opposite us might be one of them, too?"

"No."

She concentrated her attention on the sketch. "You are so clever," she said, — her precise words: "you see into everything; there are no secrets from you; everything is an open book to you, — or will be, in the end." And, "No help from me," — were those the words she barely saved herself from saying? "I shall value this," she went on. "I shall lay it at the top of my trunk; it will be the first thing I unpack and put up in place at Syracuse."

Stanhope and the two daughters were seated on a wrecked and prostrate column, busy with the innocent blooms of the springtide.

"You go so soon?"

"Almost at once. The carriage waiting there under the tree will take us straight to the station."

"Oh, fie!" said I, myself casting about for some floral offering that would suitably grace this departure; "one might tax you with seeing Girgenti between trains!"

"Quite the contrary. We have been here a long time, — much longer than I could have foreseen. This is the last of my visits to the ruins, my farewell. But I think I may go now with a good conscience. My girls" —

"I see. Quite right. The question is whether you can *stay* with a good conscience. I am no more an advocate than you yourself of overplain speaking at a public dinner-table. You are right in wishing to remove your daughters beyond the range of — beyond the range of" —

"Beyond the range of Greek art. Precisely. They are almost too young for temples — after the first fortnight."

"The lady who is not Norwegian," I began, — "it may be that you do not altogether approve of her?"

Madame Brandt looked at me with quite a new expression; was it a smile, was it a frown, or was it a combination of the two?

"The question is whether she will altogether approve of *me*."

"What charming humility!" I cried. "But I should never have charged you with affectation."

"Affectation is my sole fault," she said dryly. "I must do the best I can to remedy it." She summoned her girls. "Yes, we must go, but I hope that you will be in no hurry to leave; there is a great deal of interest here."

"There will be less," I said gallantly.

"Oh, youth, youth!" I thought I heard her murmur, "how far is it to be depended upon?"

We saw Madame Brandt off for Catania and Syracuse, and then went on with our temples. We passed hither and thither, through lane and grove and field and orchard, and took those entrancing old ruins one after another in all their dispersedness and variety. Some of them still stood upright on their stocky old legs, and lifted their battered foreheads manfully into the blue; others had frankly collapsed, and lay there, so many futile and mortifying heaps of loose bones, amidst the self-renewing and indomitable greenery of the spring. The last temple of all consisted, as Stanhope put it, of nothing but a pair of legs and a jaw-bone. We found this scanty relic in a farmyard that stood high up on the sheer edge of a deep watercourse, — a winding chasm, whose sides were densely muffled with almonds and shimmering olives, and whose bottom was paved with groves of orange-trees in the last glowing stages of fruition. Nothing was left of the temple but a pair of broken, stumpy columns, and a bit of sculptured cornice (in the egg-and-dart pattern) which lay buried in the ground before the farmhouse door, — *that* was the jaw-bone. Through the velvety cleft of the waterway we looked up to the town high above on its hilltop, and presently we began the ascent to the hotel, passing through one of those steep and rugged and curious sandstone channelings that so abound in the environs of Girgenti, and that might pass either as the work of the artificers of the old Greek days, or — equally well — as the work of Nature herself, the oldest artificer of all.

At lunch we found the places of Madame Brandt and her two daughters occupied by a French marquis, an abbé (his companion), and a missionary bishop from Arizona. The Dutch baron was again in isolation, as neither of the two Norwegian ladies (so I called them for convenience' sake) appeared at table. However, he conversed amicably with the marquis, — on the basis of the Almanach de Gotha, I suppose. But their talk had no interest for me; the absence of the three ladies of the evening

before (I am not referring in any way to the two girls) robbed the meal of all its flavor. Just before the arrival of the cheese the bishop began on the cowboys and the Chinese, but I am not at all sure that I gave him due attention. After lunch the bishop and the curate drew together for a confab, the marquis and his abbé settled down in the drawing-room for a game of piquet, and Stanhope and I tramped up to the town to get the cathedral off our minds.

The cathedral was dull, the townspeople were exasperating, and the views, however magnificent, no longer possessed complete novelty. We clattered through a good many streets and squares with a pack of dirty and mannerless little boys at our heels, until the homicidal spirit that is said to be in the air of the place began to stir dangerously in our own breasts.

"This won't do," said Stanhope, at last. "We 've seen about everything there is, and I don't want to fill up the remaining hours with murder. What shall we do? Where shall we go?"

"That church we were told about," I suggested, — "the one with the gardens."

"It must be down under that group of stone-pines. Come, it 's only half a mile; let 's try it."

We descended toward the church — the old church of San Nicola — that had been so pointedly commended by Madame Brandt. Behind the church there is a little old disused monastery, with bits of dog-tooth and zigzag mouldings about its Norman doors and windows; below the monastery there is a garden with an orange-grove and a long pillared walk under grapevines; above the garden there is a mossy and neglected terrace that lies under the shadow of a spreading pine-tree; and seated upon the terrace, with a book in her hand, we encountered the amazon of yester-eve's dinner-table.

"Dear me!" said Stanhope, — rather blankly, as I felt. I thought, too, that I detected displeasure in his tone, — repugnance, possibly.

The lady sat in a rude wooden chair; she had a drooping and dejected aspect. The book looked like a volume of poetry, and she held it with a peculiar twist of her thick, peasant-like wrist, upon which she wore a silver chain bracelet, whose links were larger and clumsier than they need have been. She was still in black, and if her face had seemed lined and worn in the tempered light of the dinner-table lamp, how much more so did it seem in the searching light of day!

"She is absolutely haggard," I murmured, "and as pale as you please. This is sad, sad indeed."

She looked up with the complete self-possession that I had already assigned to her as her special attribute, and gave us a kind of wan smile that had, however, its own tinge of the informal and the familiar. It really amounted to a summons to approach, or — if I may use another law term — to a piece of special pleading.

So I shall state it, at least, — though, to tell the truth, her peculiar physiognomy complicated the problem considerably. Her prominent cheek-bones quite brought confusion into any established scheme of values; and the singular obliquity of her eyes added another difficulty to the precise reading and rendering of her expression. Above all, she called for a background of her own. She was not the woman of the night before, but that cry was just as acute and insistent now as then. No Sicilian garden, no still and shimmering sea, could fill in the frame; she called for something broader, bleaker, ruggeder, than either imagination or memory was able to supply.

"They set out this chair whenever they see me coming," she said. "I will ask them to bring two more."

"You come here frequently, then?" asked Stanhope.

"I have come here three or four times a week for the last month or more."

The woman who had admitted us appeared again from the range of disused convent offices on the far side of the church. They seemed to serve at once as homestead, stableyard, storehouse, and playground for an abundant progeny. She held her baby on one arm, and with the other she worked a second heavy chair across the jolting irregularities of the terrace. She made some apologetic remark in her native Sicilian.

"This is the other one," said our self-appointed hostess, interpreting, "the last one. There is no third. One of you must stand."

"I will," said Stanhope promptly. "Never mind me, anyway; I will move about a bit. There seems to be plenty to see." I made no doubt of his willingness to escape from such a *milieu*.

The woman retired with her baby, and Stanhope followed her to see the rarities of the place.

"You are fond of this spot?" I said to my companion.

"Very," she acquiesced. "This is the part of Girgenti that wears the best and the longest. And I have made friends with the people. What companionship is there in all those cold, empty temples?"

Not an archæological student, evidently, nor one of those trifling sketchers.

"The longest," — I carried these words over and lingered on them with a marked emphasis. "You count time by the month here."

"To me a month is a month, — yes. There are others to whom each month is a year."

I was not ready yet to ask her in so many words what kept her here; that would come later. "And you are fond of poetry, too," I observed, with an eye on her book.

She placed the volume on the balustrade of the terrace: it was Leopardi. Stanhope himself might easily have found a place there, had he but chosen. Sometimes I think him overchoice, overcareful. His very profession should demand, if not more tolerance, at least a greater catholicity of taste.

She turned the book over, so that it lay face downward. "I should have brought something different," she said.

"You are sad enough as it is?" I ventured.

"This is not the world that it was meant to be," she returned.

"Things do go awry," I admitted. "We ourselves are warped, wronged, twisted. Our natural rights" —

I paused. It was on the subject of natural rights that she had been most vehement the evening before: the discussion had involved the right to die, the right to live, even the right to slay. I was hoping for a fuller utterance from her.

"I am afraid I am thinking, not of natural rights," she replied, "but of unnatural wrongs. I have been down into the sulphur-mines once more."

Was Stanhope right? Was she a political agitator? She was clever, I saw, and might be dangerous, I felt certain.

"Yes," said I, "things are desperately bad hereabouts, I know. Could it be in any other land than Italy that such" —

She glanced at me with a new expression. It was covert, it was fleeting; but I had never seen it before, either on her face or on another's.

"In my country," I went on, "something would be done. But the Italian — when it comes to practical affairs, you know. Can you imagine that we in America would for a moment allow" —

"I am not sure of the utility or of the justice of international comparisons," she broke in. "There is always the tendency to compare the foreign reality, not with our own reality, but with our own local ideal."

"But in your country?" I urged.

She was silent for a moment. A

shadow of that strange new expression stole over her face. "I have no country. Or, better, all countries are my country, now."

I was to learn little, I saw. "They are the most wretched of the wretched," I said, turning back.

"I should be glad to help them."

"Can nothing be done?" I asked.

"By me? By one poor alien woman, when government, when the collective intelligence of the race, fails to solve the problem? No, I have renounced general beneficence, along with general ideas. I have one or two families that I help," she added simply.

This, then, was her cue: she was turning from rights to duties. A more obtuse observer than I would not have failed to perceive penitence in her attitude, regret, even remorse, in her voice. Instinctively I put a bit of drapery about her, and made her the genius of Reparation, of Expiation.

I determined not to make my disapproval of her too manifest, but I had no idea of permitting the duties of to-day to crowd out the rights of yesterday.

"You give the poor creatures the right to die," I suggested. "You do not deny the right of suicide to the wretched, the downtrodden, any more than to the indelibly disgraced, the hopelessly crippled, the mortally ill, the" —

It was this doctrine that had brought the curate to his feet in protest. Do not consider me over-insistent; I am sure that I was but justifiably interested.

"The mortally ill!" she sighed. She looked across the garden, and through the high flat tufts of the pines, and up the hill slope beyond; I fancied for a moment that her eye rested on the terrace of the hotel. "They have only to wait!" she breathed.

She half rose, and as she settled back into her chair she shook out the folds of her skirt. I was conscious of some faint perfume — was it sweet, was it pungent? — that seemed to emanate from her. I instantly figured her as less of a culprit and more of a victim, — though a victim to herself, indeed. A varied catalogue of drugs, stimulants, anodynes, passed through my mind. For two or three moments I saw her own course of life as one long, slow suicide.

Stanhope passed below us, personally conducted through the garden. He paused over three or four children who were engaged in weeding out a vegetable bed, and I saw him stop for a moment before a donkey tethered to a medlar-tree. He took out his notebook, — for the children's aprons and the donkey's ears, I suppose: such details appear necessary, to him.

"But there is the right to kill," I insisted softly, — "the right of indigent and overburdened relatives to relieve at once the strain upon themselves and upon a hopeless and agonizing victim; the right, too, of a deceived and outraged husband to" —

I seemed to see the brown volume on the balustrade stamped with a new title: Tue-la!

It was this last right that she had most vigorously denied and combated the night before. The baron from Leyden had pleased himself by opposing her; he appeared to hold (or to have adopted for the nonce) the old-established notion of woman as property, — a doctrine that struck sparks from her mind and from her eyes as instantaneously as a blow strikes sparks from a flint.

Would a spark be struck now? Do not consider me indiscreet; I am sure that I was but properly curious.

But no further spark was struck. She looked at me a little doubtfully, I thought, and began to arrange a bit of ruching at her neck with one of those large, blanched, bony hands. And I noticed just behind her ear a very perceptible scar.

"That is a literary question, after all," she observed merely. But it was more than a literary question; for I saw

in a flash a woman at variance with her husband, and subject (perhaps justifiably) to his violence.

I had another glimpse of Stanhope, still following the mother and babe; he was making the circuit of a vast tank that was half filled with brown water. He slipped along over its broad, smooth stone borders, and leaned over its unprotected edge to count the pipes that crossed its bottom and that were brought to sight by the slanting sunbeams. I wondered how many children had been drowned there. I saw him make another entry in his notebook, — the number, perhaps.

"The right to live and to love, — is that a literary question, too?" I insinuated smoothly; "the right of those to whom fortune never comes, yet from whom youth and spirit are day by day departing; the right of her who has waited, waited, yet before whom no wooer has ever appeared" —

I looked at the book once more; it now seemed stamped with still another title, — Les Demi-Vierges, a work that my companion had herself cited the evening before.

Do not consider me indelicate; I am sure that I was only — only — But I can trust to your kind discernment to find the word.

I shall not say that she had expressed too pointed an opinion on this last matter, which had been approached but remotely, of course, and indeed very largely by implication. Nobody had been too definite about it, except the saffron-eyed young Croat; though why should so *very* young a man have entered into the thing at all?

My companion moved a little uneasily, and her glance, which had hitherto been bold and frank enough in all conscience, fell to the pavement with something that resembled modesty, — an offended modesty, if you will.

"Whether it is a literary question or not," she responded, "it is a question that need not be discussed too freely."

She rose, and reached out for her book, as if to move away. Yet I saw her as a woman who had taken much more than a mere book or so into her own hands.

She did move away, but at the head of the steps she paused. She gave me a perfectly inexplicable glance out of those slanting eyes of hers. "Ah," she said, "you are a man, — a young man."

"Yes," I rejoined very steadily, "I am a young man. And you," I hastened to add, "you are a woman, and an unhappy woman." I still felt a large measure of distaste for her, but distaste did not altogether bar the way to pity.

"You are wrong," she replied. "I am seldom unhappy unless I stop to think, and I seldom stop to think unless I am idle. I have been idle, I acknowledge."

She glanced back over the terrace: there, she made it plain, was the scene of her idleness. I was not sorry to have happened along and to have brought her idle hour to an end. Then she transferred her glance to me. Could she have meant to imply that the time passed in conversation with a clever young man of the world was simply — But, no; no.

"Yes, you are young," she went on; "and the great gifts of the gods are yours to enjoy, — strength, youth, freedom."

Freedom? Was she viewing me as a bachelor or as an American? No matter; I was equally free from matrimonial entanglements and from social and political oppression.

We descended into the garden, and she began to walk toward the gate at the bottom of it.

"I leave you here," she said. "I have a key to the gate; I shall go up by a shorter path."

"You will find it rough, I'm afraid."

"Most paths are rough." She paused, and looked at me for the last time. "Yes, you have youth and freedom."

I declare! She was insisting on my

youth just as the other woman had insisted on my goodness. Why annoy one so?

"Youth and freedom," she repeated. "May you learn to use the one before you have outgrown the other," and she walked rapidly away.

Of course I shall outgrow my youth. But had I misused my freedom?

Stanhope returned, as I stood there in speculation. "Come with me," he said. "I have found off there an old Roman sanctuary made over into a Norman chapel; and I dare say there will be some good things to see in the church itself."

He looked after the retreating figure on its way to the foot of the garden. The woman, though she was not moving slowly, seemed to have a thoughtful, even a mournful droop of the head.

"What is the matter?" asked Stanhope. "Is she hurt?"

"Hurt?" I echoed. "By what?"

"Is she offended?"

"Offended? With whom?"

We passed through some beds of peas and radishes to the sanctuary. It was a square Roman erection to which an early Gothic vaulting had been added. Through the broken pavement we caught sight of a burial-chamber beneath, with some remains of bones.

"Well," said Stanhope, as we viewed together a few leg-bones and some thin broken segments of human skulls, "I suppose you know now all that you wanted to know; you have cracked the cocoanut and drained the milk. Certainly I gave you the opportunity, — almost made it; openly, shamelessly, it might have been said."

I was silent. He looked at me quizzically.

"Come, what is her country? Is she Finn, Swede, Servian, Icelandic, Montenegrin, Bashi-Bazouk?"

"I — I don't know," I replied.

"Then, what is she doing here?" he went on. "Companion, governess, nurse, courier, student, author, reformer, exile?"

"I — I don't think she said," I murmured.

"Well, then, what is her status?" he proceeded. "Maid, wife, widow?"

"I — I was just coming to that," I responded, "when — when she went away."

"Well," observed Stanhope, frilling the leaves of his notebook, "I, at least, have something to show for the afternoon."

He looked across over the back wall of the garden and up along the olive slopes that rose behind. A black figure, walking up to the hotel with little change in bearing, had just passed in front of the inclosing walls of a farmyard. Then he looked back suddenly at me.

"Yes, I left you alone with her," he said, with an expression not easy to fathom, "but perhaps I should have done better by staying there with you."

We left Girgenti early the next morning. I had no further converse with the sphinx of the garden. She had come down to dinner the evening before, as had her companion; and they might have sat together had they chosen, for the Dutch baron had slipped away during the afternoon. But they did not appear over-desirous of the public avowal of some hidden and secret tie; for the lady who was Norwegian held her place and kept her eyes on her plate, while the lady who was not Norwegian moved down to the other end of the table — and kept her eyes on hers. A change had come, and other changes seemed impending.

We took our early coffee, and then stepped out on the terrace for one final look over the site of old Agrigentum, "the most beautiful city of mortals." The morning sun touched up our fountain, our flower-pots, and our box-hedges, and drove slantingly across the long, many-windowed front of the house itself.

I heard a slight cough overhead. I turned, and saw a young man at one of the upper windows. I started; I shuddered. Never had I beheld such pallor, such emaciation. His light, long, thin hair fell over temples absolutely colorless, and his bright blue eyes burned and stared with an unnatural largeness and brilliancy. He coughed once more, and again; he caught at his breast with his slender, bony, bloodless hand. But another hand was clutching at him, — the very hand of Death.

Presently, at the window next beyond, appeared the figure of the little lady from the North. Her own eyes were as blue as his; her own face was almost as colorless. She passed and repassed the window several times, and I saw the various objects that she carried in her hands, — flasks, brushes, slippers, pieces of underclothing. I found myself wondering whether the two windows belonged to the same room, and whether the window next beyond lighted the room of the other woman.

The head waiter came to tell us that the bus was ready to leave.

"There is more to know than ever," I murmured, as I followed Stanhope through the house.

"You are entitled to know about *her*, at least," he conceded. "Ask the waiter."

"As if I would!" I returned, with pride, and with some pique.

We were passing through the wide hallway that led across the middle of the house to the front.

"Look at the register, then. I 've seen a sort of guest-book lying about here somewhere, I believe."

"Here it is, now," I rejoined, stepping toward a small table. "Bah! it 's only a fortnight old!"

"Fatality!" commented Stanhope. "Have you got the sticks and umbrellas? Come along, then."

We left the problem unsolved, and joined the general stream of travel eastward. New types presented themselves at new places, and Girgenti and its denizens ceased to occupy my thoughts. At Syracuse, for example, we met an interesting group from New Orleans, who added *their* Southern accent to the soft and melting tones of Sicily; and we studied the four officers who came in to dinner every evening, and made more noise at their own little table than the whole forty tourists did at their big one; and we took a solid pleasure in the head waiter, who looked like a brigand, if anybody ever did, but who was as good-natured and painstaking as you please. At Catania we came across the baron from Leyden, as sepulchrally silent as ever; and we parleyed through one long dinner with a large family group from England, all brothers and sisters, all bachelors and spinsters, who were doing the island amicably in a body, — a compact and sturdy little English hamlet on the move. Perhaps their thatch was more or less out of repair, and their chimney-pots were a bit broken and battered, and their windows stuffed here and there with wisps of old straw; but they were one and all keeping wind and weather out most gallantly, and all seemed capable of holding together for many years to come. At Taormina we became rather ecclesiastical again. We met the missionary bishop in the Greek theatre, and we grazed the curate and his wife in one of the Gothic palaces. But principally we delighted in our own Hungarian prince, a tall, slender, ethereal person, who submitted to the crude wines of the house with a touching patience, and who kept a bald-headed valet busy half the day in brushing trousers on the promenade below our windows.

But we did not meet Madame Skjelderup-Brandt and those two inevitable daughters; we did not meet the pathetic little lady from the North; we did not meet the problematical person from Everywhere and Nowhere; nor did we receive the slightest sign or token of

that hopeless young consumptive upon whom the hand of Death was already laid.

Nothing occurred to bring this group to mind — it was a group, I felt perfectly convinced — until we reached Messina.

The clientèle at the Hotel Trinacria, there, is largely native — professional and commercial — and largely masculine. The guests dine at two long tables. Ours had a sprinkling of ladies; the other was filled with lawyers and merchants, for a guess; only one vacant seat was left there. I sat facing the door at the nearer of the tables. My vis-à-vis was a Calabrian marquis, they told me, who had come over from the mainland to spend his substance in riotous living, and whose manipulation of macaroni was riotous enough, in all conscience. But never mind him: the lady from Everywhere came in, passed us by, went on to the other table, and took that one vacant seat.

She was her earlier self once more. She wore the figured black silk dress and the silver bracelet. She made her entrée with easy self-possession, and sat down among all those men with as much assurance as you please. As she passed by she recognized us. She gave us a bow and a faint, tired smile.

"She has forgiven you," said Stanhope.

"Forgiven me? For what?"

"She is a noble, generous, broad-minded creature, I am sure," said he.

"Humph!" said I.

Though I could not keep her in view, because I sat with my back to the other table, I was conscious enough of her presence among that incongruous crowd of nondescripts. "'Group!' I should think it was a group!"

She was conversing freely in Italian with her neighbors, right and left. But the room was crowded and noisy, and her talk was difficult to overhear. I could see her face only now and then, by turning. But what I did see and hear in that room was the last of her. I left in the morning for Naples. I never met her again. I did not even think of her until months afterward in Florence.

We followed the spring northward. It was a spring of springs: the spring of Sicily in February; the spring of the Bay of Naples in March; the spring of Rome in April; and the spring of the Val d' Arno in May, — the last of them the loveliest and best.

The heart of the Florentine spring discloses itself in the Cascine, — most noble and unaffected of parks, — with Monte Morello looming up big on one side, and the Arno slipping smoothly past its poplars on the other. And the heart of the Cascine is the wide Piazzale, where the band comes to play just before sunset, and where the carabiniere in blue and black sits stiff on his tall horse to turn the tide of landaus and cabs and victorias and four-in-hands backward to the city. On one side of the Piazzale people assemble under the arcades of the Casino to eat their ices and to gossip; on the other side they sit on stone benches round the big fountain-basin to listen to the music and to watch the world pass by.

I had enjoyed a long and intimate acquaintance with the arcades, so this time I chose the fountain. Upon one of the benches, close by a bed of cineraria, a lady was seated, alone. I recognized at once the grizzled hair, the dark eyes that crinkled up in welcome, and the chubby little hand that motioned me to take the place beside her. It was Madame Skjelderup-Brandt.

I was heartily glad to see her. The intervening months dropped out instantly; it was like the forcing together of the two ends of an accordion: Syracuse, Taormina, Sorrento, and Rome all issued forth in a single tumultuous, resounding concord, and nothing was left between Girgenti and Florence.

"Well, I have decided to go."

This she said without one syllable of introduction.

"What!" I cried. "Just as I come?"

She laughed. "I mean that I have decided to go to America. Next month."

"Good!" I cried again. "They will like you."

"I hope so," she responded. "I want to like America, and I want America to like me. I am qualifying for the trip, you see."

She gave a sort of humorous pat to the blue stone slab on which we were seated, and cast an indulgent smile over such of the middle public as sat on other benches and surveyed the passing of the great.

"I should have expected to see you on wheels," I observed.

"I think I do as well here on this bench as I should in one of those odious cabs with a big green umbrella strapped on behind, and a bundle of hay stowed away under the driver's legs. Yes, I am mingling with the populace; I am catching the true spirit of democracy."

"Do you need to qualify for democracy? Norway itself is democratic. You have no titled nobility."

Madame Brandt drew herself up. "We have our old families."

And I saw that she herself belonged to one of the oldest and best of them. She let herself down again almost immediately.

"My girls are qualifying, too." She waved her hand in a general way toward the arcades of the Casino, where, through the lined-up carriages and above the heads of the crowd that hemmed in the band, we saw people busy over their ices and syrups at the little round iron tables. "They have gone off with some young man or other."

"Poor children!" I sighed. "You are putting them through a course that is fairly heroic; it will be make or break, I fear. You compel them to eat ices with strange men in Florence; you force them to overhear dubious table-talk at Girgenti" —

Madame Brandt looked at me with a slow seriousness; then, without further preamble, "The poor young man died," she said.

"*Hein?*" said I.

"That poor young consumptive in Sicily. He died, after all. His mother has gone back to Christiania."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "His mother, to be sure! Poor little woman!"

"Yes, it was hard for her, and for all the rest of us. I knew what was coming, but there was no need of my remaining longer. There were others quite as willing and far more able."

"There was *one* other, perhaps you mean." I threw out this in a fine burst of intuition.

"One other, then. You didn't like her," added Madame Brandt, eying me narrowly.

"I never understood her."

"Yet you are clever; you claim a good deal for yourself. You understood me."

"Not at first. Even your nationality was a puzzle to me."

"Was hers?"

"It is yet."

"Is there so much difference, then, between a Norwegian and a Russian?"

"A Russian!" I jumped to my feet. "A Russian! — I see, I see! A Russian, — a Calmuck, a Cossack, a Tartar! Yes, yes; it is as plain as day!"

Here was the key at last. I saw the woman now in the right light and with the proper background.

"I see!" I cried again. "I understand. I've got the landscape that she needs. There is a big plain behind her, one of those immense steppes," — I threw out my arms to indicate the wide flat reaches of mid-Russia, — "and it's covered with snow breast-deep, and the wind goes raging across the" —

Madame Brandt touched my arm. "Sit down, please; people are beginning to notice you."

I took my place once more on that cold blue slab. "The wind goes raging

across that bare, unbroken stretch; and upon the horizon there is a town with those bulbous domes on all its church-towers; and in the middle distance there is a forlorn wooden village, with peasants in boots and blouses, and their hair cut square just above their shoulders; and through the village there is a train of sledges moving along on the way to Siberia; and there is a company of soldiers with" —

"Siberia," repeated Madame Brandt in a low, pitying tone. "You may well say Siberia."

"*Hein?*" I ejaculated again.

"The mines," said Madame Brandt simply.

"Was *she* in them?"

"No, *he* was; he died of consumption, too, poor young man."

"He? Her lover?"

"Her husband. He was young when they took him away. He was old enough when they brought him back."

"Her husband!" I had another burst of insight. "I know, I know; I have read their books. He was a student, and she was a student, and they made a student marriage. Then they conspired; they were apprehended; they were put on trial; they were" —

I was rising to my feet once more, but Madame Brandt held me down.

"I do not know," she said. "He was a minor government official, I believe, and she was a merchant's daughter from the far southeast. He was in the mines eight years. He died six months after his return, — less than a year ago. She did everything in the world to save his life, and went everywhere in the world with him; and after his death she came back to the South for rest, change, study" —

"She went into the mines, too," I suggested, "at Girgenti. How could she bear to do it?"

"She is a woman of rock, of iron," replied Madame Brandt, "and she has her own ideas of duty."

Madame Brandt brought out this last word with a singular emphasis, and looked me long and steadily straight in the face.

"Duty?"

"Duty, I said, — duty, duty."

"I understand you, I think."

"You do not," she ejaculated brusquely. "You do not," she repeated, in answer to my look of protesting surprise. "You have densely, willfully misunderstood all along. Why do you suppose that woman spent six weeks in such a place as Girgenti? To sketch the ruins? To break blossoms from the almond-trees? Not at all; she was there to help the young man's mother keep her son alive."

"It was fortunate that his mother could bring so experienced a nurse."

"Bring? Nurse?" Madame Brandt tapped her foot smartly on the gravel. "They met in Sicily itself."

"It was fortunate, then, that she encountered so trustworthy an acquaintance."

"Acquaintance?" Madame Brandt's eyes snapped, and she tugged viciously at the tips of her gloves. "They met at Girgenti for the first time."

"It was fortunate, then, that" —

"Understand me," said Madame Brandt sharply. "They were total strangers; they were thrown together by the mere chance of travel, and held together by that noble creature's sympathetic heart and sense of duty. Why did she look so pale, so haggard? Because she had yielded up ungrudgingly the last traces of her youthful good looks, because she had made herself live through all those dreadful days once more, in her efforts to spare another woman the sorrow that had been her own."

I poked among the cineraria with my stick. "But why was she so blunt, so bold?"

"Why was *I* so blunt, so bold? You were nonplused by my directness, I could see. I was simply a person of age and

experience welcoming a person much younger, — an habituée giving greeting to a stranger just arrived."

"She was certainly a woman of experience," I conceded, "and as surely an habituée."

"Experience!" cried Madame Brandt in a strident tone. "You have not heard the half. They had waited too long with that poor boy. At the last hour they hurried him south as fast as they could. He was doomed. I saw it; she saw it; the hotel-keepers saw it. Toward the end, no house would take him in for more than a night. At one place they were turned away from the very door, on the first sight of the poor boy's dying face. She went with them, fought for them, took charge of everything, — for the young man was almost past speech, and his mother had nothing but her own native Norwegian; until, at Messina — at Messina he had to be taken to the hospital. She went with him, nursed him, stayed with him till he died. She paid his doctors and attendants; she saw his body prepared for the return home; she herself accompanied that poor mother as far back as Venice. She is an angel, if ever" —

Madame Brandt sat there rigid on her seat. Her lips were trembling, but her words came out in a new tone, as if she had set her throat in a vise and did not dare to move it. A tear had started in each of her blinking eyes, her nostrils were inflated, and a tremor seemed to be running through the arms that she held tight against her sides. I remembered two or three other women who had reached this same effect before my eyes, — yet never except under the influence of some strong suppressed indignation. But what had Madame Brandt to be indignant about?

She turned full on me, quite oblivious to the holiday crowd around.

"And you, you doubted her, you disparaged her, you disrespected her! And I — I let you; I was to blame, too! But you seemed so clever, so experienced; you claimed to read character and to know the world. I thought I could trust her to you; I felt that nothing could assail her" —

She gave a gurgling sob, twitched her handkerchief out of her pocket, and burst into tears.

By this time we had attracted the attention of the crowd most finely. I tried as best I might to quiet the poor woman down; but I was none too successful.

I was relieved to see the coming of her two daughters; they cleared the last of the standing carriages, and came slowly across the intervening stretch of fine gravel. There was a man with them: it was Stanhope, as I might have divined. He came along with a new and peculiar air; if there had been only one girl, I should have said that he was approaching to ask the maternal blessing.

The sight of Madame Brandt in tears — or rather, the sight of that handkerchief before her face — made them quicken their steps. She did not lower her handkerchief to the solicitous inquiries of the girls; she rose, pushed them along before her, felt round in the dark for Stanhope's hand, which, when found, she gripped firmly and gave a long, vigorous shake, and then she walked away and took the girls with her. Her precise form of adieu to me — well, I am not quite sure that I determined it.

"These Russians," I said thoughtfully to Stanhope, as we passed through one of those avenues of lindens and beeches back to the city.

"What about them?"

"They are a study, — a study. For example, there was the young fellow we met last summer in Bedford Place: he had come over to London to learn English."

"I remember," said Stanhope. "He was so naïf, so good-natured, so uncouth, so confiding, so disposed to assume a general friendliness on all sides, like a

big Newfoundland puppy. He had the sweetest smile I ever saw, and the most appealing eyes. He was as frank and simple and direct as the frankest and simplest and most direct of our own people could have been; and yet there was something more, something beyond" —

"Yes, there was something beyond; we did n't get it."

"And there was the Russian prince who — Have you been meeting any Russians to-day?" he asked suddenly.

"No, not to-day."

— "the Russian prince who was lecturing at Geneva on his country's history and literature. He was as brilliant and polished as a Frenchman, as sympathetic and informal as an American; but behind all that" —

"Behind all that there was the 'something more'?"

"Yes. I did n't pay the best attention to his lecture, perhaps; but he himself gave me the man-to-man feeling as no man ever did before."

"And there was the Russian lady," I went on, "whom we met last month in Rome at the Farnesina. I took her for an American at first, — she was so alert, so competent, so enthusiastic, so unconscious of self; but" —

"The 'something more,' again? I know what it was in this case, at least; it was earnestness and solidity of temperament. Although she had the showy surface of a woman in society, her texture was altogether without the sleazy, flimsy" —

"Take care," said I, dabbing at the shrubbery with my stick. "There may be some Americans passing along behind this hedge."

"Let them pass," he said; "there are other temperaments that I admire more."

"And there was even the pensionkeeper we met day before yesterday," I went on, "in the Via Landino; what was that wonderful consonantal spree on her door-plate? You remember her? — that great, broad, pink-and-white human cliff; and with what a cosmic stare her old blue eyes blazed upon us from under those straight yellow brows! An interview of two minutes, — she had no quarters for us, — but one of a striking intimacy and directness. She dismissed us with a sort of gruff, brusque kindness; but for that two minutes there seemed to be nothing between us, — she almost abolished the atmosphere!"

"The Russians, yes," said Stanhope. "The breadth of life is theirs, and the belief in themselves, and all clearness of vision. They face the great realities, and see them for what they are; they come up close to us and blow the fresh young breath of the near future into our faces. We are young, too; and our youth responds to theirs — or should."

"'Or should.' We ought to visit them at home."

"So we ought."

"Will you go there with me this coming summer?"

"I am going the other way."

"To America?" I inquired.

"To America; with Madame Brandt and her — her party."

"I understand she has a fondness for America."

"America will develop a fondness for her."

I snatched a branch of laurel from the hedge, and stripped its leaves off one by one as we moved on.

"H'm," said I; "I hope so, I am sure. She is something of a character in her way; and character is the first of things, — except, you understand, the penetrative portrayal of it."

Henry B. Fuller.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

IV.

We have now reached the last batch of Swift's letters. The correspondence which opened so briskly has grown sluggish with the lapse of time. In the beginning of their acquaintance Swift wrote more frequently to Chetwode in ten months than we now find him writing in five or six years. For a while his attention was drawn away from his friends in Ireland by two visits which he paid to England, and by the hopes raised in him by the accession of a new king. His health, moreover, was failing, and the attacks of giddiness and deafness, from which he had suffered much in late years, returned oftener and lasted longer. His thoughts were narrowed, finding their centre in his own misery. Nevertheless, he is still ready to help his friend with his counsel for some time, till at last neglect on his part, or perhaps only the suspicion of neglect, leads to a quarrel. They close their correspondence with bandying insults.

XLI.

[Indorsed, "Dr Swift from London in answer to a Letter I wrote him concerning Cadenus and Vanessa." Sent by hand.]

London. *Apr* 19*th* 1726.

S^{R}, — I have the Favor of y^{r} Lettr of the 7th instant. As to the Poem you mention, I know severall Copyes of it have been given about, and Ld. L^{t} [Lord Lieutenant] told me he had one. It was written written [*sic*] at Windsor near 14 years ago, and dated: It was a Task performed on a Frolick among some Ladyes, and she it was addresst to dyed some time ago in Dublin, and on her Death the Copy shewn by her Executor. I am very indifferent what is done with it, for printing cannot make it more common than it is; and for my own Part, I forget what is in it, but believe it to be onely a cavalier Business, and they who will not give allowances may chuse, and if they intend it maliciously, they will be disappointed, for it was what I expected, long before I left Irel^{d} — Therefore what you advise me, about printing it my self is impossible, for I never saw it since I writ it, neither if I had, would I use shifts or Arts, let People think of me as they please. Neither do I believe the gravest Character is answerable for a Private humersome thing which by an accident inevitable, and the Baseness of particular Malice is made publick. I have borne a great deal more, and those who will like me less, upon seeing me capable of having writ such a Trifle so many years ago, may think as they please, neither is it agreeable to me to be troubled with such Accounts, when there is no Remedy and onely gives me the ungratefull Task of reflecting on the Baseness of Mankind, which I knew sufficiently before.

I know not y^{r} Reasons for coming hither. Mine were onely to see some old Friends before my Death, and some other little Affairs, that related to my former Course of Life here. But I design to return by the End of Summer. I should be glad to be settled here, but the inconvenience and Charge of onely being a Passenger, is not so easy, as an indifferent home; and the Stir people make with me, gives me neither Pride nor Pleasure. I have s^{d} enough and remain S^{r} y^{rs} &c.

"The Poem" was Cadenus and Vanessa. Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa), to whom it was addressed, on her death in 1720 left directions for its publication. I infer from this letter that it was not printed till 1726. The "Copyes given

about" were in manuscript. The earliest edition in the British Museum is of that year, — "published and sold by Allan Ramsay, at his shop at the East end of the Lucken-booths [Edinburgh], price sixpence." It is interesting to find the Scotch poet thus connected with Cadenus and Vanessa. Mr. Craik, in his Life of Swift, says that the author revised the poem some years after it was written. The evidence for this statement is not strong enough to give the lie to the dean's assertion that he had never seen it since he wrote it. The "accident inevitable" by which it was made public was, no doubt, Vanessa's death; whose was "the Baseness" is doubtful. It was printed, it is said, by her two executors, one of whom was Berkeley. If Swift aimed at him, he would not have assented to the praise bestowed on the bishop by Pope: —

"Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven."

The stir people made with Swift in London was foretold by Dr. Arbuthnot, who wrote to him, "I know of near half a year's dinners where you are already bespoke."

XLII.

DUBLIN. *Octr 24th* 1726.

S^R^, — Since I came to Ireland to the time that I guess you went out of Town, I was as you observe much in the Country, partly to enure my self gradually to the Air of this place and partly to see a Lady of my old Acquaintance who was extremely ill. I am now going on the old way having much to do of little consequence, and taking all advantages of fair weather to keep my Health by walking. I look upon you as no very warm Planter who could be eighteen months absent from it, and amusing y^r^ self in so wretched a Town as this, neither can I think any man prudent who hath planting or building going on in his absence.

I believe our discoursing of Friends in Engl^d^ would be very short, for I hardly imagine you and I can have three of the same Acquaintance there, Death and Exil having so diminished the number; and as for Occurences, I had as little to do with them as possible, my Opinions pleasing very few; and therefore the life I led there was most in the Country, and seeing onely those who were content to visit me, and receive my Visits, without regard to Party or Politicks. One thing I have onely confirmed my self in, which I knew long ago, that it is a very idle thing for any man to go for England without great Business, unless he were in a way to pass his Life there, which was not my Case, and if it be yours, I shall think you happy.

I am as always an utter Stranger to Persons and occurences here — and therefore can entertain you with neith^r^, but wish you Success in this season of planting, and remain

Yr most faithfull &c.

"Lady Carteret, wife of the lord-lieutenant, said to Swift, 'The air of this country is good.' He fell down on his knees. 'For God's sake, madam, don't say so in England; they will certainly tax it.'"

Swift wished much to be settled in England. During the visit there, described in the above letter, he wrote to a friend: "This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short you all live in a wretched, dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in." Three years later he wrote from Dublin: "You think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

XLIII.

DUBLIN. *Feb* 14*th* 1726–7.

S^R^, — I should have sooner answered y^r^ Lett^r^ [your Letter] if my time had not been taken up with many impertinences, in Spight of my Monkish way of living; and particularly of late — with my preparing a hundred little affairs which must be dispatched before I go for England, as I intend to do in a very short time, and I believe it will be the last Journey I shall ever take thither. But the omission of some Matters last summer, by the absence of certain people hath made it necessary. As to Capt^n^ Gulliver, I find his book is very much censured in this Kingdom which abounds in excellent Judges; but in Engl^d^ I hear it hath made a bookseller almost rich enough to be an Alderman. In my Judgment I should think it hath been mangled in the press, for in some parts it doth not seem of a piece, but I shall hear more when I am in England. I am glad you are got into a new Tast of your Improvements, and I know no thing I should more desire than some Spot upon which I could spend the rest of my life in improving. But I shall live and dye friendless, and a sorry Dublin inhabitant; and yet I have Spirit still left to keep a clutter about my little garden, where I pretend to have the finest paradise Stockes of their age in Ireland. But I grow so old, that I despond, and think nothing worth my Care except ease and indolence, and walking to keep my Health.

I can send you no news, because I never read any, nor suffer any person to inform me. I am sure whatever it is it cannot please me. The Archb^p^ of Dublin is just recovered after having been despaired of, and by that means hath disappointed some hopers.

I am S^r^ y^r^ &c.

Swift's "Monkish way of living" was thus described by him a few years later: "I am as mere a monk as any in Spain. I eat my morsel alone like a king, and am constantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often and always alone."

Arbuthnot had written on November 8, 1726: "Gulliver is in everybody's hand. I lent the book to an old gentleman who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput." Gay wrote a few days later: "The whole impression sold in a week. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet council to the nursery." Swift used to leave the profits of his writings to the booksellers. In 1735 he wrote: "I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by M^r^ Pope's prudent management for me." The time of publication renders it almost certain that this one book was Gulliver's Travels. He is said to have received £300. By the Irish edition, published in 1727, he made nothing. "Dublin booksellers," he wrote, "have not the least notion of paying for copy." If the book was "mangled in the press," it was owing to the timidity of its London publisher, Benjamin Motte, who may have feared a prosecution for libel. Swift, keeping up the mystery of authorship, wrote to Pope, "I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered." He added, "A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it." Mr. Craik argues with great probability that the suggestion of garbling was "a loophole for disclaiming what Swift or his friends might afterwards condemn."

XLIV.

DUBLIN. *Novr* 23*rd* 1727.

S^R^, — I have yours of the 15^th^ instant, wherein you tell me that upon my last leaving Ireland, you supposed I would return no more, which was probable enough, for I was nine weeks very

ill in England, both of Giddyness and Deafness, which latter being an unconversable disorder I thought it better to come to a place of my own, than be troublesome to my Friends, or live in a lodging; and this hastened me over, and by a hard Journy I recovered both my Aylments. But if you imagined me to have any favor at Court you were much mistaken or misinformed. It is quite otherwise at least among the Ministry. Neither did I ever go to Court, except when I was sent for and not always then. Besides my illness gave me too good an excuse the last two months.

As to Politicks; in Engl[d] it is hard to keep out of them, and here it is a shame to be in them, unless by way of Laught[r] [Laughter] and ridicule, for both which my tast is gone. I suppose there will be as much mischief as Interest, folly, ambition and Faction can bring about, but let those who are younger than I look to the consequences. The publick is an old tattred House but may last as long as my lease in it, and therefore like a true Irish tenant I shall consider no further.

I wish I had some Retirement two or three miles from this Town, to amuse my self, as you do, with planting much, but not as you do, for I would build very little. But I cannot think of a remote Journey in such a miserable country, such a Clymat, and such roads, and such uncertainty of Health. I would never if possible be above an hour distant from home — nor be caught by a Deafness and Giddyness out of my own precincts, where I can do or not do, what I please; and see or not see, whom I please. But if I had a home a hundred miles off I never would see this Town again, which I believe is the most disagreeable Place in Europe, at least to any but those who have been accostomed to it from their youth, and in such a Case I suppose a Jayl might be tolerable. But my best comfort is, that I lead here, the life of a monk, as I have always done; I am vexed whenever I hear a knocking at the door, especially the Raps of quality, and I see none but those who come on foot. This is too much at once.

I am y[r] &c.

Of his illness in England Swift wrote from Pope's house, where he was staying, "Cyder and champaign and fruit have been the cause." "I have," he said, "a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight." On his return home he wrote to Pope: "Two sick friends never did well together; such an office [the care of a sick friend] is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not. I have a race of orderly, elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep."

His "hard Journy" was the long ride from London to Holyhead, in Wales, where he was kept some days by contrary winds, "in a scurvy unprovided comfortless place without one companion," as he wrote in his journal. "I cannot read at night, and I have no books to read in the day. I am afraid of joining with passengers for fear of getting acquaintance with Irish. I should be glad to converse with farmers or shopkeepers, but none of them speak English. A dog is better company than the vicar, for I remember him of old."

His taste for ridicule of Irish politicians was not wholly gone. A few years later he attacked them in the lines beginning, —

> "Ye paltry underlings of state,
> Ye senators, who love to prate;
> Ye rascals of inferior note,
> Who for a dinner sell a vote;
> Ye pack of pensionary peers,
> Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;

Ye bishops far removed from saints,
Why all this rage ? why these complaints ? "

The life he led in Dublin he thus described to Pope: "I keep humble company, who are happy to come when they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I gave my vicar a supper and his wife a shilling to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality and especially of titles I am not within ; or at least am deaf a week or two after I am well."

XLV.

DUBLIN. *Decbr* 12*th* 1727.

S^R^, — I thought to have seen your Son, or to have spoken to his Tutor. But I am in a condition to see nobody ; my old disorder of Deafness being returned upon me, so that I am forced to keep at home and see no company ; and this disorder seldom leaves me under two months.

I do not understand your son's fancy of leaving the University to study Law under a Teacher. I doubt he is weary of his Studyes, and wants to be in a new Scene ; I heard of a fellow some years ago who followed that practice of reading Law, but I believe it was to Lads, who had never been at a University ; I am ignorant of these Scheams, and you must advise with some who are acquainted with them. I only know the old road of getting some good learning in a university and when young men are well grounded then going to the Inns of Court. This is all I can say in the matter, my Head being too much confused by my present Disorder.

I am y^r^ obd^t^ &c.

Swift in his Letter to a Young Clergyman says : "What a violent run there is among too many weak people against university education : be firmly assured that the whole cry is made up by those who were either never sent to a college, or, through their irregularities and stupidity, never made the least improvement while they were there."

The students of Dublin University he thus mentions in a letter to Pope : "You are as much known here as in England, and the university lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garments."

Wherever young Chetwode studied law, he would have had to learn law Latin. For four years longer it was to remain the language of the records in the law courts. Blackstone in his Commentaries sighs over the change that was made, when, by act of Parliament, English alone was to be thenceforth used. The common people, he said, were as ignorant in matters of law as before, while clerks and attorneys were now found who could not understand the old records. Owing, moreover, to the verbosity of English, more words were used in legal documents, to the great increase of the cost.

XLVI.

DUBLIN. *Mar.* 15*th* 1728-9.

S^R^, — I had the favor of yours of the 5^th^ instant, when I had not been above a fortnight recovered from a disorder of giddyness and Deafness, which hardly leaves me a month together. Since my last return from Engl^d^ I never had but one Letter from you while I was in the Country, and that was during a time of the same vexatious ailment, when I could neither give my self the trouble to write or to read. I shall think very unwise in such a world as this, to leave planting of trees, and making walks, to come into it — I wish my fortune had thrown me any where rather than into this Town and no Town, where I have not three acquaintances, nor know any Person whom I care to visit. But I must now take up with a solitary life from necessity as well as Inclination, for yesterday I relapsed again, and am now so deaf that I shall not be able to dine with my Chapter on our onely festival in the year, I mean St. Patrick's Day. As to any Scurrilityes published against

me, I have no other Remedy, than to desire never to hear of them and then the authors will be disappointed, at least it will be the same thing to me as if they had never been writ. For I will not imagine that any friend I esteem, can value me the less, upon the Malice of Fools, and knaves, against whose Republick I have always been at open War. Every man is safe from Evil tongues, who can be content to be obscure, and men must take Distinction as they do Land, cum onere.

I wish you happy in your Retreat, and hope you will enjoy it long and am your &c.

A little later Swift wrote: "I have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen signposts of the Drapier in this city, besides those that are scattered in country towns; and even these are half worn out."

His war against the republic of fools and knaves he thus speaks of in his Lines on the Death of Dr. Swift: —

> "As with a moral view designed
> To cure the vices of mankind,
> His vein ironically grave
> Exposed the fool and lashed the knave."

The safety from evil tongues that is found in obscurity he has thus expressed: "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent."

XLVII.

DUBLIN. *May 17th* 1729.

S^R^, — That I did not answer your former Letter, was because I did not know it required any, and being seldom in a tolerable humor by the frequent returns or dreads of Deafness, I am grown a very bad correspondent. As to the passage you mentioned in that former Letter, and desired my opinion, I did not understand the meaning, and that Lett^r^ being mislayd, I cannot recollect it, tho' you refer to it in your last. I shall not make the usuall excusses on the subject of lending money, but as I have not been master of 30^ll^ for thirty days this thirty years, so I have actually borrowed several small Sums for thesse two or three years past for board-wages to my Serv^ts^ [Servants] and common expences. I have within these ten days borrowd the very poor money lodged in my hands, to buy Cloaths for my Servants, and left my note in the bag in case of my Death. These pinches are not peculiar to me, but to all men in this Kingdom, who live upon Tythes or rack [?] rents, for, as we have been on the high road to ruin these dozen years, so we have now got almost to our Journey's End: And truly I do expect and am determined in a short time to pawn my little plate, or sell it, for subsistance. I have had the same request you make me, from severall others, and have desired the same favor from others, without Success; and I believe there are hardly three men of any figure in Irel^d^, whose affairs are so bad as mine, who now pay Interest for a thous^d^ pounds of other peoples money (which I undertook to manage) without receiving one farthing my self, but engaged seven years in a law suit to recover it. This is the fairest side of my Circumstances for they are worse than I care to think of, much less to tell, and if the universall complaints and despair of all people have not reacht you, you have yet a vexation to come. I am in ten times a worse state than you, having a law suit on which my whole fortune depends, and put to shifts for money which I thought would never fall to my lot. I have been lately amazed as well grieved [*sic*] at some intimate friends, who have desired to borrow money of me, and whom I could not oblige but rather expected the same kindness from them.

Such is the condition of the Kingdom, and such is mine.

I am y^r^ &c.

Swift in his letters often complains of the want of ready money. "Money," he once wrote, "is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues." Nevertheless, on his death, ten years after this was written, he left more than £11,000. It is not true that he had "not been master of 30ll for thirty days this thirty years." In 1712 he had £400 in the hands of a friend; in 1725 he lost £1250 by another friend's ruin. His servants he always kept on board-wages. Their staying long in his service showed that he was not a bad master. "He was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach."

His lawsuit, whatever it was, went on troubling him. Two years later he wrote to Gay: "I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers; but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a Papist, and consequently by the law here cannot buy, nor, I think, sell; so that I am at sea again for almost all I am worth."

XLVIII.

Aug. 9th 1729.

S^r^, — Your Lett^r^ of July 30^th^ I did not receive till this day. I am near 60 miles from Dublin, and have been so these 10 weeks. I am heartily sorry for the two ocassions of the Difficultyes you are under. I knew M^rs^ Chetwode from her Child-hood, and knew her mother and Sisters, and although I saw her but few times in my life, being in a different Kingdom, I had an old friendship for her, without entring into differences between you, and cannot but regret her death. As to M^r^ Jackman I have known him many years, he was a good natured generous and gentlemanly person; and a long time ago, having a little money of my own, and being likewise concerned for a friend, I was inclined to trust him with the management of both but received some hints that his affairs were even then not in a condition so as to make it safe to have any dealings of that kind with him. For these 14 years past, he was always looked on as a gone man, for which I was sorry, because I had a personal inclination towards himself, but seldom saw him of late years; because I was onely a generall acquaintance, and not of intimacy enough to advise him, or meddle with his affairs, nor able to assist him. I therefore withdrew, rather than put my Shoulders to a falling wall, which I had no call to do. This day upon reading y^r^ Lett^r^ I asked a Gentleman just come from Dublin, who told me the Report was true, of Jackman's being gone off. Now S^r^ I desire to know, how it is possible I can give you Advice being no Lawyer, not knowing how much you stand engaged for, nor the Situation of your own Affairs. I presume the other Security is a responsible person, and I hope M^r^ Jackman's arrears cannot be so much as to endanger your sinking under them. It is to be supposed that M^r^ Shirley will give time, considering the case. I think there is a fatality in some people to embroyl themselves by their good nature. I know what I would do in the like condition; It would be, upon being pressed, to be as open as possible, and to offer all in my power to give Satisfaction, provided I could have the allowance of time. I know all fair Creditors love free and open dealings, and that staving off by the arts of Lawyers makes all things worse at the end. I will write to M^r^ Stopford by the next post, in as pressing a manner as I can; he is as honest and benevolent a person as ever I knew. If it be necessary for you to retrench in your way of living, I should advise, upon supposing that you can put your affairs in some Settlement here under the conduct of your Son assisted by some other friends, that you should retire to some town in England in a good country and far from London, where you may live as

cheap as you please, and not uncomfortably, till this present Storm shall blow over. This is all I can think of after three times reading your Letter. I pray God direct you;

I am ever &c.

XLIX.

Aug. 30th 1729.

S^R^, — I received your Lett^r^ by a man that came from Dublin with some things for me. This is the first post since; I come now to answer y^r^ questions. First whether you shall marry. I answer that if it may be done with advantage to your fortune, to a person where the friendship and good usage will be reciprocall, and without loss to y^r^ present children, I suppose all y^r^ friends, as I, would approve it. As to the affair of Lettr of Licence &c. I profess I am not master of it. I understand it is to be given by all the Creditors before the Debtor can be secure; why it is desired of you, I know not, unless as a Creditor, and how you are a Creditor, unless as being bound for him, I am as ignorant, and how Jackman in his condition can be able to indemnify you is as hard to conceive; I doubt his rich friends will hardly do it. This is all I can see after half blinding my self with reading yr Clerks Copyes. As to y^r^ leaving Irel^d^, doubtless y^r^ first step should be to London for a final answer from the Lady; if that fayls, I think you can live more conveniently in some distant southern county of Engl^d^, tho' perhaps cheap^r^ in France. To make a conveyance of y^r^ estate etc. there must I suppose be advice of good Lawyers. M^r^ Stopford will be a very proper person, but you judge ill in thinking on me who am so old and crazy, that for severall years I have refused so much as to be Executor to three or four of my best and nearest friends both here and in Engl^d^. I know not whether M^r^ Stopford received my Letter: but I will write to him again. You cannot well blame him for some tenderness to so near a Relation, but I think you are a little too nice and punctilious for a man of this world, and expect more from human race, than their Corruptions can afford. I apprehend that whatever the debt you are engaged for shall amount to, any unsettled part of your estate will be lyable to it, and it will be wise to reckon upon no assistance from Jackman, and if you shall be forced to raise money and pay Interest, you must look onely towards how much is left, and either retrieve by marriage or live retired in a thrifty way. No man can advise otherwise than as he follows himself. Every farthing of any temporall fortune I have is upon the balance to be lost. The turn I take is to look on what is left, and my Wisdom can reach no higher. But as you ill bear publick Mortifications it will be best to retire to some oth^r^ Country where none will insult you on account of your living in an humbler manner. In the Country of England one may live with repute, and keep the best company for 100^ll^ a year. I can think of no more at present. I shall soon leave this place, the weather being cold, and an Irish winter country is what I cannot support.

I am S^r^ y^r^ most &c.

Swift's assertion that "no man can advise otherwise than as he follows himself" would have brought on him the reproach from Johnson that he was "grossly ignorant of human nature." When it was objected that a certain medical author did not practice what he taught, Johnson replied: "That does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it, because they are blockheads."

That a man living by himself could, in those days, on £100 a year (nearly $500), keep the best company in the country parts of England is confirmed by a curious statement published by Boswell of Peregrine Langton, who on £200

a year had done much more than this, for he had kept up a house with four servants, a post-chaise and three horses.

L.

DUBLIN. *Feby 12th* $17\frac{29}{30}$.

S^R^, — I did not come to town till October, and I solemnly protest that I writ to you since I came, with the opinion I was able to give on the affairs you consulted me about; indeed I grow every day an ill retainer of memory even in my own affairs, and consequently much more of other peoples, especially where I can be of little or no Service. I find you are a great Intelligencer, and charge me at a venture with twenty things which never came into my head. It is true I have amused my self sometimes both formerly and of late, and have suffered from it by indiscretion of people. But I believe that matter is at an end; For I would see all the little rascals of Ireland hanged rather than give them any pleasure at the expence of disgusting one judicious friend. — I have seen M^r^ Jackman twice in the Green and therefore suppose there hath been some expedient found for an interval of liberty: but I cannot learn the state of his affairs. As to changing your Single life, it is impossible to advise without knowing all circumstances both of you and the Person. A. B^p^ Sheldon advised a young Lord to be sure to get money with a wife because he would then be at least possessed of one good thing. For the rest, you are the onely judge of Person, temper and understanding. And, those who have been marryed may form juster ideas of that estate than I can pretend to do.

I am S^r^ your most obd^t^ &c.

Of a lord who, acting on Archbishop Sheldon's advice, had married for money, Johnson said, "Now has that fellow at length obtained a certainty of three meals a day, and for that certainty, like his brother dog in the fable, he will get his neck galled for life with a collar."

Swift, in the last lines of his letter, implies that he had never been married. That he had been married to Stella the evidence is very strong, though not conclusive.

LI.

DUBLIN. *June 24th* 1730.

S^R^, — I had yours but it came a little later than usuall; you are misinformed; I have neither amused my self with opposing or defending any body. I live wholly within my self; most people have dropt me, and I have nothing to do, but fence against the evils of age and sickness as much as I can, by riding and walking; neither have I been above 6 miles out of this town this 9 months; except once at the Bish^ps^ [Bishop's] visitation in Trim. Neither have I any thought of a Villa eith^r^ near or far off; having neither money, youth, nor inclination for such an atchievement. I do not think the Country of Ireland a habitable scene without long preparation, and great expence. I am glad your trees thrive so well. It is usuall when good care is taken, that they will at last settle to the ground.

I cannot imagine how you procure enemyes, since one great use of retirement is to lose them, or else a man is no thorow retirer. If I mistake you not, by your 60 friends, you mean enemies; I knew not Webb. — As to your information of passages in private life, it is a thing I never did nor shall pursue; nor can envy you or any man for knoledge in it; because it must be lyable to great mistakes, and consequently wrong Judgments. This I say, though I love the world as little, and think as ill of it as most people. . . . M^r^ Cusack dyed a week after I left Trim; and is much lamented by all Partyes. What embroylments you had with him I know not; but I always saw him act the part of a generous, honest, good natured, reasonable, obliging man. I find you intended to treat of a marriage by Proxy in Engl^d^ and the lady is dead. I think you have

as ill luck with burying your friends, as good with burying your enemyes; I did expect that would be the event when I heard of it first from you. I know not what advertisements you read of any Libels or Storyes against me, for I read no news; nor any man tells me of such things, which is the onely way of disappointing such obscure Slaunderers. About 3 years ago I was shewn an advertisem^{t} to some such purpose, but I thought the Person who told me had better let it alone. I do not know but they will write Memoirs of my actions in War; These are naturall consequences that fall upon people who have writings layd to their charge, whether true or not —

I am just going out of town, to stay no where long, but go from house to house, whether Inns or friends, for five or six weeks mearly for exercise.

I am S^{r} your most obedient &c.

I direct to Maryborow by guess, never remembering whether that or Mountmelick be right.

LII.

[Knightley Chetwode to Dean Swift.]

[No date.]

S^{r}, — I came to Towne y^{e} 12th of Dec^{r} and leave it the 12th of March, and could never see you but in ye streete, the last time I met you I merryly thought of Horace's 9th Satire, and upon it pursued you to y^{r} next house tho' not "prope Cæsaris hortos." — I had a desire to catch you by y^{r} best ear for halfe an hour and something to tell you, w^{h} I imagined w^{d} surprize and please you, but with the cunning of experienced Courtiers, grown old in politicks, you put me off with a I 'll send to you; w^{h} probably you never intended. I am now returning to Wodebrook from an amour w^{h} has proved little profitable to myselfe — Business here I 've none but with women; those pleasures have not (with me) as yet [? lost] their charms and tho' when I am at home I do not like my neighbourhood and shall therefore probably seldom stir beyond the limits of my gardens and Plantations, wh. are full big enough for my purse, or what is even more insatiable my ambition, yet if my amusements there are scanty my thoughts are unmolested. I see not ye prosperity of Rascalls, I hear not ye Complaints of the worthy — I enjoy the sun and fresh air without paying a fruitless attendance upon his Eminence of St. Patricks, my fruit will bloom, my Herbs be fragrant, my flowers smile tho' the Deane frowns, and looks gloomy, take this as some sort of returne for y^{e} greatest neglect of me, I 've mett since my last coming to this Towne, many ill offices, and what is far more extraordinary wth halfe a dozen Females who have cleared up the truth of it to a mathematicall demonstration; this causes me to reflect upon the Jewishe method formerly to make Proselytes w^{h} I think St. Ambrose well expresses in y^{e} following words "Hi arte immiscent se hominibus, Domos penetrant, ingrediuntur Prætoria, aures judicum et publica inquietant, et ideo magis prævalent quo magis impudenter." I saw you pass last friday by my windowe like a Lady to take horse, with y^{r} handcirchiefe and whipp in y^{r} hand together; y^{r} petticoats were of ye shortest, and you wanted a black capp or I might have thought of Lady Harriett Harley now Lady Oxford.

LIII.

[Knightley Chetwode to Dean Swift.]

S^{R}, — I am truly concerned at y^{r} having been so long lame which you say I can't see you, tho' I imputed it to your having taken something amiss in my last letter, wherein when I thought I was only plaine perhaps I 've been blunt, and y^{t} is a fault for I am of opinion with my old friend Wycherly, that some degree of ceremony sh^{d} [should] be preserved in the strictest friendship. However I write again to you, upon my old maxim y^{t} he who forbears to write because his last letter is unanswered shews

more regard to forms and punctillios than to friendship. I've mett you handed about in print and as the Coffey Houses will have it of your owne doing — I am afraid y^{r} using y^{r} legg too soon will not let it be too soon well, the very shaking of a chair tho' yo had a stole under it, I believe harm'd you for you see by y^{r} accident at y^{e} A'p's visitation how small a thing throws you back. Beware I pray you of this hurt in time, for if a swelling sh^{d} fix in y^{r} leggs an access of a Dropsy may be apprehended — I sh^{d} be glad to see you if it were conven^{t} and agreeable to you and not else, tho' I am y^{r} well wisher and humble Serv^{t}

K. C.

LIV.

[Dean Swift to Knightley Chetwode.]

[Indorsed, "A very extraordinary lettr designed I suppose to mortifie me — within this letter are coppies of some lettrs of mine to him."]

DUBLIN. *May 8th* 1731 [? 1732].

S^{R}, — Your letter hath layen by me without acknowledging it, much longer than I intended, or rather this is my third time of writing to you, but the two former I burned in an hour after I had finished them, because they contained some passages which I apprehended one of your pique might possibly dislike, for I have heard you approve of one principle in your nature, that no man had ever offended you, against whom you did not find some opportunity to make him regret it, although perhaps no offence were ever designed. This perhaps, and the other art you are pleased with, of knowing the secrets of familyes, which as you have told me was so wonderfull that some people thought you dealt with old Nick, hath made many families so cautious of you. And to say the truth, your whole scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differ in every point from mine. I have utterly done with all great names and titles of Princes and Lords and Ladyes and Ministers of State, because I conceive they do me not the least honor; wherein I look upon myself to be a prouder man than you, who expect that the people here should think more honorably of you by putting them in mind of your high acquaintance, whereas the Spirits of our Irish folks are so low and little, and malicious, that they seldom believe a syllable of what we say on these occasions, but score it all up to vanity; as I have known by Experience, whenever by great chance I blabbed out some great name beyond one or two intimate friends. For which reason I thank God that I am not acquainted with one person of title in this whole Kingdom, nor could I tell how to behave myself before persons of such sublime quality — Half a dozen midling Clergymen, and one or two midling laymen make up the whole circle of my acquaintance — That you returned from an amour without profit, I do not wonder, nor that it was more pleasurable, if the Lady as I am told be sixty, unless her literal and metaphorical talents were very great; yet I think it impossible for any woman of her age, who is both wise and rich, to think of matrimony in earnest. However I easily believe what you say that women have not yet lost all their charms with you — who could find them in a Sybel. I am sorry for what you say that your ambition is unsatiated, because I think there are few men alive so little circumstanced to gratify it. You made one little essay in a desperate Cause much to the disadvantage of your fortune, and which would have done you little good if it had succeeded; and I think you have no merit with the present folks, though some affect to believe it to your disadvantage.

I cannot allow you my disciple; for you never followed any one rule I gave you — I confess the Qu's [Queen's] death cured all ambition in me, for which I am heartily glad, because I think it little consists either with ease or with conscience.

I cannot imagine what any people can

propose by attempts against you, who are a private country Gentleman, who can never expect any Employment or power. I am wondering how you came acquainted with Horace or St. Ambrose, since neither Latin nor Divinity have been your Studyes; it seems a miracle to me. I agree with that Gentleman (whoever he is) that said to answer letters was a part of good breeding, but he would agree with me, that nothing requires more caution, from the ill uses that have been often made of them, especially of letters without common business. They are a standing witness against a man, which is confirmed by a Latin saying — For words pass but Letters remain. You hint I think that you intend for England. I shall not enquire into your motives, my correspondence there is but with a few old friends, and of these but one who is in Employm^{t}, and he hath lately dropt me too, and he is in right; for it is said I am out of favor; at least, what I like as well, I am forgotten, for I know not any one who thinks it worth the pains to be my enemy; and it is meer charity in those who still continue my friends, of which however not one is in Power, nor will ever be — during my life — I am ashamed of this long letter, and desire your Pardon.

I am, S^{r} y^{r} &c.

There is a difficulty about the date of this letter which I cannot clear up. The lameness from which Swift suffered, spoken of by Chetwode in his second letter, to which this is an answer, is mentioned at least six times in the dean's published correspondence for 1732. On February 19 of that year, he wrote, "I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor easily write." In a letter written in the autumn of that year he says, "I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain." Had it not been for his lameness, he would have gone, he said, to London in November, to see the Lord Mayor's show of his friend and printer, Alderman Barber. I at first assumed that he had misdated his letter to Chetwode by a year, but in his works there is a letter addressed, "To Ventoso," dated April 28, 1731, which was clearly meant for Chetwode, and most likely is one of the two which Swift said he had burned. It is strange that on April 28, and again on May 8, he should have made a mistake in the year. There is a further difficulty: Chetwode seems to imply in his second letter that he was writing on the day he was leaving town, March 12. If that was the case, it was on a Friday in March that he saw the dean going to take horse. According to Swift's own account it was in the first days of February that he was lamed. The following passages in the letter to Ventoso are worth comparing with those which were substituted for them: —

"You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you; for you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: and besides you run the hazard of not being believed."

"The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great persons arises from its being generally known to others; but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided."

"I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said."

Swift perhaps had a hit at Chetwode in the lines, —

"But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learned by rote."

Chetwode's "one little essay in a desperate Cause" was taking part in a Jacobite conspiracy, mentioned in an earlier letter. He replied to Swift at great length, quoting Horace again and Virgil, and distinguishing between "honour in the concrete and honour in the abstract;" "to show you," he continues, "that I understand a little Logick as well as Lattin [*sic*] and Divinity," as indeed became the son of a dean and bishop elect. The books he bought on his foreign travels, which are still to be seen in the library at Woodbrooke, show that he was not indifferent to literature. Swift's taunt was perhaps without justification. Be that as it may, the correspondence which had spread over seventeen or eighteen years was brought to a close with mocks and gibes.

George Birkbeck Hill.

THE FREEMAN.

"*Hope is a slave; Despair is a freeman.*"

A VAGABOND between the East and West,
  Careless I greet the scourging and the rod;
I fear no terror any man may bring,
    Nor any god.

The clankless chains that bound me I have rent,
  No more a slave to Hope I cringe or cry;
Captives to Fate men rear their prison walls,
    But free am I.

I tread where arrows press upon my path,
  I smile to see the danger and the dart;
My breast is bared to meet the slings of Hate,
    But not my heart.

I face the thunder and I face the rain,
  I lift my head, defiance far I fling, —
My feet are set, I face the autumn as
    I face the spring.

Around me on the battlefields of life,
  I see men fight and fail and crouch in prayer;
Aloft I stand unfettered, for I know
    The freedom of despair.

Ellen Glasgow.

THE COMING LITERARY REVIVAL.

II.

A FAIR warning was given at the outset that the question of literary revivals and of the advent of genius is one for the man of science rather than for the literary essayist. This warning may be renewed now in the presence of the harshest aspects of the problem. Reasons more or less cogent have been adduced why the world should not look for genius of the highest order without a conflict, and why it should not look for it at all in a nation which, like the United States, gives no adequate thought to philosophy.

It has been suggested that the most obvious task for the great poet of the future is the fusion of Eastern and Western thought in a well-balanced unity. If to be in touch with the Orient were all that is necessary, the United States would have an advantage over all the other Western nations except England. But England's position at the head of an Oriental empire has not yet put her in sympathy with the philosophy of the East. She hardly understands her own language from the pen of Max Müller, contenting herself rather with what its academic votaries are pleased to call neo-Kantianism, a beautifully rounded product with the hall-mark of Hegel upon it. In its shapeliness and in its smug perfection this is an admirable counterpart to the literature of the Victorian era. The critical verdict on both a century hence may be very different from the one pronounced to-day. It were too curious to speculate on the possibilities three hundred years hence, but the fear is upon us that the poets of the middle Victorian period will be represented in England and America by In Memoriam, The Biglow Papers, and Hiawatha, and this for reasons apart from all questions of technical excellence.

The slow criticism of years is a different thing from the criticism of contemporaries. It is above all eminently practical. We know, however each of us may wander in some favorite by-path of old literature, that we read, as a rule, what we are obliged to by the tradition of the ages. The men of the future will have no other rule than this same practical one to guide them. For example, they will not have recourse to the books of the nineteenth century for what they can do better than the nineteenth century has done. Hence the mark of neglect, if not of oblivion, may be drawn through everything of classical — including the present writer's own dearest favorites — or mediæval inspiration. The cherished Idylls of the King are not exempt from this peril. Conceding willingly all that has been said in praise of these poems, and more that can be said, one finds against them the criticism which cannot be made good against any of the long-accepted masterpieces of European literature, namely, that they are fragments which, even when joined together, do not make a whole. A later poet, overcoming this defect, though otherwise he should make a poem merely of equal merit, would stand the chance of supplanting Tennyson, just as Tennyson himself has caused forgetfulness to fall upon his predecessors in Arthurian romance.

In fact, Tennyson has illustrated in another domain — a domain of special concern to this writing — what changes come over the aspects of a literary problem attacked by a succession of poets from time to time. No one incident in the history of modern literature has been more effective than the translation of The Arabian Nights Entertainments. The work has tyrannized over the mind of the West in all things pertaining to the Ori-

ent. Its reign began in England with Addison's version of the story of Alnaschar for The Spectator, and culminated in the excessive popularity of Moore's Lalla Rookh and Beckford's Vathek. Southey's Thalaba and various other pieces marked a turn of the tide toward other literatures of the East besides the Arabian and its parent Persian. The momentary success of this new vein of poetry in all its branches was such that Byron, whose muse rarely ventured beyond the Levant, satirized the "Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian" tales, in which were

> "mixed with western sentimentalism
> Some samples of the finest Orientalism."

In later days this sentimentalism gave place to religion, and the world has been treated to wisdom from the Orient in almost every stage of maturity or the lack of it. Fortunately, the translation of the more serious literature of the East has at the same time furnished a criterion by which to judge the imaginings of the poets and romancers. Tennyson marked the change that occurred in his lifetime, first by his early poem on Haroun al Raschid, and in his last days by Akbar's Dream. The one is full of the romance of Byron's day; the other recognizes the graver aspects of recent thought about the East. In both there is a suggestive brevity which implies that the field really belongs to coming poets, and that now it is possible only to mark the tendencies of the age. If it were needed, the Akbar might well be cited — not only for what it says, but especially for what it avoids — as proof of how little permanence there can be in any imaginative work upon the East until the material is more fully gathered and digested. It is conceivable — in the light of new knowledge already in hand — that, in the mind of coming genius, Tennyson's favorite legend of Arthur may become the means of uniting the thought of East and West, just as the legend of Faust enabled Goethe to link classical and mediæval with modern life. And in general it only requires a glance over the literature of the last generation to see how much of the work of even the foremost poets must give way to the merely mechanical processes of improvement, or to radical changes in the aspect of the distant past as it must appear to the imagination of the future. The poets of the nineteenth century may content themselves with knowing that they have contributed more than any who went before them to that completed ideal of classic life and modes of thought which will be within the grasp of their successors; that they have helped to correct the superstitious animosity toward the Middle Ages, and have given new directions to popular curiosity about the East.

Another field in which the long poem of the Victorian period has luxuriated is that of contemporary life and manners. It is here that the melancholy of the poets, overwhelmed by the prosperity and peace and gross materialism of the times, has received its most marked expression. From Locksley Hall to Locksley Hall's sequel there is a lifetime filled with the gradual decay of a hope which at its best was rendered brittle by impatience. The poet legitimately and justly made his consciousness of defeat as to his loftiest aims the consciousness of a world distracted by a million cares and idle thoughts, and untouched by any of those things which make life sublime. There is something pathetic — and it will seem more pathetic as the age falls into its proper place in the long perspective of history — in the efforts of the poets to find grandeur in a life that was only comfortable and prosperous, to waken their own muse by transient and infrequent episodes of heroism, to make out for national life a unity which did not exist. They reflected as in a mirror all those introspective miseries which human nature turns to when it has no greater difficulties. Themes which in times better for poets had been left to the

prosaic hand of the moralist were now expanded in beautiful verse. Good poetry has been for years nearer the level of the prose essay than, it is to be hoped, it will ever be again.

There is no need of quarreling with the tendencies of the time, with socialism and utopianism and what not. They must work out to their allotted conclusion, whatever that may be. But it should be obvious now, after a half-century of experience, that the world is not large enough to hold these absorbing yet distracting influences, and to have a great poet at the same time. If they are to help in the making of genius, it must be by bequest; for while they are pressing and active, even the born poet falls short of his rightful heritage. This has literally happened to the three masters of Victorian verse in England. When the world of the future comes to look back from a suitable distance upon their work and their surroundings, it will also gradually begin the task of choosing the one work of theirs which gives fullest expression to the dismay and doubt and difficulties by which they were hampered. Indeed, this process is already begun, and it is by observation of it that one singles out In Memoriam as the elaborate poem by which the age will be recognized a few centuries hence. There are other poems which give a better view of parts of the main theme, but there is not one which so well suggests the whole of it, and makes it a thing to be felt and to be understood in feeling as well as in the clear light of the intellect.

It was characteristic of English poetry on both sides of the Atlantic that it dealt, disguised or openly, with the most intimate thoughts of the time. Some of the poets felt more for other nations than for their own. Interesting as their verse may have been to their contemporaries, it has the defects of exotic study. The fate of poetry of this sort, no matter what its artistic merit, has been too often exemplified in the past to leave any doubt as to the future. Even the great theme of Italian unity cannot save the poems written upon it by those to whom it was only a matter of romantic sympathy. We imagine that our reader of three hundred years hence — not by any means so unlikely a character as Macaulay's New Zealander — will be as oblivious of them as if they had never been written, unless he can be convinced that they are of broader scope than they seem to be; that under the cover of a minor struggle of humanity they convey a deeper thought, one that concerns the race at all times. But from that point of view they seem to betray aspiration rather than achievement, a consciousness of the highest function of poetry without the capacity of fulfilling it.

In the light of these things The Biglow Papers deserve to be considered. They were not exotic. They grew right out of the soil upon which the struggle culminated that had absorbed the activities of the whole English-speaking race. They are as real to one member of that race as to another. Just for the reason that in the midst of a civil conflict with its factional and dispersive tendencies the highest flights of poesy were impossible, the poet was artistically right in turning back to the ways and language of common life. He has given the passion as well as the humor of his time. He enables his readers to live over again a period which, when it can be seen in its entirety, without the distractions that were merely incidental to it, will stand out as the characteristic part of the nineteenth century, embodying in its results all those individual and national aspirations which were hardly more than words when the century began. Whoever returns to the study of that period will find the details wherever he may, but he can always vitalize them with the breath of Lowell's poem.

Again, while learning is apt to shorten rather than to extend the life of an elaborate poem, the case is different when

the position of the poem gives it a unique value, when even greater talent cannot replace it. This is possibly the case with Hiawatha. It will always be easy to deal with Indian character as it appears to the ordinary white man, in romantic sympathy or malignant hatred. But in most cases the Indian will be only an impersonation of the ideas of his creator.

An illustration on a large scale is not wanting to show by contrast precisely the value of Longfellow's poem. Southey was doubtless his peer in verse-making skill, and we have the expert testimony of Mr. E. B. Tylor that Southey knew a great deal about savages. Madoc itself attests his learning. But well as that poem is constructed, it has no aboriginal quality. Its savages are devoid of racial character. They might as well be called ancient Gauls or Britons, save for some external features of rites and customs. What was impossible for Southey once on a time is now impossible for everybody. In spite of daily additions to the knowledge of Indian lore, the Indian of the forest, as he was, has forever escaped from his conquerors. Nevertheless, the world will always turn back to the figure of the North American wild man with curiosity. It will dwell on the pathos of the Indian's defeat in the struggle for existence, and muse with melancholy interest on what he might have become. This is the opportunity of Hiawatha. It happened to Longfellow to depict the Indian at a time when it was still possible to know him as he had been at his best; to realize that he was capable of fine ideals, and that these were not wholly impracticable. Thus he has done what can never be done by anybody else.

But it will be said that this is no estimate of the writings of Tennyson or Lowell or Longfellow as poetry in the highest sense of the word. The fact is that there is no room for any such estimate, if the poets are to be put in comparison with the greatest writers of the past. The works which have been named as candidates for immortality are such, not by reason of their rank in the scale of genius, but simply because they fill a place that can never be filled without them. A higher opportunity must have been met by a greater work.

It was not accidental that what has sometimes been called the Victorian Renaissance ran its course parallel to the exotic Hegelianism of the English universities; for Hegel's system was from the outset the counterpart in philosophy of the political movement that followed the disturbances at the close of the eighteenth century. The era of disorganization, having violently wrought its own cure in the form of revolution, was followed by restoration everywhere except in America, and in America the result was nearer restoration than was thought at the time. It was, in fact, restoration with the mere accident of royalty, and so of personal loyalty to king or queen, left out. But restoration after a tempest so vast was necessarily conciliatory and peaceful. It required material prosperity in order to maintain itself. In England only were the conditions fully realized. The placid restfulness after Napoleon's exit has hardly been disturbed by such minor episodes as Chartism, the distant Mutiny, or the hardly less remote Crimea. Two generations of English poets have been treated to a steady stream of peace, prosperity, and dullness. The result is obvious in their works. A gradual decay of hopefulness is to be seen in the poets of the last generation, marked also by the fierce outburst of Lord Tennyson in his old age. The progress of science, with its doctrine of long life to the strong and speedy death to the weak, did not retard this movement of the poets toward pessimism any more than the scattering vagueness in religion, or the changes in philosophy from the first throbs of neo-Kantianism under Coleridge's waistcoat to the full bloom of Huxley's agnosticism.

As unfolded by Mr. Spencer, this evo-

lutionary agnosticism, vast as it is in its survey of details, seems morally and metaphysically only a chapter in a scheme which was unfolded earlier in Germany by Schiller and Schelling and Schopenhauer. For an outlook on the world as it is, and as it is likely to be in the next age, commend us to these three men, not, perhaps, the greatest thinkers of their time, but far and away the most sensitive to the hidden currents of life in the nineteenth century. It is in Schopenhauer that the most significant thought of Schiller and Schelling is wrought out as part of a system, which, transient as it must be, since it is only transitional, is still of very wide import. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether Schopenhauer was right in his philosophy or not. It may even be granted that he was wrong. The repute of the Frankfort sage does not hang upon his infallibility, but upon the accuracy with which he impersonates the age to which he belongs, and upon the attractiveness of his writings in point of style.

Not so long ago people were horrified by Schopenhauer's pessimism. To-day the only question about anybody is what particular shade of pessimism he affects, and the attempt is gravely made to classify whole populations by this criterion alone. Even the professed optimist is more addicted to telling how things ought to be than to congratulating himself on their actual condition. There have been moments of factitious or real contentment in the life of every nation since Schopenhauer's time. These moments of satisfaction only serve to emphasize the fact that, on the whole, the modern world has realized Schopenhauer's anticipations. Pessimism was merely a secondary aspect of his system, inevitable in the historical development of his main thought, which, it must be observed, was not his own by right of discovery. Long before, in the mysticism of Boehme, the declaration was made that nothing has reality except the will, and this was reiterated by Fichte, and far more decidedly by Schelling. But until the notion was brought into contact with modern materialism it was hardly a fruitful one. It happened to Schopenhauer's teacher, Bouterwek, to bridge this chasm. For him the old antithesis of mind and matter, subject and object, became that of will and resistance. Practically, this was a mere restatement of the mechanical doctrine of force; metaphysically, an important addition is made by the use of the word "will," with its double physical and mental connotation. Interpret this in the light of Fichte's identification of Me and Not-Me (an identification which Goethe chuckled over when students broke Fichte's windows, but which always must be reckoned with in thoroughgoing idealism), and you have a glimpse of Schopenhauer's universal will forthwith. With this principle Schopenhauer anticipated modern monism, the farthest reaching of all devices at the present day for a materialist solution of the universe. His phrases are adopted by the monists, frequently with an apology for using them. But they are adopted also by the antagonists of monism. In short, the world is gradually becoming reconciled to the conception of itself as will, and it finds in this the simplest expression of its complex activities. The truth of the conception does not concern us here. What interests us is merely the fact that the prevalence of pessimism in popular thinking, and of monism in the more recondite thought, is precisely what Schopenhauer anticipated.

A confessed advantage of Schopenhauer's monism was that it could be explained in the language of common life without borrowing a word from the stilted jargon of the schools. But its affinity to materialism was shown by his definition — and he a professed idealist — of the world as "phenomenon of brain." Such an expression was novel in his time, but it has become so common since that it may almost be called a characteristic

of the nineteenth century. The confusion of thought which it indicates belongs no more to him than to the age of which he is the philosophical interpreter, and it was unavoidable for the man who sought not to think out a system so much as to weave one from the threads of life as he saw it. Not only was his irrationalism part of his own experience; it had also an historic background. Mankind once believed in what are now called myths. They looked upon their own struggles as really the conflicts of supernatural powers. But these powers, when investigated, were found to have no reality outside of their names. Schelling merely reversed the process of this mythical humanism to discover in the working out of men's ideas about deity the real evolution of deity. It is needless to point out how this one thought has moulded all the theories of mythological science from that day to this. A step beyond Schelling in another direction relieved Schopenhauer at once from the task of accounting for the divine existence. His idealism left only an obscure potency, which in its persistent, unconscious effort to manifest itself became for him the will to live, purposeless striving, that, as soon as it attained self-knowledge, was convicted of its own misery. This notion, besides its vogue as a philosopheme, has tinged a large field of lighter literature. It fell in harmoniously with all those sad reflections on the struggle for life which were an obvious result from the theory of evolution. Nature red in tooth and claw; the gloomy yet grotesque forebodings of those who saw man become bald, toothless, the victim of intellectual development; the cruel prodigality with which life is wasted, — all these fancies of recent times were latent or expressed in the peculiar atheism of Schopenhauer.

The modern naturalist has his own answer to these misgivings. He amuses us, for instance, by explaining that the prey of a carnivore feels no such pain as we imagine. It satisfied Kant to know that all the progress of the species was made at the expense of the individual. But the modern man, as a rule, is farther from the self-sacrificing spirit of Kant than from the self-indulgent æstheticism of Schiller. Here again Schopenhauer is the prototype of modern life. Almost the only work of Kant with which Schopenhauer did not find fault, after he had completed his own system, was the Transcendental Æsthetic. His searching, and one may say militant criticism of Kant, filled though it be with notes of admiration, is a psychological failure, since it never attains Kant's own outlook. In the light of this negative fact, it is fair to think that Schopenhauer, above all an adherent of Goethe even when Goethe was wrong, could have really understood Kant only on the side which a supremely artistic nature — that of Schiller, who also idealized Goethe — made plain to him in a way suited to his own purpose. It was in the nature of things that Schiller should take as a centre what was only a corner in Kant's scheme; but having planted himself on Kant's æsthetics, he found it easy to describe a new circle in which all philosophy was figured in Kantian outlines on the horizon of a poet. Kant stopped, with the scruples of a Puritan, at the antithesis between inclination and duty. Schiller, with the self-indulgent morality of Shaftesbury to read, and the self-indulgent personality of Goethe as a living model, solved this problem. Ideal human nature is for him a work of art; when it is perfectly proportioned as viewed from the æsthetic centre, it will also be ethically perfect. This ideal human nature is free just because it is in harmony with the law of its own existence. It plays, said Schiller. It is relieved from the dominance of the ever hungry will, said Schopenhauer. Thus the highest moments of life, for the latter, bordered closely on the ascetic denial of the will to live which he praised as the only worthy aspect of religion. In this he was at one with important

tendencies of life around him. It is not easy to see any difference between his æsthetic asceticism and the sensuous asceticism which actuates modern efforts to restore mediæval religion, not in painful torture of mind and body, but in traditional observances and expanded ritual, symbols of a self-denial which has departed. His ideas receive stage presence and a voice in the musical drama of Parsifal. His censures upon sleek, well-fed, optimistic Protestantism can be read in words not his from books less obnoxious than his to a conservative taste.

A glimpse of the history of Schopenhauer's work will help to ascertain the environment to which he belongs. His thought was awakened by the Napoleonic upheaval. But it lay for decades unheeded. In his old age Schopenhauer suddenly found himself the most popular philosopher in Europe. A new generation of revolutionists looked upon his system as contrived especially for them. This belated popularity is the best evidence that could be given of the anticipatory quality of his thinking. Those years in which his books gathered the dust of neglect were marked by the rise of modern naturalism, particularly the science of biology. Schopenhauer was one of the first among metaphysicians to see the revolution of thought that was impending. Advancing science helped him to rid himself once for all of the notion of design in nature, and he in turn developed his conception of the universal will, until his system presupposed all those phrases about natural selection and survival of the fittest favored at a later day. A perusal of the histories of philosophy shows that even with observers to whom he is hateful he has already taken his place as the indispensable link between Kant and Darwin. This happened because, in addition to the transcendentalism in which he had been trained, he aimed to see the world just as it is. The phrases which he used have flown in all directions, and are hospitably entertained by the philosopher, the scientist, and the writer of popular fiction. His doctrines are echoed by men of the world and by men of the study, — not merely professed disciples, but also men who claim to be theists or monists or positivists, — by the realists in fiction, by anthropologists and experimental psychologists; they confessedly furnished inspiration to the creative spirit of Wagner, and so must be reckoned as an important factor in modern music; while modern socialism, so far as it is a denial of individuality, — and most of it is a denial of individuality in fact, if not in name, — is Schopenhauerism pure and simple.

Though these particulars show the influence of Schopenhauer, or rather his susceptibility to influences that were only latent in his lifetime, they afford no apology for his opinions. No pretense is made here of defending him. If he is wrong from that absolute point of view which was ridiculed by Pilate in the mocking inquiry, What is truth? then the support he gives to the present argument is all the stronger; for it shows that, in spite of the dictates of genuine philosophy, there has been an overwhelming tendency in the direction which he indicated. Some features of the environment which he outlined have been mentioned, but there is no doubt that one could go further, and from a base-line in the analysis of his writings could make out a plausible scheme for the historical development of the last three quarters of a century. If philosophy in any form is an index to the growth of an environment suitable to genius, such a portent as Schopenhauer must have its significance. Now, it is to be added to all that has been said that Schopenhauer anticipated the work of the nineteenth and probably of the twentieth century in a field which for literature is more important than any before mentioned. This, too, is just the field where, as has been remarked, Kant failed to penetrate. The case stands ex-

actly as if Schopenhauer had set himself consciously to fill the gap in Kant's system; yet that was certainly the last thing in his thoughts. Schopenhauer knew all that was to be known in his time about the religions and the wisdom of the Orient. What is still more remarkable is that his original thought, apart from books, had an Oriental cast. When he became conscious of this, he exaggerated it, but without giving up his claim to the first outline as purely his own.

A glance at the last half-century shows how prophetic his instinct was. Schelling, also, in his later years, felt the same tendency, the philosopher's premonition of coming things. Von Hartmann, Schopenhauer's most popular disciple, has predicted — one must think him fanciful — a syncretism of Christianity and Hindooism in the religion of the future; but, with his sardonic anticipations for literature, he has abandoned the lines which, as a child of his age, he should have defended. In circles learned and unlearned the awakening to Oriental ideas has been a remarkable incident in a remarkable century. One only need recall to memory what has happened in the field of Indo-European languages and literatures since the days of Sir William Jones, what has been achieved in the Euphrates Valley since the explorations of Layard, what has been done in Egypt since the time of Champollion, to be convinced that the world is moving toward an awakening of learning and genius similar to the greatest literary revivals of the past, but of more magnificent promise than any. Look back to the time when the treasured Greek manuscripts of Constantinople were carried to western Europe by the men of letters who fled from the Turks. Picture the vivid pleasure of the few who could read those manuscripts, and the eagerness with which they pored over each one in the hope of recovering the literature of ancient Hellas in its entirety for the modern world. Remember, also, the unexpected and far-reaching effects of their activity.

Their hopes in too many cases have been dispelled by the certainty of irreparable loss. But these hopes once existed, and now they revive in another realm of learning. The discoveries in Mesopotamia and Egypt have as yet, and are likely to have for many years to come, the charm of constant expectancy. If the latter has only new additions to make to a list of works in art and letters already classified, the former still gives promise of a library more valuable to the historian of human ideas and institutions than the manuscripts acquired by the scholars of the Renaissance. Sanscrit and its literary monuments are already felt to be classical because of their direct relation to Greek and Latin. The literatures of the Pali language, — rich in a religious sense, at least, — of the Tamils, the Bengalese, the Arabs, the Chinese, the Japanese, even the treasured lore of those races that transmit their romance and their wisdom by word of mouth, are rapidly becoming familiar to the Western world. To those who live while the work of editing, translating, explaining, and publishing these books of the East is going on, the process seems slow. But there will come a time when, the task nearing completion, men will contemplate the results as if they had all been achieved at once. The whole body of Asiatic literature in all its languages will be accessible to a single mind. It is easy to imagine that the present years of labor will then stand forth like the epoch of the Renaissance. It will be possible to estimate the effect of these Eastern records on Western civilization. If they influence letters and philosophy as much in the next century as they have influenced the last generation of thinking men, then surely Europe and America will have reached a new era in the history of thought. The world was once Hellenized. Is it now to be Orientalized?

The tendency of what, after Goethe and

Herder, may be called world-literature must be in the other direction. We are beginning to know what the books of the East are, and have ascertained that whatever else they may teach, they cannot give any grace of style. The lesson of form, of exactness in word and thought, of moderation, — the μηδὲν ἄγαν of Theognis, — which the ancient Greeks taught, has sunk deeply into the Western mind; all the more deeply since it was enforced by the legal and military precision of the Roman rule and the Latin language. The world cannot go back to the chaotic mysticism, the limitless exaggeration, the irrepressible loquacity, of Oriental literature. It will take what is good, the practical meaning hidden in a cloud of words, the happy turns of thought and expression which are sure to intervene with Eastern writers in moments of self-forgetfulness. The West has to some extent been oppressed by the thought that a profound mystery underlies the magniloquence of the East. Perhaps it looks for an answer to the enigma of religion. One suspects this on seeing some Oriental platitude on parade in pretentious Western books. Schopenhauer, in his old age, descended to this twaddle. His *Tat twam asi* is almost as wearisome as the creak of a Thibetan praying-machine, or the incessant *om* — *om* of the prayers themselves. But this disposition of mind cannot last even with the half-educated. Human nature, the real mystery at the bottom of all the artifices of mysticism, will be revealed on lines where the raw material of Eastern thought and fancy can be made amenable to the precision of Western literary forms. At the same time, the Eastern mind will see how to put new life into Western forms without destroying them.

The open question is whether the genius to accomplish this task will be native to the East or to the West. The case of Japan makes the student of literature and literary possibilities pause. Compare the situation of this empire with that of England in the time of the Tudor sovereigns. The likeness is noteworthy. All the influences of civilization from West and East are focused, so to speak, upon a political and social organism which is not only wonderfully receptive, but which also displays the capacity of reaction in its own original elements. Looking back at the history of genius, and seeing how largely it belongs to the people as distinguished from what may somewhat irreverently be called the blooded stock of a nation, one feels like inquiring how deeply into the substrate of human life in Japan the alien influences have penetrated. When these reach the depths where folk tradition lurks and the popular imagination slumbers, then the world may well look for a reaction in which the nation will show all that it is capable of in literature. Meanwhile, observe, by way of presage, that two of the most striking literary phenomena of the present day are Rudyard Kipling, with his overlay of Hindooism on English human nature, and Lafcadio Hearn, with his varied experience, patiently inquisitive about everything Japanese. Finally, whether the successor of Dante and Goethe rises from Asia or from the West, all the light of the past shows that he will speak, not the thoughts of a nation, but of a world-wide culture; that he will at last unite the divided thought of humanity, and combine in one view two civilizations that have been in antagonism for thousands of years.

J. S. Tunison.

CALEB WEST.

VIII.

THE "HEAVE HO" OF LONNY BOWLES.

THE accident to the Screamer had delayed work at the Ledge but a few days. Other men had taken the place of those injured, and renewed efforts had been made by Sanford and Captain Joe to complete to low-water mark the huge concrete disk, forming a bedstone sixty feet in diameter and twelve feet thick, on which the superstructure was to rest. This had been accomplished after three weeks of work, and the men stood in readiness to begin the masonry of the superstructure itself so soon as the four great derricks required in lifting and setting the cut stone of the masonry could be erected. They were only waiting for Mr. Carleton's acceptance of the concrete disk, the first section of the contract. The superintendent's certificate of approval was important, one rule of the Department being that no new section should be begun until the preceding one was officially approved.

Carleton, however, declined to give it. His ostensible reason was that the engineer-in-chief was expected daily at Keyport, and should therefore pass upon the work himself. His real reason was a desire to settle a score with Captain Joe by impeding the progress of the work.

This animosity to Captain Joe had grown out of an article — very flattering to the superintendent — published in the Medford Journal, in which great credit had been given to Carleton for his "heroism and his prompt efficiency in providing a hospital for the wounded men." The day after its publication, the Noank Times, a political rival, sent to make an investigation of its own, in the course of which the reporter encountered Captain Joe. The captain had not seen the Journal article until it was shown him by the reporter. He thereupon gave the exact facts in regard to the accident and the subsequent care of the wounded men, generously exonerating the government superintendent from all responsibility for the notice; adding with decided emphasis that "Mr. Carleton could n't 'a' said no such thing 'bout havin' provided the hospital himself, 'cause he was over to Medford to a circus the night the accident happened, and did n't git home till daylight next mornin', when everything was over an' the men was in their beds." The result of this interview was a double-leaded column in the next issue of the Noank Times, which not only ridiculed its rival for the manufactured news, but read a lesson on veracity to Carleton himself.

The denial made by the Times was the thrust that had rankled deepest; for Carleton, unfortunately for himself, had inclosed the eulogistic article from the Medford Journal in his official report of the accident to the Department, and had become the proud possessor of a letter from the engineer-in-chief commending his "promptness and efficiency."

So far the captain had kept his temper, ignoring both the obstacles Carleton had thrown in his way and the ill-natured speeches the superintendent was constantly making. No open rupture had taken place. Those, however, who knew the captain's explosive temperament confidently expected that he would break out upon the superintendent, in answer to some brutal thrust, in a dialect so impregnated with fulminates that the effect would be fatal. But they were never gratified. "'T ain't no use answerin' back," was all he said. "He don't know no better, poor critter."

Indeed, it was only when a great personal danger threatened his men that the

captain's every-day, conventional English seemed inadequate. On such occasions, when the slightest error on the part of his working force might result in the instant death or the maiming of one of them, certain harmless because unintentional outbursts of profanity, soaring into crescendos and ending in fortissimos, would often escape from the captain's lips with a vim and a rush that would have raised the hair of his Puritan ancestors, — rockets of oaths, that kindled with splutters of dissatisfaction, flamed into showers of abuse, and burst into blasphemies which cleared the atmosphere like a thunderclap. For these delinquencies he never made any apology. In the roar of the sea they seemed sometimes the only ammunition he could depend upon. "Somebody 'll git hurted round here, if ye ain't careful; somehow I can't make ye understand no other way," he would say. This was as near as he ever came to apologizing for his sinfulness. But he never wasted any of these explosives on such men as Carleton.

As the superintendent persisted in his refusal to give the certificate of acceptance, and as each day was precious, Sanford, whose confidence in the stability and correctness of the work which he and Captain Joe had done was unshaken, determined to begin the erection of the four derricks at once. He accordingly gave orders to clear away the mixing-boards and tools; thus burning his bridges behind him, should the inspection of the engineer-in-chief necessitate any additional work on the concrete disk.

The derricks, with their winches and chain guys, were now lying on the jagged rocks of the Ledge, where they had been landed the day before by Captain Brandt with the boom of the Screamer, — once more stanch and sound, a new engine and boiler on her deck. They were designed to lift and set the cut-stone masonry of the superstructure, — the top course at a height of fifty-eight feet above the water-line. These stones weighed from six to thirteen tons each.

During the delay that followed the accident the weather had been unusually fine. Day after day the sun had risen on a sea of silver reflecting the blue of a cloudless sky, with wavy tide-lines engraved on its polished surface. At dawn Crotch Island had been an emerald, and at sunset an amethyst.

With the beginning of the dogdays, however, the weather had changed. Dull leaden fog-banks on the distant horizon had blended into a pearly-white sky. Restless, wandering winds sulked in dead calms, or broke in fitful, peevish blasts. Opal-tinted clouds showed at sunrise, and prismatic rings of light surrounded the moon, — all sure signs of a coming storm.

Captain Joe redoubled his efforts on the lines of the watch-tackles at which the men were tugging, pulling the derricks to their places, and watched the changing sky where hour by hour were placarded the manifestoes of the impending outbreak.

By ten o'clock on the 15th of August, three of the four derricks, their tops connected by heavy wire rope, had been stepped in their sockets and raised erect, and their seaward guys had been made fast, Caleb securing the ends himself. By noon, the last derrick — the fourth leg of the chair, as it were — was also nearly perpendicular, the men tugging ten deep on the line of the watch-tackles. This derrick, being the last of the whole system and the most difficult to handle, was under the immediate charge of Captain Joe. On account of its position, which necessitated a bearing of its own strain and that of the other three derricks as well, its outboard seaward guy was as heavy as that of a ship's anchor-chain. The final drawing taut of this chain, some sixty feet in length, stretching, as did the smaller ones, from the top of the derrick-mast down to the enrockment block, and the fastening of its sea end in the block,

would not only complete the system of the four erected derricks, but would make them permanent and strong enough to resist either sea action or any weight that they might be required to lift. The failure to secure this chain guy to the anchoring enrockment block, or any sudden break in the other guys, would result not only in instantly toppling over the fourth derrick itself, but in dragging the three erect derricks with it. This might mean, too, the crushing to death of some of the men; for the slimy, ooze-covered rocks and concrete disk on which they had to stand and work made hurried escape impossible.

To insure an easier connection between this last chain and the enrockment block, Caleb had fastened below water, into the "Lewis" hole of the block, a long iron hook. Captain Joe's problem, which he was now about to solve, was to catch this hook into a steel ring which was attached to the end of the chain guy. The drawing together of the hook and the ring was done by means of a watch-tackle, which tightened the chain guy inch by inch, the gang of men standing in line while Captain Joe, ring in hand, waited to slip it into the hook. A stage manager stretching a tight-rope supported on saw-horses, with a similar tackle, solves, on a smaller scale, just such a problem every night.

Carleton, who never ran any risks, sat on the platform, out of harm's way, sneering at the men's struggles, and protesting that it was impossible to put up the four derricks at once. Sanford was across the disk, some fifty feet from Captain Joe, studying the effect of the increased strain on the outboard guys of the three derricks already placed.

The steady rhythmic movement of the men, ankle-deep in the water, swaying in unison, close-stepped, tugging at the tackle-line, like a file of soldiers, keeping time to Lonny Bowles's "Heave ho," had brought the hook and the ring within six feet of each other, when the foot of one of the men slipped on the slimy ooze and tripped up the man next him. In an instant the whole gang were floundering among the rocks and in the water, the big fourth derrick swaying uneasily, like a tree that was doomed.

"Every man o' ye as ye were!" shouted Captain Joe, without even a look at the superintendent, who had laughed outright at their fall. While he was shouting he had twisted a safety-line around a projecting rock to hold the strain until the men could regain their feet. The great derrick tottered for a moment, steadied itself like a drunken man, and remained still. The other three quivered, their top connecting guys sagging loose.

"Now make fast, an' two 'r three of ye come here!" called the captain again. In the easing of the strain caused by the slipping of the men, the six feet of space between hook and ring had gone back to ten.

Two men scrambled like huge crabs over the slippery rocks, and relieved Captain Joe of the end of the safety-line. The others stood firm and held taut the tug-lines of the watch-tackle. The slow, rhythmic movement of the gang to the steady "Heave ho" began again. The slack of the tackle was taken up, and the ten feet between the hook and the ring were reduced to five. Half an hour more, and the four great derricks would be anchored safe against any contingency.

The strain on the whole system became once more intense. The seaward guy of the opposite derrick — the one across the concrete disk — shook ominously under the enormous tension. Loud creaks could be heard as the links of the chain untwisted and the derricks turned on their rusty pintles.

Then a sound like a pistol-shot rang out clear and sharp.

Captain Joe heard Sanford's warning cry, but before the men could ease the strain one of the seaward guys that fas-

tened the top of its derrick to the enrockment-block anchorage snapped with a springing jerk, writhed like a snake in the air, and fell in a swirl across the disk of concrete, barely missing the men.

The gang at the tug-line turned their heads, and the bravest of them grew pale. The opposite derrick, fifty feet away, was held upright by but a single safety-rope. If this should break, all the four derricks, with their tons of chain guys and wire rope, would be down upon the men.

Carleton ran to the end of the platform, ready to leap. Sanford ordered him back. Two of the men, in the uncertainty of the moment, slackened their hold. A third, a newcomer, turned to run towards the concrete, as the safer place, when Caleb's vise-like hand grasped his shoulder and threw him back in line.

There was but one chance left, — to steady the imperiled derrick with a temporary guy strong enough to stand the strain.

"Stand by on that watch-tackle, every —— —— man o' ye! Don't one o' ye move!" shouted Captain Joe in a voice that drowned all other sounds.

The men leaped into line and stood together in dogged determination.

"Take a man, Caleb, as quick 's God 'll let ye, an' run a wire guy out on that derrick." The order was given in a low voice that showed the gravity of the situation.

Caleb and Lonny Bowles stepped from the line, leaped over the slippery rocks, splashed across the concrete disk, now a shallow lake with the rising tide, and picked up another tackle as they plunged along to where Sanford stood, the water over his rubber boots. They dragged a new guy towards the imperiled derrick. Lonny Bowles, in his eagerness to catch the dangling end of the parted guy, began to scale the derrick-mast itself, climbing by the foot-rests, when Captain Joe's crescendo voice overhauled him. He knew the danger better than Bowles.

"Come down out'er that, Lonny!" (Gentle oaths.) "Come down, I tell ye!" (Oaths crescendo.) "Don't ye know no better 'n to" — (Oaths fortissimo.) "Do ye want to pull that derrick clean over?" (Oaths fortissimisso.)

Bowles slid from the mast just as Sanford's warning cry scattered the men below him. There came a sudden jerk; the opposite derrick trembled, staggered for a moment, and whirled through the air towards the men, dragging in its fall the two side derricks with all their chains and guys.

"Down between the rocks, heads under, every man o' ye!" shouted the captain.

The captain sprang last, crouching up to his neck in the sea, his head below the jagged points of two rough stones, as the huge fourth derrick, under which he had stood, lunged wildly, and fell with a ringing blow across the captain's shelter and within three feet of his head, its great anchor-chain guy twisting like a cobra over the slimy rocks.

When all was still, Sanford's head rose cautiously from behind a protecting rock near where the first derrick had struck. There came a cheer of safety from Caleb and Bowles, answered by another from Captain Joe, and the men crawled out of their holes, and clambered upon the rocks, the water dripping from their clothing.

Not a man had been hurt!

"What did I tell you?" called out Carleton sneeringly, more to hide his alarm than anything else.

"That 's too bad, Mr. Sanford, but we can't help it," said Captain Joe in his customary voice, paying no more attention to Carleton's talk than if it had been the slop of the waves at his feet. "All hands, now, on these derricks. We got 'er git 'em up, boys, if it takes all night."

Again the men sprang to his orders, and again and again the crescendos of

oaths culminated in fortissimos of profanity as the risks for the men increased. For five consecutive hours they worked without a pause. Slowly and surely the whole system, beginning with the two side derricks, whose guys had held their anchorage, was raised upright, Sanford still watching the opposite derrick, a new outward guy having replaced the broken one.

It was six o'clock when the four derricks were again fairly erect. The same gang was tugging at the watch-tackle, and the distance between the hook and the ring was once more reduced to five feet. The hook gained inch by inch towards its anchorage. Captain Joe's eyes gleamed with suppressed satisfaction.

All this time the tide had been rising. Most of the rough, above-water rocks were submerged, and fully three feet of water washed over the concrete disk. Only the tops of the stones upon which Sanford stood, and the platform where Carleton sat, out of all danger from derricks or sea, were clear of the incoming wash.

The Screamer's life-boat — the only means the men had that day of leaving the Ledge and boarding the sloop, moored in the lee of the Ledge — had broken from her moorings, and lay dangerously near the rocks. The wind had changed to the east. With it came a long, rolling swell that broke on the eastern derrick, — the fourth one, the key-note of the system, the one Captain Joe and the men were tightening up.

Suddenly a window was opened somewhere in the heavens, and a blast of wet air heaped the sea into white caps, and sent it bowling along towards the Ledge and the Screamer lying in the eddy.

Captain Joe, as he stood with the hook in his hand, watched the sea's carefully planned attack, and calculated how many minutes were left before it would smother the Ledge in a froth and end all work. He could see, too, the Screamer's mast rocking ominously in the rising sea. If the wind and tide increased, she must soon shift her position to the eddy on the other side of the Ledge. But not a shade of anxiety betrayed him.

The steady movement of the tugging men continued, Lonny's "Heave ho" ringing out cheerily in perfect time. Four of the gang, for better foothold, stood on the concrete, their feet braced to the iron mould band, the water up to their pockets. The others clung with their feet to the slippery rocks.

The hook was now within two feet of the steel ring, Captain Joe standing on a rock at a lower level than the others, nearly waist-deep in the sea, getting ready for the final clinch.

Sanford from his rock had also been watching the sea. As he scanned the horizon, his quick eye caught to the eastward a huge roller pushed ahead of the increasing wind, piling higher as it swept on.

"Look out for that sea, Cap'n Joe! Hold fast, men, — hold fast!" he shouted, springing to a higher rock.

Hardly had his voice ceased, when a huge green curling wave threw itself headlong at the Ledge, wetting the men to their armpits. Captain Joe had raised his eyes for an instant, grasped the chain as a brace, and taken its full force on his broad back. When his head emerged, his cap was gone, his shirt clung to the muscles of his big chest, and the water streamed from his hair and mouth.

Shaking his head like a big water-dog, he waved his hand, with a laugh, to Sanford, volleyed out another rattling fire of orders, and then held on with the clutch of a devil-fish as the next green roller raced over him. It made no more impression upon him than if he had been an offshore buoy.

The fight now lay between the rising sea and the men tugging at the watch-tackle. After each wave ran by the men gained an inch on the tightening line. Every moment the wind blew

harder, and every moment the sea rose higher. Bowles was twice washed from the rock on which he stood, and the newcomer, who was unused to the slime and ooze, had been thrown bodily into a water-hole. Sanford held to a rock a few feet above Captain Joe, watching his every movement. His anxiety for the safe erection of the system had been forgotten in his admiration for the superb pluck and masterful skill of the surf-drenched sea-titan below him.

Captain Joe now moved to the edge of the anchor enrockment block, one hand holding the hook, the other the ring. Six inches more and the closure would be complete.

In heavy strains like these the last six inches gain slowly.

"Give it to 'er, men — all hands now — give it to 'er! Pull, Caleb! Pull, you ——— ———!" (Air full of Greek fire.) "Once more — all together ——— ———!" (Sky-bombs bursting.) "All to—"

Again the sea buried him out of sight, quenching the explosives struggling to escape from his throat.

The wind and tide increased. The water swirled about the men, the spray flew over their heads, but the steady pull went on.

A voice from the platform now called out, — it was that of Nickles, the cook: "Life-boat 's a-poundin' bad, sir! She can't stan' it much longer."

Carleton's voice shouting to Sanford from the platform came next: "I 'm not going to stay here all night and get wet. I 'm going to Keyport in the Screamer. Send some men to catch this life-boat."

The captain raised his head and looked at Nickles; Carleton he never saw.

"Let 'r pound an' be d—— to 'er! Go on, Caleb, with that tackle. Pull, ye" — Another wave went over him, and another red-hot explosive lost its life.

With the breaking of the next roller the captain uttered no sound. The situation was too grave for explosives. Whenever his profanity stopped short the men grew nervous: they knew then that a crisis had arrived, one that even Captain Joe feared.

The captain bent over the chain, one arm clinging to the anchorage, his feet braced against a rock, the hook in his hand within an inch of the ring.

"*Hold hard!*" he shouted.

Caleb raised his hand in warning, and the rhythmic movement ceased. The men stood still. Every eye was fixed on the captain.

"LET GO!"

The big derrick quivered for an instant as the line slackened, stood still, and a slight shiver ran through the guys. The hook had slipped into the ring!

The system of four derricks, with all their guys and chains, stood as taut and firm as a suspension bridge!

Captain Joe turned his head calmly towards the platform, and said quietly, "There, Mr. Carleton, they 'll stand now till hell freezes over."

As the cheering of the men subsided, the captain sprang to Sanford's rock, grasped his outstretched hand, and, squeezing the water from his hair and beard with a quick rasp of his fingers, called out to Caleb, in a firm, cheery voice that had not a trace of fatigue in it after twelve hours of battling with sea and derricks, "All 'er you men what 's goin' in the Screamer with Mr. Carleton to Keyport for Sunday 'd better look out for that life-boat. Come, Lonny Bowles, pick up them tackles an' git to the shanty. It 'll be awful soapy round here 'fore mornin'."

IX.

WHAT THE BUTCHER SAW.

Caleb sat on the deck of the Screamer, his face turned towards Keyport Light, beyond which lay his little cabin. His eyes glistened, and there came a choking in his throat as he thought of meet-

ing Betty. He could even feel her hand slipped into his, and could hear the very tones of her cheery welcome when she met him at the gate and they walked together up the garden path to the porch.

Most of the men who had stood to the watch-tackles in the rolling surf sat beside him on the sloop. Those who were still wet had gone below into the cabin, out of the cutting wind. Those who, like Caleb, had changed their clothes sat on the after-deck. Captain Joe, against Sanford's earnest protest, had remained on the Ledge for the night. He wanted, he said, to see how the derricks would stand the coming storm.

It had been a busy month for the diver. Since the explosion he had been almost constantly in his rubber dress, not only working his regular four hours under water, — all that an ordinary man could stand, — but taking another's place for an hour or two when some piece of submarine work required his more skillful eye and hand. He had set some fifty or more of the big enrockment blocks in thirty feet of water, each block being lowered into position by the Screamer's boom, and he had prepared the anchor sockets in which to step the four great derricks. Twice he had been swept from his hold by the racing current, and once his helmet had struck a projecting rock with such force that he was deaf for days. His hands, too, had begun to blister from the salt water and hot sun. Betty, on his last Sunday at home, had split up one of her own little gloves for plasters, and tried to heal his blisters with some salve. But it had not done them much good, he thought to himself, as he probed with his stub of a thumb the deeper cracks in his tough, leathery palms.

Betty's skill with the wounded man had only increased Caleb's love and his pride in her. Now that the man was convalescent he gloried more and more in her energy and capacity. To relieve a wounded man, serve him night and day, and by skill, tenderness, and self-sacrifice get him once more well and sound and on his legs, able to do a day's work and earn a day's pay, — this, to Caleb, was something to glory in. But for her nursing, he would often say, poor Billy would now be among the tombstones on the hill back of Keyport Light.

Caleb's estimate of Betty's efforts was not exaggerated. Lacey had been her patient from the first, and she had never neglected him an hour since the fatal night when she helped the doctor wind his bandages. When on the third day fever had set in, she had taken her seat by his bedside until the delirium had passed. Mrs. Bell and Miss Peebles, the schoolmistress, had relieved each other in the care of the other wounded men, — all of them, strange to say, were single men, and all of them away from home; but Betty's patient had been the most severely injured, and her task had therefore been longer and more severe.

She would go home for an hour each day, but as soon as her work was done she would pull down the shades, lock the house door, and, with a sunbonnet on her head and some little delicacy in her hand, hurry down the shore road to the warehouse hospital. This had been the first real responsibility ever given her, the first time in which anything had been expected of her apart from the endless cooking of three meals a day, and the washing up and sweeping out that followed.

There were no more lonely hours now. A new tenderness, too, had been aroused in her nature because of the boy whose feeble, hot fingers clutched her own. The love which this curly-headed young rigger had once avowed for her, when there were strength and ruggedness in every sinew of his body, when his red lips were parted over the white teeth and his eyes shone with pride, had been quite forgotten as she watched by his bed. It was his helplessness that was ever present in her mind, his suffering.

She realized that the prostrate young fellow before her was dependent on her for his very life and sustenance, as a child might have been. It was for her he waited in the morning, refusing to touch his breakfast until she gave it to him, — unable at first, reluctant afterward. It was for her last touch on his pillow that he waited at night before he went to sleep. It was she alone who could bring back the smiles to his face, inspire him with a courage he had almost lost when the pain racked him and he thought he might never be able to do a day's work again.

The accident left its mark on Lacey. He was a mere outline of himself the first day he was able to sit in the sunshine at the warehouse door. The cut on his cheek and frontal bone, dividing his eyebrow like a sabre slash, had been deep and ugly and slow to heal; and the bruise on his back had developed into a wound that in its progress had sapped his youthful strength. His hands were white, and his face was bleached by long confinement. When he had gained a little strength, Captain Joe had given him light duties about the wharf, the doctor refusing to let him go to the Ledge. But even after he was walking about, Betty felt him still under her care, and prepared dainty delicacies for him. When she took them to him, she saw, with a strange sinking of her heart, that he was yet weak and ill enough to need a woman's care.

The story of her nursing and of the doctor's constant tribute to her skill was well known, and Caleb, usually so reticent, would talk of it again and again. Most of the men liked to humor his pride in her, for Betty's blithesome, cheery nature made her a favorite wherever she was known.

"I kind'er wish Cap'n Joe had come ashore to-night," Caleb said, turning to Captain Brandt, who stood beside him, his hand on the tiller. "He 's been soakin' wet all day, an' he won't put nothin' dry on ef I ain't with him. 'T warn't for Betty I 'd 'a' stayed, but the little gal 's so lonesome 't ain't right to leave her. I don' know what Lacey 'd done but for Betty. Did ye see 'er, Lonny, when she come in that night?" All the little by-paths of Caleb's talk led to Betty.

It was the same old question, but Lonny, seated on the other side of the deck, fell in willingly with Caleb's mood.

"See 'er? Wall, I guess! I thought she 'd keel over when the doctor washed Billy's face. He did look ragged, an' no mistake, Caleb; but she held on an' never give in a mite."

Carleton sat close enough to hear what Lonny said.

"Why should n't she?" he sneered, behind his hand, to the man next him. "Lacey 's a blamed sight better looking fellow than what she 's got. The girl knows a good thing when she sees it. If it was me, I 'd" —

He never finished the sentence. Caleb overheard the remark, and rose from his seat, with a look in his eyes that could not be misunderstood. Sanford, watching the group, and not knowing the cause of Caleb's sudden anger, said afterwards that the diver looked like an old gray wolf gathering himself for a spring, as he stood over Carleton with hands tightly clenched.

The superintendent made some sort of half apology to Caleb, and the diver took his seat again, but did not forgive him; neither did the older men, who had seen Betty grow up, and who always spoke of her somehow as if she belonged to them.

"'T ain't decent," said Lonny Bowles to Sanford when he had joined him later in the cabin of the Screamer and had repeated Carleton's remark, "for a man to speak agin a woman; such fellers ain't no better 'n rattlesnakes an' ought'er be trompled on, if they is in guv'ment pay."

When the sloop reached Keyport harbor, the men were landed as near as pos-

sible to their several homes. Caleb, in his kindly voice, bade good-night to Sanford, to Captain Brandt, to the crew, and to the working gang. To Carleton he said nothing. He would have forgiven him or any other man an affront put upon himself, but not one upon Betty.

"She ain't got nobody but an ol' feller like me," he often said to Captain Joe, — "no chillen nor nothin', poor little gal. I got to make it up to her some way."

As he walked up the path he was so engrossed with Carleton's flippant remark, conning it over in his mind to tell Betty, — he knew she did not like him, — that he forgot for the moment that she was not at the garden gate.

"She ain't sick, is she?" he said to himself, hurrying his steps, and noticing that the shades were pulled down on the garden side of the house. "I guess nussin' Lacey 's been too much for her. I ought'er knowed she 'd break down. 'Pears to me she did look peaked when I bid her good-by las' Monday."

"Ye ain't sick, little woman, be ye?" he called out as he opened the door.

There was no response. He walked quickly through the kitchen, passed into the small hall, calling her as he went, mounted the narrow stairs, and opened the bedroom door softly, thinking she might be asleep. The shutters were closed; the room was in perfect order. The bed was empty; the sheet and covering were turned neatly on his side of it. He stooped mechanically, still wondering why Betty had turned the sheet, his mind relieved now that she was not ill.

He noticed that the bedding was clean and had not been slept in. At the foot of the bed, within reach of his hand, lay the big carpet slippers that she had made for him. Then he remembered that it was not yet dark, and that, on account of the coming storm, he was an hour earlier than usual in getting home. His face lightened. He saw it all now: Betty had not expected him so soon, and would be home in a little while. He would "clean up" right away, so as to be ready for her.

When he entered the kitchen again he saw the table. There was but one plate laid, with the knife and fork beside it. This was covered by a big china bowl. Under it was some cold meat with the bread and butter. Near the table, by the stove, a freshly ironed shirt hung over a chair.

He understood it all. She had put his supper and his shirt where he would find them, and was not coming home till late.

When he had washed, dressed himself in his house clothes, and combed his big beard, he dragged a chair out on the front porch, to watch for her up and down the road.

The men going home, carrying their dinner-pails, nodded to him as they passed, and one stopped and leaned over the gate long enough to wonder whether the big August storm would break that night. "We generally has a blow 'bout this time."

The butcher stopped to leave the weekly piece of meat for Sunday, — the itinerant country butcher, with his shop in one of the neighboring villages, and his customers up and down all the roads that led out of it; supplies for every household in his wagon, and the gossip of every family on his lips.

His wagon had sides of canvas painted white, with "Fish, Meat and Poultry" in a half-moon of black letters arching over the owner's name, and was drawn by a horse that halted and moved on, not by the touch of the lines, — they were always caught to a hook in the roof of the wagon, — but by a word from the butcher, who stood at the tail-board, where the scales dangled, sorting fish, hacking off pieces of red meat, or weighing scraggly chickens proportionate to the wants and means of his various cus-

tomers. He was busying himself at this tail-board, the dripping of the ice pock-marking the dusty road below, when he caught sight of Caleb.

"Wall, I kind'er hoped somebody 'd be hum," he said to himself, wrapping the six-pound roast in a piece of yellow paper. Giving a tuck to his blue over-sleeves, he swung open the gate. "So ye did n't go 'long, Caleb, with Mis' West? I see it begin to blow heavy, and was wond'rin' whether you 'd get in — best cut, you see," opening the paper for Caleb's inspection, "and I broke them ribs jes' 's Mis' West allers wants 'em. Then I wondered agin how ye could leave the Ledge at all to-day. Mis' Bell tol' me yesterday the cap'n was goin' to set them derricks. I see 'em a-layin' on the dock 'fore that Cape Ann sloop loaded 'em, an' they was monstrous, an' no mistake. Have some butter? She did n't order none this mornin', but I got some come in this forenoon, sweet 's a nut, — four pounds for a dollar, an' " —

Caleb looked at him curiously. "Where did the wife say she was a-goin' ? " he interrupted.

"Wall, she did n't say, 'cause I did n't ketch up to her. I was comin' down Nollins Hill over to Noank, when I see her ahead, walkin' down all in her Sunday rig, carryin' a little bag like. I tho't maybe she was over to see the Nollins folks, till I left seven pounds fresh mackerel nex' door to Stubbins's, an' some Delaware eggs. Then I see my stock of ice was nigh gone, so I druv down to the steamboat dock, an' there I catched sight of 'er agin jes' goin' aboard. I knowed then, of course, she was off for Greenport an' New York, an' was jes' sayin' to myself, Wall, I 'll stop an' see if anybody 's ter hum, an' if they 're all gone I won't leave the meat, but " —

"Put the meat in the kitchen," said Caleb, without rising from his chair.

When the butcher drove off, the diver had not moved. His gaze was fixed on the turn of the road. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead ; a faint sickness unnerved him when he thought that Betty had gone without telling him. Had he been cross or impatient with her the last time he was at home, that she should serve him so ? Then a surge of anxiety filled him. Why should she walk all the way to Noank and take the boat across the Sound, twenty miles away, if she wanted to go to New York ? The station was nearer and the fare through was cheaper. He would have taken her himself, if he had only known she wanted to go. He would have asked Captain Joe to give him a couple of days off, and would have gone with her, if she had asked him. If she had only left some message, or sent some word by the men to the Ledge ! Then, as his thoughts traveled in a circle, catching at straws, his brain whirling, his eye fell upon the clump of trees shading Captain Joe's cottage. Aunty Bell would know, of course ; why had he not thought of that before ? Betty told Aunty Bell everything.

The cheery little woman sat on the porch shelling peas, as Caleb came up the board walk.

"Why, ye need n't 'er give yerself the trouble, Caleb, to come all the way down ! " she called out as he came within hearing. "Lonny Bowles 's jest been here and told me cap'n ain't comin' home till Monday. I 'm 'mazin' glad them derricks is up. He ain't done nothin' but worrit about 'em since spring opened, 'fraid somebody 'd get hurted when he set 'em. Took a lantern, here, night 'fore last, jest as we was goin' to bed, after he 'd been loadin' 'em aboard the Screamer all day, an' went down to the dock to see if Bill Lacey 'd shrunk them collars on tight enough. Guess Betty 's glad ye 're home. I ain't see her to-day, but I don't lay it up agin her. I knowed she was busy cleanin' up 'gin ye come."

Caleb's heart leaped into his throat. If Betty had not told Aunty Bell, there was no one else who would know her movements. It was on his lips to tell her what the butcher had seen, when something in his heart choked his utterance. If Betty had not wanted any one to know, there was no use in his talking about it.

A man of different temperament, a nervous or easily alarmed or suspicious man, would have caught at every clue and followed it to the end. Caleb waited and kept still. She would telegraph or write him and explain it all, he said to himself, or send some one to see him before bedtime. So he merely said he was glad Aunty Bell knew about Captain Joe, nodded good-night, and passed slowly down the board walk and up the road, his head on his chest, his big beard blowing about his neck in the rising wind.

It was dark when he reached home. He lit the kerosene lamp and pulled down the shades. He did not want passers-by to know he was alone. For an hour or more he strode up and down the kitchen, his thumbs in his suspenders, his supper untouched. Now and then he would stop as if listening for a footfall, or fix his eye minutes at a time on some crack in the floor or other object, gazing abstractedly at it, his thoughts far away. Once he drew the lamp close and picked up the evening paper, adjusting his big glasses; reading the same lines over and over, until the paper fell of itself from his hands. Soon, worn out with the hard fight of the day, he fell asleep in his chair, awaking some hours after, his mind torn with anxiety. He took off his shoes and crept upstairs in his stocking feet, holding to the balustrade as a tired man will do, entered the bedroom, and dropped into a chair.

All through the night he slept fitfully; waking with sudden starts, roused by the feeling that some horrible shadow had settled upon him, that something he could not name to himself was standing behind him — always there. He was afraid to turn and look. When he was quite awake, and saw the dim outlines of the untouched bed with its smooth white pillows, the fear would take shape, and he would say as if convincing himself, "Yes, I know, Betty's gone." Then, overcome with fatigue, he would doze again.

When the day broke, he sprang from his chair, half dazed, threw up the narrow sash to feel the touch of the cool, real world, and peered between the slats of the shutters, listening to the wind outside, now blowing a gale and dashing against the house.

All at once he turned and tiptoed downstairs. With nervous, trembling fingers he took a suit of tarpaulins and a sou'wester from a hook behind the porch door, and walked down to the dock. Some early lobstermen, bailing a skiff, saw him stand for a moment, look about him, and spring aboard a flat-bottomed sharpie, the only boat near by, — a good harbor boat, but dangerous in rough weather. To their astonishment, he raised the three-cornered sail and headed for the open sea.

"Guess Caleb must be crazy," said one man, resting his scoop involuntarily, as he watched the boat dip almost bow under. "The sharpie ain't no more fittin' for thet slop sea 'n ever was. What do ye s'pose ails him, anyhow? Gosh A'mighty! see her take them rollers. If it was anybody else but him he would n't git to the P'int. Don't make no difference, tho', to him. He kin git along under water jes' 's well 's on top."

As the boat flew past Keyport Light and Caleb laid his course to the Ledge, the keeper, now that the dawn had come, was in the lantern putting out the light and drawing down the shades. Seeing Caleb's boat tossing below him, he took down his glass.

"What blamed fool is that tryin' to get himself measured for a coffin?" he said half aloud to himself.

The men were still asleep when Caleb reached the Ledge and threw open the door of the shanty, — all but Nickles, who was preparing breakfast. He looked at Caleb as if he had been an apparition, and followed him to the door of Captain Joe's cabin, a little room by itself. He wanted to hear what dreadful news he brought. Unless some one was dead or dying no man would risk such a sea alone, — not even an old sailor like the diver.

Caleb closed the door of the captain's room tight behind him, without a word to the cook. The captain lay asleep in his bunk, his big arm under his head, his short curly hair matted close.

"Cap'n Joe," said Caleb, laying his hand on the sleeping man's shoulder and shaking him gently, — "Cap'n Joe, it 's me, Caleb."

The captain raised his head and stared at him. Then he sat upright, trying to collect his thoughts.

"Cap'n, I had to come for ye, — I want ye."

"It ain't Aunty Bell, is it?" said Captain Joe, springing to the floor. The early hour, the sough of the wind and beating of the rain on the roof of the shanty, Caleb dripping wet, with white drawn face, standing over him, told him in a flash the gravity of the visit.

"No, it 's my Betty. She 's gone, — gone without a word."

"Gone! Who with?"

Caleb sunk on Captain Joe's sea-chest, and buried his face in his blistered hands. He dared not trust himself to answer at once.

"I don't know — I don't know" — The broken words came between his rough fingers. Big tears rolled down his beard.

"Who says so? How do you know she 's gone?"

"The butcher seen 'er goin' 'board the boat at Noank yesterday mornin'. She fixed everythin' at home 'fore she went. I ain't been to bed all night. I don't know what ye kin do, but I had to come. I thought maybe you 'd go home with me."

The captain did not answer. Little scraps of gossip that he had heard now and then among the men floated through his memory. He had never paid any attention to them, except once when he had rebuked Nickles for repeating some slurring remark that Carleton had made one night at table. But even as he thought of them Betty's face rose before him, — her sweet, girlish face with its dimples.

"It 's a dirty lie, Caleb, whoever said it. I would n't believe it if I see it myself. Ain't no better gal 'n Betty ever breathed. Go with you! Course I will 's soon 's I get my clo'es on." He dressed hurriedly, caught up his oilskins, flung wide the shanty door, and made his way over the platforms towards the wharf.

When they reached the little cove in the rocks below, where the smaller boats were always sheltered, and he saw the sharpie, he stopped short.

"You ain't come out here in that, Caleb?" he asked in astonishment.

"It was all I could get; there warn't nothin' else handy, Cap'n Joe."

The captain looked the frail sharpie over from stem to stern, and then called to Nickles: "Bring down one 'er them empty ker'sene five-gallon cans; we got some bailin' to do, I tell ye, 'fore we make Keyport Light. No, there ain't nothin' up," noticing Nickles's anxious face. "Caleb wants me to Keyport, — that 's all. Get breakfast, and tell the men, when they turn out, that I 'll be back to-morrow in the Screamer, if it smooths down."

Caleb took his seat on the windward side of the tossing boat, holding the sheet. The captain sat in the stern, one hand on the tiller. The kerosene-can lay at their feet. The knees of the two men touched.

No better sailors ever guided a boat,

and none ever realized more clearly the dangers of their position.

The captain settled himself in his seat in silence, his eyes on every wave that raced by, and laid his course towards the white tower five miles away, its black band blurred gray in the driving rain. Caleb held the sheet, his face turned towards the long, low line of hills where his cabin lay. As he hauled the sheet closer a heavy sigh broke from him. It was the first time since he had known Betty that he had set his face homeward without a thrill of delight filling his heart. Captain Joe heard the smothered sigh, and, without turning his head, laid his great hand with its stiff tholepin fingers tenderly on Caleb's wrist. These two men knew each other.

"I would n't worry, Caleb," he said, after a little. "That butcher sees too much, an' sometimes he don't know nothin'. He 's allers got some cock-an'-bull story 'bout somebody 'r other. Only las' week he come inter Gardiner's drug store with a yarn 'bout the old man bein' pisened, when it warn't nothin' but cramps. Ease a little, Caleb — s-o. Seems to me it 's blowin' harder."

As he spoke, a quick slash of the cruel wind cut the top from a pursuing wave and flung it straight at Caleb's face. The diver combed the dripping spray from his beard with his stiffened fingers, and without a word drew his tarpaulins closer. Captain Joe continued: —

"Wust 'r them huckster fellers is they ain't got no better sense 'an to peddle everythin' they know 'long with their stuff. Take in — *take in, Caleb!*" in a quick voice. "That *was* a soaker." The big wave that had broken within a foot of the rail had drenched them from head to foot. "Butcher did n't say nobody was with Betty, did he?" he asked, with a cant of his sou'wester to free it from sea-water.

Caleb shook his head.

"No, and there warn't nobody. I tell ye this thing 'll straighten itself out. Ye can't tell what comes inter women's heads sometimes. She might'er gone over to Greenport to git some fixin's for Sunday, an' would'er come back in the afternoon boat, but it blowed so. Does she know anybody over there?"

Caleb did not answer. Somehow since he had seen Captain Joe the little hope that had flickered in his heart had gone out. He had understood but too clearly the doubting question that had escaped the captain's lips, as he sprang from the bed and looked into his eyes. Caleb was not a coward; he had faced without a quiver many dangers in his time; more than once he had cut his air-hose, the last desperate chance of a diver when his lines are fouled. But his legs had shaken as he listened to Captain Joe. There was something in the tone of his voice that had unmanned him.

For a mile or more the two men did not speak again. Wave after wave pursued them and tossed its angry spray after them. Captain Joe now managed the sail with one hand, and steered with the other. Caleb bailed incessantly.

When they ran under the lee of the lighthouse the keeper hailed them. He had recognized Captain Joe. Indeed, he had followed the sharpie with his glass until it reached the Ledge, and had watched its return, "with two fools instead of one," he said.

"Anybody sick?" he shouted.

Captain Joe shook his head, and the sharpie plunged on and rounded the Point into the perfect calm of the protecting shore.

The captain sprang out, and when Caleb had made fast the boat they both hurried up the garden walk to the cabin door.

There was no change in the house. The white china bowl still lay over the supper, the newspaper on the floor; no one had entered since Caleb had left.

The captain began a close search through the rooms: inside the clock, all over the mantelpiece, and on the sitting-

room table. No scrap of writing could he find that shed a ray of light on Betty's movements. Then he walked upstairs, Caleb following him, and opened the bedroom closet door. Her dresses hung in their usual places, — all but the one she wore and her cloak, Caleb said.

"She ain't gone for long," declared the captain thoughtfully, looking into the closet. "You wait here, Caleb, and git yerself some breakfast. I may be gone two hours, I may be gone all day. When I find out for sure I 'll come back. I 'm goin' to Noank fust, to see them hands aboard the boat. It 's Sunday, an' she ain't a-runnin'."

Hour after hour went by. Caleb sat by the fireless stove and waited. Now and then he would open the front door and peer down the road, trying to make out the captain's burly, hurrying form. When it grew dark he put a light in the window, and raised one shade on the kitchen side of the house, that the captain might know he was still at home and waiting.

About nine o'clock Caleb heard the whistle of a tug, and a voice calling for some one to catch a line. He opened the kitchen door and looked out on the gloom, broken here and there by the masthead lights rocking in the wind. Then he recognized one of the big Medford tugs lying off the dock below his garden ; the hands were making fast to a dock spile. Captain Joe sprang ashore, and the tug steamed off.

The captain opened the garden gate and walked slowly towards the porch. He entered the kitchen without a word, and sank heavily into a chair. Caleb made no sound ; he stood beside him, waiting, one hand grasping the table.

"She 's gone, ain't she ? "

The captain nodded his head.

"Gone ! Who with ? " asked Caleb, unconsciously repeating the words that had rung in his ears all day.

"Bill Lacey," said the captain, with choking voice.

X.

STRAINS FROM BOCK'S 'CELLO.

Midsummer in New York, to those who know its possibilities, is by far its most delightful season. Then one can sleep from four to six in the afternoon without a ring at the bell, or dine at any hour one sees fit, and at home, without a waiting cab and a hurried departure at the bidding of somebody else. Then is the eleven o'clock morning lecturer silent, the afternoon tea a memory, and the ten-course dinner a forgotten plague. Then thin toilettes prevail, cool mattings and chintz-covered divans and lounges. Then, for those who know and can, begin long days and short nights, — long days and short nights of utter idleness, great content, and blessed peace of mind.

If we could impress the reality of these truths upon all the friends we love, and they, and only they, could tiptoe back into their houses, keep their blinds closed and their servants hidden, and so delude the balance of the world — those they do not love, the uncongenial, the tiresome, the bumptious, and the aggressive — into believing that they had fled ; if this little trick could be played on the world every June, and those we do love could for three long happy months spread themselves over space and eat their lotus in peace (and with their fingers, if they so pleased), then would each one discover that New York in summer could indeed be made the Eldorado of one's dreams.

Mrs. Leroy had long since recognized these possibilities. Her front door on Gramercy Park was never barricaded in summer, nor was her house dismantled. She changed its dress in May and put it into charming summer attire, making it a rare and refreshing retreat ; and more than half her time she spent within its walls, running down from Medford

whenever the cares of that establishment seemed onerous, or a change of mood made a change of scene desirable.

While the men were at work on her new dining-room she remained in town, and since the visit when Captain Joe had dismissed her with his thanks from the warehouse hospital at Keyport she had not left New York again.

The major had been a constant visitor, and Jack Hardy and his fiancée, Helen Shirley, had on more than one occasion hidden themselves, on moonlight nights, in the shadows of the big palms fringing her balcony overlooking the Park. Sanford had not seen her as often as he wished. He had spent a night at her house in Medford, but the work on the Ledge kept him at Keyport, and allowed him but little time in the city.

With the setting of the derricks, however, he felt himself at liberty for a holiday, and he had looked forward with a feeling of almost boyish enthusiasm — which he never quite outgrew — to a few days' leisure in town, and a morning or two with Mrs. Leroy.

She was at her desk when the maid brought up his card. The little boudoir in which she sat, with its heaps of silk cushions, its disorder of books, and its windows filled with mignonette and red geraniums, looked straight into the trees of the Park. Here the sun shone in winter, and the moonlight traced the outlines of bare branches upon her window-shades, and here in summer the coolest of shadows fell.

"Why, I expected you yesterday, Henry," she said, holding out her hand, seating Sanford upon the divan, and drawing up a chair beside him. "What happened?"

"Nothing more serious than an elopement."

"Not Jack and Helen Shirley?" she said, laughing.

"No; I wish it were; they would go on loving each other; but this elopement brings misery. It's Caleb West's wife. Captain Joe is half crazy about it, and poor Caleb is heartbroken. She has gone off with that young fellow she was nursing the day you came up with the major."

"Eloped! Pretty doings, I must say. Yes, I remember her, — a trim little woman with short curly hair. I saw Caleb, too, as he came in from the Ledge. He looked years older than she. What had he done to her?"

"Nothing, so far as I know, except love her and take care of her. Poor Caleb! He is one of the best men in the gang. I think the world of him."

"What did he let her go for, then? I'm sorry for the old diver, but it was his fault, somewhere. That girl had as good a face as I ever looked into. She never left her husband without some cause, poor child. He beat her, no doubt, when nobody could see, and she has run away because she was ashamed to let anybody know. What else has happened at Keyport?"

"Kate, don't talk so. Caleb could n't be brutal to any human being. I know, too, that he loves this girl dearly. They 've only been married two years. She 's treated him shamefully."

Mrs. Leroy bent her head and looked out under the awnings for a moment in a thoughtful way. "Only two years?" she said, with some bitterness. "The poor child was impatient. When she had tried it for fifteen she would have become accustomed to it. Don't blame her altogether, Henry. It is the same old story, I suppose. We hear it every day. He ugly and old and selfish, never thinking of what she would like and what she longed for, keeping her shut up to sing for him when she wanted now and then to sing for herself; and then she found the door of the cage open, and out she flew. Poor little soul! I pity her. She had better have borne it; it is a poor place outside for a tired foot; and she 's nothing but a child." Then

musing, patting her slipper impatiently, "What sort of a man has she gone with? I could n't see him that morning, she hung over him so close; his head was so bandaged."

"I don't know much about him. I have n't known him long," replied Sanford carelessly.

"Good-looking, is n't he, and alive, and with something human and manlike about him?" she said, leaning forward eagerly, her hands in her lap.

"Yes, I suppose so. He could climb like a cat, anyway," said Sanford.

"Yes, I know, Henry. I see it all. I knew it was the same old story. She wanted something fresh and young, — some one just to play with, child as she is, some one nearer her own age to love. Don't hate her. She was lonely. Nothing for her to do but sit down and wait for him to come home. Poor child," with a sigh, "her misery only begins now. But what else have you to tell me?"

"Nothing, except that all of the derricks tumbled. I wired you about it. They are all up now, thank goodness." He knew her interest was only perfunctory. Her mind, evidently, was still on Betty, but he went on with his story: "Everybody got soaking wet. Captain Joe was in the water for hours. But we stuck to it. Narrowest escape the men have had this summer, Kate, except the Screamer's. It 's a great mercy nobody was hurt. I expected every minute some one would get crushed. No one but Captain Joe could have got them up that afternoon. It blew a gale for three days. When did you get here? I thought you had gone back to Medford until Sam brought me your note."

"No, I am still here, and shall be here for a week. Now, don't tell me your 're going back to-night?"

"No, I 'm not, but I can't say how soon; not before the masonry begins, anyhow. Jack Hardy is coming to-morrow night to my rooms. I have asked a few fellows to meet him, — Smearly, and Curran, and old Bock with his 'cello, and some others. Since Jack's engagement he 's the happiest fellow alive."

"They all are at first, Henry," said Mrs. Leroy, laughing, her head thrown back. The memory of Jack and Helen was still so fresh and happy a one that it instantly changed her mood.

They talked of Helen's future, of the change in Jack's life, of his new housekeeping, and of the thousand and one things that interested them both, — the kind of talk that two such friends indulge in who have been parted for a week or more, and who, in the first ten minutes, run lightly over their individual experiences, so that they may start fresh again with nothing hidden in either life. When he rose to go, she kept him standing while she pinned in his buttonhole a sprig of mignonette picked from her window-box, and said, with the deepest interest, "I can't get that poor child out of my mind. Don't be too hard on her, Henry; she 's the one who will suffer most."

When Sanford reached his rooms again, Sam had arranged the most delightful of luncheons: cucumbers sliced lengthwise and smothered in ice, soft-shell crabs, and a roll of cream cheese with a dash of Kirsch and sugar. "Oh, these days off!" he sighed contentedly, sinking into his chair.

The appointments of his own apartments seemed never so satisfying and so welcome as when he had spent a week with his men, taking his share of the exposure with all the discomforts that it brought. His early life had fitted him for these changes, and a certain cosmopolitan spirit in the man, a sort of underlying stratum of Bohemianism, had made it easy for him to adapt himself to his surroundings, whatever they might be. Not that his restless spirit could long have endured any life that repeated itself day after day. He could idle with the idlest, but he must also work

when the necessity came, and that with all his might.

"Major 's done been hyar 'mos' ebery day you been gone, sah," said Sam, when he had drawn out Sanford's chair and announced luncheon as served. "How is it, sah, — am I to mix a cocktail *ebery* time he comes? An' dat box ob yo' big cigars am putty nigh gone; ain't no more 'n fo'r 'r five 'r 'em lef'." The major, Sam forgot to mention, was only partly to blame for these two shrinkages in Sanford's stores.

"What does he come so often for, Sam?" asked Sanford, laughing.

"Dat 's mor' 'an I know, sah, 'cept he so anxious to git you back, he says. He come twice a day to see if you 're yere. Co'se dere ain't nuffin cooked, an' so he don't git nuffin to eat; but golly! he 's powerful on jewlips. I done tole him yesterday you would n't be back till to-morrow night. Dat whiskey 's all gin out; he saw der empty bottle hisse'f; he ain't been yere agin to-day," with a chuckle.

"Always give the major whatever he wants, Sam," said Sanford. "By the bye, a few gentlemen will be here to supper to-morrow night. Remind me in the morning to make a list of what you will want," dipping the long slices of cucumber into the salt.

The morning came: the list was made out, and a very toothsome and cooling list it was, — a frozen melon tapped and filled with a pint of Pommery sec, by way of beginning. The evening came: the hanging lanterns and silver lamps were lighted, all the trays and small tables with their pipes and smokables were brought out, a music-stand was opened and set up near a convenient shaded candle, and the lid of the piano was lifted and propped up rabbit-trap fashion.

With the early-rising moon came Smearly in white flannels and flaming tie, just from his studio, where he had been at work on a ceiling for a millionaire's salon; and Jack in correct evening dress; and Curran from his office, in a business suit; and the major in a nondescript combination of yellow nankeen and black bombazine, that made him an admirable model for a poster in two tints. He was still full of his experiences at the warehouse hospital after the accident to the Screamer. Every visitor at his downtown office had listened to them by the hour. To-night, however, the major had a new audience, and a new audience always added fuel to the fire of his eloquence.

When the subject of the work at the Ledge came up, and the sympathy of everybody was expressed to Sanford over the calamity to the Screamer, the major broke out: —

"You ought to have gone with us, my dear Jack." (To have been the only eye-witness at the front, except Sanford himself, gave the major great scope.) "Giants, suh, — every man of 'em; a race, suh, that would do credit to the Vikings; bifurcated walruses, suh; amphibious titans, that can work as well in water as out of it. No wonder our dear Henry" (this term of affection was not unusual with the major) "accomplishes such wonders. I can readily understand why you never see such fellows anywhere else: they dive under water when the season closes," he continued, laughing, and, leaning over Curran's shoulder, helped himself to one of the cigars Sam was just bringing in. His little trip to Keyport as acting escort to Mrs. Leroy had not only opened his eyes to a class of working men of whose existence he had never dreamed, but it had also furnished him with a new and inexhaustible topic of conversation.

"And the major outdid himself, that day, in nursing them," interrupted Sanford. "You would have been surprised, Jack, to see him take hold. When I turned in for the night, he was giving one of the derrickmen a sponge bath."

"Learned it in the army," said Curran, with a sly look at Smearly. Both

of them knew the origin of the major's military title.

The major's chin was upturned in the air; his head was wreathed in smoke, the match, still aflame, held aloft with outstretched hand. He always lighted his cigars in this lordly way.

"Many years ago, gentlemen," the major replied, distending his chest, throwing away the match, and accepting the compliment in perfect good faith; "but these are things one never forgets." The major had never seen the inside of a camp hospital in his life.

The guests now distributed themselves, each after the manner of his likes: Curran full length on a divan, the afternoon paper in his hand; Jack on the floor, his back to the wall, a cushion behind his head; Smearly in an armchair; and the major bolt upright on a camp-stool near a table which held a select collection of drinkables, presided over by a bottle of seltzer in a silver holder. Sam moved about like a restless shadow, obedient to the slightest lifting of Sanford's eyebrows, when a glass needed filling or a pipe replenishing.

At ten o'clock, lugging in his great 'cello, came Bock, — a short, round, oily Dane, with a red face that beamed with good humor, and puffy hands that wrinkled in pleats when he was using his bow. A man with a perpetually moist forehead, across which was pasted a lock of black hair. A greasy man, if you please, with a threadbare coat spattered with spots, baggy black trousers, and a four-button brown holland vest, never clean. A man with a collar so much ashamed of the condition of its companion shirt-front that it barely showed its face over a black stock that was held together by a spring. A man with the kindly, loyal nature of a St. Bernard dog, who loved all his kind, spoke six languages, wrote for the Encyclopædia, and made a 'cello sing like an angel.

To Sanford this man's heart was dearer than his genius.

"Why, Bock, old man, we did n't expect you till eleven."

"Yes, I know, Henri, but ze first wiolin, he take my place. Zey will not know ze difference." One fat hand was held up deprecatingly, the fingers outspread. "Everybody fan and drink ze beer. Ah, Meester Hardy, I have hear ze news; so you will leave ze brotherhood. And I hear," lowering his voice and laying his other fat hand affectionately on Jack's, "zat she ees most lofely. Ah, it ees ze best zing," his voice rising again. "When ve get old and ugly like old Bock, and so heels over head wiz all sorts of big zings to build like Mr. Sanford, or like poor Smearly paint, paint, all ze time paint, it ees too late to zink of ze settle down. Ees it not so, you man Curran over zere, wiz your newspaper over your head?" This time his voice was flung straight at the recumbent editor as a climax to his breezy salutation.

"Yes, you 're right, Bock; you 're ugly enough to crowd a dime museum, but I 'll forgive you everything if you 'll put some life into your strings. I heard your orchestra the other night, and the first and second violins ruined the overture. What the devil do you keep a lot of" —

"What ees ze matter wiz ze overture, Meester Ole Bull?" said Bock, pitching his voice in a high key, squeezing down on the divan beside Curran, and pinching his arm.

"Everything was the matter. The brass drowned the strings, and Reynier might have had hair-oil on his bow for all the sound you heard. Then the tempo was a beat too slow."

"Henri Sanford, do you hear zis crazy man zat does not know one zing, and lie flat on his back and talk such nonsense? Ze wiolin, Meester Musical Editor Curran, must be pianissimo, — only ze leetle, ze ve'y leetle, you hear. Ze aria is carried by ze reeds."

"Carried by your grandmother!" said

Curran, springing from the divan. "Here, Sam, put a light on the piano. Now listen, you pagan," running his fingers over the keys. "Beethoven would get out of his grave if he could hear you murder his music. The three bars are so," touching the keys, "not so!" And thus the argument went on.

Out on the balcony, Smearly and Quigley, the marine painter, who had just come in, were talking about the row at the Academy over the rejection of Morley's picture, while the major was in full swing with Hardy, Sanford, and some of the later arrivals, including old Professor Max Shutters, the biologist, who had been so impressively introduced by Curran to the distinguished Pocomokian that the professor had at once mistaken the major for a brother scientist.

"And you say, Professor Slocomb," said the savant, his hand forming a sounding-board behind his ear, "that the terrapin, now practically extinct, was really plentiful in your day?"

"My learned suh, I have gone down to the edge of my lawn, overlooking the salt-marsh, and seen 'em crawling around like potato bugs. The niggahs could n't walk the shore at night without trampling on 'em. This craze of yo'r millionaire epicures for one of the commonest shell-fish we have is" —

"Amphibia," said the professor, as if he had recognized a mere slip of the tongue. "I presume you are referring to the *Malaclemmys palustris*, — the diamond-back species."

"You are right, suh," said the major. "I had forgotten the classification for the moment," with an air of being perfectly at home on the subject. "The craze for the palustris, my dear suh, is one of the unaccountable signs of the times; it is the beginning of the fall of our institutions, suh. We cannot forget the dishes of peacock tongues in the old Roman days, — a thousand peacocks at a cou'se, suh."

The major would have continued down through Gibbon and Macaulay if Curran had not shouted out, "Keep still, every soul of you! Bock is going to give us the Serenade."

The men crowded about the piano. Despite his frowziness, everybody who knew Bock liked him; those who heard him play loved him. There was a pathos, a tender sympathetic quality in his touch, that one never forgot: it always seemed as if, somehow, ready tears lingered under his bow. "With a tone like Bock's" was the highest compliment one could pay a musician.

Bock had uncovered the 'cello and was holding it between his knees, one of his fat hands resting lightly on the strings. As Curran, with a foot on the pedal of the piano, passed his hand rapidly over the keys, Bock's head sank to the level of his shoulders, his straggling hair fell over his coat collar, his raised fingers balanced for a moment the short bow, and then Schubert's masterpiece poured out its heart.

A profound hush, broken only by the music, fell on the room. The old professor leaned forward, both hands cupped behind his ears. Sanford and Jack smoked on, their eyes half closed, and even the major withheld his hand from the well-appointed tray and looked into his empty glass.

At a time when the spell was deepest and the listeners held their breath, the perfect harmony was broken by a discordant ring at the outer door. Curran turned his head angrily, and Sanford looked at Sam, who glided to the door with a catlike tread, opening it without a sound, and closing it gently behind him. The symphony continued, the music rising in interest, and the listeners forgot the threatened interruption.

Then the door opened again, and Sam, making a wide detour, bent over Sanford and whispered in his ear. Sanford started, as if annoyed, arose from his seat, and again the knob was noiselessly

turned and the door as noiselessly closed, shutting him into the corridor.

Seated in a chair under the old swinging lantern was a woman wrapped in a long cloak. Her face was buried in her hands.

"Do you wish to see me, madam?" he asked, crossing to where she sat, wondering at the visit at such an hour, and from a stranger too.

The woman turned her head towards him without raising her eyelids.

"And you don't know me any more, Mr. Sanford? I'm Betty West."

"You here!" said Sanford, looking in astonishment at the half-crouching figure before him.

"I had to come, sir. The druggist at the corner told me where you lived. I was a-waitin' outside in the street below, hopin' to see you come in. Then I heard the music and knew you were home." The voice shook with every word. The young dimpled face was drawn and pale, the pretty curly hair in disorder about her forehead. She had the air of one who had been hunted and had just found shelter.

"Does Lacey know you are here?" said Sanford, a dim suspicion rising in his mind. It was Caleb's face of agony that came before him.

Betty shivered slightly, as if the name had hurt her. "No, sir. I left him two nights ago. I got away while he was asleep. All I want now is a place for to-night, and then perhaps to-morrow I can get work."

"And you have no money?"

Betty shook her head. "I had a little of my own, but it 's all gone, and I 'm so tired, and — the city frightens me so — when the night comes." The head dropped lower, the sobs choking her. After a little she went on, drying her eyes with her handkerchief, rolled tight in one hand, and resting her cheek on the bent fingers: "I did n't know nobody but you, Mr. Sanford. I can pay it back." The voice was scarcely audible.

Sanford stood looking down upon her bowed head. The tired eyelids were half closed, the tears glistening in the light of the overhanging lamp, the shadows of her black curls flecking her face. The cloak hung loosely about her, the curve of her pretty shoulders outlined in its folds. Then she lifted her head, and, looking Sanford in the eyes for the first time, said in a broken, halting voice. "Did you — did you — see — Caleb — Mr. Sanford?"

Sanford nodded slowly in answer. He was trying to make up his mind what he should do with a woman who had broken the heart of a man like Caleb. Through the closed door could be heard the strains of Bock's 'cello, the notes vibrating plaintively.

"Betty," he said, leaning over her, "how could you do it?"

The girl covered her face with her hands and shrank within her cloak. Sanford went on, his sense of Caleb's wrongs overpowering him: "What could Lacey do for you? If you could once see Caleb's face you would never forgive yourself. No woman has a right to leave a man who was as good to her as your husband was to you. And now what has it all come to? You 've ruined yourself, and broken his heart."

The girl trembled and bent her head, cowering under the pitiless words; then, in a half-dazed way, she rose from her seat, and, without looking at Sanford, said in a tired, hopeless voice, as if every word brought a pain, "I think I 'll go, Mr. Sanford."

She drew her cloak about her and turned to the door. Sanford watched her silently. The pathos of the shrinking girlish figure overcame him. He began to wonder if there were something under it all that even Captain Joe did not know of. Then he remembered the tones of compassion in Mrs. Leroy's voice when her heart had gone out to this girl the morning before, as she said to him, "Poor child, her misery only be-

gins now; it is a poor place outside for a tired foot."

For an instant he stood irresolute. "Wait a moment," he said at last.

Betty stood still, without raising her head.

Sanford paused in deep thought, with averted eyes.

"Betty," he said in a softened voice, "you can't go out like this alone. I'll take you, child, where you will be safe for the night."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(*To be continued.*)

STATE UNIVERSITIES AND CHURCH COLLEGES.

The growth of state universities, especially in the West and South, within recent years, is one of the most noteworthy facts in the progress of higher education in our country. The number of students in eight representative Western state universities — those of California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Wisconsin — in 1885 was 4230; in 1895 it was 13,500. This was an increase of more than threefold. During the same period the increase in the number of students in eight representative "denominational" colleges (colleges under church control) in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa was less than fifteen per cent. The increase during the same decade in the attendance at eight New England colleges and universities (which are not state schools nor under direct church control) was twenty per cent. At all the state universities, last year, there were nearly twenty thousand students.

Quite as remarkable as the increased attendance at these institutions have been the large appropriations made for them by the States. In Illinois, for instance, large sums have been appropriated for buildings and permanent improvements; in Michigan and Wisconsin, the universities receive every year, without special enactment, the income of a tax bearing a fixed ratio to the wealth of the State. From other sources than the State they have received donations which in the aggregate already exceed three and one half millions of dollars.

I do not propose to discuss the causes which have contributed to the growth of the state university, but a mere glance at the subject will convince any one that this growth is in keeping with our national development. Under existing conditions, it is hardly possible to imagine that these causes will become inoperative. On the contrary, every indication points to still further increase in the size and influence of the educational institutions maintained by the States; and their rapid development involves a readjustment of the state university, as an educational type, to its environment. It would be easy to point out results of far-reaching importance that are directly due to the commanding position which some of these institutions have reached, as the capstone of the system of state education; but at present no change of the old relations is more important than the changing relation of the state university and the great religious sects. The peculiar conditions of our life, when the need of higher education first began to be generally felt in the United States, naturally caused schools and colleges to be established either directly under the control of the religious bodies, or under the inspiration of their teachings; and it seemed then as if our higher educa-

tion were to be left almost entirely to privately endowed universities, most of which would be immediately susceptible to denominational influence.

Even now it is frequently assumed that, under ordinary circumstances, students from families identified with a particular religious denomination will pursue their advanced studies in a denominational institution; that the attendance at the state universities must come mainly from those families which are without religious convictions; and that the absence of denominational control in a state institution implies indifference to religious matters. Indeed, it is believed by many that the influence of a state university must be inimical to religion.

The moral and religious atmosphere of every university is determined to a great degree by its students. The character and convictions of the student body play the most important part in giving tone to the religious life of any college. At the beginning of the collegiate year 1896–97, President Angell, of the University of Michigan, invited the presidents of the different state universities to coöperate with him in taking a religious census of the students. The response was prompt and cordial, and statistics have been obtained for sixteen state universities. A fund of information has thus been collected which seems valuable and convincing.[1]

We will first examine the distribution, among the religious denominations, of the students in a group of five state universities, selected as representative in regard to size and geographical distribution, — the universities of Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Washington, and West Virginia.

The total enrollment of these five institutions was 5173. There were 211 students, counted as "unreached," whose religious status was not ascertained; a considerable number of these were absent. Of the 4962 whose ecclesiastical status was ascertained, 4407 placed themselves on record as affiliated, by membership or attendance, with some religious body; and 2851 (fifty-five per cent of the whole number enrolled) were church members. Among them, the Methodist Episcopal church had 1098 members and adherents; the Presbyterian church, 854; the Congregational church, 612; the Episcopal church, 484; the Baptist church, 352; the Church of Christ, or Disciples, 227; the Unitarian church, 166; and the Roman Catholic church, 165.[2]

In point of numerical representation, the eight denominations just mentioned bear nearly the same relation to one another, if we extend the comparison to all the state universities in which a religious census was taken. In the sixteen state universities, with a total attendance of 14,637 students, 10,517, or a little more than seventy per cent, were church members or adherents, as follows: the Methodist Episcopal church was credited with 2659 members and adherents, the Presbyterian with 2284, the Congregational with 1730, the Episcopal with 1215, the Baptist with 1063, the Church of Christ with 607, the Roman Catholic with 528, and the Unitarian with 431. In these universities, taken together, every sixth student belongs, by membership or affiliation, to the Methodist church, every seventh to the Presbyterian, and every ninth to the Congregational church. About one half of all the students reached by the census were reported as

[1] It is to be regretted that President Angell's duties as Minister to Turkey have made it impossible that he should discuss this "census" himself. The statistical tables will be published in full in a pamphlet, copies of which may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of the Students' Christian Association, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

[2] The other denominations represented were: English Lutheran, 63; Friends, 57; Jewish, 44; German Lutheran, 43; Seventh Day Advent, 35; Universalist, 24; Reformed Church, 22; Latter Day Saints, 6; Dunkard, 5; and miscellaneous sects, 150.

members of the so-called evangelical churches.

Among women who are students the proportion of church communicants is everywhere greater than among men. The difference varies from twelve to twenty-five per cent: for example, at the University of Indiana, fifty-two per cent of the men and seventy-four per cent of the women are members of churches; at the University of Michigan, fifty-two per cent of the men and seventy per cent of the women.[1]

It is important to notice that in the same university the proportion of church members is often somewhat greater in the collegiate department than in the professional schools; but at the University of Michigan the percentage of communicants is higher in the department of medicine and surgery than in any other department.

It would be interesting to make a comparison of the number of students of each of the larger religious denominations in attendance at the state universities and at the denominational colleges. It must be remembered that more state colleges than denominational colleges have professional schools; but in them all the collegiate is far the largest department, and in some cases the number of professional students is so small that they hardly need to be taken into consideration. I have selected the Presbyterian church as representative, partly because of the large number and wide distribution of its colleges, and partly because of their generally broad curricula and high standard. For these reasons even the smaller Presbyterian colleges may properly be compared with the state universities.

In the United States, at the present time, there are thirty-seven Presbyterian institutions of advanced education, in which 3679 students of collegiate rank were enrolled in 1896–97; Princeton University heading the list with a total registration of 1045 students. Eight of these institutions are for men only, the attendance of two being restricted to colored men; seven are women's colleges; and twenty-two are open to both men and women. In these thirty-seven colleges, with the exception of one (Lincoln University), a religious census was taken contemporaneously with the census of the state universities. The returns (including a fair estimate for Lincoln) give a total of 2388 Presbyterian students in attendance. Of this number, more than three fourths were members of the church, and the rest were "adherents." In sixteen state universities there were enrolled 2284 Presbyterian students; in all the colleges under the control of the Presbyterian denomination there were at the same time only 2388. We are thus brought face to face with the fact that the majority of Presbyterian students of collegiate rank in the United States are no longer in Presbyterian institutions. If we take into account the 150 members and adherents of this church reported at the University of California, there are in seventeen state universities more Presbyterian students than in the thirty-seven Presbyterian colleges taken together.

Is the spiritual welfare of the Presbyterian students at state universities less a matter of concern to the Presbyterian church than the spiritual welfare of the students at church colleges? The average number of Presbyterian students in each of the denominational colleges is a fraction less than 65; if we exclude Princeton University from the reckoning, 49. The average number of Presbyterian students in the sixteen state uni-

[1] The total number of male students at the University of Michigan, at the time the census was taken, was 2263. Of these, 1185 were church members, 718 church adherents, 298 not adherents; leaving 62 unreached. Of the total number of women students (662), 461 were church members, 168 church adherents, 31 not adherents. The percentage of church members among the male students, therefore, was 52.3; among the women students, 69.6.

versities is a trifle above 142; or, leaving out of consideration the six state universities having less than one hundred Presbyterian students each, we may look upon the remaining ten as containing ten Presbyterian colleges with an average of 205 students each. At the University of Michigan alone, last year, there were more than three fourths as many Presbyterian students as at Princeton, and exactly fifteen times as many as in the Presbyterian college in Michigan. At the state universities of Indiana and Illinois there were more than twice as many Presbyterian students as at the four Presbyterian colleges in the two States; at the University of Iowa, more than in the five Presbyterian colleges in the same State. The case of Ohio is exceptional: there were nearly twice as many Presbyterian students in the church colleges as in the state university.

The religious statistics of Princeton University are worthy of special consideration. The religious denominations represented are almost as numerous as in the larger state universities; but only two churches, the Presbyterian and the Episcopal, can claim more than a hundred students each. The percentage of Princeton students who are church members is about the same as that of the University of Kansas (fifty-five per cent), but less than in the University of Michigan (fifty-six per cent) and several of the smaller state universities.[1]

The service which the Presbyterian colleges have rendered, and are rendering, to higher education is of incalculable value. They are placed, for the most part, at "strategic points," and most of them have been generously supported. Especially have the newer institutions been wisely planted with reference to the future development of the States in which they are situated. Last year the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies reported more than $70,000 given to its aided institutions, mostly for their current expenses; sixteen of them being small colleges, the rest academies. The endowments of the older Presbyterian institutions compare favorably with the endowments of the colleges of any other denomination. It is possible for a Presbyterian student, in any of the sixteen States in which the state universities of our list are situated, easily to reach a college either of the Presbyterian denomination or of some church holding substantially the same creed.

Why, then, do Presbyterian students attend the state universities? A certain proportion go because some state universities possess departments wholly lacking in the denominational schools, but most of them because they are attracted by the wider range of studies and the better equipment of the state institutions. To equip and to maintain ten colleges which should provide for the 2053 Presbyterian students, in the ten state universities having more than one hundred each, educational facilities approximately as extensive as they have at the state universities, would require, at the lowest estimate, an investment of twenty-seven millions of dollars, or $2,700,000 for each institution. If the Presbyterian students were thus to be segregated in small schools, they would still lose much, for only universities with large numbers of students can afford to make provision for work in the more minute subdivisions of the special fields into which true university instruction is now everywhere divided. Students do not choose their

[1] The students of Princeton University are divided among the denominations as follows: Presbyterian (374 members, 240 adherents), 614; Episcopal (115 members, 108 adherents), 223; Baptist (19 members, 27 adherents), 46; Methodist (28 members, 9 adherents), 37; Congregational (13 members, 14 adherents), 27; Reformed Church (13 members, 7 adherents), 20; Roman Catholic, 12; Jewish, 8; German Lutheran, 8; Friends, English Lutheran, and Universalist, each 3; other denominations, 9; not adherents, 14.

colleges aimlessly. Many of them obtain information about a number of universities, and parents in most cases consult the wishes of their children in regard to the choice of a college. In those States in which the high school system is fully developed, it is natural to pass from a high school maintained by the town to a university maintained by the State. It is to be expected that most students for the ministry will attend denominational institutions, both by preference and because of the substantial assistance usually offered by these schools. But the number of students in the state universities who are studying for the ministry is greater than one would be likely to guess. In the half-century ending in 1894 the University of Michigan sent out 301 clergymen and missionaries, an average of six for every graduating class.[1] Of 252 ministers 40 belonged to the Presbyterian church. Within the past few years the number of students preparing for the Presbyterian ministry who have entered the University of Michigan has shown a decided increase.

What has been said of the Presbyterian colleges in relation to the state universities is true, in a greater or less degree, of the higher educational institutions of the other religious denominations as well. If the young men and women of any particular sect attended only the professional departments of the state universities, we should be justified in assuming that denominational preference played a much more important part in the selection of a college than it does play. But there is still another fact to be taken into consideration. Most of the larger and stronger universities, including those maintained by endowment as well as those maintained by the States, are rapidly growing larger. Many of the smaller colleges find it increasingly difficult to hold their patronage. In some cases their falling back is due not so much to a lack of resources as to a lack of students. In much of their work the state university and the denominational college are brought into competition by force of circumstances, particularly in the Western States. At present the state universities are gaining. No one can for a moment doubt that the denominational schools have a mission of the highest importance to society; but "there is no hope that the State will ever withdraw from so critical and extensive a portion of the educational field as that occupied by collegiate education." It would be the part of wisdom for all concerned to waste no more time in fruitless discussion, but rather, facing the facts as they stand, to make serious effort to solve the problem how these apparently conflicting interests may be reconciled to the greatest good of those for whom all our institutions of advanced education have been established.

Most of the state universities are in the Western States; their student life has the freshness and vigor of the West. The standard of conduct is high. The freedom of life stimulates religious effort on the part of the students. The earliest Students' Christian Association was founded at the University of Michigan; the second, at the University of Virginia. Associations for religious work flourish in the state universities, directed and supported in large measure by the members of the faculties. As President Draper well says, "The fact doubtless is that there is no place where there is a more tolerant spirit, or freer discussion of religious questions, or a stronger, more unrestrained, and healthier religious life than in the state universities." At all institutions of higher education, small as well as great, there will be found some weak or vicious young men who will go astray; in most cases their evil tendencies are settled — often without the knowledge of their parents — before they enter college. On the other hand, it is

[1] The statistics are given in my pamphlet on The Presbyterian Church and the University of Michigan, pages 11, 37–39.

the testimony of those who have a direct knowledge of the facts that the state universities have sent forth a considerable proportion of the students stronger morally and religiously, as well as intellectually, than when they entered.

Notwithstanding the large contributions which the religious denominations are making to the student body of the state universities, it has often been asserted that these institutions are irreligious in the character of their instruction. This subject was so fully discussed by President Angell in the Andover Review for April, 1890, that it will be sufficient here to make reference to his paper, quoting one paragraph in which he presents certain facts regarding the religious status of professors and instructors: —

"In twenty of the state institutions — all from which I have facts on this point — it appears that seventy-one per cent of the teachers are members of churches, and not a few of the others are earnestly and even actively religious men who have not formally joined any communion. When we remember that colleges not under state control — certainly this is true of the larger ones — do not now always insist on church membership as the condition of an appointment to a place in the faculties, and that no board of regents or trustees of any state university will knowingly appoint to a chair of instruction a man who is not supposed to be of elevated moral character, it must be conceded that the pupils in the state institutions are not exposed to much peril from their teachers. That a few men whose influence was calculated to disturb or weaken the Christian faith of students have found their way into the faculties of the state institutions is true. But it is also true that such men have been, and still are, I fear, members of faculties of other colleges. Men appointed in denominational colleges have, after taking office, changed their faith or lost their faith, and retained their positions. No doubt, however, in the faculties of such institutions, a somewhat larger percentage of church members is likely to be found than in the state universities. But the great majority of men who choose teaching as their profession always have been, and are likely to be, reverent, earnest, even religious men. So it has come to pass that seven or eight of every ten men in the corps of teachers in the state universities are members of Christian churches. And if you go to the cities where those universities are planted, you will find a good proportion of these teachers superintending Sunday-schools, conducting Bible classes, sometimes supplying pulpits, engaged in every kind of Christian work, and by example and word stimulating their pupils to a Christian life."

It is not enough that the standard of conduct, the moral tone of our universities, should be high. The chief danger to student life in the collegiate and university period lies, not, as is so often assumed, in the tendency of those naturally weak or wayward to be led astray by evil companions, but rather in the fact that the highest and best minds, the most earnest and candid souls, are, from their devotion to the pursuit of knowledge, likely to suffer a deadening of the spiritual consciousness. Some students who have great capacity for large service to humanity may thus go forth with the highest part of their natures undeveloped, lacking that spiritual force which multiplies tenfold the influence of every kind of ability for good work in the world. Intensity of intellectual life, from the very friction of minds interested in many fields of thought, but all bent upon like ends, increases with the size of universities. The opportunities for specialization afforded by the development of the elective system in the larger universities permit the more advanced student to devote himself wholly to that branch or subject in which he is interested. But surely no one would

affirm that students in great institutions of private endowment are less subject to this atrophy of the spiritual nature than those in state universities of the same size.

Denominational control of state universities is not possible nor desirable, but they need the vitalizing touch of spiritual forces, which can be assured only by contact with the living church. At all great centres of learning there should be a concentration of spiritual light, a gathering of the forces that make for righteousness. Cant and time-serving ecclesiastical connections are not likely to be encouraged in the atmosphere of freedom and frankness in a state university, but no class of students anywhere are more open-hearted or more ready to respond to the quickening and uplifting influence of the highest moral and spiritual ideals.

The churches have a duty toward the state universities. It grows out of the general duty of the churches as guardians of the highest interests of society. Do not Christian people pay taxes? Even if it were granted that the state universities have an irreligious atmosphere, to whom should we look to change it? Should the churches approach the state universities in a spirit of criticism, or with a deep feeling of responsibility and a willingness to coöperate in the promotion of the supreme interests of youth? At the very least, it is reasonable to ask that the religious bodies see to it that men of marked spiritual and intellectual power be placed in the pulpits of university towns. But in more than one university town churches fail to keep their footing, not because of an unfavorable environment, but because the work is left in charge of men who are not equal to it.

The most vital interests of the churches are at stake in the state universities. These are strategic points. The greater part of their students come from the religious denominations. Is it expedient for a church to give attention to the spiritual welfare of those only who are affiliated with it in the denominational schools, and to neglect perhaps a far greater number of members and adherents in a state university? If students come from the churches to the great universities, and are there weaned from the things of the spirit, and through an unsymmetrical development permit the training of intellect to choke out the spiritual life, who shall justify the churches for their indifference and neglect? In the class-rooms of a state university sectarian instruction can have no place. Thomas Jefferson "thought that it was the duty of each sect," at the University of Virginia, "to provide its own theological teaching in a special school, to which students might go for special instruction as they did to their various denominational churches."[1] But this subject is too large to enter upon here. The first condition of a solution of the problem must lie in the willingness of the churches themselves to consider the matter. From the nature of the case the initiative must be taken by them.

Francis W. Kelsey.

[1] H. B. Adams, Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia, page 91.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

VIII.

Two or three days ago we noted an unusual though subdued air of excitement at 22 Breadalbane Terrace, where for a week we have been the sole lodgers. Mrs. Mingess has returned to Kinyukkar; Miss Coburn-Sinkler has purchased her wedding outfit and gone back to Inverness; the Hebburn-Sheens will be leaving to-morrow; and the sound of the scrubbing-brush is heard in the land. In corners where all was clean and spotless before, Mrs. M'Collop is digging with the broom, and the maiden Boots is following her with a damp cloth. The stair carpets are hanging on lines in the back garden, and Susanna, with her cap rakishly on one side, is always to be seen polishing the stair rods. Whenever we traverse the halls we are obliged to leap over pails of suds, and Miss Diggity-Dalgety has given us two dinners which bore a curious resemblance to washing-day repasts in suburban America.

"Is it spring house-cleaning?" I ask the M'Collop.

"Na, na," she replies hurriedly; "it's the meenisters."

On the 19th of May we are a maiden castle no longer. Black coats and hats ring at the bell, and pass in and out of the different apartments. The hall table is sprinkled with letters, visiting-cards, and programmes which seem to have had the alphabet shaken out upon them, for they bear the names of professors, doctors, reverends, and very reverends, and fairly bristle with A. M.'s, M. A.'s, A. B.'s, D. D.'s, and LL. D.'s. The voice of prayer is lifted up from the dining-room floor, and paraphrases of the Psalms float down the stairs from above. Their Graces the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness of Heatherdale will arrive to-day at Holyrood Palace, there to reside during the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and to-morrow the Royal Standard will be hoisted at Edinburgh Castle from reveille to retreat. His Grace will hold a levee at eleven. Directly His Grace leaves the palace after the levee, the guard of honor will proceed by the Canongate to receive him on his arrival at St. Giles' Church, and will then proceed to Assembly Hall to receive him on his arrival there. The 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and the 1st Battalion Royal Scots will be in attendance, and there will be unicorns, carricks, pursuivants, heralds, mace-bearers, ushers, and pages, together with the Purse-Bearer and the Lyon King-of-Arms and the national anthem and the royal salute; for the palace has awakened and is "mimicking its past."

In such manner enters His Grace the Lord High Commissioner to open the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and on the same day there arrives by the railway (but traveling first class) the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Free, to convene its separate Supreme Courts in Edinburgh. He will have no Union Jacks, Royal Standards, Dragoons, bands, or pipers; he will bear his own purse and stay at a hotel; but when the final procession of all comes, he will probably march beside His Grace the Lord High Commissioner, and they will talk together, not of dead-and-gone kingdoms, but of the one at hand, where there are no more divisions in the ranks,

and where all the soldiers are simply "king's men," marching to victory under the inspiration of a common watchword.

It is a matter of regret to us that the U. P.'s, the third branch of Scottish Presbyterianism, could not be holding an Assembly during this same week, so that we could the more easily decide in which flock we really belong. 22 Breadalbane Terrace now represents all shades of religious opinion within the bounds of Presbyterianism. We have an Elder, a Professor of Biblical Criticism, a Majesty's Chaplain, and even an ex-Moderator under our roof, and they are equally divided between the Free and the Established bodies.

Mrs. M'Collop herself is a pillar of the Free Kirk, but she has no prejudice in lodgers, and says so long as she "mak's her rent she doesna care aboot their releegious principles." Miss Diggity-Dalgety is the sole representative of United Presbyterianism in the household, and she is somewhat gloomy in Assembly time. To belong to a dissenting body, and yet to cook early and late for the purpose of fattening one's religious rivals, is doubtless trying to the temper; and then she asserts that "meenisters are aye toom [empty]."

"You must put away your Scottish ballads and histories now, Salemina, and keep your Concordance and your umbrella constantly at hand."

This I said as we stood on George IV. Bridge and saw the ministers glooming down from the Mound in a dense Assembly fog. As the presence of any considerable number of priests on an ocean steamer is supposed to bring rough weather, so the addition of a few hundred parsons to the population of Edinburgh is believed to induce rain, — or perhaps I should say, more rain.

"Our first duty, both to ourselves and to the community," I continued to Salemina, "is to learn how there can be three distinct kinds of proper Presbyterianism. Perhaps it would be a graceful act on our part if we should each espouse a different kind; then there would be no feeling among our Edinburgh friends. And again, what is the Union of which we hear murmurs? Is it religious or political? Is it an echo of the 1707 Union you explained to us last week, or is it a new one? What is Disestablishment? What is Disruption? Are they the same thing? What is the Sustentation Fund? What was the Non-Intrusion Party? What was the Dundas Despotism? What is the argument at present going on about taking the Shorter Catechism out of the schools? What is the Shorter Catechism, anyway, — or at least, what have they left out of the Longer Catechism to make it shorter, — and is the length of the Catechism one of the points of difference? Then when we have looked up Chalmers and Candlish, we can ask the ex-Moderator and the Professor of Biblical Criticism to tea; separately, of course, lest there should be ecclesiastical quarrels."

Salemina and Francesca both incline to the Established Church, I lean instinctively toward the Free; but that does not mean that we have any knowledge of the differences that separate them. Salemina is a conservative in all things; she loves law, order, historic associations, old customs; and so when there is a regularly established national church, — or for that matter, a regularly established anything, — she gravitates to it by the law of her being. Francesca's religious convictions, when she is away from her own minister and native land, are inclined to be flexible. The church that enters Edinburgh with a marquis and a marchioness representing the Crown, the church that opens its Assembly with splendid processions and dignified pageants, the church that dispenses generous hospitality from Holyrood Palace, — above all, the church that escorts its Lord High Commissioner from place to place with bands and pipers, — that is

the church to which she pledges her constant presence and enthusiastic support.

As for me, I believe I am a born protestant, or "come-outer," as they used to call dissenters in the early days of New England. I have not yet had time to study the question, but as I lack all knowledge of the other two branches of Presbyterianism, I am enabled to say unhesitatingly that I belong to the Free Kirk. To begin with, the very word "free" has a fascination for the citizen of a republic; and then my theological training was begun this morning by a certain gifted young minister of Edinburgh whom we call the Friar, because the first time we saw him in his gown and bands (the little spot of sheer whiteness beneath the chin that lends such added spirituality to a spiritual face) we fancied that he looked like some pale brother of the Church in the olden time. His pallor, in a land of rosy redness and milky whiteness; his smooth, fair hair, which in the light from the stained-glass window above the pulpit looked reddish gold; the Southern heat of passionate conviction that colored his slow Northern speech; the remoteness of his personality; the weariness of his deep-set eyes, that bespoke such fastings and vigils as he probably never practiced, — all this led to our choice of the name.

As we walked toward St. Andrew's Church and Tanfield Hall, where he insisted on taking me to get the "proper historical background," he told me about the great Disruption movement. He was extremely eloquent, — so eloquent that the image of Willie Beresford tottered continually on its throne, and I found not the slightest difficulty in giving an unswerving allegiance to the principles such an orator represents.

We went first to St. Andrew's, where the General Assembly met in 1843, and where the famous exodus of the Free Protesting Church took place, — one of the most important events in the modern history of the United Kingdom. The movement was mainly promoted by the great Dr. Chalmers to put an end to the connection of church and state; and as I am not accustomed to seeing them united, I could sympathize the more cordially with the tale of their disruption. The Friar took me into a particularly chilly historic corner, and, leaning against a damp stone pillar, painted the scene in St. Andrew's when the Assembly met in the presence of a great body of spectators, while a vast throng gathered without, breathlessly awaiting the result. No one believed that any large number of ministers would relinquish livings and stipends and cast their bread upon the waters for what many thought a "fantastic principle." Yet when the Moderator left his place, after reading a formal protest signed by one hundred and twenty ministers and seventy-two elders, he was followed first by Dr. Chalmers, and then by four hundred and seventy men, who marched in a body to Tanfield Hall, where they formed themselves into the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Free. When Lord Jeffrey was told of it an hour later, he exclaimed, "Thank God for Scotland! There is not another country on earth where such a deed could be done!" And the Friar reminded me proudly of Macaulay's saying that the Scots had made sacrifices for the sake of religious opinion for which there was no parallel in the annals of England. I said "Yea" most heartily, for the spirit of Jenny Geddes stirred within me that morning, and I positively gloried in the valiant achievements of the Free Church, under the spell of the Friar's kindling eye and eloquent voice. When he left me in Breadalbane Terrace, I was at heart a member of his parish in good (and irregular) standing, ready to teach in his Sunday-school, sing in his choir, visit his aged and sick poor, and especially to stand between him and a too admiring feminine constituency.

When I entered the drawing-room,

I found that Salemina had just enjoyed an hour's conversation with the ex-Moderator of the opposite church wing.

"Oh, my dear," she sighed, "you have missed such a treat! You have no conception of these Scottish ministers of the Establishment, — such culture, such courtliness of manner, such scholarship, such spirituality, such wise benignity of opinion! I asked the doctor to explain the Disruption movement to me, and he was most interesting and lucid, and most affecting, too, when he described the misunderstandings and misconceptions that the Church suffered in those terrible days of 1843, when its very life-blood, as well as its integrity and unity, was threatened by the foes in its own household; when breaches of faith and trust occurred on all sides, and dissents and disloyalties shook it to its very foundation! You see, Penelope, I have never fully understood the disagreement about the matter of state control before, but here is the whole matter in a nut-sh— "

"My dear Salemina," I interposed, with dignity, "you will pardon me, I am sure, when I tell you that any discussion on this point would be intensely painful to me, as I now belong to the Free Kirk."

"Where have you been this morning?" she asked, with a piercing glance.

"To St. Andrew's and Tanfield Hall."

"With whom?"

"With the Friar."

"I see! Happy the missionary to whom you incline your ear, *first!*" — which I thought rather inconsistent of Salemina, as she had been converted by precisely the same methods and in precisely the same length of time as had I, the only difference being in the ages of our respective missionaries, one being about five and thirty, the other five and sixty.

IX.

Religion in Edinburgh is a theory, a convention, a fashion (both humble and aristocratic), a sensation, an intellectual conviction, an emotion, a dissipation, a sweet habit of the blood; in fact, it is, it seems to me, every sort of thing it can be to the human spirit.

When we had finished our church toilettes, and came into the drawing-room, on the first Sunday morning, I remember that we found Francesca at the window.

"There is a battle, murder, or sudden death going on in the square below," she said. "I am going to ask Susanna to ask Mrs. M'Collop what it means. Never have I seen such a crowd moving peacefully, with no excitement or confusion, in one direction. Where can the people be going? Do you suppose it is a fire? Why, I believe . . . it cannot be possible . . . yes, they certainly are disappearing in that big church on the corner; and millions, simply millions and trillions, are coming in the other direction, — toward St. Knox's."

Impressive as was this morning churchgoing, a still greater surprise awaited us at seven o'clock in the evening, when the crowd blocked the streets on two sides of a church near Breadalbane Terrace; and though it was quite ten minutes before service when we entered, Salemina and I only secured the last two seats in the aisle, and Francesca was obliged to sit on the steps of the pulpit or seek a sermon elsewhere.

It amused me greatly to see Francesca sitting on pulpit steps, her Redfern gown and smart toque in close juxtaposition to the rusty bonnet and bombazine dress of a respectable elderly tradeswoman. The church officer entered first, bearing the great Bible and hymn-book, which he reverently placed on the pulpit cushions; and close behind him, to our entire astonishment, came the Reverend Ronald Macdonald, who was exchanging with the regular minister of the parish, whom we had come especially to hear. I pitied Francesca's confusion and embarrassment, but I was too far from her

to offer an exchange of seats, and through the long service she sat there at the feet of her foe, so near that she could have touched the hem of his gown as he knelt devoutly for his first silent prayer.

Perhaps she was thinking of her last interview with him, when she descanted at length on that superfluity of naughtiness and Biblical pedantry which, she asserted, made Scottish ministers preach from out-of-the-way texts.

"I 've never been able to find my place in the Bible since I arrived," she complained to Salemina, when she was quite sure that Mr. Macdonald was listening to her; and this he generally was, in my opinion, no matter who chanced to be talking. "What with their skipping and hopping about from Haggai to Philemon, Habakkuk to Jude, and Micah to Titus, in their readings, and then settling on seventh Nahum, sixth Zephaniah, or second Calathumpians for the sermon, I do nothing but search the Scriptures in the Edinburgh churches, — search, search, search, until some Christian by my side or in the pew behind me notices my hapless plight, and hands me a Bible opened at the text. Last Sunday it was Obadiah first, fifteenth, 'For the day of the Lord is near upon all the heathen.' It chanced to be a returned missionary who was preaching on that occasion; but the Bible is full of heathen, and why need he have chosen a text from Obadiah, poor little Obadiah one page long, slipped in between Amos and Jonah where nobody but a deacon could find him?" If Francesca had not seen with delight the Reverend Ronald's expression of anxiety, she would never have spoken of second Calathumpians; but of course he has no means of knowing how unlike herself she is when in his company.

To go back to our first Sunday worship in Edinburgh. The church officer closed the door of the pulpit on the Reverend Ronald, and I thought I heard the clicking of a lock; at all events, he returned at the close of the services to liberate him and escort him back to the vestry; for the entrances and exits of this beadle, or "minister's man," as the church officer is called in the country districts, form an impressive part of the ceremonies. If he did lock the minister into the pulpit, it is probably only another national custom like the occasional locking in of the passengers in a railway train, and may be positively necessary in the case of such magnetic and popular preachers as Mr. Macdonald or the Friar.

I have never seen such attention, such concentration, as in these great congregations of the Edinburgh churches. As nearly as I can judge, it is intellectual rather than emotional; but it is not a tribute paid to eloquence alone; it is habitual and universal, and is yielded loyally to insufferable dullness when occasion demands.

When the text is announced, there is an indescribable rhythmic movement forward, followed by a concerted rustle of Bible leaves; not the rustle of a few Bibles in a few pious pews, but the rustle of all the Bibles in all the pews, — and there are more Bibles in an Edinburgh Presbyterian church than one ever sees anywhere else, unless it be in the warehouses of the Bible Societies.

The text is read twice clearly, and another rhythmic movement follows when the Bibles are replaced on the shelves. Then there is a delightful settling back of the entire congregation, a snuggling comfortably into corners and a fitting of shoulders to the pews, — not to sleep, however; an older generation may have done that under the strain of a two-hour "wearifu' dreich" sermon, but these church-goers are not to be caught napping. They wear, on the contrary, a keen, expectant, critical look, which must be inexpressibly encouraging to the minister, if he has anything to say. If he has not (and this is a possibility in Edinburgh as it is everywhere else), then I am sure it is wisdom for the beadle to

lock him in, lest he flee when he meets those searching eyes.

The organ is finding its way rapidly into the Scottish kirks (how can the shade of John Knox endure a "kist o' whistles" in old St. Giles'?), but it is not used yet in some of those we attend most frequently. There is a certain quaint solemnity, a beautiful austerity, in the unaccompanied singing of hymns that touches me profoundly. I am often carried very high on the waves of splendid church music, when the organ's thunder rolls "through vaulted aisles" and the angelic voices of a trained choir chant the aspirations of my soul for me; but when an Edinburgh congregation stands, and the precentor leads in the second paraphrase of the Psalms, that splendid

> "God of our fathers, be the God
> Of their succeeding race,"

there is a certain ascetic fervor in it that seems to me the perfection of worship. It may be that my Puritan ancestors are mainly responsible for this feeling, or perhaps my recently adopted Jenny Geddes is a factor in it; of course, if she were in the habit of flinging fauldstules at Deans, she was probably the friend of truth and the foe of beauty so far as it was in her power to separate them.

There is no music during the offertory in these churches, and this too pleases my sense of the fitness of things. It cannot soften the woe of the people who are disinclined to the giving away of money, and the cheerful givers need no encouragement. For my part, I like to sit, quite undistracted by soprano solos, and listen to the refined tinkle of the sixpences and shillings, and the vulgar chink of the pennies and ha'pennies, in the contribution-boxes. Country ministers, I am told, develop such an acute sense of hearing that they can estimate the amount of the collection before it is counted. There is often a huge pewter plate just within the church door, in which the offerings are placed as the worshipers enter or leave; and one always notes the preponderance of silver at the morning, and of copper at the evening services. It is perhaps needless to say that before Francesca had been in Edinburgh a fortnight she asked Mr. Macdonald if it were true that the Scots continued coining the farthing for years and years, merely to have a coin serviceable for church offerings!

As to social differences in the congregations we are somewhat at sea. We tried to arrive at a conclusion by the hats and bonnets, than which there is usually no more infallible test. On our first Sunday we attended the Free Kirk in the morning, and the Established in the evening. The bonnets of the Free Kirk were so much the more elegant that we said to one another, "This is evidently the church of society, though the adjective 'Free' should by rights attract the masses." On the second Sunday we reversed the order of things, and found the Established bonnets much finer than the Free bonnets, which was a source of mystification to us, until we discovered that it was a question of morning or evening service, not of the form of Presbyterianism. We think, on the whole, that, taking town and country congregations together, millinery has not flourished under Presbyterianism, — it seems to thrive better in the Romish atmosphere of France; but the Disruption, at least, has had nothing to answer for in the matter, as it seems simply to have parted the bonnets of Scotland in twain, as Moses divided the Red Sea, and left good and evil on both sides.

I can never forget our first military service at St. Giles'. We left Breadalbane Terrace before nine in the morning, and walked along the beautiful curve of street that sweeps around the base of Castle Rock, — walked on through the poverty and squalor of the High Street, keeping in view the beautiful lantern tower as a guiding star, till we heard

"The murmur of the city crowd;
And, from his steeple, jingling loud,
St. Giles's mingling din."

We joined the throng outside the venerable church, and awaited the approach of the soldiers from the Castle parade-ground; for it is from there they march in detachments to the church of their choice. A religion they must have, and if, when called up and questioned about it, they have forgotten to provide themselves, or have no preference as to form of worship, they are assigned to one by the person in authority. When the regiments are assembled on the parade-ground of a Sunday morning, the officer's first command is, "Church of Scotland, right about face, quick march!" — the bodies of men belonging to other denominations standing fast until their turn comes to move. It is said that a new sergeant once gave the command, "Church of Scotland, right about face, quick march! Fancy releegions stay where ye are!"

Just as we were being told this story by an attendant squire, there was a burst of scarlet and a blare of music, and down into Parliament Square marched hundreds of redcoats, the Highland pipers (otherwise the Olympian gods) swinging in front, leaving the American female heart prostrate beneath their victorious tread. The strains of music that in the distance sounded so martial and triumphant we recognized in a moment as "Abide with me," and never did the fine old tune seem more majestic than when it marked a measure for the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, of those soldierly feet. As The March of the Cameron Men, piped from the green steeps of Castle Hill, had aroused in us thoughts of splendid victories on the battlefield, so did this simple hymn seem to breathe the spirit of the church militant; a no less stern, but more spiritual soldiership, in which "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

X.

Even at this time of Assemblies, when the atmosphere is almost exclusively clerical and ecclesiastical, the two great church armies represented here certainly conceal from the casual observer all rivalries and jealousies, if indeed they cherish any. As for the two dissenting bodies, the Church of the Disruption and the Church of the Secession have been keeping company, so to speak, for some years, with a distant eye to an eventual union.

Since Scottish hospitality is well-nigh inexhaustible, it is not strange that from the moment Edinburgh streets began to be crowded with ministers, our drawing-room table began to bear shoals of engraved invitations of every conceivable sort, all equally unfamiliar to our American eyes.

"The Purse-Bearer is commanded by the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness of Heatherdale to invite Miss Hamilton to a Garden Party at the Palace of Holyrood House, on the 27th of May. *Weather permitting.*"

"The General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland admits Miss Hamilton to any gallery on any day."

"The Marchioness of Heatherdale is At Home on the 26th of May from a quarter past nine in the evening. Palace of Holyrood House."

"The Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland is At Home in the Library of the New College on Saturday, the 22d May, from eight to ten in the evening."

"The Moderator asks the pleasure of Miss Hamilton's presence at a Breakfast to be given on the morning of the 25th of May at Dunedin Hotel."

We determined to go to all these functions impartially, tracking thus the Presbyterian lion to its very lair, and observing its home as well as its company manners. In everything that related to the distinctively religious side of the pro-

ceedings we sought advice from Mrs. M'Collop, while we went to Lady Baird for definite information on secular matters. We also found an unexpected ally in the person of our own ex-Moderator's niece, Miss Jean Dalziel (Deeyell). She had been educated in Paris, but she must always have been a delightfully breezy person, quite too irrepressible to be affected by Scottish haar or theology. "Go to the Assemblies, by all means," she said, "and be sure and get places for the heresy case. These are no longer what they once were, — we are getting lamentably weak and gelatinous in our beliefs, — but there is an unusually nice one this year; the heretic is very young and handsome, and quite wicked, as ministers go. Don't fail to be presented at the Marchioness's court at Holyrood, for it is a capital preparation for the ordeal of Her Majesty and Buckingham Palace. 'Nothing fit to wear'? You have never seen the people who go, or you would n't say that! I even advise you to attend one of the breakfasts; it can't do you any serious or permanent injury so long as you eat something before you go. Oh no, it does n't matter, — whichever one you choose, you will cheerfully omit the other; for I avow as a Scottish spinster, and the niece of an ex-Moderator, that to a stranger and a foreigner the breakfasts are worse than Arctic explorations."

It is to Mrs. M'Collop that we owe our chief insight into technical church matters, although we seldom agree with her "opeenions" after we gain our own experience. She never misses hearing one sermon on a Sabbath, and oftener she listens to two or three. Neither does she confine herself to the ministrations of a single preacher, but roves from one sanctuary to another, seeking the bread of life; often, however, according to her own account, getting a particularly indigestible "stane."

She is thus a complete guide to the Edinburgh pulpit, and when she is making a bed in the morning she dispenses criticism in so large and impartial a manner that it would make the flesh of the "meenistry" creep did they overhear it. I used to think Ian Maclaren's sermon-taster a possible exaggeration of an existent type, but I now see that she is truth itself.

"Ye 'll be tryin' anither kirk the morn?" suggests Mrs. M'Collop, spreading the clean Sunday sheet over the mattress. "Wha did ye hear the Sawbath that's bye? Dr. A? Ay, I ken him ower weel; he 's been there for fifteen years an' mair. Ay, he 's a gifted mon — *off an' on!*" with an emphasis showing clearly that, in her estimation, the times when he is "off" outnumber those when he is "on." . . . "Ye have na heard auld Dr. B yet?" (Here she tucks in the upper sheet tidily at the foot.) "He 's a graund strachtforrit mon, is Dr. B, forbye he 's growin' maist awfu' dreich in his sermons, though when he 's that wearisome a body canna heed him wi'oot takin' peppermints to the kirk, he 's nane the less, at seeventy-sax, a better mon than the new asseestant. Div ye ken the new asseestant? He 's a wee-bit, finger-fed mannie, too sma' maist to wear a goon! I canna thole him, wi' his lang-nebbit words, explainin' an' expoundin' the gude Book as if it had jist come oot! The auld doctor gies us fu' meesure, pressed doun an' rinnin' over, nae bit-pickin's like the haverin' asseestant; it 's my opeenion he 's no soond! . . . Mr. C?" (Now comes the shaking and straightening and smoothing of the first blanket.) "Ay, he 's weel eneuch! I mind ance he prayed for our Free Assembly, an' then he turned roun' an' prayed for the Estaiblished, maist in the same breath, — he 's a broad, leeberal mon is Mr. C! . . . Mr. D? Ay, I ken him fine; he micht be waur, but he reads his sermon from the paper, an' it 's an auld sayin', 'If a meenister canna mind [remember] his ain discoorse, nae mair can the congregation be

expectit to mind it.' . . . Mr. E? He 's my ain meenister." (She has a pillow in her mouth now, but though she is shaking it as a terrier would a rat, and drawing on the linen slip at the same time, she is still intelligible between the jerks.) "Susanna says his sermon is like claith made o' soond 'oo [wool] wi' a gude twined thread, an' wairpit an' weftit wi' doctrine. Susanna kens her Bible weel, but she 's never gaed forrit." (To "gang forrit" is to take the communion.) "Dr. F? I ca' him the greetin' doctor! He 's aye dingin' the dust oot o' the poopit cushions, an' greetin' ower the sins o' the human race, an' eespecially of his congregation. He 's waur syne his last wife sickened an' slippit awa'. 'T was a chastenin' he 'd put up wi' twice afore, but he grat nane the less. She was a bonnie bit-body, was the thurd Mistress F! E'nbro could 'a' better spared the greetin' doctor than her, I 'm thinkin'."

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, according to his good will and pleasure," I ventured piously, as Mrs. M'Collop beat the bolster and laid it in place.

"Ou ay," responded that good woman, as she spread the counterpane over the pillows in the way I particularly dislike, — "ou ay, but I sometimes think it 's a peety he couldna be guided!"

XI.

We were to make our bow to the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness of Heatherdale in the evening, and we were in a state of republican excitement at 22 Breadalbane Terrace.

Francesca had surprised us by refusing to be presented at this semi-royal Scottish court. "Not I," she said. "The Marchioness represents the Queen; we may discover, when we arrive, that she has raised the standards of admission, and requires us to 'back out' of the throne-room. I don't propose to do that without London training. Besides, I hate crowds, and I never go to my own President's receptions; and I have a headache, anyway, and don't feel like coping with the Reverend Ronald to-night!" (Lady Baird was to take us under her wing, and her nephew was to escort us, Sir Robert being in Inveraray.)

"Sally, my dear," I said, as Francesca left the room with a bottle of smelling-salts somewhat ostentatiously in evidence, "methinks the damsel doth protest too much. In other words, she devotes a good deal of time and discussion to a gentleman whom she heartily dislikes. As she is under your care, I will direct your attention to the following points: —

"Ronald Macdonald is a Scotsman; Francesca disapproves of international alliances.

"He is a Presbyterian; she is a Swedenborgian.

"His father was a famous old school doctor; Francesca is a homœopathist.

"He is serious; Francesca is gay.

"I think, under all the circumstances, their acquaintance will bear watching. Two persons so utterly dissimilar, and, so far as superficial observation goes, so entirely unsuited to each other, are quite liable to drift into marriage unless diverted by watchful philanthropists."

"Nonsense!" returned Salemina brusquely. "You think because you are under the spell of the tender passion yourself that other people are in constant danger. Francesca detests him."

"Who told you so?"

"She herself," triumphantly.

"Salemina," I said pityingly, "I have always believed you a spinster from choice; don't lead me to think that you have never had any experience in these matters! The Reverend Ronald has also intimated to me as plainly as he dared that he cannot bear the sight of Francesca. What do I gather from this statement? The general conclusion that

if it be true, it is curious that he looks at her incessantly."

"Francesca would never live in Scotland," remarked Salemina feebly.

"Not unless she were asked, of course," I replied.

"He would never ask her."

"Not unless he thought he had a chance of an affirmative answer."

"Her father would never allow it."

"Her father allows what she permits him to allow. You know that perfectly well."

"What shall I do about it, then?"

"Consult me."

"What shall *we* do about it?"

"Let Nature have her own way."

"I don't believe in Nature."

"Don't be profane, Salemina, and don't be unromantic, which is worse; but if you insist, trust in Providence."

"I would rather trust Francesca's hard heart."

"The hardest hearts melt if sufficient heat be applied. I think Mr. Macdonald is a volcano."

"I wish he were extinct," said Salemina petulantly, "and I wish you would n't make me nervous."

"If you had any faculty of premonition, you would n't have waited for me to make you nervous."

"Some people are singularly omniscient."

"Others are singularly deficient"— And at this moment Susanna came in to announce Miss Jean Deeyell, who had come to see sights with us.

It was our almost daily practice to walk through the Old Town, and we were now familiar with every street and close in that densely crowded quarter. Our quest for the sites of ancient landmarks never grew monotonous, and we were always reconstructing, in imagination, the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Lawnmarket, and the High Street, until we could see Auld Reekie as it was in bygone centuries. Every corner bristles with memories. Here is the Stamp Office Close, from which the lovely Susanna, Countess of Eglinton, was wont to issue on Assembly nights; she, six feet in height, with a brilliantly fair complexion and a "face of the maist bewitching loveliness." Her seven daughters and stepdaughters were all conspicuously handsome, and it was deemed a goodly sight to watch the long procession of eight gilded sedan-chairs pass from the Stamp Office Close, bearing her and her stately brood to the Assembly Room, amid a crowd that was "hushed with respect and admiration to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on the pavement."

Here itself is the site of those old Assemblies presided over at one time by the famous Miss Nicky Murray, a directress of society affairs, who seems to have been a feminine premonition of Count d'Orsay and our own McAllister. Rather dull they must have been, those old Scotch balls, where Goldsmith saw the ladies and gentlemen in two dismal groups divided by the length of the room.

"The Assembly Close received the fair—
Order and elegance presided there—
Each gay Right Honourable had her place,
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.
No racing to the dance with rival hurry,
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray!"

It was half past nine in the evening when Salemina and I drove to Holyrood, our humble cab-horse jogging faithfully behind Lady Baird's brougham, and it was the new experience of seeing Auld Reekie by lamplight that called up these gay visions of other days,—visions and days so thoroughly our mental property that we resented the fact that women were hanging washing from the Countess of Eglinton's former windows, and popping their unkempt heads out of the Duchess of Gordon's old doorway.

The Reverend Ronald is so kind! He enters so fully into our spirit of inquiry, and takes such pleasure in our

enthusiasms! He even sprang lightly out of Lady Baird's carriage and called to our "lāmiter" to halt while he showed us the site of the Black Turnpike, from whose windows Queen Mary saw the last of her kingdom's capital.

"Here was the Black Turnpike, Miss Hamilton!" he cried; "and from here Mary went to Loch Leven, where you Hamiltons and the Setons came gallantly to her help. Don't you remember the 'far ride to the Solway sands'?"

I looked with interest, though I was in such a state of delicious excitement that I could scarce keep my seat.

"Only a few minutes more, Salemina," I sighed, "and we shall be in the palace courtyard; then a probable half-hour in crowded dressing-rooms, with another half-hour in line, and then, then we shall be making our best republican bow in the Gallery of the Kings! How I wish Mr. Beresford and Francesca were with us! What do you suppose was her real reason for staying away? Some petty disagreement with our young minister, I am sure. Do you think the dampness is taking the curl out of our hair? Do you suppose our gowns will be torn to ribbons before the Marchioness sees them? Do you believe we shall look as well as anybody? Privately, I think we must look better than anybody; but I always think that on my way to a party, never after I arrive."

Mrs. M'Collop had asserted that I was "bonnie eneuch for ony court," and I could not help wishing that "mine ain dear Somebody" might see me in my French frock embroidered with silver thistles, and my "shower bouquet" of Scottish bluebells tied loosely together. Salemina wore pinky-purple velvet; a real heather color it was, though the Lord High Commissioner would probably never note the fact.

When we had presented our cards of invitation at the palace doors, we joined the throng and patiently made our way up the splendid staircases, past powdered lackeys without number, and, divested of our wraps, joined another throng on our way to the throne-room, Salemina and I pressing those cards with our names "legibly written on them" close to our palpitating breasts.

At last the moment came when, Lady Baird having preceded me, I handed my bit of pasteboard to the usher; and hearing "Miss Hamilton" called in stentorian accents, I went forward in my turn, and executed a graceful and elegant but not too profound curtsy, carefully arranged to suit the semi-royal, semi-ecclesiastical occasion. I had not divulged the fact even to Salemina, but I had worn Mrs. M'Collop's carpet quite threadbare in front of the long mirror, and had curtsied to myself so many times in its crystal surface that I had developed a sort of fictitious reverence for my reflected image. I had only begun my well-practiced obeisance when Her Grace the Marchioness, to my mingled surprise and embarrassment, extended a gracious hand and murmured my name in a particularly kind voice. She is fond of Lady Baird, and perhaps chose this method of showing her friendship; or it may be that she noticed my silver thistles and Salemina's heather-colored velvet, — they certainly deserved special recognition; or it may be that I was too beautiful to pass over in silence, — in my state of exaltation I was quite equal to the belief.

The presentation over, we wandered through the beautiful apartments; leaning from the open windows to hear the music of the band playing in the courtyard below, looking at the royal portraits, and chatting with groups of friends who appeared and reappeared in the throng. Finally Lady Baird sent for us to join her in a knot of personages more and less distinguished, who had dined at the palace, and who were standing behind the receiving party in a sort of sacred group. This indeed was a ground of vantage, and one could have stood there for hours, watching all sorts and

conditions of men and women bowing before the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness, who, with her Cleopatra-like beauty and scarlet gown, looked like a gorgeous cardinal-flower.

Salemina and I watched the curtsying narrowly, with the view at first of improving our own obeisances for Buckingham Palace; but truth to say we got no added light, and plainly most of the people had not worn threadbare the carpets in front of their dressing-mirrors.

Suddenly we heard a familiar name announced, "Lord Colquhoun," a distinguished judge who had lately been raised to the peerage, and whom we often met at dinners; then "Miss Rowena Colquhoun;" and then, in the midst, we fancied, of an unusual stir at the entrance door — "Miss Francesca Van Buren Monroe." I almost fainted against the Reverend Ronald's shoulder in my astonishment, while Salemina lifted her tortoise-shell lorgnette, and we gazed silently at our recreant charge.

After presentation, each person has fifteen or twenty feet of awful space to traverse in solitary and defenseless majesty; scanned meanwhile by the maids of honor (who, if they were truly honorable, would turn their eyes another way), ladies-in-waiting, Purse-Bearer (who, be it known, bears no trace of purse in public, but keeps it in his upper bureau drawer at home), and the sacred group in the rear. Some of the victims waddle, some hurry; some look up and down nervously, others glance over the shoulder as if dreading to be apprehended; some turn red, others pale, according to complexion and temperament; some swing their arms, others trip on their gowns; some twitch the buttons of a glove, or tweak a flower or a jewel. Francesca rose superior to all these weaknesses, and I doubt if the Gallery of the Kings ever served as a background for anything lovelier or more high-bred than that untitled slip of a girl from "the States." Her trailing gown of dead white satin fell in unbroken lustrous folds behind her. Her beautiful throat and shoulders rose in statuesque whiteness from the shimmering drapery that encircled them. Her dark hair showed a moonbeam parting that rested the eye, weary from the contemplation of waves and frizzes. Her mother's pearls hung in ropes from neck to waist, and the one spot of color about her was the single American Beauty rose she carried. There is a patriotic florist in Paris who grows this long-stemmed empress of the rose-garden, and Mr. Beresford sends one to me every week. Francesca had taken the flower without permission, and I must say she was as worthy of it as it was of her.

She curtsied deeply, with no exaggerated ceremony, but with a sort of innocent and childlike gravity, while the satin of her gown spread itself like a great lily over the floor. Her head was bowed until the dark lashes swept her crimson cheeks; then she rose again from the heart of the satin lily, with the one splendid flower glowing against all her dazzling whiteness, and floated slowly across the dreaded space to the door of exit as if she were preceded by invisible heralds and followed by invisible train-bearers.

"Who is she?" we heard whispered here and there. "Look at the rose!" "Look at the pearls! Is she a princess or only an American?"

I glanced at the Reverend Ronald. I imagined he looked pale; at any rate, he was gnawing his mustache, and I believe he was in fancy laying his serious, Scottish, allopathic, Presbyterian heart at Francesca's gay, American, homœopathic, Swedenborgian feet.

"It is a pity Miss Monroe is such an ardent republican," he said; "otherwise she ought to be a duchess. I never saw a head that better suited a coronet, nor one that contained more caprices."

"It is true she flatly refused to accompany us here," I allowed, "but per-

haps she has some explanation more or less silly and serviceable; meantime, I defy you to say she is n't a beauty, and I implore you to say nothing about its being only skin-deep. Give me a beautiful exterior, say I, and I will spend my life in making the hidden things of mind and soul conform with it; but deliver me from all forlorn attempts to make my beauty of character speak through a large mouth, breathe through a fat nose, and look at my neighbor through crossed eyes!"

Mr. Macdonald agreed with me, with some few ministerial reservations. He always agrees with me, and why he is not tortured at the thought of my being the promised bride of another, but continues to squander his affections upon a quarrelsome girl, is more than I can comprehend.

Francesca appeared presently in our group, and Salemina did not even attempt to scold her. One cannot scold an imperious young beauty in white satin and ropes of pearls.

It seems that shortly after our departure (we had dined with Lady Baird) Lord Colquhoun had sent a note to me, requiring an answer. Francesca had opened it, and found that he offered an extra card of invitation to one of us, and said that he and his sister would gladly serve as escort to Holyrood, if desired. She had had an hour or two of solitude by this time, and was well weary of it, and the last vestige of headache disappeared under the temptation of appearing at court with all the éclat of unexpectedness. She dispatched a note of acceptance to Lord Colquhoun, called Mrs. M'Collop, Susanna, and the maiden Boots to her assistance, spread the trays of her Saratoga trunks about our three bedrooms, grouped all our candles on her dressing-table, and borrowed any little elegance of toilette which we chanced to have left behind. Her own store of adornments was much greater than ours, but we possessed certain articles for which she had a childlike admiration: my white satin slippers embroidered with seed pearls, Salemina's pearl-topped comb, my rose, Salemina's Valenciennes handkerchief and diamond belt-clasp, my pearl frog with ruby eyes. We identified our property on her impertinent young person, and the list of her borrowings so amused the Reverend Ronald that he forgot his injuries.

"It is really an ordeal, that presentation, no matter how strong one's sense of humor may be, nor how well rooted one's democracy," chattered Francesca to a serried rank of officers who surrounded her to the total routing of the ministry. "It is especially trying if one has come unexpectedly and has no idea of what is to happen. I was flustered at the most supreme moment, because, at the entrance of the throne-room, I had just shaken hands reverently with a splendid person who proved to be a footman. I took him for the Commander of the Queen's Guards, or the Keeper of the Dungeon Keys, or the Most Noble Custodian of the Royal Moats, Drawbridges, and Portcullises. When he put out his hand I had no idea it was simply to waft me onward, and so naturally I shook it, — it 's a mercy that I did n't kiss it! Then I curtsied to the Royal Usher, and overlooked the Lord High Commissioner, having no eyes for any one but the beautiful scarlet Marchioness; I hope they were too busy to notice my mistakes! Did you see the child of ten who was next to me in line? She is Mrs. Macstronachlacher; at least that was the name on the card she carried, and she was thus announced. As they tell us the Purse-Bearer is most rigorous in arranging these functions and issuing the invitations, I presume she must be Mrs. Macstronachlacher; but if so, they marry very young in Scotland, and her skirts should really have been longer!"

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTABLE RECENT NOVELS.

Mr. Stevenson's St. Ives.

WITH the publication of St. Ives the catalogue of Stevenson's important writings has closed. In truth it closed several years ago, — in 1891, to be exact, — when Catriona was published. Nothing which has appeared since that date can modify to any great extent the best critical estimate of his novels. Neither Weir of Hermiston nor St. Ives affects the matter. You may throw them into the scales with his other works, and then you may take them out; beyond a mere trembling the balance is not disturbed. But suppose you were to take out Kidnapped, or Treasure Island, or The Master of Ballantrae, the loss would be felt at once and seriously. And unless he has left behind him, hidden away among his loose papers, some rare and perfect sketch, some letter to posterity which shall be to his reputation what Neil Paraday's lost novel in The Death of the Lion might have been to *his*, St. Ives may be regarded as the epilogue.

Stevenson's death and the publication of this last effort of his fine genius may tend to draw away a measure of public interest from that type of novel which he, his imitators, and his rivals have so abundantly produced. This may be the close of a "period" such as we read about in histories of literature.

If the truth be told, has not our generation had enough of duels, hair-breadth escapes, post-chaises, and highwaymen, mysterious strangers muffled in great-coats, and pistols which always miss fire when they should n't? To say positively that we *have* done with all this might appear extravagant in the light of the popularity of certain modern heroic novels. But it might not be too radical a view if one were to maintain that these books are the expression of something temporary and accidental, that they sustain a chronological relation to modern literature rather than an essential one.

Matthew Arnold spoke of Heine as a sardonic smile on the face of the Zeitgeist. Let us say that these modern stories in the heroic vein are a mere heightening of color on the cheeks of that interesting young lady, the Genius of the modern novel — a heightening of color *on* the cheeks, for the color comes from without and not from within. It is a matter of no moment. Artificial red does no harm for once, and looks well under gaslight.

These novels of adventure which we buy so cheerfully, read with such pleasure, and make such a good-natured fuss over, are for the greater part an expression of something altogether foreign to the deeper spirit of modern fiction. Surely the true modern novel is the one which reflects the life of to-day. And life to-day is easy, familiar, rich in material comforts, and on the whole without painfully striking contrasts and thrilling episodes. People have enough to eat, reasonable liberty, and a degree of patience with one another which suggests indifference. A man may shout aloud in the market-place the most revolutionary opinions, and hardly be taken to task for it; and then on the other hand we have got our rulers pretty well under control. This paragraph, however, is not the peroration of a eulogy upon "our unrivaled happiness." It attempts merely to lay stress on such facts as these, that it is not now possible to hang a clergyman of the Church of England for forgery, as was done in 1765; that a man may not be deprived of the custody of his own children because he holds heterodox religious opinions, as happened in 1816. There is widespread toleration; and civilization in the sense

in which Ruskin uses the word has much increased. Now it is possible for a Jew to become Prime Minister, and for a Roman Catholic to become England's Poet Laureate.

If, then, life is familiar, comfortable, unrestrained, and easy, as it certainly seems to be, how are we to account for the rise of this semi-historic, heroic literature? It is almost grotesque, the contrast between the books themselves and the manner in which they are produced. One may picture the incongruous elements of the situation — a young society man going up to his suite in a handsome modern apartment house, and dictating romance to a type-writer. In the evening he dines at his club, and the day after the happy launching of his novel he is interviewed by the representative of a newspaper syndicate, to whom he explains his literary method, while the interviewer makes a note of his dress and a comment on the decoration of his mantelpiece.

Surely romance written in this way — and we have not grossly exaggerated the way — bears no relation to modern literature other than a chronological one. The Prisoner of Zenda and A Gentleman of France, to mention two happy and pleasing examples of this type of novel, are not modern in the sense that they express any deep feeling or any vital characteristic of to-day. They are not instinct with the spirit of the times. One might say that these stories represent the novel in its theatrical mood. It is the novel masquerading. Just as a respectable bookkeeper likes to go into private theatricals, wear a wig with curls, a slouch hat with ostrich feathers, a sword and ruffles, and play a part to tear a cat in, so does the novel like to do the same. The day after the performance the whole artificial equipment drops away and disappears. The bookkeeper becomes a bookkeeper once more and a natural man. The hour before the footlights has done him no harm. True, he forgot his lines at one place, but what is a prompter for if not to act in such an emergency? Now that it is over the affair may be pronounced a success — particularly in the light of the gratifying statement that a clear profit has been realized towards paying for the new organ.

This is a not unfair comparison of the part played by these books in modern fiction. The public likes them, buys them, reads them; and there is no reason why the public should not. In proportion to the demand for color, action, posturing, and excessive gesticulation, these books have a financial success; in proportion to the conscientiousness of the artist who creates them they have a literary vitality. But they bear to the actual modern novel a relation not unlike that which The Castle of Otranto bears to Tom Jones — making allowance of course for the chronological discrepancy.

From one point the heroic novel is a protest against the commonplace and stupid elements of modern life. According to Mr. Frederic Harrison there is no romance left in us. Life is stale and flat; yet even Mr. Harrison would hardly go to the length of declaring that it is also commercially unprofitable. The artificial apartment-house romance is one expression of the revolt against the duller elements in our civilization; and as has often been pointed out, the novel of psychological horrors is another expression.

There are a few men, however, whose work is not accounted for by saying that they love theatrical pomp and glitter for its own sake, or that they write fiction as a protest against the times in which they live. Stevenson was of this number. He was an adventurer by inheritance and by practice. He came of a race of adventurers, adventurers who built lighthouses and fought with that bold outlaw, the Sea. He himself honestly loved, and in a measure lived, a wild life. There is no truer touch of nature

than in the scene where St. Ives tells the boy Rowley that he is a hunted fugitive with a price set upon his head, and then enjoys the tragic astonishment depicted in the lad's face.

Rowley "had a high sense of romance and a secret cultus for all soldiers and criminals. His traveling library consisted of a chap-book life of Wallace, and some sixpenny parts of the Old Bailey Sessions Papers; . . . and the choice depicts his character to a hair. You can imagine how his new prospects brightened on a boy of this disposition. To be the servant and companion of a fugitive, a soldier, and a murderer, rolled in one — to live by stratagems, disguises, and false names, in an atmosphere of midnight and mystery so thick that you could cut it with a knife — was really, I believe, more dear to him than his meals, though he was a great trencher-man and something of a glutton besides. For myself, as the peg by which all this romantic business hung, I was simply idolized from that moment; and he would rather have sacrificed his hand than surrendered the privilege of serving me."

One can believe that Stevenson was a boy with tastes and ambitions like Rowley. But for that matter Rowley stands for universal boy-nature.

Criticism of St. Ives becomes both easy and difficult by reason of the fact that we know so much about the book from the author's point of view. He wrote it in trying circumstances, and never completed it; the last six chapters are from the pen of a practiced story-teller, who follows the author's known scheme of events. Stevenson was almost too severe in his comment upon his book. He says of St. Ives: —

"It is a mere tissue of adventures; the central figure not very well or very sharply drawn; no philosophy, no destiny, to it; some of the happenings very good in themselves, I believe, but none of them *bildende*, none of them constructive, except in so far perhaps as they make up a kind of sham picture of the time, all in italics, and all out of drawing. Here and there, I think, it is well written; and here and there it 's not. . . . If it has a merit to it, I should say it was a sort of deliberation and swing to the style, which seems to me to suit the mail-coaches and post-chaises with which it sounds all through. 'T is my most prosaic book."

One must remember that this is epistolary self-criticism, and that it is hardly to be looked upon in the nature of an "advance notice." Still more confidential and epistolary is the humorous and reckless affirmation that St. Ives is "a rudderless hulk." "It 's a pagoda," says Stevenson in a letter dated September, 1894, "and you can just feel — or I can feel — that it might have been a pleasant story if it had only been blessed at baptism."

He had to rewrite portions of it in consequence of having received what Dr. Johnson would have called "a large accession of new ideas." The ideas were historical. The first five chapters describe the experiences of French prisoners of war in Edinburgh Castle. St. Ives was the only "gentleman" among them, the only man with ancestors and a right to the "particle." He suffered less from ill treatment than from the sense of being made ridiculous. The prisoners were dressed in uniform — "jacket, waistcoat, and trousers of a sulphur or mustard yellow, and a shirt of blue-and-white striped cotton." St. Ives thought that "some malignant genius had found his masterpiece of irony in that dress." So much is made of this point that one reads with unusual interest the letter in which Stevenson bewails his "miserable luck" with St. Ives; for he was halfway through it when a book, which he had ordered six months before, arrived, upsetting all his previous notions of how the prisoners were cared for. Now he must change

the thing from top to bottom. "How could I have dreamed the French prisoners were watched over like a female charity school, kept in a grotesque livery, and shaved twice a week?" All his points had been made on the idea that they were "unshaved and clothed anyhow." He welcomes the new matter, however, in spite of the labor it entails. And it is easy to see how he has enriched the earlier chapters by accentuating St. Ives's disgust and mortification over his hideous dress and stubbly chin.

The book has a light-hearted note in it as a romance of the road should have. The events take place in 1813; they might have occurred fifty or seventy-five years earlier. For the book lacks that convincing something which fastens a story immovably within certain chronological limits. It is the effect which Thomas Hardy has so wonderfully produced in that little tale describing Napoleon's night-time visit to the coast of England; the effect which Stevenson himself was equally happy in making when he wrote the piece called A Lodging for a Night.

St. Ives has plenty of good romantic stuff in it, though on the whole it is romance of the conventional sort. It is too well bred, let us say too observant of the forms and customs which one has learned to expect in a novel of the road. There is an escape from the castle in the sixth chapter, a flight in the darkness towards the cottage of the lady-love in the seventh chapter, an appeal to the generosity of the lady-love's aunt, a dragon with gold-rimmed eyeglasses, in the ninth chapter. And so on. We would not imply that all this is lacking in distinction, but it seems to want that high distinction which Stevenson could give to his work. Ought one to look for it in a book confessedly unsatisfactory to its author, and a book which was left incomplete?

There is a pretty account of the first meeting between St. Ives and Flora. One naturally compares it with the scene in which David Balfour describes his sensations and emotions when the spell of Catriona's beauty came upon him. Says David: —

"There is no greater wonder than the way the face of a young woman fits in a man's mind and stays there, and he could never tell you why; it just seems it was the thing he wanted."

This is quite perfect, and in admirable keeping with the genuine simplicity of David's character: —

"She had wonderful bright eyes like stars; . . . and whatever was the cause, I stood there staring like a fool."

This is more concise than St. Ives's description of Flora; but St. Ives was a man of the world who had read books, and knew how to compare the young Scotch beauty to Diana: —

"As I saw her standing, her lips parted, a divine trouble in her eyes, I could have clapped my hands in applause, and was ready to acclaim her a genuine daughter of the winds."

The account of the meeting with Walter Scott and his daughter on the moors does not have the touch of reality in it that one would like. Here was an opportunity however of the author's own making.

There are flashes of humor, as when St. Ives found himself locked in the poultry-house "alone with half a dozen sitting hens. In the twilight of the place all fixed their eyes on me severely, and seemed to upbraid me with some crying impropriety."

There are sentences in which, after Stevenson's own manner, real insight is combined with felicitous expression. St. Ives is commenting upon the fact that he has done a thing which most men learned in the wisdom of this world would have pronounced absurd; he has "made a confidant of a boy in his teens and positively smelling of the nursery." But he had no cause to repent it. "There is none so apt as a boy to be

the adviser of any man in difficulties like mine. To the beginnings of virile common sense he adds the last lights of the child's imagination."

Men have been known to thank God when certain authors died — not because they bore the slightest personal ill will, but because they knew that as long as the authors lived nothing could prevent them from writing. In thinking of Stevenson, however, one cannot tell whether he experiences the more a feeling of personal or of literary loss, whether he laments chiefly the man or the author. It is not possible to separate the various cords of love, admiration, and gratitude which bind us to this man. He had a multitude of friends. He appealed to a wider audience than he knew. He himself said that he was read by journalists, by his fellow novelists, and by boys. Envious admiration might prompt a less successful writer to exclaim, "Well, is n't that enough?" No, for to be truly blest one must have women among one's readers. And there are elect ladies not a few who know Stevenson's novels; yet it is a question whether he has reached the great mass of female novel-readers. Certainly he is not well known in that circle of fashionable maidens and young matrons which justly prides itself upon an acquaintance with Van Bibber. And we can hardly think he is a familiar name to that vast and not fashionable constituency which battens upon the romances of Marie Corelli under the impression that it is perusing literature, while he offers no comfort whatever to that type of reader who prefers that a novel shall be filled with hard thinking, with social riddles, theological problems, and "sexual theorems." Stevenson was happy with his journalists and boys. Among all modern British men of letters he was in many ways the most highly blest; and his career was entirely picturesque and interesting. Other men have been more talked about, but the one thing which he did not lack was discriminating praise from those who sit in high critical places.

He was prosperous, too, though not grossly prosperous. It is no new fact that the sales of his books were small in proportion to the magnitude of his contemporary fame. People praised him tremendously, but paid their dollars for entertainment of another quality than that supplied by his fine gifts. An Inland Voyage has never been as popular as Three Men in a Boat, nor Treasure Island and Kidnapped as King Solomon's Mines. While The Black Arrow, which Mr. Lang does not like, and which Professor Saintsbury insists is "a wonderfully good story," has not met a wide public favor at all. Travels with a Donkey, which came out in 1879, had only reached its sixth English edition in 1887. Perhaps that is good for a book so entirely virtuous in a literary way, but it was not a success to keep a man awake nights.

We have been told that it is wrong to admire Jekyll and Hyde, that the story is "coarse," an "outrage upon the grand allegories of the same motive," and several other things; nay, it is even hinted that this popular tale is evidence of a morbid strain in the author's nature. Rather than dispute the point it is a temptation to urge upon the critic that he is not radical enough, for in Stevenson's opinion all literature might be only a "morbid secretion."

The critics, however, agree in allowing us to admire without stint those smaller works in which his characteristic gifts displayed themselves at the best. Thrawn Janet is one of these, and the story of Tod Lapraik, told by Andie Dale in Catriona, is another. Stevenson himself declared that if he had never written anything except these two stories he would still have been a writer. We hope that there would be votes cast for Will o' the Mill, which is a lovely bit of literary workmanship. And there are a dozen besides these.

He was an artist of undoubted gifts, but he was an artist in small literary forms. His longest good novels are after all little books. When he attempted a large canvas he seemed not perfectly in command of his materials, though he could use those materials as they could have been used by no other artist. There is nothing in his books akin to that large and massive treatment which may be felt in a novel like Rhoda Fleming or in a tragedy like Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

Andrew Lang was right when he said of Stevenson: He is a "Little Master," but of the Little Masters the most perfect and delightful.

Mr. du Maurier's The Martian.

The interest always attaching to a posthumous publication is enhanced in the case of George du Maurier's Martian by the peculiar circumstances which have attended his brief and brilliant literary career. Suddenly, late in life, an artist of established reputation turns author, and uses the pen with exactly the same ease and distinction with which he had previously used the pencil. He associates the two arts as they have never quite been associated before, illustrating either by the other with equal facility. Thackeray had done something of the kind, but in Thackeray the literary faculty was so transcendent, and so very superior to the pictorial, that the latter acquired, by comparison, a certain air of burlesque. With Du Maurier the implement seems absolutely indifferent; the characteristic and, to many, irresistibly fascinating style is always the same. It is not invariably true that the style is the man. There is a kind of preoccupation with style, which may have very fine and even exquisite results, but which spoils it as a transcript of character, just as effectually as an over-stately pose or studied expression spoils the likeness in a portrait. In Du Maurier's case, however, the style was the man. Some happy instinct taught him, what would never have come by observation, how to be himself in his writings; that he was capable of no better achievement than this, and that this would prove enough for his fame. It came near indeed to proving quite too much. For all the charm of his personality, Du Maurier was not formed by nature to be the idol of the masses; and the one great popular success which he achieved by a species of fluke obscured his happiness, and unquestionably shortened his life. It is a strange and rather pathetic story.

To the few who perfectly understood him, there has been nothing more novel and moving and altogether delightful in recent literature than that gay and tender tale of a French boyhood with which Peter Ibbetson began. The very polyglot which Mr. du Maurier half unconsciously employed, and which would have been insupportable in anybody else, appeared a natural and graceful form of expression in him, and the twofold nationality of the man, French by affection and tradition, English by habit and conviction, seemed to multiply instead of dividing his sympathies, and gave a wonderful sort of stereoscopic roundness and relief to the subjects of his delineation. The obstinate "lands intersected by a narrow frith" had hardly ever found so impartial and persuasive a mutual interpreter.

Even the "esoteric" part of Peter Ibbetson — the fantastic theory that the soul may relive, in dreams, its own and the entire life of its race in time, and anticipate both in eternity — appealed to the imagination by the simple fervor with which it was set forth, and melted the heart by a sweet if deceitful glimpse of consoling and compensating possibilities. Peter Ibbetson was the sort of book which one reads and decides to keep, and does not lend to everybody.

And it was followed by — Trilby! Well, there is happily no need to say much about Trilby. Every possible comment, wise and unwise, fair and unfair,

has already been made upon that ubiquitous book by critics competent and incompetent. Those who had become enamored of the author through the medium of his first ingenuous and dreamy tale still saw his chivalric likeness in this transcript of his more purely Bohemian experience, and heard his generous and manly accents; but the million readers were caught, it is to be feared, by collateral and less legitimate attractions. One excellent use the book may well have, in the way of exposing the more offensive side of hypnotism, which has put on scientific airs and taken a high tone of late, but which is really only a genteel disguise for what was long since tabooed under its uglier though more descriptive name of animal magnetism. A greater novelist than Du Maurier and a complete Frenchman had treated the same *risqué* theme a generation before his day in a book called Joseph Balsamo, and once was really enough. The universal vogue of Trilby was deeply depressing to its author, than whom no man ever lived more intolerant of essential vulgarity, and one is almost glad that he had passed beyond the sphere of the illustrated newspaper before a Trilby exhibition of young ladies' feet was organized, to repair the tottering finances of a so-called religious society!

It has been a source of sorrowful pleasure to every sincere Du Maurian to find him returning, in his third and last novel, to the theme which he had treated so delicately in his first, and to discover how far he was from having exhausted its interest and charm. To have been a schoolboy in Paris in the forties! — there will be a glamour about that thought forevermore, and Tom Brown has a formidable rival in a most unexpected quarter. Du Maurier has done nothing more masterly with the pen which he wielded for so short a time than the descriptions of the Institution F. Brossard in the last days of the citizen-king (whose own sons were not sent to so grand a school!) and of the joyous summer vacation in the Department of La Sarthe. Let us make room for one sunny, racy page of the author's own, in which he sketches the household of his provincial host M. Laferté: —

"It was the strangest country household I have ever seen, in France or anywhere else. They were evidently very well off, yet they preferred to eat their midday meal in the kitchen, which was immense; and so was the midday meal — and of a succulency!

"An old wolf-hound always lay by the huge log-fire; often with two or three fidgety cats fighting for the soft places on him, and making him growl; five or six other dogs, non-sporting, were always about at meal-time.

"The servants, three or four peasant women who waited on us, talked all the time, and were *tutoyées* by the family. Farm laborers came in and discussed agricultural matters, manures, etc., quite informally, squeezing their *bonnets de coton* in their hands. The postman sat by the fire and drank a glass of cider and smoked his pipe up the chimney while the letters were read — most of them out loud — and were commented upon by everybody in the most friendly spirit. All this made the meal last a long time.

"M. Laferté always wore his blouse, except in the evening, and then he wore a brown woolen *vareuse* or jersey; unless there were guests, when he wore his Sunday morning best. He nearly always spoke like a peasant, although he was really a decently educated man — or should have been.

"His old mother, who was of good family and eighty years of age, lived in a quite humble cottage, in a small street in La Tremblaye, with two little peasant girls to wait on her; and the La Tremblayes, with whom M. Laferté was not on speaking terms, were always coming into the village to see her, and bring her fruit and flowers and game. She was a most accomplished old lady, and an ex-

cellent musician, and had known Monsieur de Lafayette."

There, once for all, is the perfect manner for a story-teller; the manner which each one of us knows, theoretically, to be the very best, but which the vast majority are too self-conscious, or too ambitious, or too careful and troubled about effect ever properly to attain. And the Belgian scenes are almost equally good; especially the picture of life in the high, clerical circle of stately and sleepy old Malines, so simple and immaculate, so graceful in its quiet detachment; so refined and so resigned!

But if the qualities of Du Maurier never shone brighter than in some pages of The Martian, his limitations also are here most clearly and conclusively defined. He could never, by any possibility, have constructed a plot, or developed a character by scientific methods; and this tale has even less of coherence and plausibility than its predecessors. Barty Josselin, the hero, so engaging in his brilliant boyhood and more or less vagabond youth, becomes a mere abstraction from the moment his being is invaded and his brain utilized by his invisible Egeria. The very list of the books which he wrote under the inspiration of the magnetic lady from Mars fills us with unspeakable ennui, and we rejoice as one who awaketh from a nightmare at the recollection that we can never be constrained to read those books, — not even by the domineering insistence of the most infatuated clique. Something in his own experience of the sudden discovery of an unrealized faculty doubtless led to Du Maurier's inveterate preoccupation by the weird fancy of exchangeable personalities, and the working within us of a will not our own. It is evident, moreover, that the "possessed" Barty Josselin is to be regarded less as a unique individual than as a type of the coming race, and we learn from the descriptions of life at Marsfield what sort of folk Du Maurier hoped that the children of the millennial state might be. First, and most important, they are to average taller, by a foot, than we, their miserable forbears, and to be all supremely handsome. They will have beautiful, though unconventional manners, and talk a kind of glorified slang. They will be wealthy without effort, and witty without spleen; musical and athletic; healthy, of course, and happy in their home affections, free from social prejudices and all manner of cant and unencumbered by book-learning.

It is not at all a bad ideal; and among the many Utopias which have, of late, been handed in for competition, who would not prefer Du Maurier's to Bulwer's or Bellamy's, or even the amiable and shadowy Nowhere of the late William Morris? We have already seen this one foreshadowed in the pages of Punch, where the elegant and debonair creatures who lounge under the palms or descend the palace stair are well-nigh impossible, anatomically, just at present, but may not be so in the good time coming. One need not be abnormally clever to perceive that the elements of Du Maurier's ideal state are derived in about equal proportions from the only two provinces of our manifold modern life, which, to him, were worth inhabiting — from Bohemia and Belgravia. He found his physical types in the latter, and his moral types, to the scandal of all outlying Philistia, chiefly in the former. But his heart embraced the whole; and in his resolute assertion of the comparative impotence of exact science, and the gross inadequacy to the needs of man of any merely material scheme of things, there was the essence of true religion.

And so we say our *ave atque vale* to one whose very whims and imperfections endeared him the more to those who cared for him at all; who did something, while he stayed with us, toward assuaging by sympathy and promise the trouble of the world and our own; and whose like — take him for all in all — we shall not soon look upon again.

Dr. Mitchell's Hugh Wynne.

There is a peculiarly happy, mellow quality in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's latest novel, Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker, a story of the American Revolution. It purports to be the memoirs of its chief character, written many years after the events he describes, and the sense of old age is admirably conveyed. Even in descriptions of the thick of the mêlée at Germantown, or of the charge over the redoubts at Yorktown, one is conscious of the flow of the tranquil pen of the narrator rather than of the waving sword of the actor. It is much as if the old Quaker virus, temporarily neutralized by the hot blood of youth, were once more in the ascendant; and though we have endless incidents, duels, battles, captures, escapes, plots, and counterplots, there is never the sense of excitement, scarcely of suspense, that such a succession of incidents presupposes. And Dr. Mitchell's style, perfected for this particular book by a choice of enough of the vernacular of the time, is so well suited to the task that it is difficult to realize that it is not the autobiography of the Free Quaker.

Another reason for this lack of intensity is undoubtedly a structural defect. Hugh Wynne, his cousin Arthur, and his dearest friend Jack all love the same girl, and the story is the usual one. In addition, the three lovers all fight in the Revolution, and we have much to do with the movements of Washington's army and of the war in general. There is really no connection, however, between the love and the fighting, and page after page of description might be cut out without loss to the story as a story; not that these very pages are uninteresting, for they make delightful reading as glimpses of the war, whether military or social; but they are not germane, and try as the author has, he cannot make them knit into his work or seem a part of it.

The use of too many such incidents has led to many slips of fact, which, however unimportant, are regrettable because needless. It seems almost as if the author had gone out of his way to bring in the first Congress, in order that he might introduce as members men who were not elected to it. He makes the Conway cabal collapse because of Lee's capture, which occurred a full year before the cabal was heard of; he puts Washington into uniform when there were no troops yet thought of; and he embodies a military force in Pennsylvania before the battle of Lexington was fought. If these and many other errors and perversions were necessary, or even advantageous to the tale, no objection would be made to them, but they are as gratuitous and unessential as well could be. In short, in the endeavor to give a quality of truthfulness by the use of irrelevant minutiæ, the author has injured his story in a technical sense, without obtaining the "atmosphere" for which he strove. Probably Henry Esmond and The Virginians were the models, but Thackeray never made this mistake with his material.

There is a second distant resemblance to the novels of Thackeray, for in Hugh Wynne we have a voluntary resignation of English estates to a younger branch of the family, and an emigration to America of the elder one. Then we have the scoundrelly cadet — a deep intriguer who gains the hand of the heroine, the fortune of the father, and almost the life of the hero; a most scoundrelly British villain, indeed, patriotically to contrast with his American cousins. Here, too, is a Damon and Pythias affection between Hugh Wynne and Jack that approximates to the relations between George and Harry, and Hugh tells the tale of both, much as George did. Finally, we have Washington, Lafayette, and the other like accessories, the former admirably drawn and far excelling in accuracy and humanness the portrait in The Virginians.

Neither Hugh nor Jack wins the read-

er very strongly. Yet it is not altogether easy to say why they do not, for both are meant to be sympathetic, and the contrast of character between the two is well done. The best character is Darthea, whose capricious liking of all men and resolute good faith to the worst man really make the story. Scarcely less good is the conception of Gainor Wynne, though we are required to revise our impressions of old-time views of spinsterhood before accepting her as a possibility of the last century. Nor is her liking for cards and all that they imply so much typical of the Whigs as of the Tories, the partisans of the Revolution for the most part disapproving of all frivolity.

It is as a picture that the book achieves its greatest success — an essay, as it were, on the old-time life that centred in the city of brotherly love, in the days when that desirable and Christian feeling was sadly embarrassed by party, religious, and personal rancor; the breaking up of the old society, the disruption of families, the waning of old faiths, old ties, and old methods. Few spots were so shaken and torn by the stress of those years as the old Quaker city, and this fact is most admirably brought out.

Viewed as a novel, the story lacks structure. From the beginning to the end one is never in doubt that all is not to be as it should be: that Hugh is to win Darthea; that Jack, the friend and lover, is to let his love fade into a proper emotion for his Damon's wife; and finally, that Arthur Wynne, a most proper villain, is to receive a proper punishment at the proper moment. But as a picture of eighteenth-century life the book has at once value and charm.

Mr. Kipling's Captains Courageous.

The story of Mr. Kipling's Captains Courageous is one of those simple, vigorous conceptions which we have come to expect from him, and the motive is one to which we are all ready to respond. Redemption by a strong hand pleases our willful philanthropy. To drag a putty-faced, impudent fifteen-year-old heir to thirty millions away, by the winds of heaven and the deep sea, from his devil of indulgence, though the devil be in this instance also his mother, and by the same winds and sea to instill manliness into him, is a grim and delicious idea. The gorgeous simplicity of it would befit the Arabian Nights. A big, soft-armed wave picks the boy from the deck of an ocean steamer, and drops him into a dory which happens with fairy-tale appropriateness to come by, and this convenient conveyance delivers him over to a crew of stern-faced, laconic fishermen, who knock the nonsense out of him and put him in the way of learning the two lessons that in Mr. Kipling's eyes make up the chief duty of man — to work and not to be afraid. This is the whole story. The task, to be sure, requires nine months, and the account of it stretches over three hundred and twenty pages, but after the first twenty pages there is no plot, no development, no surprise. It awakens neither suspense nor hope nor fear. Everybody is reasonably safe, and the redemptive process apparent from the first goes on without check or hindrance.

The theme, however, gives an opportunity for dealing with a phase of life which Mr. Kipling has never before attempted to portray, and we have as a result the most vivid and picturesque treatment of New England fishermen that has yet been made. The atmosphere is unlike that in any other of Mr. Kipling's books; it is sober almost to sombreness, for the New England fisherman does not countenance hilarity or undue mirth. From the doleful chantey of Disko Troop in the cabin of the We 're Here to the funereal Memorial Day at Gloucester and Mrs. Troop's despairing plaint of the sea, the tone of the book is never thoroughly merry. Neither is the movement of it ever swift, for the story is of men to whom time is seldom

pressing, and whose lives are ruled by the moods of the unhasting sea. Perhaps it is by reason of this that there is in the book greater restraint and serenity of language than in much of Mr. Kipling's earlier writing. There is less prodigality of words and of figures than in some earlier work, and the charm is that of fitness rather than form. These good things there are in Captains Courageous: a theme that is healthy and satisfying, a mood and an atmosphere that fit the occasions, and a measure of that serenity of manner which many of Mr. Kipling's critics have missed and almost despaired of. Yet this last excellence is paid for with a great price. Though it may bring relief from the go-fever and insistence of the earlier work, it is relief procured at the cost of life. We miss here the throb of impatient power that made the Light that Failed and The Man who Would be King intoxicants.

Two incidents arouse a perceptible degree of excitement — the rush over the mountains in the private car, and the weeping of the widows of Gloucester. But these have nothing to do with the story proper, and are manifestly dragged in. For the rest, the slow words are most unlike the tense sentences that the maker of Mulvaney was used to write.

The characters of the book are hardly less disappointing. To be sure the boy Harvey has disadvantages as a hero. He has not the plasticity of Wee Willie Winkie to be moulded into a child knight-errant, nor the hardness of Dick Heldar to be hammered into fierce heroism. He is just an ordinary boy at the hobbledehoy stage, and it is due him to say that he appears as he is.

Most of the characters with the exception of Disko Troop are mere outlines, distinguishable by Dickens-like tags. Tom Platt was on the Ohio and Long Jack is from East Boston. What the inner natures of these men are, whether they have like passions with the men we know, is a matter of assumption. Disko Troop, however, is more than an outline. Though the workings of his heart are curiously concealed through three hundred pages we come to feel that he has a certain individuality, as of a mingling of the wiliness of the much-enduring Ulysses with a stern, Puritan sense of justice. Manuel and Salters are little more than dummy figures, and Mrs. Troop is hardly more than a voice that complains against the sea. At the end of The Courting of Dinah Shadd we knew Mulvaney as we know none of the characters of Captains Courageous.

The essence of the book is to be found, apart from the healthy, masculine notion of it, in its exploitation of the Grand Bankers. We can understand that these toilers of the deep, holding a part of the ocean almost to themselves and living lives separate and full of peril, must have appealed powerfully to Mr. Kipling's imagination. And he has laid bare the conditions of their toil and the fog-wrapped wastes in which it falls as no other writer has done, as perhaps no other writer could have done. Few other men, indeed, know the sea as he knows it, and in describing it he discovers always some of his peculiar witchery of probing words, some of his familiar and expected thrust of phrase.

The first dressing-down on the tilting decks of the We 're Here and her run home when her hold was full, — "when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars" and "she cuddled her lee-rail down to the crashing blue" in a pace that is joyous to every one who loves the lift and slide of a ship at sea, — these remain like the flavor of a well-known wine. Such passages, however, are all too rare. The style of this book is not as the style of the others. Some measure of [illegible] it retains, but it is not the bloom that we have known. Nowhere between its covers is there a passage to match the description of the sleeping city in The City of Dreadful Night.

Yet there are bits that are thoroughly good, like this about an iceberg: "A whiteness moved in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of the grave, and there was a roaring, a plunging and spouting;" and this about a ship: "Now a bark is feminine beyond all other daughters of the sea, and this tall, hesitating creature, with her white and gilt figurehead, looked just like a bewildered woman half lifting her skirts to cross a muddy street under the jeers of bad little boys." One looks and listens in vain, however, for language chaste and rhythmic like the style of The Spring Running, or for the melancholy grace of words that made Without Benefit of Clergy half-intoxicating and all pitiful.

Captains Courageous has not the sweep of power that of right belongs to the handiwork of its maker, — the old-time rush and energy, the straining pace of syllables doubly laden, the silences that come where words fail for weakness. One misses the eager thrill of phrases like this from The Light that Failed, "the I — I — I's flashing through the records as telegraph-poles fly past the traveler." There is an almost incredible lack of significance in parts of it, as if it were a steamer under-engined for its length. Some chapters are floated by mere description, and go crippled like an ocean-liner relying on its sails. It is matter of doubt whether in all Mr. Kipling's other books together one could find so many barren pages as are here. Page after page drags on after the story is told, like the latter joints of a scotched snake. Some of Mr. Kipling's early short stories, The Courting of Dinah Shadd, Love O' Women, and Beyond the Pale, have greater wealth of human interest, more import of life, death, and destiny, than this whole volume carries. The power of humor in Th[illegible]arnation of Krishna Mulvaney, [illegible] glare of race feeling in The Man who Was, and the splendid reaches of ima[illegible]nation in The Man who Would be King are all lacking here. Captains Courageous awakens no hot emulation to make one up and tread the floor like the Nilghai's choruses in The Light that Failed, nor any grim joy of fight to endanger table-tops as Ortheris's fight with the captain in His Private Honor does, nor any gulp of suspense to catch your throat such as rises at the charge at Silver's Theatre in With the Main Guard.

We take Mr. Kipling very seriously, for he is the greatest creative mind that we now have: he has the devouring eye and the portraying hand. And Captains Courageous is badly wrought and is less than the measure of his power. It may be when he sent it out some words of his own had been forgotten — words with which he dedicated one of his earliest books, —

> "For I have wrought them for Thy sake
> And breathed in them mine agonies."

It seems to us to lack this sort of inspiration.

Miss Wilkins's Jerome.

A good way to judge the structure of a story is to examine it as if you intended turning it into a play. To do so is to ask about it two very searching questions: Is it well constructed? Is its theme strongly based upon the verities of human nature? Looking upon the story with the eye of the dramatist, you will see all its superfluities fade away, — all the "analysis of character," all the author's wise or humorous reflections, all the episodical incidents. Everything by which writers of novels are enabled to blind their readers to the structural weakness of their productions, or to the essential improbability or triviality of their themes, seems to detach itself and vanish, leaving the substance and the form naked to the eye.

It is interesting to apply this test, which seems fair, although severe, to Miss Wilkins's latest story, Jerome. The plot, reduced to its simplest terms, is this: Jerome, a poor young man who is not likely ever to have any property

to call his own, promises that he will give away to the poor of the town all his wealth if he ever becomes rich. Two incredulous rich men, taunted and stung thereto by the gibes of the company, declare that if, within ten years, Jerome receives and gives away as much as ten thousand dollars, they on their side will give away to the poor one fourth of their property. Jerome becomes possessed of a fortune, and does with it as he had promised to do. The two rich men thereupon fulfill their agreements.

This is the keystone of the novel, the central fact of the story which supports the whole structure. All that precedes is preparatory, all that follows is explanatory.

Now, to revert to the test of a play, this is not an idea upon which a serious drama could be founded. That such a bargain should be made and kept may be within the possibilities of human nature; few things, indeed, lie outside the possibilities of human nature. But it is not within the probabilities. Any serious play which should be based upon it would inevitably seem artificial. It is an idea for a farce, or, on a higher level, for a satirical comedy; for each of these species of composition may be based upon an absurdity, if, when once started, it is developed naturally and logically. A serious play, however, if it is not to miss its effect, must treat a serious theme; one of which no spectator for an instant will question the reality. By such a test as this Miss Wilkins's novel fails because its theme lacks probability and dignity.

The theme, in fact, is of the right proportion for a short story, and this, indeed, is what Miss Wilkins has made; but she has prefixed to it a series of short stories and sketches dealing with preceding events, and has added another series of short stories and sketches dealing with subsequent events. These are all rather loosely bound together, and the result is that the reader, thinking over the story, does not have an idea of it as a unit; he thinks now of one part, now of another; and by the mere fact of his so thinking of it he confesses that he has not found it a good novel, but a bad novel by a good writer of short stories. Miss Wilkins employs in Jerome her short-story methods, and has not mastered the technique of a larger structure. She is, as it were, Meissonier trying to paint a large, bold canvas.

The mention of Meissonier calls to mind the merits of the story, which, as any reader of her work may guess, are neither few nor small. There are many admirable human portraits in the book, many excellently dramatic bits of action, much strong, nervous, natural dialogue. Always the work is that of a keenly observant eye, and of the brooding type of mind that is most surely dowered with the creative imagination. A single excellent passage will illustrate our meaning. Jerome's mother is speaking to him of the report that he has given away his wealth: —

"'I want to know if it 's true,' she said.

"'Yes, mother, it is.'

"'You 've given it all away?'

"'Yes, mother.'

"'Your own folks won't get none of it?'

"Jerome shook his head. . . .

"Ann Edwards looked at her son, with a face of pale recrimination and awe. She opened her mouth to speak, then closed it without a word. '*I never had a black silk dress in my life,*' said she finally, in a shaking voice, and that was all the reproach which she offered."

The longer you consider Ann Edwards's comment, the more admirable you must think it.

One tendency shows itself in this latest novel by Miss Wilkins which should not pass without mention, and which must be lamented by every reader who wishes well to the literary art. The book, as may be guessed even from this

brief synopsis of its plot, is a weak attempt to question the present economic system. It sets off the wickedness or the selfishness of the rich against the true and helplessness of the poor after virtuous manner of the sentimental socialist. the brief literary criticism is hardly the A b to treat of economics, but one may place to remark how odd it is that the pauslist, since his business is particularly one study of human nature, and his lly vital a knowledge of it, should not perceive that the economic trouble lies, not ce the present system of property, but in human nature itself.

Mr. Howells's An Open-Eyed Conspiracy.

Mr. Howells has been for a long period so anxiously and almost morbidly preoccupied with American types and social portents and problems that it is a great pleasure to find him, in An Open-Eyed Conspiracy, dropping into something like the gay and engaging manner of former days. We are glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. March again upon their summer travels, and to perceive how lightly, after all, that worthy pair have been touched by the twenty-five years or so that have intervened since they kindly took Kitty Ellison to Canada, and made, to that good girl's temporary cost, the chance acquaintance of the *fade* and futile Mr. Arbuton.

We know now that Mrs. March, at least, will never grow old; and that we should find her after another quarter century, were any of us to live so long, as defiantly impulsive and illogical, as inconsistently concerned, and as incurably sympathetic with youthful romance, as ever. There is an accent of deep conviction underlying the final *bonmot* with which Mr. March concludes the Saratoga Idyl: "The girlhood passes, but the girl remains." Yet it is rather base of him to say it plaintively, when the results, in his own wife's case, have been so charming; and Mr. March appears to us upon the whole not quite as clearly unspotted from the world as his constructively mundane consort. He was ever prone, beneath his outward *bonhomie*, to fix a somewhat too sad and haggard eye upon those contrasts of material condition in our American life, which hardly deserve to be called social distinctions. Both the Marches ought to have known, by the present decade, that two such clear-headed and final-secular young persons as Miss Gage and Mr. Kendrick would assuredly arrange their own little affairs, and work out unassisted their own salvation or the reverse. The scenery of the beautiful but no longer fashionable spa where the idyl takes place is portrayed with photographic precision, and a disdain of the methods of mere impressionism which warms one's heart; while the fatal occasion of the hop at the Grand Union Hotel and the conspicuously ineffectual chaperonage of Mr. March are described with a deal of quaint humor, quite in the irresistible manner of the author's best period. The Saratoga Idyl is as light as those unattached gossamers which float about in the warm air on dreamy October days, and are sometimes called Virgin's Thread. But like them it seems a true though slight product of the "season of rest and mellow fruitfulness," and the leisurely reader will find it haunted by all the peculiar and penetrating charm of the *alienis mensibus æstas*.

Mr. Davis's Soldiers of Fortune.

The cause for the success of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's Soldiers of Fortune is not far to seek. It is a story of brave action, performed by persons at once beautiful and young. To prove that they are beautiful, we have Mr. Davis's word and our own opinion, but chiefly Mr. Gibson's most suitable illustrations. That they are young, there can be no doubt upon any ground. It were pitiful if these two qualities of youth and beauty did not touch at least forty thousand of the great public. To all this it must be added that Mr. Davis has an excel-

lent gift of narrative, and speaks a language which is especially grateful to many ears, whether by custom or through curiosity, for it is the language of the world of which Mr. Davis's own Van Bibber is the recognized type.

How strong this appeal must be one realizes when the book's elements of weakness, through unreality and a failure to convince, are considered even for a moment. It is needful only to look at the central figure, a hero such as "never was on sea or land." He is defined as "a tall broad-shouldered youth," and surely he cannot be far beyond thirty at the utmost. At sixteen he embarked at New Orleans as a sailor before the mast. From the diamond fields of South Africa, where he landed from his first voyage, he went on to Madagascar, Egypt, and Algiers. It must have been in this period of his life that he was an officer in the English army, "when they were short of officers" in the Soudan, received a medal from the Sultan of Zanzibar, since "he was out of cigars the day I called," and won the Legion of Honor while fighting as a Chasseur d'Afrique against the Arabs. It was presumably later that he built a harbor fort at Rio, and, because it was successfully reproduced on the Baltic, was created a German baron. In a later year, possibly, he was president of an International Congress of Engineers at Madrid; but in his casual accounts of himself it is a little difficult to keep track of the years, and to know just where he had time for his visits to Chili and Peru, and incidentally for his experiences as a cowboy on our own plains, and as the builder of the Jalisco and Mexican Railroad. When a youth has done all these things, there is no reason why he should not take the further steps, in which we follow him, as the head of an enormous mining enterprise in South America, the temporary, and of course successful, commander in a revolution at Olancho, and the perfectly "turned out" man of the world, who soon discovers the superiority of his employer's younger daughter, and wins her hand without having to ask for it.

It should be said in justice to this Admirable Crichton that he defines so of his own actions as "gallery pla In like manner, when the cloud of revolution is about to burst, the ine appears on the scene, protesting always ride over to polo alone at port, at least with James;" her ther says, "It reminds me of a f ball match, when the teams run on t field;" and the hero himself likens it a scene in a play. When a revolutio begins on this wise, with such partic pants, one is well prepared to see it go forward somewhat like a performance of amateur theatricals, in which the players enjoy themselves exceedingly, but make very timid and incipient approaches to reality. Indeed, for all of Mr. Davis's brave and familiar habit of speech, as if from the very core of things, the real scene of the revolution seems to be the author's study-table, and the merit of the book grows sensibly less as the fight proceeds.

The inherent elements of its structure, already mentioned, go far to redeem the book. But not only by their means has Mr. Davis shown his strength. In the sisters, Alice and Hope Langham, he has made two excellent types of the girl spoiled and unspoiled by the world. In MacWilliams, with his "barber-shop chords" and his good vulgarity, he has drawn a picture admirably true to life. In the vivid reproduction of scenes, in none more notably than that of the killing of Stuart and the leaving of his dead body in the empty room, he has sometimes shown the hand almost of a master in description.

It is no disheartening sign of the times that such a book is read, for youth and beauty and prowess march across its pages, and behind them one feels the creator's honest sympathy with these things.

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